

Canada's Illustrated News

VOL. XXV.—No. 4.

MONTREAL SATURDAY, JANUARY, 28, 1882.

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THE LAST STRAW.

UNCLE SAM :—No sir! You kin rig my wimmen folks any way you please, but when it comes to fixing me up with your vegetable kew-riosityes, you're left, young man.

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

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Jan. 27th, 1882			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean	Max.	Min.	Mean
Mon.. 32°	25°	28° 5'	Mon.. 13°	- 7°	3° 0'
Tue.. 30°	22°	26° 0'	Tue.. 19°	5°	12° 0'
Wed.. 23°	0°	11° 5'	Wed.. 8°	6°	12° 2'
Thur.. 26°	19°	22° 5'	Thur.. 20°	0°	10° 2'
Fri.. 18°	8°	13° 0'	Fri.. 20°	- 5°	7° 5'
Sat.. 17°	12°	14° 5'	Sat.. 18°	4°	11° 0'
Ann.. 18°	13°	15° 5'	Ann.. 25°	10°	17° 5'

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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, Jan. 28, 1882.

THE WEEK.

COMMANDER CHEYNE, who has been lecturing throughout the Dominion, has succeeded in interesting a large number of people in the success of his proposed method of reaching the North Pole by means of balloons. COMMANDER CHEYNE'S calculations go to prove that in the month of June, about the latitude he would start from, the mean variable direction of the wind would be from the northward during fifteen days and a half, and during

fourteen days and a half in the opposite direction, being thus most favourable for an advance and return journey. It should also be remembered that in the summer months the sun shines night and day, which is another circumstance in favour of balloons. Accepting these conditions, Mr. HENRY COXWELL, some twelve months since, furnished a design which he considered likely to diminish risk and to preserve the gas and balloons intact for a considerable length of time. If Commander CHEYNE'S expectations as to wind, weather, and temperature prove correct, the aeronautic expedition would stand a fair chance of getting a breeze back as well as of getting a fair wind outwards in the direction of the North Pole. There seems a fair chance now of this novel method being given at least a fair trial, but the unhappy fate of Mr. POWELL, it is to be feared, will militate against its success, and will at least be a strong reminder of the dangers which await the expedition.

PEOPLE in Lincolnshire seem to admire Mr. GLADSTONE with a rapture which is easily contented. A few days ago Mr. GODLEY, Mr. GLADSTONE'S private secretary, sent Colonel MOORE, Chairman of the North Holland Quarter Sessions, a formal letter on the subject of local taxation. Colonel MOORE expresses not only his satisfaction that the Government is alive to the importance of this interesting question, but also implies his pleasure in the fact that "the communication, being countersigned by Mr. GLADSTONE, is not a mere official acknowledgment." The counter-signature will no doubt be treasured in the archives of the North Holland Quarter Sessions as a historical season ticket is preserved at the South Kensington Museum. But it is not very easy to understand what is meant, when it said that Mr. GLADSTONE has "countersigned" an ordinary official letter. Counter-signatures are usually managed the other way. The German Emperor, for example, signs a document, and his Minister countersigns it. But this is reversing the performances of the signer and counter-signer of the note to the North Holland Quarter Sessions. Is it possible that Mr. GLADSTONE'S so-called "counter-signature" is but the lithographed copy of his autograph on the corner of the official envelope? If this be a correct view, North Holland must endeavour to secure, as the foundation of a collection, some more original autograph of the Prime Minister. Mr. GODLEY'S letter in this case will have to sink back into the condition, useful but not decorative, of a merely "official acknowledgment."

THE Royal touch for the King's evil was perhaps one of the last of harmless superstitions—that is, so far as any superstition can be harmless—to die out. Unhappy persons afflicted with scrofulous disease were loath to give up their faith in the King's touch doing what the medical science of the day had failed to compass, and clung to their hope with extraordinary tenacity. Like many old words and forms of expression now archaic in England, this practice of laying on of hands to cure disease has travelled across the Atlantic, and, as we learn from a contemporary, flourished till the other day at Salt Lake City. It seems that a Mormon Bishop who claims the power of healing by touch has had a certain success among the large class of robust invalids who are "not quite themselves," but have nothing very serious the matter with them. So the Bishop drove a good trade, for, unlike the monarchs of bygone days, he did not touch people for nothing. On the contrary, he displayed a frugal mind by restricting the laying-on of his hands to such as brought dollars in their hands. Thanks to the imaginative faculty of his patients all went well until the Bishop, in an evil hour, extended his operations to the beasts of the field, which have no imagination, or at least not enough for Mormon-episcopal purposes. A man came with a baulky horse and asked the Bishop to lay his hands upon that

troublesome animal. The Bishop demanded three dollars, duly paid in advance, before he would touch the beast, and the owner reluctantly parted with his money. The Bishop then proceeded to lay his hands upon the horse's head and instantly brought about a change in him. From a baulker he became a kicker; lashed out furiously, knocked the unhappy ecclesiastic down, and then ran away, kicking to pieces as he went the buggy to which he was harnessed. The exasperated owner not only demands the return of his three dollars, but compensation for a buggy as completely reduced to dust as "the deacon's one-horse shay." To make things worse the faith of Salt Lake City in the Bishop is sorely shaken.

THE ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

Several weeks ago the readers of the daily press were somewhat astonished by the announcement that an Academy of Letters "had been formed under the patronage of the Governor-General." Particulars were not wanting as to the officials of the new institution. Dr. DAWSON was the President, and various other most worthy gentlemen occupied posts of honor at the heads of the departments into which the new Academy was divided. The names, too, of a number of the members of this learned body, some of them well known, some who had hitherto concealed their literary light under the journalistic bushel, were published with all the dignity which should properly belong to such an announcement.

It was somewhat of a relief to those amongst us who viewed with a little suspicion such a very mushroom growth as this would seem to be, to find that either the inventive genius of the reporter who was responsible for the paragraph had led him into error, or that the enthusiasm of the promoters of the scheme had carried them away. The foundation of an Academy will, we presume, require some overt act of the powers that be. Whether Parliament is to be called upon to pass a Bill for its creation, or whether the exercise of the prerogative of the Governor-General will suffice to call it into being, it may be safely assumed that something more than an informal meeting of a few self-chosen *litterateurs* will be needed to bring the scheme to that maturity, which according to the papers it has already attained.

The real facts of the case, so far as they can be ascertained, are briefly these: The Marquis of Lorne, it was known, before his departure, had interested himself in the scheme of which these are the fruits. At his suggestion, a meeting of several persons interested in the proposed Academy was to be called during his absence, to discuss the feasibility of the plan, suggest the persons best fitted in their opinion to form the new body, and submit for his satisfaction on his return, the information acquired on these and kindred branches of the subject. This, then, has been done; this is, in fact, all that could be done; and it is the steps which the Government, we presume we may say which the Marquis will take, that alone have any interest for us now.

It would be waste of time to enter now upon the discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of the Academy that is to be. For that it is to be is as certain as the most reliable of Mr. VENNON'S prophecies, to say the least of it. Captious and disagreeable persons will point to the complete failure of the Academy of Arts to fulfil the bright promises with which it started. Still more disagreeable persons—who have been left out of the list—will be quite confident that the affair cannot succeed without them; while—tell it not in Gath—there are those who even doubt the ability of our great Dominion to furnish twenty names fit to inscribe upon the Roll of Fame. The majority, however, will wisely reflect that the Rubicon is past, and that as the thing must be, it is well to make the best of it.

But one thing there is to do, and which it is imperative upon the press to do

thoroughly. The Governor-General has—with all due respect—but a limited knowledge of the literary talent of this country. He will not unnaturally be inclined to accept the report tendered to him, the substance of which we have already, and without more ado to adopt it in default of any outside suggestions. It is the more incumbent upon us then to point out that the list of proposed members, as we have it from the daily press, contains some very serious omissions, which, if not corrected, will bid fair to make the whole scheme ridiculous in the eyes of the *cognoscenti*.

It were too invidious a task to criticize the names that do appear individually. There are several which, no doubt, are entitled to a place upon the roll of any literary institution that may be given to the country. Others may perhaps have talents of which we have never heard, but which may be developed in the hot-bed of Academy distinction. But so far as we can see, it is only those who can speak for themselves who have been heard hitherto, and a word should be said in favour of those retiring spirits who seek no distinction for themselves, but who are doubly worthy of it on that account.

Where, for example, is GEORGE MURRAY'S name? A graceful writer, an able historian, withal a poet of no little force and originality, he is a head and shoulders above the little men who crowd in before him. Where again is the Abbé VERREAUX? Buried at home in the books he loves and knows so well, he asks, it is true, but to be left alone with them. He seeks no distinction; but his name would do more honour to the Academy than his title of Academician could bring to him. If the new body is to be in any sense representative, it is such men as these who must grace its muster roll.

One other name has been left to the last, because its omission seems so extraordinary as to require special comment. What are we to say of a meeting, which, in selecting the literary talent of Canada, has forgotten the name of CHAUVEAU? Historian, novelist, poet, the most notable man of letters probably that Canada has produced—in a word, the *doyen* of French literature. It is not too much to say that to constitute an Academy of Letters and omit his name, will be to make the whole affair ridiculous in the eyes of the world, or at least of the literary portion of it.

There may be other names that should be mentioned, but we forbear to press our opinions further. Fortunately, the selection of the Academicians will not be with us. It will be an invidious task at best, and one which we do not envy the Governor-General, upon whose shoulders probably whatever there may be of blame will rest. That the task will be performed conscientiously on his part we do not for an instant doubt. We would only ask him not to be guided blindfold by the recommendations of any meeting, but to endeavour, if the Academy really is to be an honour to him and to the country, to make it really a representative of whatever of literary genius the country does possess.

ESHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Duc d'Aud fret-Pasquier has sold his hotel in the Avenue Marceau for the sum of 575,000fr.

A TRAIN from Paris to Soissons was last week lit up by electric light, the first experiment of the kind in France.

IN future real pipe and cigar smoking is not to be permitted on the stage. If the author insists upon the idea a cigar of chocolate with red tin-elled top will be the illusion.

M. AVELINO VALENTE has arrived in Paris from Madrid to put the last touches to the comic opera, *Marriage en Espagne*, the composition of the late M. de Saint-Georges.

THERE is an amusing caricature in the *Charivari*. M. Gambetta, as head cook, is holding a saucepan over the fire, and giving instructions to his apprentices, who may be mistaken for the Ministers. He says, "Look here, young people, the difficulty is not to compound a sauce, but to give it consistency." The great fall at the Bourse and the rumours of the dismissal of M. Allain Targé give point to this.

THE LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

Monarchs whose kingdom no man bounds,
No leagues whose hold, no conquest spreads;
Whose thrones are any mossy mounds,
Whose crowns are curls on sunny heads.

The only sovereigns on the earth,
Whose ways are certain to endure;
No line of kings of faintest birth
Is of its reigning hall so sure.

No fortress built in all the land
No strong they cannot from it free;
No place made too rich, too grand,
For them to roam triumphantly.

No tyrant so hard-hearted known
Can their diplomacy resist;
They can usurp his very throne,
He abdicates when he is kissed.

No novel in the world so small,
No mealy built, so squalid, bare,
They will not go within its wall,
And set their reign of splendour there.

No beggar too forlorn and poor
To give them all they need to thrive;
They frolic in his yard and door,
The happiest kings and queens alive.

Oh, blessed little kings and queens,
The only sovereigns in the earth!
Their sovereignty nor rests nor leans
On pomp of riches or of birth.

Nor end when cruel death lays low
In dust each little earthly head,
And other sovereigns crownless go,
And are forgotten when they're dead.

But these hold changeless empire past,
Triumphant past, all earthly scenes;
We worship, trust to the last,
The buried "little kings and queens."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CARTOON.—Our cartoon this week refers to the endeavours of Oscar Wilde, the Apostle of "Aestheticism" so-called, to instil the principles of the sunflower and the lily into the bosom of Uncle Sam. In another column we give a description of Mr. Wilde from the pen of an enthusiast.

OLD ENGLISH PANELS.—The designs which we give on another page for panels may also be utilized as valentines by those who like putting their own handiwork upon the souvenirs which they send to their friends on the 14th February. The rage is now for early English in decoration so the present designs will be found most appropriate.

TO THE NORTH POLE IN A BALLOON.—In reference to our illustration of Commander Chayne's proposed method of reaching the North Pole, we subjoin Mr. Coxwell's (the practical aeronaut) own calculations upon the subject:—First. As to the supply of gas. This would be provided in a compressed state in tanks taken out in the steamer, and the chemical materials for producing hydrogen would be also carried, so as to generate it on the spot, if necessary. Three balloons would be inflated, and subsequently attached in a triangular form to light spars, so as to afford an opportunity of using two trail-ropes to ride over all obstacles without rising very high in the atmosphere. The three distinct bodies of gas would thus be united, and by easing off one of the attachments the respective balloons would form in line, and thereby present little more resistance than one when it becomes desirable to arrest their progress. Secondly. Reduced speed or anchorage could be effected by an elongated apparatus, composed of the third spar, with grapnels affixed, which would grip in the ice and bring the balloon to a standstill. Thirdly. New strong silk balloons would be almost perfect gas holders, so that fresh inflation would be unnecessary. If one of the balloons became damaged, means would be provided to save the gas and transfer it into the other balloons, which would do for returning—hence the importance of using three combined instead of one large balloon. By regulating the length of the trail-ropes with the windlasses, they could be confined to those air currents most suitable for the route. The cars might contain lamp-stoves, with safety gauze wire protectors, to impart warmth; and the cars, partially or wholly covered, would contain provisions for fifty-one days, with sledges, &c. In the triangular disposition of the balloons, as shown in the illustration, the application of the trail-ropes is seen easing the balloons over each eminence, and yet allowing them to advance horizontally. Whenever it becomes desirable to form the whole in line, as it would be before descending, the only measure required would be to detach the third spar, and thus utilize it for anchoring without parting with its weight. The balloons would then swing round after the spar, and grapnels would be let go and lowered by the windless, in order to trail in the longitudinal direction, represented in one of the illustrations.

THE MARKET PLACE, CHATHAM.—Our illustration of this thriving little Ontario town is taken from a photograph kindly sent us by Mr. A. Macfie of Chatham.

THE ENGLISH BALLOON ACCIDENT.—The balloon accident which occurred a few weeks since on the south coast of England, when Mr. Powell, M. P., was carried out to sea in an unmanageable balloon, has gained additional interest by the discovery of the balloon and Mr. Powell's body in the Pyrenees according to one account, the balloon having travelled across France and over the mountains into Spanish territory. Mr. Powell was discovered frozen to death by the

cold to which he had been exposed in crossing the Sierras. On our back page we give an illustration of the balloon and its original occupants.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

HARPER'S Magazine for February is a very strong Number both in the literary and the artistic sense. We have an interesting description of Philadelphia by George P. Lathrop, beautifully illustrated. Another paper of unusual literary merit is Mr. W. H. Bishop's "Commercial, Social and Political Mexico," also illustrated. Mrs. Anna Bowman Blake's personal sketches of "French Political Leaders" are admirable; and Mr. Joseph Hatton's tribute to a paper entitled "Henry Irving at Home," a large portion of which is made up of Mr. Irving's own recital of interesting incidents and phases of his histrionic career. A novel and most striking feature of the Number is the first instalment of Mrs. John Lillie's serial tale, "Prudence: a story of Esthetic London," which promises to be a very strong and interesting exposition of a peculiar phase of English life. This novelette was written and in the hands of the publishers before the comic opera "Patience" was brought out. Du Maurier, whose cartoons in *Punch* bearing on the subject of aestheticism have attracted so much attention, very effectively illustrates the story. The figures in his full-page illustration in this number are portraits that will be easily recognized by those familiar with London society. A noticeable feature of the *Editor's Drawer* is the introduction of contributions from eminent American humorists, in addition to which there is the usual variety of facetious anecdote.

