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**Illustrated News**

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DOLOROSA.

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TEMPERATURE

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

May 8th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 56°	34°	46°	Mon.. 55°	37°	46°
Tue.. 53°	32°	42° 5'	Tue.. 71°	45°	58°
Wed.. 56°	32°	45°	Wed.. 69°	45°	57°
Thu.. 62°	38°	50°	Thu.. 73°	45°	59°
Fri.. 59°	38°	48° 5'	Fri.. 70°	45°	57° 5'
Sat.. 74°	45°	59° 5'	Sat.. 59°	43°	50° 5'
Sun.. 63°	45°	55° 5'	Sun.. 65°	45°	53°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 14th., 1881.

THE WEEK

LORD GRANVILLE has addressed a memorandum to the American Minister on the subject of a Copyright Treaty, and there seems to be a likelihood of some arrangement being arrived at on this important question. This time it is from America that the strongest arguments will come in favour of the treaty. For people's eyes are opening to the fact that it is the American writer who suffers, far more than his English brother, by the literary pillage for which American publishers are noted. It is of course one of the greatest dangers of Protection that it is liable to protect one industry at the expense of another, and reciprocity is often the only means of avoiding the difficulty. As it stands at present the American author has not only to compete with his rivals at home, not only even to meet those of other countries with a fair field and no favour. The works of English authors are given to the American public at a price with which home talent cannot compete, a price simply sufficient to pay a profit on the publication, where the original material has cost nothing. Against this injustice American writers are protesting vigorously, and for their sake perhaps the United States Government may be willing to do tardy justice to the rights of their English brethren. Charity begins at home, and the surest way to get a man to do you a favour (even if that favour be one you have a right to ask, and the concession of which simple justice demands) is to persuade him that it will benefit himself even more than you. Meanwhile the publishers will be very little if at all the losers, for at present prices their profits can be but small, and the additional sum which will go into the pockets of English authors will be paid, by those who read their books.

THE Editor of the *Irish World* has addressed a letter to the Secretary of State of the United States complaining of the infringement of the Postal Treaty in the matter of the suppression of his paper in Ireland. In the absence of any specific information on the subject it seems not unreasonable to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE has taken proper advice in the matter; it is not even impossible that he may have communicated with the United States Government before taking the proceedings which the *Irish World* complains of. But even without this, there are few people, we should imagine, who would support the contention of the injured proprietor that the right of transit

secured by the Postal Union is to be in all cases superior to the supervision of the Home Government, or that an American agitator may make use of its protection to spread treasonable matter amongst Her Majesty's subjects. And we cannot believe, in view of the satisfactory relations between the two countries, that Mr. BLAINE will be in a hurry to take umbrage at Mr. GLADSTONE's action or to embroil his Government with England for the sake of Mr. PATRICK FORD. As to the reasons which induced the Prime Minister to take this step, Mr FORD makes them plain enough in this very letter. While denying that the *Irish World* is in fact a "treasonable publication," he uses language actually in the same paragraph which belies his own words. The *Irish World* holds "that Ireland is fully entitled to the full possession and control of herself," but with the utmost consideration "does not just now advocate an armed insurrection in that country." But, in spite of this kindly deference to the popular prejudice against immediate bloodshed "If the British Government," says Mr. FORD, "insists on war, then let her prepare to read the bulletins of that war by the blaze of her cities." And again "As the *Irish World* has repeatedly said 'If etc., etc.' England not Ireland must be the scene of destruction." We may laugh at this rhodomontade (we cannot help at all events a smile at the feminine gender attributed to the British Government—a fine piece of delicately veiled sarcasm, Mr. FORD,) but we venture to say that it would be a little difficult to find any definition of treason which would exclude such language as this.

We are grateful however to the *Irish World* for a piece of information which will, we imagine, be as new to most of our readers as the gender of the English Cabinet. Some of us have been in the habit of congratulating ourselves that we belonged to a country that was known among nations as the liberator of the slaves. We have heard that WILBERFORCE was an Englishman, and we have hugged to our bosoms the thought that the abolition of slavery throughout the greater part of the civilized world was due in the main to the prestige of the British flag. It has remained for Mr. FORD to open our eyes to the true state of the case. It is the British Empire or Mr. GLADSTONE (we are not clear which) that has "oppressed the White man, enslaved the Black man, and exterminated the Red man." They (or he) and they (or he) alone are responsible for slavery and the war of Secession, not to mention the Antient troubles and the in fact all the evils from which the States have suffered from the beginning. Well! well! to think of it! And all these evils might have been avoided if only Mr. PATRICK FORD had had the ear of Queen ELIZABETH in the first instance. Verily history is incomprehensible and Mr. PATRICK FORD is a marvellous expounder thereof.