"LAIDE," (*An Ugly Woman*), is soon to be published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Its author is the famous Mme. Adam, Editress of the *Nouvelle Revue*, being the Republican Madonna of Paris, who is now commanding the attention of all Europe, and is about to visit St. Petersburg at the invitation of the Czarina. Other books in press by this firm are: "Winning the Battle," by Mary Von Erden Thomas, "Monsieur le Ministre," by Jules Claretie, a political novel of France, and supposed to be a pen and ink portrait of Gambetta's life as Minister, and "Manon Lescaut," by the Abbé Prevost.

The February *Atlantic* opens with a poem more than four pages long by Mr. Whittier, entitled "The Bay of Seven Islands," and those who enjoy Mr. Whittier's poetry will find this one of the most attractive features of the magazine, although it contains two additional chapters of Mr. Lathrop's engaging story "An Echo of Passion," and the opening chapters of "The House of a Merchant Prince," a serial story by W. H. Bishop, the author of "Detmold." Miss Sarah Orne Jewett contributes another of her delightful New England stories, entitled "Tom's Husband," and it is hardly saying too much to pronounce any number of the *Atlantic* which contains a story by Miss Jewett as a red-letter number on that account. Apropos of the centennial of Daniel Webster's birthday, Henry Cabot Lodge writes a very just and excellent paper on his career and character. E. P. Whipple contributes an admirable critical essay on Richard Grant White's works. Edith M. Thomas, one of the most promising of our younger writers, has a charming out-door paper entitled "Ember Days." Herbert Tuttle describes "Some Traits of Bismarck." Other articles in the number very well worth notice are Mr. Dodge's concluding paper on "The Origin of Crime in Society," a strong article on "The Refunding Bill of 1851," by J. Lawrence Laughlin.

BISMARCK.

BY HERBERT TUTTLE.

One secret of Bismarck's power of fascination over the German people lies without doubt in the intellectual sympathy which was established between them after 1866. Up to that time he had been judged only by the outward, superficial, and transient aspects of his policy, without reference to—for the greater part even in ignorance of—its ultimate aims; and this is equally true of Conservatives and of Liberals. The Conservatives saw him trampling the constitution of Prussia under his feet, and that act of destruction seemed so praiseworthy that they refused to search into his motives. The Liberals saw only an arbitrary, violent, reckless course, which the laws did not permit, which no public programme made clear, and which no prospect of success encouraged; they condemned what they could not understand. But *Sadowa* changed that as by a touch of magic. All parties hastened to embrace and applaud the successful man; the Liberals because he had achieved their purpose; the Conservatives because he had achieved it with their means. The greatest statesman of the age, he was also recognized as the most characteristic of Germans,—the type as well as hero of the nation; a combination of Luther, Goetz von Berlichingen, and Marshal Vorwärts; a brawny, swagging giant, fond of eating, drinking, and fighting, gifted with a coarse, telling humor, ready with the Latin of a "corp's" student, yet with a serious purpose beneath the noise of spurs and beer glasses, beneath Billingsgate doggerel and insolence, and a will which admirably served his purpose. No such picturesque character has ap-

peared in Germany since Frederick the Great, and in some respects he understands his countrymen better than ever the hero of Sans Souci did. He has never, for instance, shocked their religious sense by his own indifference. He is a blunt, stern, almost brutal rationalist, while Frederick, except in war, showed a strong taste for foppish, sentimental, and fantastic methods. It is impossible to imagine Bismarck playing an unskillful flute, or composing French ballads, like a love-sick school-boy. The deadly foe of everything like dilletanteism, he saw at once through the shallowness and insufficiency of the Liberal plan; put Germany "in the saddle," as he had promised; fought out the battles of his generation with "blood and iron, not with Parliamentary speeches;" and restored the mediæval brigandage to the place which had so long been usurped by a race of dyspeptic philosophers. Nay, he even confirmed in a startling way one of the favourite theories of the philosophers themselves. They had long taught, some of them, that civilisation was but an unsubstantial polish, beneath which was hidden the savage man in all his picturesque ugliness. Bismarck rubbed off this polish, and presented the original, uncorrupted German; a brawling trooper, equipped for desperate work; fighting with Barbarossa, robbing with Carl Moor, burning towns with Tilly, saying mass with the priest before sacking his church, and drinking with the landlord before robbing his till; a strange compound of frankness and ferocity, of depravity and superstition, of barbarian morals and barbarian valor. This personage, little changed by time, with more decorum, indeed, but less humor, more method, but less generosity, he called forth to complete the task on which poets, pedagogues, and barristers had spent their feeble strength. It was a hazardous game, and, confident of success, the bold gambler did not neglect to provide for failure. A popular legend credits him with the intention of blowing out his brains on the battle-field, if *Sadowa* had been lost. The plan was worthy of him, and is not improbable; but it has been stated by the Prince himself that his more reasonable purpose was to flee to America, in case of disaster, and found a new existence this side of the Atlantic. What a field of speculation is opened by the thought of so illustrious an exile! What a commotion would have been caused among the crude triflers of American politics if this martial figure had stalked upon the scene with helmet and sabre and cavalry boots!—*February Atlantic*.

OSCAR WILDE.

[Wishing to present our readers with an accurate sketch of this truly great man, and feeling that our Philistine pen was totally inadequate to do justice to the task, we arranged with ardent "aesthete" to prepare us the accompanying article, into which, as will be seen, he has thrown his whole soul.]

The Master is among us, and although the worshippers of the Beautiful will hasten to lay their lilies at his grand and earnest feet, there be those who know him not. To them it may be told that the Master is the son—speaking after the manner of worklings—of Sir William Wilde, a well-known Irish oculist, and of Lady Wilde, that sweet soft thistle of poesy, in whose verses, signed "Speranza," are found the promise and potency of the poetry of her marvellous son. He is about twenty-eight years old, and graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1878, when he won the Newdigate Prize for English verse, and he has since devoted himself to the cause of which he is the revered leader. He is tall, with broad shoulders, and yet with a lily-like grace of form. His face is oval, with a chin of imperial splendour and an earnestly precious nose. His hair flows over his shoulders, and, like the glorious dawn, he is beardless. Clothed with a white lily, and a few other less utterly divine garments, he is Beauty and Soul and Horticulture and Silent Music mingled together.

It is as the incarnation of aestheticism and the avatar of the unutterable that the Master is chiefly known in this country. Americans have gained some little knowledge of him from studying the solemn and beautiful ceremonies of *Patience*, a "mystery," which the profane vainly regard as a trivial and amusing farce, and in which the master is held up to our admiration under the guise of Bunthorne. Aestheticism has been rashly defined as the search for the Beautiful, but those who have studied the words of the Master, as written in his volume of poems, know that this is but half the truth. The aesthete reveres Beauty, but he also reveres all that is unthinkable and intensely unformed. He perceives the supernatural beauty of ugliness, the nearness of the infinitely remote, and he is, as one of the minor aesthetic poets has exquisitely sung,

"As pure as the perfume of parting,
And subtle and saintly as sin."

The Master has laboured but in vain if he has not taught the great and bluish-yellow truths. He has shown us how blessed and compact are the hollowness and worthlessness of life. He has led us with his beckoning lily into the enchanted land where all is beauty, and where by comparison even gas and gaiters would seem prosaic and earthly. He is come as the missionary of the aesthetic to the benighted millions of America to whom a lily is nothing but a lily, and who have never dreamed that it is music and religion and ancient and modern languages and

the use of the globe and a perforated chest-protector. To doubt his success would be to doubt the sanity both of the Master and of his disciples.

While he is here the Master will not only lecture—as the earth-minded world doubtless characterizes his price-less utterances—but will produce on the stage a tragedy which he has written. We who may live to see not only the beginning, but the second or even the third act of that tragedy, will have known joys sadder than any surprise party, and more cooling and soothing than purgatorial flames.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Last Miss Helen Blythe and a very fair company played two of the recent New York successes, "Pique" and "Divorce," at the Royal. Miss Blythe is an old favourite here and the house was well filled during the week. The latter play contains some very strong dramatic situations and a sufficiently ingenious plot, and the performance was on the whole very satisfactory.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

REVOLUTION is threatened in Jamaica.
A REVOLUTION has broken out in Bolivia.
THE Duchess of Connaught has a daughter.
A LONDON cable announces the death of Lord Lurgan.

THE British naval *attaché* at Washington is to be recalled and the post abolished.

THE St. Gothard Railway is to be fully opened on the 1st of July.

A TREATY of peace has been concluded between Bolivia and Chili.

PARNELL, O'Kelly and O'Brien have been further remanded for three months.

THE National Board of Health has declared small-pox epidemic in the United States.

THE opera house at Nice is to be rebuilt, the municipality having subscribed £400,000 for that purpose.

THERE was a tremendous panic on the Paris Bourse yesterday. The Bank of Lyons et Loire has failed.

THE corporal punishment of negroes in Cuba has been abolished by order of the Spanish Government.

A LADY Ladd Leagner has been sent to jail for a month, being unable to obtain bail for her good behaviour.

THIRTY-SEVEN arrests of Russian Terrorists have been made since the discovery of the Gatschina bridge conspiracy.

EFFORTS are being made in England to raise a fund of £1,000,000 sterling for relief of the Jews in Russia and to aid their emigration.

EIGHTY notables of Nepal have been arrested and twenty-one military officers executed for conspiracy against British residents there.

LIEUT. McDONALD and 20 men who crossed the American border after Apaches, were promptly arrested by the Mexican authorities.

THE Rome correspondent of a New York paper asserts positively that Gladstone has been seeking counsel of the Vatican on the Irish question.

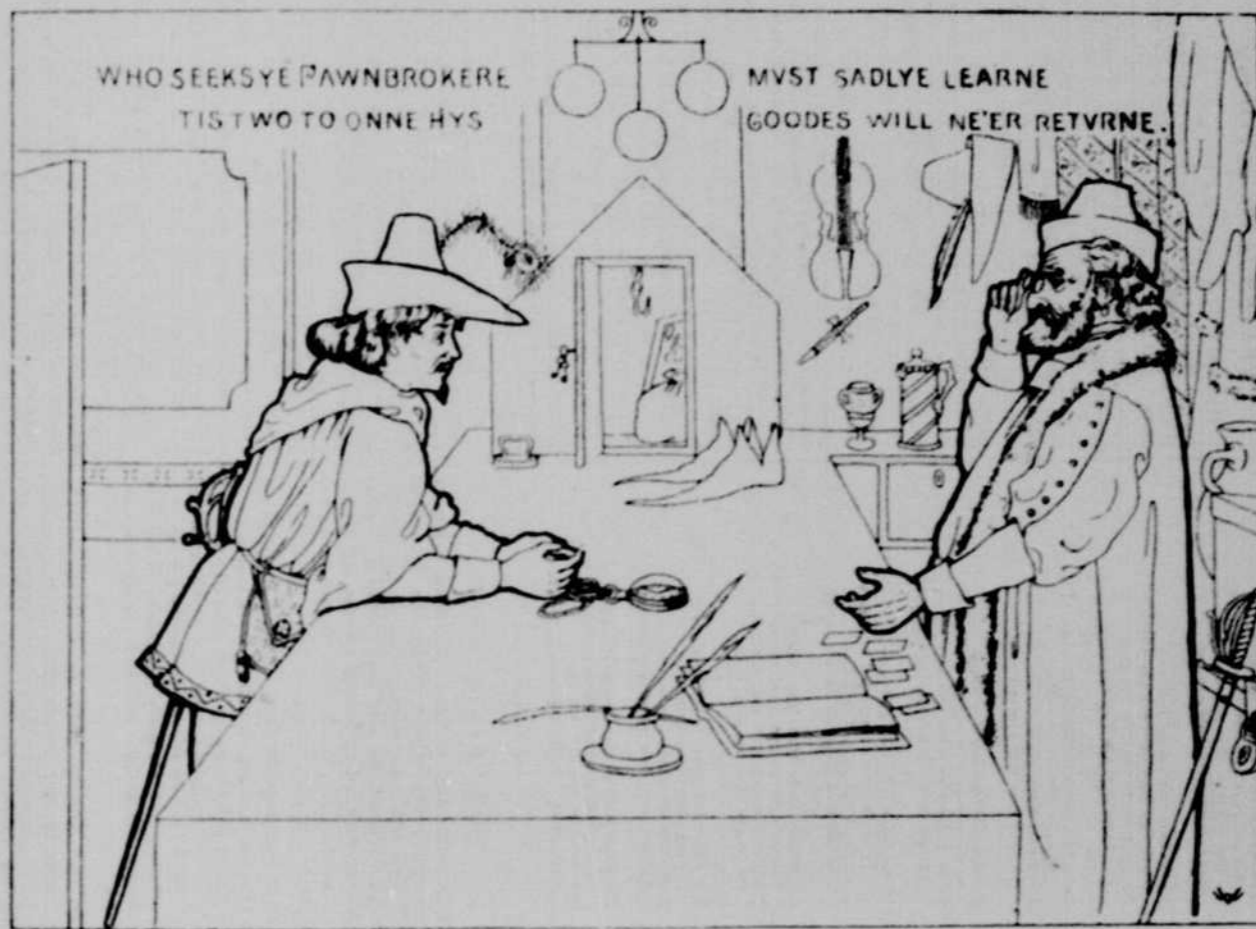
MELINS, the brakeman through whose carelessness the Spuyten Duyvil disaster is said to have occurred, is under lock and key, on a charge of manslaughter.

THE French Government has seen the error of its ways with regard to the treaty negotiations with England, which are now proceeding very satisfactorily.

EARL GREY, Liberal, is supporting the Conservative candidate in the North York-shire election on account of Mr. Gladstone's attitude regarding the land question.

THE first judgment delivered by the Irish Land Commissioners on appeal from the Assistant Commissioners' decisions, sustains the latter's decision. The case is, however, to be taken to the Court of Appeals.

YELLOW AS A GUINEA.—The complexion, in a case of unchecked liver complaint, culminating in jaundice, is literally "as yellow as a guinea." It has this appearance because the bile, which enables the bowels to act, is directed from its proper course into the blood. In connection with this symptom there is nausea, coating of the tongue, sick headache, impurity of the breath, pains through the right side and shoulder blade, dyspepsia and constipation. These and other concomitants of liver complaint are completely removed by the use of NORTROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, which is also an eradicator of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, ulcers, cancers, humours, female weakness, jaundice, and lumbago. It tones the stomach, rouses the liver, and after relieving them, causes the bowels thereafter to become regular. High professional sanction has been accorded to it; and its claims to public confidence are justified by ample evidence. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle 10 cents. Ask for NORTROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a *fac simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.



"BONNY KATE." A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER X.

"He looked at her as a lover can.
She looked at him as one who awakes.
The past was a sleep, and her life began."

Before the party at Oakdale separate, it is determined that the excursion to Rocky Mount on

"I *did* think so," replies Kate; "but, of course, contrast strengthens everything."
With this, she takes her whip and runs down stairs. In the hall below, Tarleton and Wilmer are standing; and the former, advancing quickly, meets her at the foot of the staircase.



"Do you often angle for compliments."

the following day shall take the form of a gypsy tea, a view of the sunset, and a return by moonlight.

The weather proving propitious to this plan, the next afternoon finds a party, "on pleasure bent," assembled before the entrance to Fairfields. Horses stamping, gay voices talking, soft air, and golden sunshine streaming, the prospect of a joyous afternoon in the fair greenwood—is it any wonder that Kate's heart is beating high with delightful excitement, as she stands before her mirror with the sounds from below coming to her through the open window, and puts on her hat? It is a slight drawback to her enjoyment that Janet, who is putting on her hat at another mirror, is setting forth her grievance at having Mr. Proctor thrown upon her as an escort; but, in Kate's present mood, it would take a great deal to mar her beatitude in any serious degree.

"It is not that I have any objections to the man—there is no harm in him that I know of," Janet is saying; "but it is very provoking to have your admirer thrust upon me whenever you don't want him."



"Ah, Kate, if I had known you earlier."

"It is not my fault," says Kate. "I wish he would go home. I am sure it is very foolish of him to stay here, and—and make things disagreeable."

"You did not think that he made things disagreeable before Frank Tarleton came," remarks Janet

"Come and see the mount I have brought for you," he says; "I hope you will like her."
"I am sure I shall," Kate answers. "I have already had a glimpse of her from my window, and— Oh, what a beauty!"
She utters the last words as they emerge on the piazza; and, among the group of horses, her eye at once singles out the one intended for herself—a graceful bay mare, who exhibits in her arching neck, and full, glancing eye, all the pride which belongs by right to blood and beauty.



"I am requested to address the company on a matter of importance."
"She is full of spirit, but not at all vicious," says Tarleton, as his groom leads her up.
"Who could suspect her of such a thing?" says Kate. "She is too high-bred to be vicious."
"She is a beautiful creature," says Mr. Lawrence, "but rather slight for you, Frank."
"She is exactly suited for a lady's horse," says Tarleton; "and now, I think, she has found a proper rider."
"No woman and horse ever accorded better," says General Murray, lifting his hat in salute to Kate, who is by this time seated in the saddle.
"Thanks, General," she says, with a smile. "I hope the horse would appreciate the compliment as highly as I do, if she could understand it. By-the-by, what is her name, Mr. Tarleton? The horses I ride are all like friends to me, and I always want to know their names."
"She has had several," answers Tarleton, "but none of them are worth repeating. I shall be glad if you call her anything you like."
"What—no name worth repeating! Why, that is shameful! You must have one, must you not, *mignonne*?"
"There is the name!" says General Murray. "Call her Mignon."
"Do you think it will do?" asks Kate of Tarleton.
"It will do excellently," he replies, promptly. "Mignon from henceforth she is, by the grace, and sworn to the service, of Miss Lawrence. Shall we ride on?"
They ride on; down the avenue, out of the gate, into the world beyond—a world which seems a very paradise in the radiant loveliness of the September afternoon. In all the years of



"Such a good steady fellow as George Proctor"

life that may come to her, will Kate ever forget this ride? The valley spreads far and fair in pastoral softness; the amber sunshine lies like a mantle of gold over level fields and swelling heights; the river sweeps with glancing brightness along its vine-draped banks; the distant hills lie in azure softness on the white horizon.



When the Fairfields party arrive.

When they enter the woods, what beautiful, tremulous lights and shadows meet them! The summer sits enthroned in all her glory for a few more days; only a scarlet or golden leaf appears

All pleasant things end quickly, and so they are not long in reaching their destination. As they approach the bold hill which takes its name from the massive bowlders of granite that, in great variety of shape, and many of them piled fantastically one upon another, strew its crest, as well as from the shining cliff which it lifts over the valley, Tarleton looks up, and perceives figures on the top of this cliff.

"Some of the party are in advance of us," he remarked. "Must we dismount?"

"Oh, no," Kate answers. "Have you forgotten that there is a very good road to the summit? We go a little farther, and then turn in between the hills."

They skirt along the foot of the cliff, and enter a wild and beautiful gorge, through which an eager stream is singing a song sweeter than that of the syrens. It is a place of soft lights and dusky shadows, of luxuriant forest growth, and sweet, wild forest odors. The road which they follow makes a sweeping curve around the



When the Fairfields party arrive.

hill, and by an easy grade leads upwards, until they find themselves on level ground, amid the branching trees and Titan rocks of the summit.

There they are met by the Norton party, who announce that they have been waiting half an hour.

"Then you have had time to show all the points of view to Miss Palmer," says Kate. "I hope she has admitted them."



"How delightful it is to be so high."

Miss Palmer, from behind a double tissue veil, replies that she thinks the view very sweet, indeed, but that she has not seen a great deal of it. "The sun is so dreadfully warm on the place where they took me," she adds.

"She would not stay five minutes," says Grace, aside to Kate. "I think she is afraid for her complexion."

"I suppose one must pay a penalty for being 'queen-lily and rose in one,'" says Kate. "I am glad Nature made me a good cream-colour, warranted to endure wind and weather.—Since you have not been admiring the view, what have you been doing?" she adds, addressing the company. "Climbing the rocks?"

"We have waited for you to take the initiative in that amusement," replies one of the young men. "To the best of my knowledge, you are the only lady who has ever climbed to the top of the Pinnacle."

"Oh, but that was long ago, when I was much more of a hoyden than I am now!" she laughs. "You should not tell such things to my discredit. If we can do nothing else, let us make a fire and set the kettle to boiling."

"But nobody has brought a kettle!" cries the company, in consternation.



"Why you are a perfect Sylph."

"Yes, somebody has," answers Kate; "Janet is bringing it. We can have the fire ready by the time it gets here."

"But I have not seen the view," says Tarleton, who has, meanwhile, fastened the horses and returned to her side. "Don't you mean to show it to me?"

"Not just yet," she answers. "The sun would be injurious to your complexion. Wait a little later, till the shadows begin to lengthen over the valley; the view will be lovelier then. Now go, and find a pair of audirons for the fire."

Every one, glad of something definite to do, falls merrily to work; and when the Fairfields party arrive on the scene, the fire is ready for the kettle, which Jane is instantly called upon to produce. It is filled with water at the spring, and hung on two sticks, in gypsy fashion, over the bright blaze.

This arduous task ended, the unanimous opinion of the company is, that enough has been done for a time.

"Nobody wants supper just yet," says Will. "Let us go and admire the view. Miss Palmer, has any one pointed out to you the different places of note that can be seen?"

"Mr. Norton tried to point them out to me," replies Miss Palmer; "but the sun dazzled my eyes so that I could not distinguish a great deal."

"Come, then, and I'll show them all to you," says Will. "I know the name of everything, from the farthest mountain peak to the courthouse in Arlingford."

"I shall be delighted," says Miss Palmer, in a tone more expressive of resignation than delight.

Kate watches her with a smile, as she accompanies Will to the usual place of lookout—a jutting point of rock at the summit of the cliff. "Why cannot that girl say honestly that she does not care a fig for views?" she is thinking, when Tarleton's voice unexpectedly speaks again, close to her side:

"Now may I claim your promise?" he asks. "The sun is very low, and I have forgotten the view nearly as completely as I forgot the road."

"Then, if you could forget it, you don't deserve to have it showed to you again," she says. "I think your interest must be equal to that of Miss Palmer, who has just accompanied Will with so much eagerness. Suppose you follow them?"

"So far from desiring to follow them," he replies, "I was about to ask if there is no other point to which we can go? I cannot enjoy anything when I am one of a mob."

"A complimentary mode of designating our party!" says Kate. "But if you want uninterrupted solitude in which to indulge deep emotions, or anything of that kind, how would the summit of the Pinnacle answer?"

She nods, as she speaks, toward a mass of immense, irregular rocks, piled one upon another to the height of fully eighty feet, the topmost one standing on end, obelisk fashion, and looking as if nothing less active than a squirrel could scale it.

"It will answer admirably," he replies, taking her words for a jest, "if you will go with me. I don't care for absolute solitude."

"Very well," she says, as if he had proposed the most ordinary feat. "I have not been on the Pinnacle for two years, but I dare say I can manage to climb it. What one has done once, one ought to be able to do again. But are you sure your head is steady? The last man whom I took up there complained so dreadfully of giddiness, that I was glad to get him down safely to the ground again."

"My head is steady as the Pinnacle itself," Tarleton answers, "but I did not imagine you were in earnest. It strikes me it is hardly safe for you to climb those rocks."

"Your prudent thought comes too late," she replies. "I have climbed them several times, and the ascent is not half so difficult as it appears, while the view is superb; one sees all around, without any obstructions. If you care to try it, come!"

She moves away among the picture-que masses of gray rock, and he quickly follows her. "Now," says Kate, exultantly, "did I not tell you that the view would be superb?"

These are the first words which she utters, after they have, with great difficulty and exertions, gained the summit of the Pinnacle. The top of the rock on which they stand would not prove a desirable perch to any one inclined to giddiness; but these two feel that it is delightful to be exalted so high above the moving figures below—alone together on this small space.

From their elevated position they overlook a wide extent of country, stretching away in all directions, until swelling hills and ringing forests melt into the blue dimness of remote distance. On one side the prospect sweeps, with many a wave of smiling beauty, to where the prosperous town of Arlingford crowns a bold ridge. On the other hand, the valley from which they have ascended lies in fertile loveliness, with the silver river making many a loop and curve upon the emerald surface of its fields and meadows. Scattered over the broad expanse, Fairfields, Oakdale, Southdale, and many other familiar dwellings, shine amid clustering trees; while beyond the wooded heights that inclose the lowlands in a frame of softest green, rise the distant mountains, draped in a tender haze, which make them appear like the very hills of heaven in their dreamy loveliness.

"Is it not beautiful?" Kate says, gazing afar, with a quickening glow in her eyes.

"It is wonderfully beautiful!" her companion answers. "I am sure I have never seen a lovelier country; I am sure I have never felt its loveliness as much as now."

"And how delightful it is to be so high!" she goes on, gayly. "Are we not well repaid for all the labour of climbing? Does not the air feel fresher here, just because we are so much above the rest? Ah!"—she sinks down on the rock as she speaks, with one daintily-booted foot extended from under the narrow, looped skirt of her habit—"why cannot all days be summer-days in the woods, and on great hills like this?"

"Why, indeed!" responds Tarleton. He flings himself down by her side as he speaks—there is barely room for them both on the rock—and, taking off his hat, throws back his head to look up in her face.

"I don't think anybody has the least idea that we are here," Kate goes on. "The foliage conceals us, but we can see them. Yonder is Mr. Proctor, wandering about as if in search of something."

"I fancy there can be little doubt what he is in search of," Tarleton remarks, looking down complacently on the top of Mr. Proctor's hat. "Shall I throw a stone, to let him know where you are?"

"It is not a matter of importance," she replies, carelessly. "You can, if you like."

"Then you may be sure that I don't like," he says, decidedly. "I hardly think he would be able to climb here, if he knew your whereabouts; he is a trifle over-weight for such gymnastics; but for fear jealousy should prove a spur, I will not enlighten him."

She looks at him with eyes which vainly endeavour not to laugh, while the colour deepens a little on her face.

"I am afraid, Mr. Tarleton," she says, "that you are inclined to forget that our acquaintance only dates from yesterday morning, and that you were not even introduced then."

"We should count time by heart-throbs, not by moments," quotes Tarleton, promptly. "And as for the introduction—though it is unkind of you to attempt to crush me with that—I think Lightfoot acted very well as master of ceremonies. By the same token, I owe Proctor that, do I not? On the whole, I will throw the stone, and let him have the gratification of knowing where you are."

"No—don't!" She utters the words impulsively, then blushes a shade deeper, and adds: "He might attempt to climb, you know; and since I am very sure he will not do it, I should not like to have his broken neck on my conscience."

"You think it would rest there more heavily than his broken heart?"

"I don't think Mr. Proctor is the kind of person to suffer from a broken heart," she says, with a slight shadow falling over the brightness of her face. She leans forward, plucks a small, hardy fern from the crevice of the rock, lays it on the palm of her hand, and, with her eyes fastened on it, adds: "Does he strike you in that way?"

"As a person likely to suffer from heart-break? Well, really, I cannot tell. I should not suppose that his feelings were of any deep order; but I may be mistaken."

"That is my opinion," she says. "I don't think he is the kind of person—to take a disappointment very—very hard."

At this unconscious betrayal of what is in her thoughts with regard to the gentleman wandering below, Tarleton's satisfaction is very apparent on his face; but he manages to preserve a sufficient carelessness of tone, as he says:

"I imagine from something which Mr. Norton said to me last night, that your friends do not think there is any disappointment in store for him."

She lifts her eyes from the fern, and now her flush is vivid.

"Do you mean," she says, quickly, "that Mr. Norton told you anything about me, in connection with him?"

"Yes," Tarleton answers. "Mr. Norton told me that he hoped you were, or would soon be, engaged to him."

"Oh!" she says—and there is absolute consternation in her tone—"oh, I am so sorry!"

"Sorry! for what?" Tarleton asks, involuntarily.

"Sorry that there should be such a mistake—sorry if I have done anything to leave such an impression on any one's mind," she answers. "Of course, it is a mistake. I shall never be engaged to Mr. Proctor."

"And yet," says Tarleton, trying to restrain from his voice the joy which leaps up in his heart, "Mr. Norton speaks of him in the highest possible terms as 'an excellent match'—that is, one who possesses a goodly share of land, and houses, and cattle."

"I believe he is rich," she replies; "but what is that to me?" Then, with a quick flash of gaiety, she sings, softly:

"Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haddon, and siller forbye;
But I'll tak my ain laddie, his staff in his hand,
Before I'll ha' him, wi' his ousen and land."

"Would you?" says Tarleton, with a passionate light in his eyes. "On my soul, I believe you would."

"Only I haven't any 'ain laddie,'" she says, with a laugh. "But the principle of the thing—as far as Sandy is concerned—is the same as if I had."

"Poor Sandy!" says Tarleton. "I would suffer anything than know you were engaged to marry him. Yet I can be sorry for the man who

has set his heart on the hope of winning you, and will fail."

It is not strange that his words thrill the girl, for he puts no constraint upon his voice, which, eloquent at all times, is doubly eloquent now. But the youngest, the most constrained woman, possesses the power of dissembling when it comes to such an issue as this; and Kate smiles lightly, as she leans forward over the rock.

"Sandy would no doubt be deeply obliged to you for your sympathy," she says. "Where is he? Do you see him now?"

"No, he has vanished; and so will you, if you lean so far over that edge. Pray, don't! Remember, if you went down on those rocks below, it would be worse than a fall from a horse at full gallop."

"And a greater test for your gallantry. If I went over, what would you do?"

"There would be but one thing to do; I should follow you as rapidly as possible."

"Ah!" she laughs, and turns on him the radiant grey eyes he has by this time learned to know so well. "Then you would probably find me senseless; then you would lift my head to see if it was broken; then my hat would fall off; then my hair would come down, and then—What, then, Mr. Tarleton?"

For a moment he fails to read the meaning that lurks under her mischievous tone, in her mischievous glance; then—it is the only time that such a thing can be recorded of him—he blushes. But, notwithstanding this untoward sign of confusion, his outward self-possession does not fail.

"Then," he says, gravely, "I should probably discover the fracture, which I did not find when I was forced to examine your head on a similar occasion. You may be sure that I have no desire to find it, however; so don't try the experiment of going over."