THE last mail from England has brought newspapers which show that the Syndicate, or as it is now called, the "Canadian Pacific Railway Company," has very generally advertised its lands for sale in the United Kingdom at \$2.50 per acre. But from this price they make a rebate of \$1.25 per acre for every acre put under cultivation during five years. This practically reduces the cultivated parts of the farm to \$1.25 per acre, leaving the uncultivated at \$2.50. The cost of "breaking" may be set down at \$2.50 or \$3.00 per acre, so that the rebate nearly pays the half of this. It is impossible to overestimate the effect of this policy; and we think it will pay the Company well. The same parties, or nearly the same, were the first to inaugurate the rebate principle with very great success in the sale of lands on the St. Paul and Manitoba Railway. It must also compel a change of the Government policy, for the latter cannot continue to sell lands at \$5 an acre, or pre-

empt them at \$3, as provided in the present printed regulations, while the public can buy the same lands adjoining the railway for \$2.50, or practically for \$1.25. It happens also that as the Government and Pacific sections are arranged like the squares on a chequer board, each square being divided into four parts, the homesteader on any free grant of a quarter section can have the option of buying the Company's cheap lands instead of the Government dear ones, as at present advertised, near the railway. It is clear, too, that if the Government put free homesteaders on their lands, they cannot fail to benefit also the Company's lands. There will be besides a converse action. A man may make up his mind after reading the Company's advertisements to buy one of their quarter sections and homestead the adjoining Government quarter section. He would thus get a farm of 320 acres of the best wheat land in the world at a really nominal price. These facts cannot fail to become generally known. They are now advertised, and we may in consequence expect a great stimulus to immigration from abroad and migration from the older Provinces of the Dominion to Manitoba. Altogether this land policy is more liberal than any which is elsewhere to be found on the American continent, or than we have hitherto had in Canada, and it cannot fail to produce great results.

If the *Ottawa Citizen* have any right to the title of Liberal, the claim is certainly not founded upon the liberality of its opinions, if we are to judge by its strictures upon Mr. DAVIN's article in the *Canadian Monthly* of which we spoke last week. Our worthy contemporary is full of honest indignation that any but a free-born Canadian should dare to criticise our glorious institutions, or predict the future of that country to which he is only affiliated upon sufferance. The idea of a man presuming to think that because he has forsooth made Canada his home for many years, identified himself with her interests and accepted a position under her Government, that he is on that account entitled to give an opinion upon her political condition. Canada for the Canadians, and let every body else hold their tongues. We absolutely tremble at the idea of bringing down upon our ourselves the invective which the *Citizen* knows so well how to wield, and we feel sure we are only expressing Mr. DAVIN's feelings in the matter when we say that he, and we, and all of us who have unwillingly trespassed upon the prerogative of that journal, and expressed our crude and unseasonable views of Canadian politics, do hereby most humbly apologize and promise never to do it again. But it seems a little hard on us.

THE Duke of SUTHERLAND and his party are expected in Montreal before this will be read. They will probably spend some time between this city and Quebec, and the Duke and the Marquis of STAFFORD are to be the guests eventually of the Marquis of LORNE in Ottawa. *Apropos* we have not all of us learned as yet to consider the English nobility as our natural enemies or the guests of the Governor-General as fit subjects for vulgar personalities. Hence we admire the good taste with which a contemporary heads a local with "The 'Dook' coming to Montreal." The recognition of his title will be doubtless extremely gratifying to the personage in question, though it seems a little inconsistent, that the journal did not go on to inform us of his contemplated visit to the "Markis."