"Do you know," she says, with a gravity equal to his own, "that something very mysterious happened to me yesterday morning? When I arranged my hair, before going to ride, it was all of an even length; but when I came back, one lock—and a very large lock—had become at least a finger's-length shorter than the rest. Now, was not that strange? Do you think Lightfoot could have bitten it off?"

"It is possible that Lightfoot may have done so—in the interests of his master. Shall I call Mr. Proctor to account about it? I will challenge him, if you say so."

"Mr. Tarleton," she says, "I think you are the most—the very most—audacious person I ever knew! I cannot imagine, in the least, why you should have cut off a lock of my hair; but I defy you to assert that you did not do so."

"It is impossible for me to assert anything of the kind, Miss Lawrence. I throw myself on your mercy, and confess that you are right."

"You really did it?" she says, with surprise. "I could not account for the loss in any other way; yet it seemed impossible to believe that you had deliberately cut a lock of hair from the head of a girl you had never spoken to in your life! Why did you do it, Mr. Tarleton? If you tell me the simple truth, I—I will try to forgive you for taking such a liberty."

"Will you?" he says, smiling. "You pledge yourself to that! Well, the truth is simply this: I could not help doing it. I never felt so much like a sneak in all my life as after the theft was accomplished; but I had no power to resist the tremendous temptation. Your hair and you have such lovely hair!—was all streaming loose over my arm. How could I think you would miss one little lock, when you have so much?"

"It was not a question of much or little," she says, indignantly, "but of your having the right to take any. Putting aside all—all nonsense, I must ask you to return what you cut off."

"If you insist upon my doing so, of course I must; but will you not be generous, and let me keep it? If you could imagine what it is to me, I think you would hardly refuse. You know so little of me, that I cannot ask more than this—none."

"Hal-lo! Kate!—Tarleton!"

It is a shout below, which proceeds from Will's mighty lungs. They look over the rock, and perceive that he is signalling them.

"We must go down," says Kate, rising. "No doubt supper is ready."

Tarleton does not press the point of the hair until they are clambering down the rocks, and Kate is in a measure at his mercy. Then, with her hand in his, as he assists her from one stepping-place to another, he says:

"You have not told me yet. I may keep the lock, may I not?"

"It strikes me that to ask permission to keep that which you have already taken, is rather reversing the order of things," she replies.

And with this he is content.

CHAPTER XI.

"I would have hid her needle in his heart.
To save her little finger from a scratch.
No deeper than the skin; my ears could hear
Her lightest breath; her least remark was worth
The experience of the wise. I went and came;
Her voice fled always through the summer land;
I spoke her name alone. 'Thrice happy days!
The flower of each, those moments when we met.'"

The radiant September days pass swiftly and gayly. To Miss Palmer honour, the neighbourhood rouses from its usual state of social dullness, and one party of pleasure quickly succeeds another. There are rides and rambles in

the beautiful woods; there are dances and croquet-parties; there are rows on the river, when the glow of sunset is reflected on its breast, and when the silver light of the "hunter's moon" shines broadly over stream and plain and hills.

During these days, whose step is so light, whose voice so joyous, whose heart so gay, as Kate's! The sunshine which rests on the fair September woodlands is not half so bright as her face; the moonlight which sleeps on the river is not nearly so tender as her eyes. "The light that never was on land or sea"—the light that, unmarred by the memory or the fear of pain, no human life can know but once—is shed over her like a benediction. She is the foremost spirit in every plan of pleasure; and, riding, rowing, or dancing, Tarleton is ever at her side. From this gentleman no more is heard of leaving; on the contrary, he announces his intention of remaining at Southdale until the Arlingford races, which are to take place in October, and for which his horses are entered. To him, as to Kate, these are golden days; days to be enjoyed with the fullest enjoyment as they pass; days to look back upon from some dreary height of the after-time with wistful, passionate regret.

It is possible that his devotion would not be allowed to pass unobserved by those most interested in the girl's life—to wit, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence—if it were not for the fact that their attention is absorbed at this time with Sophy's affairs. Wilmer has taken his courage in his hands, marched on his fate, and conquered it. In other words, he has asked Sophy to marry him, and Sophy has answered that she will do so. An engagement in the family—a first engagement, especially—is always a matter of importance; and so it chanced that not even Janet has much attention to spare for Kate's affairs.

It moreover happens, that the only person who has a direct personal interest in Tarleton's conduct is at this time called away. It is with great reluctance that Mr. Proctor obeys a summons to return to his plantation, without having come to an understanding with Kate; but, having confided his perplexity to Will, that young gentleman advises him to hold his peace.

"You'll only make things unpleasant, and ruin your chances altogether by speaking," he says. "She don't care a straw for you now; one can see that with half an eye. But there's no depending on women. What they like to-day, they'll dislike to-morrow; and what they dislike to-day, they'll like to-morrow." Patient waiters are no losers. You go and attend to your business, and after a while come back. You may have a better chance then."

"But here's that fellow, Tarleton," urges Proctor. "If I go away, I leave the whole field to him."

"The whole fiddlesticks!" says Will. "You don't suppose Tarleton has any idea of wanting to marry Kate, do you? Why, he hasn't a sixpence worth of property free from debt! Kate knows his position and his character, for I've warned her about both; and she is only amusing herself with him, take my word for that!"

"Girls sometimes fall in love with men even when they haven't a sixpence," observes Mr. Proctor, gloomily; "and I really think you have Tarleton here too much."

Nevertheless, he follows his friend's advice, and goes away without expressing his feelings, save by crushing Kate's hand in a grasp so strenuous that her muscles ache from it for half an hour afterward. "I shall be back soon," he says; and then he turns his face heroically toward his neglected plantation.

The girl he leaves behind him is very much relieved by his departure. If her heart could possibly be made lighter, it would be rendered so by this fact; for, since the day when she returned from that fateful ride on Lightfoot, she has never been able to laugh at him as she freely laughed before. His presence has been to her an uncomfortable reminder of pain that she may yet be forced to inflict, and his attentions have more than once conflicted with Tarleton's in a manner hard to bear. Altogether, she feels that he has done the best thing possible in going away—going away in discreet silence, too—and her face is a shade brighter than usual, as, having watched him safely down the avenue and out of the gate, she takes her hat, calls the children—who are always ready to follow her—and goes into the garden.

There she is found, half an hour later, by a young man, who, running down the steps of the terrace on which the house is built, comes toward her. At the moment of his approach she is standing on a high stool, under a grape-arbor, intent upon gathering some of the fast-ripening scuppernongs from the trellis above. Through the vine-leaves shifting lights and shadows play over her face and figure; and when the children cry, "Kate, Mr. Tarleton is coming!" she does not descend from her perch, but simply turns and looks down upon him like a goddess from a pedestal—only no goddess ever smiled so sweet and bright a smile as that which is his greeting.

"If you like scuppernong grapes," she says, "you have just come in time, for these are the first of the season. The children and myself are having a feast. If you want some, hold up your hat."

He obediently holds up his hat, and receives a shower of the golden-brown fruit.

"Thanks! that is sufficient," he says. "I have not come to eat grapes, but to propose an expedition—unless you have had a surfeit of riding lately."

"A surfeit of riding!" she repeats. "That is likely! As far as I am concerned, I am ready

to go anywhere. What have you come to propose?"

"That you shall all ride over to Southdale and look at my horses, which have arrived."

"Your horses for the races?" she asks, eagerly.

"Yes, my horses for the races. Do you care to see them?"

"What an odd question! I shall like it, of all things. What do the rest say? Have you spoken to any one else?"

"Not yet. I wanted to ask you, first, if you wished to go. I heard from Will that Proctor has just taken his departure, and I was not sure that I might not find you too disconsolate for any amusement."

"Ah, for shame!" she says, springing lightly to the ground, without the aid of his hand, which he extends an instant too late.

"You may not think so from my appearance, perhaps, but I have been singing 'Robin Adair' ever since Mr. Proctor left. He was evidently sorry to go; and I—well, really, I should have been sorry to see him go, if I had not known that it was high time he went to look after his affairs."

"He would be gratified for that much consideration, I have no doubt."

"I am not certain that he would," she says.

"But we must settle this matter of going to Southdale. Let us return to the house, and put it to the vote at once. We shall probably find Mr. Wilmer there. He and Sophy are always together, and so happy, that to be with them makes one feel happy from sheer contagion."

"They are in the blissful stage of the tender passion just now," says Tarleton—and, half-unconsciously, his voice takes a tone of bitterness which is strange to Kate's experience of it. "The question is, How long will their happiness last?"

"Why should that be a question!—why should it not last altogether?" she asks. "I am sure that, as far as we can see, they have every possible chance of happiness."

"Yes, I grant that," he says, with a tinge of bitterness still in his tone. "They are in love with each other, and Wilmer has a fortune, without which the love would not count for anything at all."

"Is that the way you look at it?" says Kate, in a tone of surprise. "I think it is just the other way—the fortune would not count for anything without the love."

"Do you think love worth so much, then?" he asks—and now it is something altogether different from bitterness which fills his voice.

"Surely there can be no doubt of that," she answers, low, but steadily. "Indeed, it seems to me that, in comparison with it, there is nothing else in the world of worth at all."

They have gained the terrace by this time, and Tarleton has time to say no more; but hope, that is almost certainly, leaps up like a flame in his heart, and he says to himself, "I can afford to wait a little longer."

The proposed visit to Southdale meets with general approbation. Every one is eager to see the horses; and only Mr. Lawrence—who is probably most eager of all—shakes his head a little.

"I fear it is wrong to encourage you in wasting your fortune on race-horses, Frank," he says.

"Don't hesitate on that score," answers Tarleton. "I shall run the horses in Arlingford for the last time. After this, I mean to sell them. I have begun to realize that it is better to part with the horses and keep Southdale—if I can."

"I hope you can," says Mr. Lawrence, cordially.

(To be continued.)

A SIMPLE TRICK AT CARDS.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he sat down opposite his wife and began to shuffle a pack of cards. "now I'm going to amuse you with a few card tricks. I think a man ought to entertain his wife in the evenings and be some society for her, and as I know a few simple tricks with cards I'll amuse you."

"I am so glad you are not like some other men," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, giving her chair a hitch; "you don't go out to clubs or sit around in bar-rooms all the evening. I always liked card tricks and I'm sure you can do them if anybody can."

Mr. Spoopendyke smiled and held the pack open like a fan for his wife to select.

"Let me see," said she, putting her fingers to her lips. "I am to pick out one, am I?"

"Yes," he responded eagerly, with the ace of spades sticking three-quarters of the way out towards her. "Pick out the easiest one to grab at and I'll show you a pretty trick."

Mrs. Spoopendyke ignored the tempting ace and selected one from the extreme end of the pack.

"Must I look at it?" she asked.

"Certainly," responded Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Look at it and remember what it is."

She looked at it and studied it carefully.

"Now," continued Mr. Spoopendyke, "stick it back in the pack anywhere," and he divided it and held it toward her.

"You mustn't know what it is, must you?" she asked.

"Of course not. You are to put it back in the pack, and by and by I will tell you what it is."

Mrs. Spoopendyke jabbed in half way into the centre of the two sections as Mr. Spoopendyke held them.

"Strange you can't put it between 'em as you ought to," he growled. "A man would have fixed it an hour ago."

"It won't go in," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she punched away at it. "I know what's the matter, why your little finger is right in the pack. There," she continued, as she seized the way and drove the card home, "now it's in. Now you can go on with your trick."

Of course Mr. Spoopendyke had lost all chance of finding out what the card was.

"Now just draw another," he said savagely, "and put it where I tell you to. I'm doing this trick not you. All you've got to do is to draw and then let things alone."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke, somewhat disconcerted, "I didn't understand it. Now give me one."

She took it and slipped it into the pack, just where Mr. Spoopendyke wanted her to. Mr. Spoopendyke put the two sections together so that the selected card came on the bottom, and seeing that it was the seven of hearts, shuffled the cards briskly and then handed them to his wife.

"In order to show you that it is all fair," said he, in a cheerful tone, "you may shuffle them yourself, Mrs. Spoopendyke, shuffle as much as you like."

She slammed them around and spilled them for two or three minutes.

"You might leave something to designate them by," said Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the performance askance, "Never mind the edges or corners, but leave a chip or two of the middle so I will know that they are cards when you get through."

Mrs. Spoopendyke handed them over without further parley. Mr. Spoopendyke ran the cards over hastily, and selecting the seven of hearts placed it on the top of the pack.

"Now, I will deal you some cards which you must watch," said he; and he dealt half a dozen, noting that the seven of hearts was on the bottom.

"Now, my dear, if your card is in that pack pick it out and hand me the rest."

She handed them back to him and running off all but the last three, he laid them in a pile in the middle of the table.

"Now take up one, but don't look at it," said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a smile.

She took it up and laid it to one side.

"Now another," said he, grinning.

She repeated the operation.

"Now, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I'll trouble you to pick up that last card and turn it face up."

Mrs. Spoopendyke did so. It was the jack of clubs.

Mr. Spoopendyke gazed at her and at the cards, while she sat waiting for the trick to go on.

"Was that your card?" he demanded.

"Don't think so," she answered, vaguely.

"I don't think so," he thundered; "don't you know?"

"Yes. Was it on," he started. "Do you know what card you picked out, or don't you?"

"Why I took up those and then that one you told me to in the pack was the one I said you made."

"Mrs. Spoopendyke, what card did you select?" he asked, with awful sternness.

"Why, it was the other ones, the ace of queens."

"You picked out the ace of queens?" with fearful sarcasm. "I'd like to know where you found it. You must have reached your arm in up to the shoulder to have got hold of it. I'll show you the card you picked out, Mrs. Spoopendyke; it was the seven of hearts;" and he scurried through the pack three or four times but he didn't find it. Finally he looked over the table and caught her attentively examining something in her lap.

"What have you got there, eh?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Nothing dear, but my card. You know you told me to pick it out and hand you back the balance."

Mr. Spoopendyke went straight to bed, with the remark that next season his wife would go to some well selected night school.

AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

A corporal of the Rifle Brigade, for robbing a Spaniard of some bread, was tried by a drum-head court-martial, and brought out immediately afterwards for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the unhappy corporal, who, till then, bore an excellent character, was placed in the centre of the square close to the triangle, the General said, in a stern voice, "Strip, sir." The corporal never uttered a word till actually tied up, when, turning his head round as far as his humiliating position enabled him, he said, in a firm and respectful voice, "General Crawford, spare me." The General replied, "It cannot be. Your crime is too great." The unhappy man, who was sentenced to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private, and to receive 200 lashes, then added, "Oh, general, do you recollect when we were both taken prisoners in Buenos Ayres? We were confined, with others, in a sort of pound. You sat on my knapsack, fatigued and hungry. I shared my last biscuit with you. On that occasion you shook me by the hand, swearing never to forget my kindness. It is now in your power. You know that when I committed the act for which I am now made so humiliating a spectacle to my comrades, we had been short of rations for some time." Not only the general,

but the whole square, was affected by this address. The bugler, who stood behind the corporal, on a nod from the bugle-major, inflicted the first lash, which drew blood from as brave a fellow as ever carried a musket. The General started, and turning hastily round, said, "Who ordered that bugler to flog? Send him to drill, send him to drill. Take him down, take him down. I remember it well"—all the time pacing up and down the square, wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide emotions that were visible to the whole square. After recovering his noble feelings, the gallant General uttered, with a broken accent, "Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?" Then beckoning to his orderly for his horse, he mounted and galloped off. In a few days the corporal was restored to his rank, and I saw him, a year afterwards, a respected sergeant. Had the poor fellow's sentence been carried out, a valuable soldier would have been lost to the service, and a good man converted into a worthless one.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

We hear that Sir George Bramwell's title will be Lord Edenbridge.

It is rumoured that the rare and costly china at Bleinheim Palace will shortly be sold.

MISS ELLEN TERRY will not re-appear in London until the production next year of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum Theatre.

It is said that Mrs. Langtry will receive £100 per week during her engagement at the Haymarket. She will appear in *Ours* and *Diplomacy*.

In the new edition of the *Almanac de Gotha* for 1882 the Regency of Tunis is included in the possessions of France! On the other hand, the Transvaal is taken out of the possession of England!

AN acquisition to evening dress—when the wearer has pretty arms and neck—are birds or doves perched on the neck or shoulder straps; these are fastened in such a manner that they look as if they had stuck in their flight to find a resting-place and had been imprisoned there. Jewel-eyed spiders and scorpions also occupy the same position on the fair wearer.

Two amendments are likely to be moved on the Address. One will come from the Irish quarter, and will raise the question of the prisoners who may at that time still be in Kilmaham. The other will be brought forward by the Conservative Opposition, and will challenge the whole policy of the Executive in Ireland. It is estimated that the debate will be extended to the week following that on which Parliament is summoned.

THE London theatres have suffered seriously from the fear which possesses the mind of the public in view of the awful catastrophe at Vienna. In one or two instances where the piece is having a run which makes it necessary to book in advance, the money loss is reduced. The public forfeit their seats, but they have at least paid for them. At less popular theatres the effect is more severely felt. Contrary to usage, the Lord Chamberlain's interposition is welcomed by the managers who are all having the connection between the gas on the stage and that in the auditory cut off. They trust this will reassure the public.

AN old friend is coming forward with a new face. Mr. Leslie's choir is about to be revived. That is to say, Mr. Leslie has been getting up another choir. He disbanded the old one because he wanted rest and retirement. He has formed the new one because he wants a little light occupation on idle days. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, but the old choir was really sent about their business because—well, to be brutally frank, because it was old. Friends who had affection but no voices could not be summarily dismissed; so Mr. Leslie, avoiding invidious distinctions, dismissed everybody. With fresher voices under his baton, the best of conductors hopes to win new triumphs in a field where his career has been one long triumph.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD has issued a characteristic address "to the public" on the completion of his thirteenth year at the Gaiety. It concludes in the following terms:—"The Gaiety Theatre is as safe as any London theatre can be from accident by fire; no theatre can provide against the effects of panic. The two magnificent exits which once communicated with the adjoining enormous pile of buildings are still bricked up by Act of Parliament. This is another idiotic result of Government slap-you-and-put-you-to-bed legislation. As I have no more pecuniary interest in the Gaiety Restaurant than I have in St. Paul's Cathedral, I can decently ask the public to assist me in breaking down these dangerous barriers."

ZADKIEL, the astrologer, congratulates himself that the Czar of Russia was assassinated, just as he predicted a year ago he would be.

Venus and Mercury will improve trade this coming year, but Saturn will make a deficit in the revenue. The position of Mars is bad for the theatres in New York; one will burn up about Christmas. Uranus being square to Mercury will give plenty of work, especially divorce, to lawyers. Mars threatens heavy taxation. There is to be much violence in the United States and some great men will suffer degradation or meet with a violent death. The square of Saturn threatens colliery accidents. In the latter part of February there will be a large fire in New York; alarms of war, turbulence and bloodshed in the United States during March, also railroad panics, and an epidemic of diphtheria and small-pox about the middle of April. Mars will produce great excitement at Washington and the President's position will be unenviable. Pestilence, famine and a great destruction of cattle in England and Ireland. Mars, Saturn, the moon and Uranus will "make it hot," literally and figuratively, for the Americans in June—war, panics, earthquakes and hot weather. In July, explosions and deeds of violence in London, bloodshed in India. The United States will settle down to peace and prosperity for the rest of the year, but the King of Spain will have all he wants to attend to in dodging the assassins.

HEARTH AND HOME.

HOW CHILDREN ARE "TOUGHENED."—As for "toughening" children by sending them half-dressed in the damp or biting air, none but ignorant and stupid people do such things—our churchyards are already sufficiently full of little graves. Give the children warm feet, something over their ears, and good staunch flannels between them and Jack Frost, and they will grow up far stronger and "tougher" than the poor little shivering ones who have to pull their heads into their shoulders, and huddle together like calves in a winter's storm, for lack of sensible clothes. It is a fact that children often suffer for want of pleasant and improving amusements.

SOME POOR CHILDREN.—We owe more to poor children than we think. Columbus was a poor boy, often needing more food than he could get. Luther sang ballads in the streets, to get the funds for an education. Franklin used to buy a roll for a penny and eat it alone. Lincoln and Garfield were poorly clothed and worked very hard. Dr. Livingstone learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work. Emily C. Judson used to rise at two in the morning, and do the washing for the family. Gambetta was poor and slept in an attic. Lucy Larcom was a factory girl. Dr. Holland was poor and a school-teacher. Captain Eads was barefoot and penniless at nine years old. None of these people have been idle, or whiled away their time on street corners, or in games of cards or billiards. They were too busy.

WHAT IS HOME!—Dr. Holmes says: "I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to set in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sun, the imperishable sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth and sometimes mortgage a house for the dabbony we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, home and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

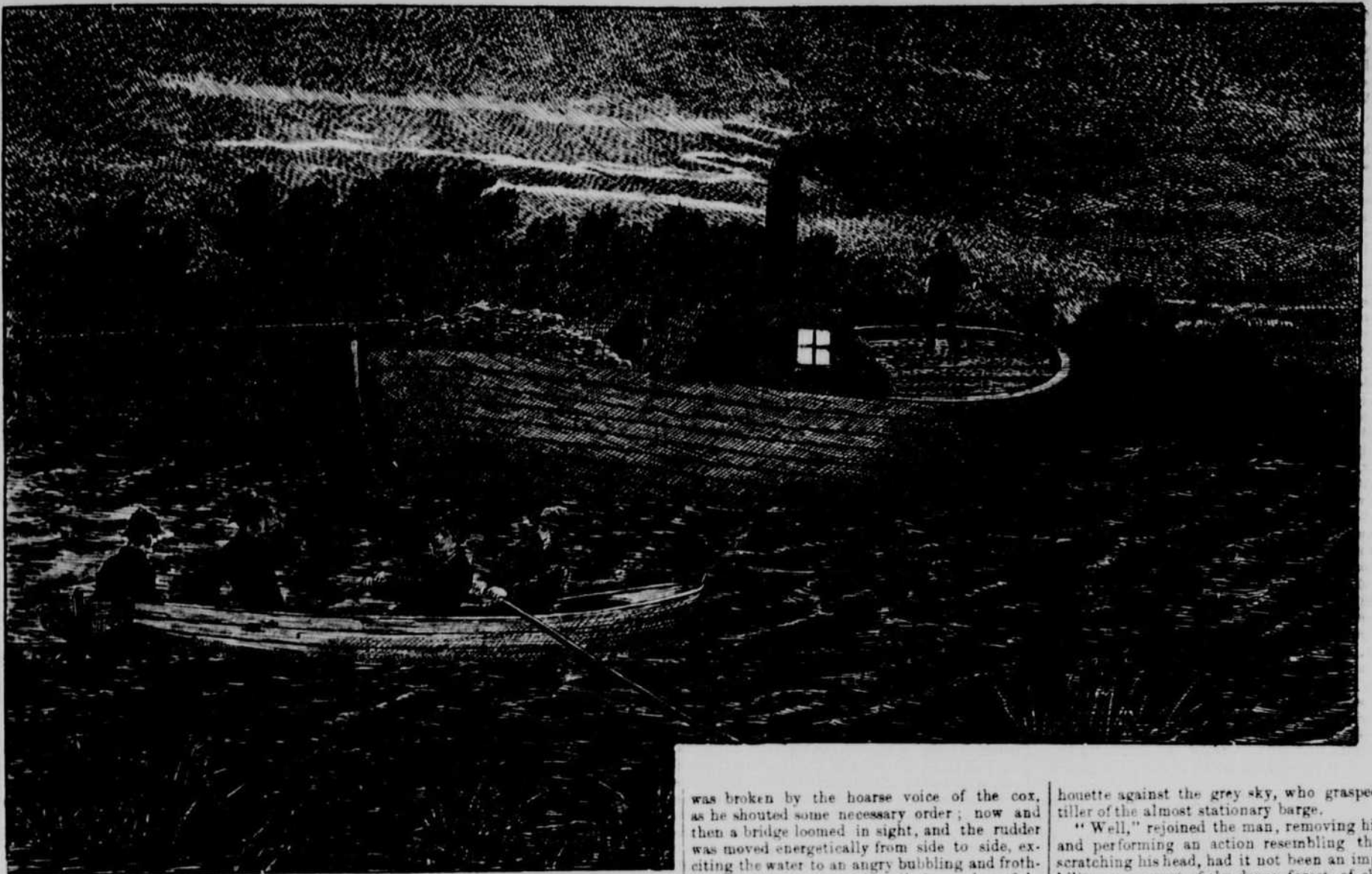
THE SUPERSTITION OF "FIRST FOOT."—The first to come into the house in the new year must be a dark-haired man, or ill luck awaits the family. A woman, whether dark or light, cannot bring good luck, a belief which sets in marked contrast the idea of past and present times. "One man among a thousand have I found," says the preacher, "but a woman among all those have I not found." In days when such was the estimate formed of the sex, we cannot wonder that a woman should be unwelcome as a visitor on New Year's Day. Why in our country, coming as we do mainly from a light-complexioned stock, a dark-haired man should be a good omen, is a question difficult to answer. It is said that the real object of fear is red hair, because of a constant tradition that Judas the traitor was red-haired. If so, we can understand that all light shades might be suspected of a tendency to sandiness, or be so reckoned by association. At any rate, a black-haired man was on the safe side. But the custom is not quite universally the same. In an early number of *Notes and Queries* a correspondent reported that in his neighbourhood a light complexion brought a good omen, and a dark one the reverse. Perhaps this may be a relic of stubborn Saxon prejudice in favour of Saxon locks.

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



A GIPSY GIRL.—FROM A DRAWING BY G. PORTAELS.



[Written for the News.]

AT SILKEBORG.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY
NED P. MAH.

was broken by the hoarse voice of the cox, as he shouted some necessary order; now and then a bridge loomed in sight, and the rudder was moved energetically from side to side, exciting the water to an angry bubbling and frothing, like the flapping of the tail of some huge fish, as the slim, white out-rigger crept onward, like the ghost of some defunct sea serpent upon the bosom of the stream, and under the dark beams of the wooden viaduct. Presently, as the little craft sped on, keeping well out of the current by hugging the inner side of a sudden curve, it came abreast of a great sluggish barge laboriously towed by half a dozen of its crew.

"How far is it to L.—" cried Cox, hailing the dark figure, standing out in relief like a sil-

houette against the grey sky, who grasped the tiller of the almost stationary barge.

"Well," rejoined the man, removing his hat and performing an action resembling that of scratching his head, had it not been an impossibility on account of the dense forest of shaggy hair which protected his cranium, "I can't rightly say how many miles it is."

"How long will it take us to reach the Kro?"

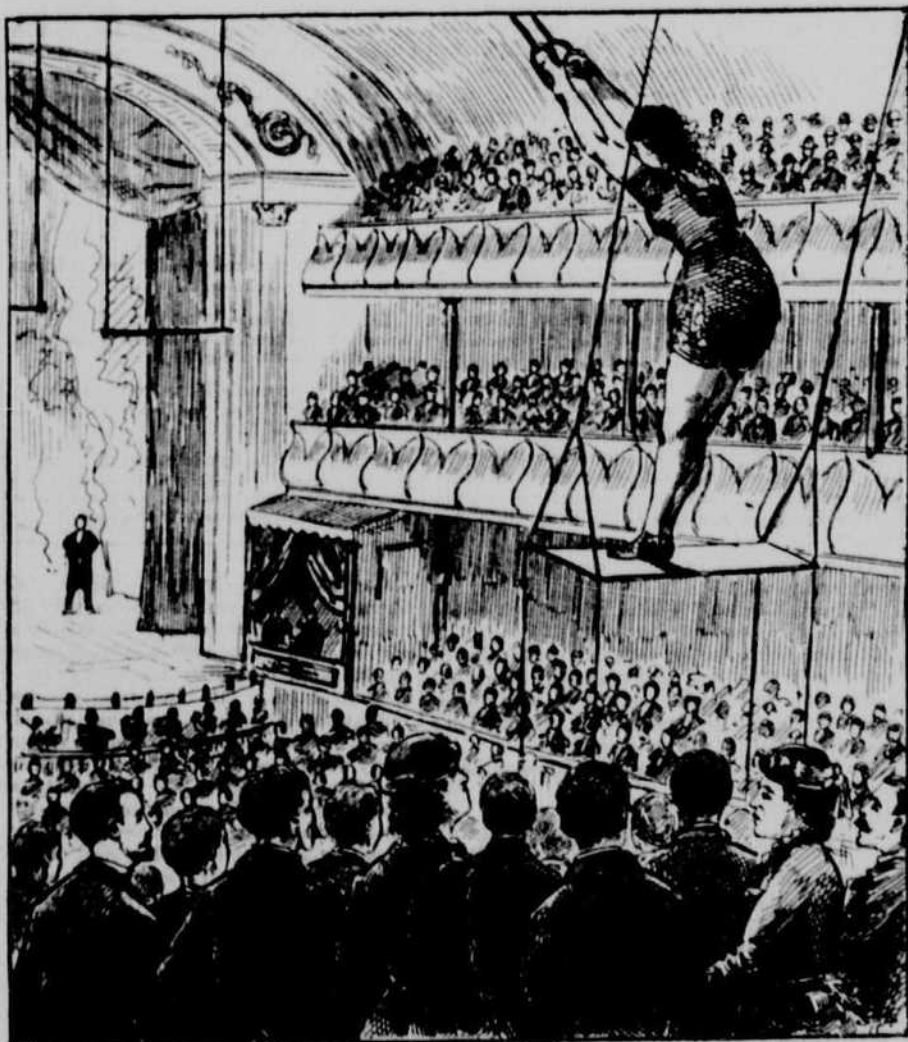
"I don't know how fast you can drive."

A general laugh greeted this evidence of the helmsman's determination not to commit himself.

"I guess you'll get there before daylight," he finally induced himself to admit. "After three or four bends of the river you'll pass a

Time, nearly midnight on one of those nights when the light never lapses into darkness, but only into brief twilight, in advanced summer or early autumn. Place, a winding river, much obstructed here and there by rushes, with a heavy current in it, sometimes partaking almost of the nature of rapids. Nothing to be heard out the quick splash of the oars and their rattle in the

rowlocks, for the pace was good and the stream swift, and the crew were working as only Englishmen can work, for pleasure. Nothing to be seen but the smooth shimmer of the stream, with the ill defined banks, for it was impossible to tell which was bank, which rushes, and which the reflection of both, in the dim, hazy, mysterious half-light. Now and then the monotony



Meanwhile Zoe prepared for the flight.



Resolution,—That Paul tell his story. Carried *sem con.*

windmill, then the river takes a turn to the southward, and after a straight reach of a mile or so it bends up towards the north, then you come to a bridge and on the other side of the bridge is a little wharf. The Kro lies back about a hundred feet from it."

We thanked him for his information, bade him good-night and dashed onward again, battling the current inch by inch.

The windmill showed a stern reluctance to be passed but we turned our backs on it at last, and crept under the bridge without unshipping, although it was extremely dark and the centre arch barely wide enough to admit the boat with oars outstretched on either side, a fear which elicited the cry of "Well coxed indeed!" from our stroke.

At length we had moored our slim craft and stood cramped and stiff, and fagged out upon the wharf. We lost no time in knocking up the people of the inn and soon had its table groaning under such viands, comprising eggs, bacon, smoked herrings, butter and black bread, as its larder or the outrigger's locker could afford, and made a hearty meal, washed down with schnaps, Bavarian beer, and their sour red wine, labelled Medoc, about the mediocrity of which, Charley Sprightly said, "there could be no doubt whatever."

After a brief rest upon the wooden benches, we were again upon the thwarts before the dew had been dried upon them by the weak sun beams which cast long ill-defined shadows through the misty air. Hard fighting with the stream all day under a blazing sun with alternate stroke and bow turns, which turned Cox into an insufferable bully and made the crew irate and fractious beyond measure. About four o'clock we called a halt at Rosendal, a picturesque little inn, containing a still more picturesque little front-room, who could not restrain her delight at the beautiful boat, nor think her guests sufficiently honoured till she had slain the tenderest chickens, and produced the freshest eggs, the sweetest milk, the richest cream, and the most delicate *Röd-gröd*—*anlyce* red currant jelly—which it ever fell to the lot of mortal man to enjoy.

The stream broadened after this and passing through some rather lumpy water with but little current in it, at about half past six we shot under the white bridge out into the broad lake and describing a huge circle spurted up to the landing place the cynosure of all the eyes of the inhabitants of Silkeborg.

Silkeborg is, as everybody knows, the very highest point in all Jutland. All the telegraph poles are painted white there, and altogether the place, a favourite with tourists, bears a gay and holiday air.

An excellent meal of steak and chickens, with the mealiest of potatoes, and wine which really needed no bush was spread for us on the hotel table. The crew, however, after their fifty miles hard battle with the stream were secretly, though they did their best to conceal the fact, scarcely in a condition to do justice to the viands. Cox, however, did his best to make up for their deficiencies. A little stroll through the streets with cigar in mouth followed, then a game or two of billiards, and early to bed. Next day the party embarked early in one of the little lake steamers whose pilots perform miracles of navigation in steering at full speed through apparently impossible places, for a trip to the picturesque points in the neighborhood.

Going ashore at one of the little piers formed by a single plank and rail, the crew of the "Alexandra" left the steamer with the intention of ascending to the flagstaff which marks the highest altitude of Jutland's sandhill. The limpid water of the lake, however, deep and cool and transparent as crystal, looked so tempting that a halt was unanimously voted for the purpose of a swim, and half the party were already in the water and the rest reduced almost to the simple costume of our first father, before anybody remarked on the unimportant fact the party were unprovided with towels. This trifling oversight was easily remedied by the scorching sun. The bather had but to stretch himself luxuriously for a few moments upon the green herbage, and a towel was no longer needed. Some ran up and down upon the sward with the unique costume of a pair of canvas boots, which were necessary to guard against an inadvertent brambles. Others donned at once their light jerseys without undergoing any drying process whatever, after the principle of certain Danish lads who I have heard declare this proceeding to be "gauske meget deilig,"—quite much more beautiful—than any other, it kept one cool so much longer!

Refreshed and renewed in spirits we climb the hill together, and threw ourselves in a ring amid the heather at its summit.

"How awfully jolly," remarked somebody "this sort of thing is. How much more absolutely happy one feels here than amid the restraints and jealousies of an artificial society."

"Oh, yes," sighed Paul Elliot, "if I were only young again I'd lead a different life. I'd save my money and buy an outrigger and have the front-room at Rosendal Kro for my wife."

"Ain't you young enough to go in for all that yet?"

"A man's age," remarked Jack Hinton sagely "doesn't always tally with his years. Some people who vegetate all their lives would die young at a hundred. Others condense into a quarter of that period the experiences of a lifetime. I suppose Paul judged by that ratio is older than anybody among us."

"Perhaps he is," said Paul modestly, "look at that meercbaum," exhibiting a short black

pipe, whence the rich bends of unctuous juice exhaled in bountiful profusion. "That has been smoked beneath the Falls of Niagara, on Vesuvius, on Mount Blanc, in the gondolas of Venice, in the bazars of Constantinople, in the garden of the Tuileries, in the music halls of London. It has been the counterirritant of the excitement of a bull fight in Spain, a tiger hunt in India, a heavy book on the Derby, the cruelties of a coquette, the applause of private theatricals, the harassments of duns, the excruciations of 'little go' examinations, and the issue favourable or otherwise of billiard matches innumerable. In a word that cherished pipe has been during the last ten years the consoler of my sorrow and the moderator of my joys."

"And you would change all that, and paddle your own canoe down stream placidly instead. But as regards the taking to yourself a wife why have you never done that?"

"Well, I was once within an ace both of marrying and repenting, though heaven knows whether I should have repented. Probably I should never have discovered the truth and where ignorance is bliss, etc. It's a queer story though, and I'll tell it to you if you like, though a man don't like to confess how he's been sold."

Resolution.—That Paul tell his story. Carried *nem. con.*

And Paul, puffing huge clouds from his devoted meercbaum, thus began:

"When I was in America I happened one day upon a little place where people used to go to drink mineral waters on the margin of a great lake. It was a pretty little place enough, the telegraph poles were all painted white, I remember, just as they are in Silkeborg, and everything had the same holiday air; only it was bigger than Silkeborg is. I lingered there a day or two and made some sketches, and then I should have wandered in again had I not discovered a new attraction. I made the acquaintance of a grey-haired, gentlemanly old boy who did two things excellently and unremittingly, namely, rolled cigarettes and played billiards. He was there in charge of his daughter, I found out, who had been thrown from her horse some weeks since, and was still unable to rise from her couch. As she was rumoured to be very beautiful, I had the curiosity to remain in the hope of seeing her; when I did see her I had my reward. She was not only very beautiful, I think the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, but very amiable, and unsophisticated, and apparently innocent and very jolly altogether. She was awfully weak and had to be wheeled or driven about everywhere, and I went through a regular course of spooning, reading poetry and all that sort of thing. In fact, I was hard hit, and made pretty severe running so that in three weeks she had promised to marry me as soon as she had completely recovered. Two days afterwards I received a telegram saying that my father could not last many weeks and if I wished to see him alive I must start for England immediately. I had no alternative but to leave Lilla, to marry her and take her with me was out of the question, she was not fit for the journey. She was out up about my going. She wept and refused to be comforted. There was something more than mere grief at a temporary separation; she was actuated by some vague terror which she was not to be laughed or reasoned out of. When the time came for me to go she clung to me, white and trembling, and in a passion of tears, 'Forgive my folly,' she sobbed, 'but something tells me I am losing you for ever.' Chaffing her, reasoning with her, soothing her, kissing her, were alike useless, and I tore myself away at last feeling miserably blue.

My father fooled the doctors. He lived three whole months after I reached England. It was three months more before I had settled all necessary business matters and was in a position to return to America and claim Lilla. During this time I heard from her frequently. At first her letters had a despondent tone, they were full of the dread of some coming evil. At last this dread reached its climax. "Think of me, pray for me," she said, "on the sixth of December. I have an unspeakable horror of the approach of that day, a horror which I cannot explain." By an odd coincidence, it was the very day on which my father died. I remember being greatly cut up at losing the governor and tortured by Lilla's unreasonable fears, which, nevertheless influenced me in spite of myself. I never felt so absolutely wretched in my life. I never slept a wink that night, nor for nights after, till the doctors gave me laudanum. I awaited Lilla's next epistle with a fever of impatience. It came. The day had passed and she was alive and well. After that her spirits seemed to improve wonderfully. She even began to look forward to seeing me again with something like hope, till at last the day was fixed for my departure and she was informed of the date of my probable arrival. Our rendezvous was to be at the little watering place where we had first met and whence all her letters had been dated.

My voyage out was an uneventful one. It was even shorter than usual. The only delay occurred at S—, where the train arriving greatly behind time I had to wait till the next morning before I could proceed. I called on an old friend to whom I told my story. He straightway set about devising some means to drive my thoughts from Lilla and reconcile me to the delay.

"Come with me to the Central Hall," he said, "the house will be crowded, but fortunately I have secured a box. It is the great Zoe's last

night, the most beautiful woman and most graceful gymnast in the world. There will be a regular ovation, the whole town is in a ferment about her, but it is the ferment of despair for they say her virtue is ferocious."

Such a proposal possessed no great attraction for me, but I did not much care where I went or what I did if I could only kill the time that separated me from Lilla. I accepted and we went.

The performance had commenced some time when we took our seats in a box on the first tier immediately over the stage. Harry's wine was good and we had not hurried away from it.

Somebody with an amusing falsetto voice was just finishing a song full of political hits which elicited thunders of applause, when we entered. Then the orchestra burst into full melody and the audience subsided into the expectant silence which awaited the appearance of their favorite Zoe.

I noted that the preparations had been already made. A carpeted platform extended the whole length of the hall above the heads of the people at the little marble topped tables in the pit. Three separate trapezes hung at intervals suspended from the ceiling, while a little bracket had been erected above the dress circle and over the stage from which the gymnast would take her flight.

My eyes had just made themselves acquainted with these particulars when Zoe herself, full of life and grace, bounded lightly on the stage, kissed her hands rapturously to the audience, and sprang lightly up a little ladder at the very corner of our box. As her face reached the level of the red covered ledge of the box our eyes met. Not only met but became riveted. What was it that caused the flush of excitement to fade from that face which, guiltless of paint, blanched to a deadly pallor? Only that our glance had been a glance of recognition and she knew that that second must have told me that Zoe and Lilla were one. She went on then, deftly placing her feet between the hands of the spectators who leaned on the slippery rim of red leather that fringed the dress circle, only once or twice she staggered and stretched out her hands wildly to balance herself, or she would have fallen. She reached the little bracket and took her stand there, and an old man with silvery hair walked out along the platform and threw her the nearest trapeze. Then he went to the next, and by a vigorous motion of the hand set it swinging, and proceeded to the third. Meanwhile, Zoe, as I was afterwards told, watched the gyrations of the trapeze, prepared for the flight, faltered and then with set face and closed eyes, one second too late, swung herself off on her perilous journey. She flashed through the air lightning swift, left the trapeze when it had gained its fullest altitude and with outstretched arms attempted to grasp the next. It seemed as though she actually touched the cross bar with the tips of her fingers, but she failed to catch it, and the next moment was lying on the platform, a gruesome heap of spangles and quivering flesh. Some from the personnel of the theatre rushed to the spot, covering her with a piece of green baize, detached the section of the platform on which she lay, and on this improvised stretcher bore her on their shoulders from the hall.

Sick at heart and faint with horror I left the place by the help of Harry.

We went straight to the hospital which was close at hand. We soon learned that she had received injuries to the spine which would prove fatal. The only question was whether her life was to be reckoned by hours or days.

Poor girl, how she suffered! She was perfectly collected, though evidently suffering intense agony, the pale face was drawn and distorted by pain and her deep blue eyes glittered wildly from their sunken sockets. "Dear Paul," she whispered, "it is good of you not to desert me even now. It is kind of you to see the last of the poor girl who would have sacrificed you to her selfish ends. I feel how just it is that I should die as it were by your hand, you whom I have so wickedly deceived. But, oh Paul!" she said, while hot tears moistened and put out the glitter in her eyes, "if you could understand all, I think you would forgive me. If you knew how I have hated this life, how I dreaded to return to it after my first fall, and above all how I really loved you and how I would have striven to make you a good wife, and to have repaid you for rescuing me from the danger and the degradation."

There were tears in Paul's eyes now, and he could not go on.

"Enough of that," he said, "it was a horrible scene, God knows I forgive her, God knows if it had been better for us both if she had lived. I went wild after that and dissipated nearly all my fortune and here I am the listless, worldly-weary being you see before you. Hark! isn't that the whistle of the steamer?"

And we hurried down to the landing place.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

During the civil war there was, rightly or wrongly, a lamentable prejudice entertained against brevet rank and brigadier-generals. Lincoln's estimate of the comparative value of the mules and brigadiers gobbled up by a Confederate raider—the army mule was affectionately known as a "brevet horse"—is known to most readers; but there is another story, scarcely less complimentary, and much less familiar. According to the anonymous libeller, during an active engagement, a colonel, while bravely

leading on his men, received a terrible blow in the head from the fragment of a shell, which completely exposed the brain. He was carried to the rear, and intrusted to the care of a surgeon, who at once resolved upon heroic treatment, and removed the brain bodily to repair the lacerations. While he was absorbed in this delicate operation, an aide-de-camp, unconscious of the severity of the officer's wound, rode up with a message that Colonel Blank was wanted immediately at head-quarters. Mechanically, like the brainless pigeon in the interesting surgical experiment, the gallant officer clambered into the saddle and rode away; and when the surgeon, having completed the re-arrangement of the wounded organ, returned to place it in position, he was astonished to find the patient missing. At that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of galloping hoofs, and looking round, his surprise was intensified on beholding the colonel riding to the front as gayly as if nothing had happened.

"Hi, colonel! ho, colonel!" shouted the surgeon, pursuing him. "Stop. You're forgetting about your brains!"

"Never mind about them," roared the hero, clapping spurs to his horse, "I don't want them—I've just been brevetted brigadier-general."—*Harper's.*

HE COULDN'T GET AWAY.

"No, I am not one of the old veterans of the war," he slowly replied to the enquiry, "but it isn't my fault. I wanted to be there, but something always held me back."

"That was too bad."

"Yes it was. When the war broke out I wanted to go, but I was in gaol on a six months' sentence and they wouldn't take me. I was innocent, of course, but as I was in gaol the recruiting officer had to refuse me. Lands! but how I did ache to get down to the front and wade in gore!"

"And when you got out of gaol?"

"Yes, I got out, but just when my mother died. I was on my way to enlist when she died, and of course that altered my plans. No one knows how badly I wanted to be down there in blood and glory."

"Well, you didn't have to mourn all through the war, did you?"

"Oh, no. Bless your soul, but I only mourned for thirty days, and then I started out to enlist in the artillery. I was just about to write down my name when a policeman arrested me for breach of promise, and it was four months before I got through with the suit. Ah! sir, but if you only knew how I suffered at being held back, when others were winning glory on the field of courage you would pity me!"

"But the suit was finally decided?"

"Yes, finally, and within an hour after the jury brought in a verdict I started for Toledo to enlist in the cavalry."

"And you enlisted?"

"Almost. I was being examined by the doctor, when I got a despatch that the old man had tumbled into the well, and of course I had to go home. I hadn't got the undertaker paid before lightning struck the barn. Then some one set fire to the cheese factory, and soon after that I had three ribs broken and was laid up for a year. When I finally did get around to enlist the doctor rejected me because I was color blind, near-sighted, lame and deaf. I tell you, sir, when I think of the glory list, and the gore I didn't shed it breaks me right down and I don't even care for soda-water. Hear the band. See the old-pets and the ex-prisoners. Hang my hat, but why wasn't I born with legs long enough to kick myself over into Canada!—*M. Quad.*

HUMOROUS.

LAWYERS generally make good soldiers—good on the charge, you know.

EXTRACT from a story just out—"Mamma!" murmured Arethusa, unseeing, "I hate him!" Then she resumed her fainting.

"Did your uncle leave you anything in his will, Thomas?" "Oh, yes," said Thomas cheerfully, "he left me out."

It is a curious fact in natural history, not so generally known as it might be, that a cat with nine lives generally falls on its own feet; whereas a cat with nine tails mostly falls on somebody else's back.

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.

TWO CHRISTIANS.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD."

Two Christians travelled down a road,
Who viewed the world with different eyes;
The one was pleased with earth's abode,
The other longing for the skies.
For one, the heavens were so blue,
They filled his mind with fancies fond;
The other's eyes kept piercing through
Only for that which lies beyond.

For one, enchanting were the trees,
The distance was divinely dim;
The birds that fluttered on the breeze
Nodded their pretty heads for him.
The other scarcely saw the flowers,
And never knew the trees were grand;
He did but count the days and hours,
Till he might reach the promised land.

And one a little kiel caress
Would to a tender rapture move;
He only opened his lips to bless
The God who gave him things to love.
The other journeyed on his way,
Afraid to handle or to touch;
He only opened his lips to pray:
He might not love a thing too much.

Which was the best? Decide who can,
Yet why should we decide 'twixt them?
We may approve the mournful man,
Nor yet the joyous man condemn.
He is a Christian who has found
That earth, as well as heaven, is sweet,
Nor less is he who, heaven-bound,
Has spurn'd the earth beneath his feet.

[For the NEWS.]

LOCKED IN.

Mrs. Grimmie was a stickler for the proprieties.

Mrs. Miller was not.
Mrs. Grimmie frequently gave Mrs. Miller what she considered sound advice.
Mrs. Miller returned the compliment, she never took it.

The last time she called upon her friend, Mrs. Grimmie was quite affectionate in her solicitude for the well-being of that lady's pretty daughter.
"My dear Mrs. Miller," she began, "you really should be more careful of Daisy. It is most dangerous for her to go so often to the church alone."

"But she must practise on the organ," Daisy's mother responded meekly; "you know there is to be a grand choral service next Sunday, for the new clergyman is to be there, and will preach for the first time."

Mrs. Grimmie generally ignored opposition; a splendid means to get your own way.
"Think of its lonely situation," she pursued referring to the church, "up there in the fields. There was a tramp down in the village last night. It is not proper for her to spend hours there alone."

"But she has done so ever since she took the organ three years ago, and no harm ever came of it. Besides she doesn't go alone; she generally takes Amy Greene with her to work the bellows, or else one of the children go."

Mrs. Grimmie disregarded the protest, and demanded in magisterial tones,

"Does she leave the door open?"

"I—I suppose she does," rejoined Mrs. Miller with hesitation.

"I thought as much!" exclaimed Mrs. Grimmie, with the air of having convicted Daisy of a capital offence. "In future tell her to be sure to lock it on the inside." With this parting shot Mrs. Grimmie took leave supremely satisfied with herself. Nothing delighted her so much as managing other people.

Miss Daisy was excessively amused at the good lady's remonstrance when her mother talked over the visit that evening.

"Never mind, mother kind," she said, caressing her parent, (Daisy had pretty little pet ways) "it's rather too late in the day to lock the door now. Of course the church is in a lonely situation; that makes it all the safer, because nobody ever comes."

"Still, dear, I think you'd better do it," urged her mother.

"Now mamma, you know Mrs. Grimmie always has something to complain of. It would put us on a par with herself if she hadn't. This is too absurd, after all the hours I've spent there unmolested. I shan't take the slightest notice of it."

The following afternoon she related the incidents to her friend Amy Greene, with great glee, as they climbed the stairs of the organ loft together. The latter, however, did not take so cheerful a view of the subject, and begged permission to run back and fasten the door on the inside.

Daisy would not hear of this however, and presently they both forgot everything else in the grand march she was playing. Then there were the chants to go through, then the hymns and finally Daisy stopped.

"I declare I wish I could play on forever," she sighed; "just one more voluntary Amy, and then we'll go."

She struck a few chords.

"What was that?" said Amy, peering over the gallery.

"Only me," from Daisy.

"No, no, I mean that queer, rattling sound. Listen!"

Daisy twisted round on the bench and leaned over the railing.

"It's some one turning the key," she muttered.

"Oh grew white as death.

"Amy let us go home," she cried.
"Hush! Daisy whispered; "look there."

Over pieces of wood lying near the furnace for winter use stumbled heavy feet, next the tall form of a man was seen at the foot of one of the aisles.

"The tramp!" exclaimed Daisy in a tragic whisper; "Amy, what shall we do?"

Miss Greene had already answered that question; she had crept like a cat down the stairs and was now in the porch.

After a moment's hesitation Daisy followed. She gave one swift glance in the passing of the intruder, who was now at the top of the church with his back to her and therefore unaware of her presence.

"Black, bushy hair," she thought; "I'm sure it's matched by a ferocious face;" and she crept after Amy.

Outside the church she had to run to get up to her.

"We're all right now!" she exclaimed endeavoring to make her friend slacken her speed, "I shan't feel safe till we are out of the churchyard," gasped the other.

Then they began to walk again.

"Amy," cried Daisy suddenly, "I forgot the church plate!"

"I don't wonder at it," rejoined Amy shortly. Daisy stopped.

"We must go back, Amy. It won't do to let him steal it. Come."

But Miss Greene showed no intention of accepting the invitation.

"Catch me doing any such thing. We can't help it, Daisy."

"We must help it," cried the brave little lady. "Do come back with me, Amy."

But Miss Greene stood upon a woman's noble prerogative—cowardice—and at this juncture prudently took to her heels again.

Plucky little Daisy, meanwhile, turned round and ran the other way. There was the door just as she had left it, a little ajar, and the key in the lock.

"Aha! you are caught, bushy black head; stay there till we call for you."

This, with a gleeful laugh as she ran down the churchyard.

Daisy was a woman of prompt measures, as you have seen, and she lost no time in walking her way to the nearest house, on the outskirts of the village. It was inhabited by an old officer who had been in the Crimea. He was standing in his garden as she approached, and she ran to him crying breathlessly:

"Oh Captain Cowan! there's a thief in the church; what shall we do to save the plate?"

"Hey-day!" rejoined the Captain, "he'll be off by this time."

"No he won't," replied Daisy with dancing eyes, "I locked him in."

And she related her exploit.

"Dear me," sighed the old soldier, "my rheumatism is so bad to-day I can hardly move; but Joe shall go with you my dear; he's a big, strong fellow."

Joe was the gardener.

"Come," said his master grandly, "go up to the church with this young lady and kick that fellow out, neck and crop."

Joe was a big, strong fellow, but he didn't seem to relish the business any better than Amy Greene. However, he could do no less than walk off with Miss Miller in silence.

It was characteristic of this young woman that she never once thought of remaining behind.

"I wish it had been anyone but Joe," sighed the adventurous dandy; "he walks so slow. I do believe he's frightened, and he talks as he has fits."

"Fortune favors the brave," says the proverb, and at the corner of the lane leading to the church pretty Daisy met four stalwart heroes, two of them her devoted slaves whenever she choose to tyrannise a little.

"What's this Miss Greene's been telling you?" cried the quartette unanimously. "A robbery in the church?"

Daisy almost danced for joy.

"Oh I'm so glad to see you," she cried rapturously. "Come, every one of you." And in a few words she made clear Amy's confused recital.

"How plucky you are!" they cried in great admiration.

"Oh, I want to see the fun," rejoined Daisy turning it off.

"Now," she resumed, when they reached the porch, "let us listen."

They all stood quite silent for several minutes, not a sound was heard.

"Evidently he hasn't discovered he's locked in," said Daisy again. "Hadn't two of you better mount guard to prevent any possibility of escape, and the other two go in and seize him."

"Let us go," cried the rivals eagerly, "and you must come Miss Daisy to identify him."

Daisy fitted the key into the lock with a hand trembling with excitement; pushed open the door and the three crept cautiously in. The two left without heard a sudden scurry of feet up the church, a slight scuffle, and then a loud triumphant shout.

"We've got him!"

Too much tempted to remain, both rushed in. There stood their companions, pinioning with iron grip their prisoner, who was striving ineffectually to free himself. Daisy at a little distance stood watching them, a twinge of pity stirring her heart.

"Don't hurt him," her soft voice was pleading, "he doesn't look so very bad, poor man."

But when the eyes of the newcomers met those of the prisoner his struggles suddenly ceased. Then six pairs of eyes met in a general stare.

"Let him go!" they cried suddenly, and before the command was obeyed, added in convulsed tones.

"They took you for a church thief."

Then the old church rang with a laughter it had never heard before, and probably never will again.

"What does it mean?" cried the rivals resentfully.

"Who is he? exclaimed Daisy, burning red.

"Don't you know," cried the others, when at last they could manage to speak.

"No," savagely.

"Why, the new clergyman."

"That comes of listening to Mrs. Grimmie," cried poor Daisy; and in spite of all her bravery, she burst out crying with mortification, and rushed out of the church.

But before she reached the gate a tall figure came striding after her, and though above the outstretched hand hung a very tattered coat sleeve, the voice of the wearer was quite gentle.

Daisy lifted her eyes to a young and pleasant face, the very reverse of "ferocious."

"Please, Miss Miller," he was saying, "if one may judge by appearances you look good enough to forgive even 'a tramp.'"

"But it is you to forgive," replied pretty Daisy blushing; then added archly, through her tears,

"I'll never do it again."

In spite of the laughable blunder, however, Mrs. Grimmie stuck to her colors through thick and thin, and a year later was heard to remark with emphasis,

"Proper for Miss Daisy to practise in the church alone indeed! what has come of it, if you please! why, marrying the new clergyman."

F. GWILT.

IN SEARCH OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

"What I want to see," said a Denver man, as he alighted from the train at Manhattan Beach recently,— "what I want to see is some of your boasted civilization. I ain't much on the swell myself, but I want to see some top-shelf society. That's what I want. Now, just parade your Astors, and your Vanderbilts, and your Jay Goulds, and your Knickerbockers and the other ancients before my presence. Don't be any way skeered of me. These clothes only cost \$15, and I'm not stuck up. I want to see some tone. Cut me off a thick slice of high life. I come a long piece to see the fashionables, and if they're in condition, just pull off the blankets and trot 'em forward."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the manager, courteously, noticing the crowd gathering.

"Right you are, stranger. I come more'n a bushel of miles to see this climate, and I want the attractions spread so I can examine the layout. I can throw some money myself, but what I want to see is style. Tell 'em not to hide on my account. Just walk some of the dignitaries up and down before me a couple of times. I want to see their points. Fetch me out a couple of well-matched high-steppers and give 'em their heads."

"All the people you see around you, sir, are first-class people. They move in our highest circles and belong to the aristocracy," explained the manager.

"Are you giving it to me straight, partner? All those fellows way-ups? Who's the philosopher with his breeches tucked in his socks?"

"That is a Yale young gentleman, home on a vacation."

"I don't want that kind. Show me a high dandy, one of 'em that gets their name in the papers for going to whooping weddings and is called the elite. Pick me out some Astors. That's the trout I'm throwing for."

"I don't think any of Mr. Astor's family are here to-day. That stout gentleman, with side whiskers, belongs to one of the first families in New York. He is a very popular young man, and leads in the Germans."

"Ain't big enough. Haven't you got a couple of head of Vanderbilts, or a Jay Gould or so anywhere? You see, stranger, I've read about those fellows, and I'd like to greet 'em with cordiality. What I want is to wobble fins with the satin lined. That Yale man and the boss leg slinger in the Dutch fandango ain't new. We see them home when they string for tourists. I'm on to them, but what I want is the balloons, the soarers. Throw your pickaxe, stranger, and see if the wash don't pan better dirt. Strikes me your rock don't assay pretty well this evening. Where's the mob?"

"These are the best people I know of to-day," said the manager in despair. "Mr. Vanderbilt is not here nor is Mr. Gould."

"Ain't you got any Knickerbockers on draught? You'd make out to starve in Denver, if you wasn't interfered with, partner. When a man throws himself for a hotelier in those parts, he keeps the high-toned population right out in front and shored up behind. You don't seem to have much experience in running a beef-a-la-mode ranche. Just begun haven't you? If I was in your place I'd have them Goulds and Knickerbockers and Vanderbilts and Astors ranged right along the front edge of that back stoop spitting at a chip for drinks, and the fust one that broke gravel would pay his bar bill or go home bareheaded; now, you hear

me. What you want, stranger, is enterprise. All you've got is shed and some water, and if your liquor ain't any better 'n your judgment, I'm going back dry."

"You will find everything first-class here, I think," argued the manager. "We aim—"

"Just so, chief, but you don't hit. You aim too low. You've got room here to hold the biggest bug that ever straddled a blind, but there isn't a card out higher'n eight spot. I reckon you play pool without the fifteen."

"Would you like to try something?" asked the manager, anxious to disperse the grinning crowd.

"You might fetch me and these gentlemen a little tan-bark, if it's good. I don't want any stock where the shareholders are responsible for the debts, but if you've got some liquid sympathy in Q major, I'll wrap up a cartridge with you, stranger."

"Join me in the bar-room," said the manager, nervously.

"Good stake off for a junction. Gentlemen me and the engineer are going for the doxology. Will you jine us?"

They "jined," and the manager ordered refreshment and left, despite the entreaties of the gentleman from Denver that he would introduce him to the ladies, such as they were, and he would forego the top lifters until he (the manager) had run along the vein to the prospect of a paying clean-up.

VARIETIES.

ALTHOUGH there are scattered over the land many persons, I am sorry to say, unable to pay for a newspaper, I have never yet heard of anybody unable to edit one.—Dudley Warner.

"Come," said one of a couple of lawyers, sauntering through the New Law Courts in Melbourne the other day, "Let's take a look at what is to be the new court." "Yes," returned the other, "let's view the ground where we shall shortly lie."

A BASHFUL young man one evening escorted an equally bashful young lady home. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said entreatingly, "Jehiel, don't tell anybody you bean'd me home." "Sally," said he emphatically, "don't you mind—I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."

It is common enough to find dogs who are attached to their masters, but it is not so common to find dogs who are attached to their master's horses. There is at present in the neighborhood of Paris a gentleman's dog, who, whenever he gets the chance of stealing carrots, or parsnips, or fruit of any kind from the garden, or the markets, or the kitchen, makes way with it to the stable, where one of the two horses is his peculiar friend. The other horse he refuses to notice. Whilst his friend is meditating upon or consuming one carrot the dog stands by wagging his tail, and when the carrot is quite consumed he hurries away to look for another.

THEY have "post offices" and "banks" in Fort Scott, Kansas, as a means of beating the prohibitory law. In a recent prosecution for violating the prohibition on whisky, the following was proven to be the method of procedure: In this case, the defendant had built upstairs what was called a "post office;" his patrons rented boxes and owned their bottles; the boxes were provided with keys. When a man wanted a drink he went to his post-office, opened a box, and found his bottle filled. When the bottle was emptied he deposited so much money in a bank downstairs, which was equivalent to the price of a bottle of the ardent, always getting credit for it on the "pass book." Every time he drew a "check" on the "bank" he proceeded to the "post office" and drew his bottle.

NEVER FORSAKE A FRIEND.—When enemies gather round, when sickness falls on the hearts when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or laboured to make one happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the grand principle.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

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

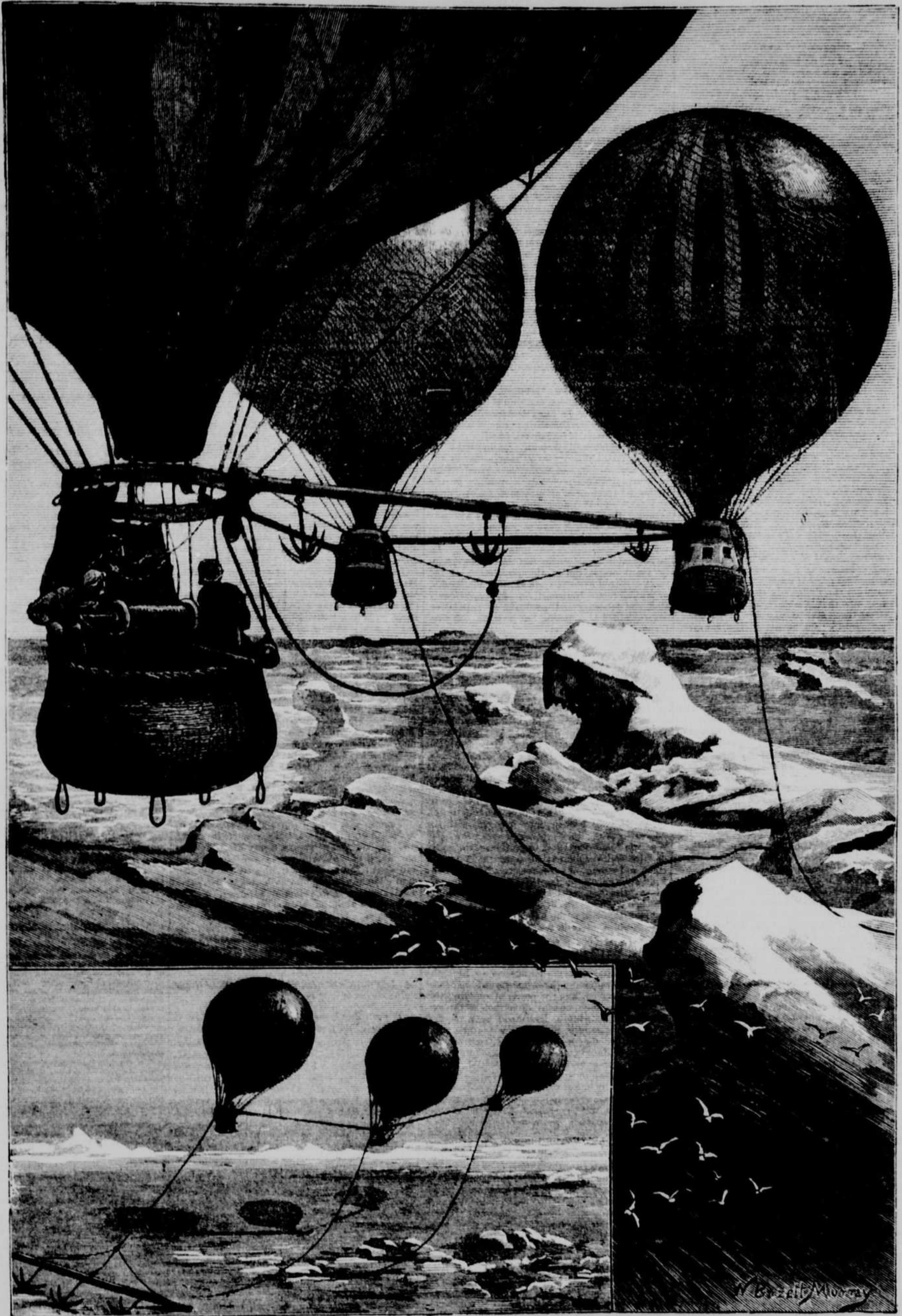
The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

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

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



THE MARKET PLACE, CHATHAM, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—(SEE PAGE 51.)



COMMANDER CHEYNE'S PROPOSED METHOD OF REACHING THE NORTH POLE.—BALLOONS STARTING.—BALLOONS AT ANCHOR.

SO FAR AWAY.

Forth from a sky of windless gray Pours down the soft, persistent rain...

Upon the waters cold and gray No floating sail appears in sight!

Where she is may skies not be gray. But sunshine thrill the vital air—

No gulls wings out 'twixt gray and gray— All gray, as far as eye can reach!

Ah, like that sea my life looks gray— Like a forgotten land it lies.

But they shall pass, these skies of gray. And she for whom I sigh in vain.

PHILIP BOURNE MARSTON.

PATTI'S MISTAKE.

It is not surprising that Patti should suppose that she had returned to the America that she had left many years ago...

Why not, indeed! If only the sun stood still once more, and the river of time would stop!

But it was another America to which Patti came. It was an America which had half outgrown the Italian opera...

There is much money in New York, but there is also some taste, some sense of proportion, some knowledge of the fitness of things.

It will not be repeated. But for a moment it seemed as if the charming dms were disposed to wrestle with a continent...

CRIME IN SOCIETY.

BY RICHARD L. DUGDALE.

The common origin of all men is from the primeval savage, who remains savage so long as he fails to accumulate property...

The check of crime, therefore, must be one that extends beyond the training of the habitual criminal. It must be co-extensive with society...

Those who comprehend the more obscure processes of moral growth, how it begins with the education of the senses, through acts, which, by repetition and variation organize in the mind definite and permanent abstract conceptions...

If in insisting on the universal education of the sense and emotions of the people, whether low born or of high degree, the charge of escap-

ing the real issue through vague generalizations may be made what shall be the practical methods employed in transforming the character of the criminal class? Strange as it may seem...

VON BOYLE'S LOST DOG.

A DUTCHMAN'S STORY.

His name was "Bismarck," with only yone eye, on account of a old plack cat, vot belongs to a servant Irish gals mit red-haired hair.

Another vay vot you could told if it vas "Bismarck" is dot he vas almost a dwin. He would pe half of a pair of dwins dot time...

You can also tell "Bismarck" on account of his wonderful inshtinct. He can out-inshtinct any dog vot you nefer saw in my life.

A LITTLE OVERSIGHT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S

From "The Lincoln Life-Mask and How it was Taken," by Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor.

"The last sitting was given Thursday morning, and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln was in something of a hurry. I had finished the head, but desired to represent his breast and brawny shoulders as nature presented them...

WILD WEATHER OUTSIDE.

Wild weather outside where the brave ships go, And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow—

The little cottage, it shines afar O'er the lurid seas, like the polar star.

Ah, me, through the drench of the bitter rain, How bright the picture that rises plain!

Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm Forever float o'er that Isle of calm.

MARGARET E. SANDSTER, in Harper's

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

CANON MOLESWORTH, of Manchester, has in active preparation for the press a history of the Anglican Church from 1630 to 1880.

THE French Government bought five pictures at the sale of Courbet's works at the Hotel Drouot.

PARIS is to have a duplicate of the statue of Pallas the ruler by Barrias. It will stand in front of the chapel that gave the signal for the slaughter of Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day.

THE committee appointed by the Connecticut Legislature to report on a statue to Governor Burdick, has for the State Capitol have refined the choice of sculptor to Messrs. Ward, Saint Gaudens, Thompson and Warner.

SENOR SUNOL has been entrusted with the commission for the statue of Christopher Columbus which is to be erected in the square of the Casa de la Moneda, Madrid.

EZEKIEL, a talented young Jewish statuary, now in Rome at work on statues for the Coronas Art Gallery, has sent to Cincinnati a bronze bust of Spinoza.

MISS DOBA WHEELER, of New York, takes both first and second prize in the competition for Prang's Christmas cards.

SOME lively anonymous verses in the Fortnightly Review, entitled "Disgrace," are attributed to Mr. Swinburne.

SOME lively anonymous verses in the Fortnightly Review, entitled "Disgrace," are attributed to Mr. Swinburne, and are the answer to Mr. Tennyson's "Despair," in the November number of the Nineteenth Century.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solutions received of Problems Nos. 282 and 283.

THE CHESS CONGRESS

The late Chess Congress at Quebec may be said to have been a success in many respects. The chessplayers of the ancient capital spared no pains to make it so.

We are sorry to say, however, that from one point of view it was not a success. It represented the players of only one Province of the Dominion.

This weakness in the gatherings of the Canadian Chess Association has been spoken of before in our Columns, and we may revert to it again at some future time.

The following letter will be of interest to those who have had their attention called to the recent Congress at Quebec:

To the Chess Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Dear Sir,—Now that the tenth annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Congress has terminated by the recent gathering in Quebec, it becomes a matter of interest to examine carefully some of the features involved in the ascertained results.

There were fifteen entrants for play; eleven of whom were Quebec gentlemen, and four from Montreal.

Two secular days, from the morning of Wednesday, the 28th December last, and terminating on the evening of Saturday, the 7th January, were the limit within which all play was to be completed.

Of the time actually devoted to play the Quebec men represented eighty-three days, and the Montreal twenty-two; the amount aggregated by the prizes was forty-five dollars (thus—1st, \$20; 2nd, \$15; 3rd, \$10); of this Quebec won \$14.28 4/7, and Montreal \$20.71 3/7. My reflections on those points will be more easily ascertained by examining the following tabulated statement.

Table with 4 columns: Category, Montreal, Quebec, Difference. Rows include: Number of days represented in play, Average time, in days, taken by each player, Games won by all the players, Average number of games won by each player, Value of prizes won by all the players, Average value of prize won by each player.

From this analysis it will be noticed that, while the Montreal delegates were, from the circumstances under which they were controlled in their visit to the ancient capital, compelled to complete their games in a much shorter time than were the Quebec players, yet the averages of winnings have been much in favour of our home men, to whom be all honour for upholding our chess reputation, for all four of them have been prize winners.

Of course the greatest attraction in the Tourney (i.e., the first lieu on the \$100 trophy) has been brilliantly and honourably won by Mr. Santerson of Quebec, and I sincerely congratulate him on his deserved success, and can heartily say "may his shadow never be less," although that wish does not imply that in the near future other shadows will not be pictured that may prove even greater than his.

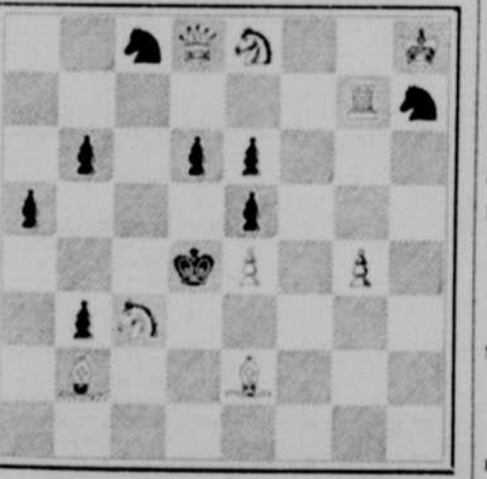
Of the agreeable intercourse with Quebec confreres their chess visitors cherish the most pleasant recollections, and of the ability and urbanity with which the worthy President, T. Le Droid, Esq., conducted the proceedings but one opinion prevails, and that is that he is an accomplished French gentleman, a sentence which better expresses the general sentiment than any other words at my command could, and it will afford all interested the highest gratification to find him the incumbent of his present position until the trophy is finally awarded.

I understand that the seven gentlemen interested in the tourney, prize have unanimously remitted the amount of it to the Congress Treasurer's fund for printing and other purposes consequent on the recent tourney, on the completion of which the genial Secretary Treasurer, M. J. Murphy, Esq., commits the duties of office to John Henderson, Esq., of Montreal, who, if I am not mistaken in my judgment, will not find the honour anything more of a sinecure than have his predecessors.

Yours truly, CHESSIST.

Montreal, 14th January, 1882.

PROBLEM No. 365. By Mr. Charles A. Gilberg, N.Y.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 363. White: 1. R to Q R 6. 2. Mate a.c.

Black: 1. Any.

GAME 4928D.

A brilliant little game between Mr. Steinitz and an amateur, the former giving the odds of Q R. (The Q R must be removed.)

White.—(Mr. Steinitz.) Black.—(Amateur.)

- 1. P to K 4. 2. K Kt to B 3. P to Q 4. P to K 5. Q takes P. 6. B to Q B 4. Q to K 4. Castles. 9. Kt to K 5. Kt takes B P. 10. Kt to Q 6 (ch). 11. K to R 4. Q takes Kt (ch). 12. B checks. 13. P takes R (ch). 1. P to K 4. 2. K Kt to B 3. P takes P. 4. Kt to Q 4. 5. P to Q B 3. 6. Q to Kt 3. 7. B to B 4. 8. Kt to K 2. 9. P to Kt 3. 10. R to B sq. 11. K to Q sq. 12. Q to B 2. 13. K takes Q. 14. R to

And forces mate next move.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

JANUARY, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY, MAILS, CLOSING. Rows include: ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c.

Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Mails leave New York by Steamer:

- For Bahamas, 8th and 21st December. Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December. Cuba, 10th December. Cuba and P. Rio Rico, 3rd, 17th and 29th December. Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, 3rd, 15th & 24th Dec. Cuba and Mexico, 8th and 20th December. Curacao and Venezuela, 10th & 24th December. Jamaica and West Indies, 1st and 30th December. For Havre direct, 9th, 17th and 29th December. Havre, St. Domingo and Turks Island, 13th Dec. Porto Rico, 10th December. Santiago and Ciegoaguas, Cuba, 6th December. South Pacific and Central American Ports, 10th, 20th and 30th December. Brazil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 21st December. Windward Islands, 10th and 28th December. Grestown, Niagragua, 16th December.

Mails leave San Francisco:

- For Australia and Sandwich Is., 15th December. For China and Japan, 3rd and 21st December.

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Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows include: Ottawa Hochelaga for, Arrive at Ottawa, Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Quebec, Arrive at Quebec, Leave Quebec for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome, Arrive at St. Jerome, Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Joliette, Arrive at Joliette, Leave Joliette for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga.

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LACHINE CANAL. Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Landing Pier at Lachine," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on FRIDAY, the 3rd day of FEBRUARY next, for the construction of an Extension to the Landing Pier at the R.R. Depot, Lachine.

Plans and specifications of the work to be done can be seen at this office and at the Lachine Canal Office, on and after WEDNESDAY, the 23rd day of JANUARY, instant, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$500 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering 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.

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

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 25th January, 1882.

The Burland Lithographic Co. (LIMITED.)

NOTICE.

The Seventh Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the Company's office, 5 & 7 Bleury street, Montreal.

On Wednesday, February 1st, 1882, at 3.30 o'clock, p.m., for the election of Directors and transaction of other business.

F. B. DAKIN, Secretary. Montreal, 17th January, 1882.

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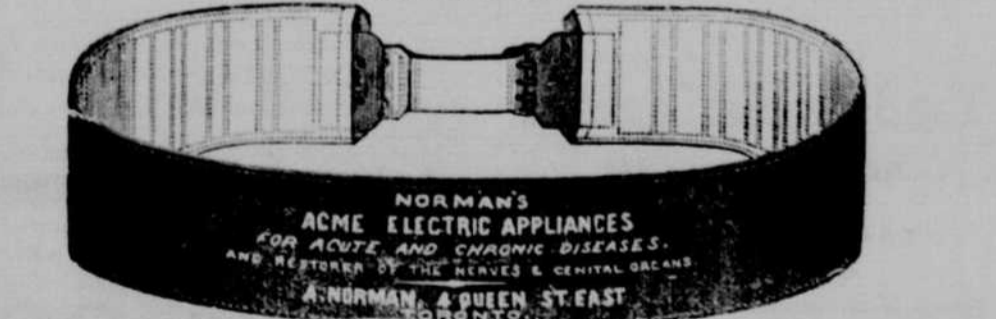
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CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1881.

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Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

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

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

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

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

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

19-30

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