WE are pleased to hear that the banquet to be given on Thursday next to Sir HUGH and Mr. ANDREW ALLAN promises to be a notable success. It is unnecessary to speak here of the benefits which have accrued to Canada from the efforts of those gentlemen, to whom in the main are due the immense facilities of ocean transit which we possess to-day. Mont-

real has probably more directly reaped the advantage of the impetus which has been given to the commerce of the Dominion by those lines of which the Allan was the pioneer, than any other city in Canada, and it is gratifying to learn that she is not insensible to the debt of gratitude which she owes to the men who have done so much for her. The arrival of the *Parisian* seems a fitting occasion on which to pay this tribute of respect, and with it to inaugurate a new era of steam navigation, and it is to be hoped increased prosperity as well for the Allan line as for the commercial interests which have been encouraged and supported by means of it.

AMUSEMENTS.

This week has been a rest, after the theatrical surfeit of the last month. The Holmans struggled through three more nights at the Royal to a steadily diminishing house, too small and too indifferent to express any very marked disapprobation of this singularly unsuccessful attempt to produce "Billie Taylor." I promised to give a criticism of this opera, but as any ideas which I had formed from the score have been considerably confused by listening to the Holmans' "special version," I think I had better wait for its proper performance by some future troupe.

At the Academy Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin have curled up the blood of the most phlegmatic with the "Danites." As a melodrama, in which category, we think, we may place it without offence, the play has some strong points, and the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, especially the former, was fully up to expectation. The story deals with the adventures of a girl, the last of a family named Williams, hunted down by the "Danites," the "destroying angels" of the Mormons, on account of the connection of her father with the murder of the prophet Smith. Her concealment in the disguise of a boy, amongst the rough miners of the Sierras, her discovery by the schoolmistress, who ultimately becomes the wife of one of the miners, with all the complications which such relations naturally suggest, form the basis, as I have said, of several strong situations and dramatic incidents, which were not lost in the rendering.

I must not forget my promise to say something of Mrs. Otis Rockwood's Chamber Concerts, the last of which took place last week. Mrs. Rockwood has endeavoured to fill an acknowledged hiatus in our list of musical attractions, by establishing a series of chamber concerts of classical music. Three out of the four were held at Mrs. Rockwood's own house, the attractions of which added greatly to the pleasure of those who attended them, but the last, by request, took place in the new Weber Hall. Of the concerts themselves, we may speak in terms of the highest praise, and although the attendance has been small throughout, yet many causes contributed to this result, and we feel confident that by next season, if the poor success of the present series does not deter Mrs. Rockwood from further efforts in the same direction, Montrealers will have learned enough to appreciate them.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

Probably no man was more qualified to have been the historian of the stirring events which succeeded to the French Revolution and culminated in the Battle of Waterloo, than the great leader of the Conservative party in Vienna, Prince Metternich. (1) A leading figure in the conferences and diplomatic moves which, alternated with the sterner realities of war, his action mainly brought about the alliance by which Napoleon was at length overcome. Such a man might give us better than another, not only the bare events which can be gleaned from the chronicles of the times, but what we look to the true historian for, the causes of those events and their effect upon the world's history.

But for such a task the leisure of a literary life is required, and as the Chancellor himself put it, the time for writing history is denied to those who make it. Nevertheless, Metternich was not blind to the great value his own intimate knowledge of the diplomatic relations which underlay the outward events of the war, the causes which led to it, and the men who took part in it, would bear for posterity. With this conviction he was moved to provide for the historian of the future the materials for his history in the best possible form, and of his inspiration the present work is the fruit.

After twenty years, the period which he himself prescribed as necessary to allow the writings he left to become ripe for the use of the literary world, the papers have been classified and published by his son. Wisely following the rule laid down by his father, Prince Richard Metternich has not attempted to write a history of his life or of the period which is identified with his name. That only is added in the way of notes which may be needed to fully illustrate the papers themselves, which, for the most part, tell their own story. In this and all respects the editor's

(1) Memoirs of Prince Metternich, Vols. I. and II. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich 1861. New York. Harper & Bros. Montreal, Dawson Bros. The name—Franklin Square Library.

work has been well done, and with a modesty and self-forgetfulness which is worthy of all praise.

The writings themselves, viewed in the light in which I have spoken of them, afford little opportunity for criticism. They do not rest in any sense upon their literary merits. But the Chancellor in his diplomatic experience acquired the faculty of expressing himself in a true and vigorous style, which is eminently suited to a work like the present, and his judgments upon the men and manners of the period are as concise and telling as the narration of the facts themselves. Interesting above all is the portrait he gives of Napoleon. His own intimate relations with him, as well socially as diplomatically, combined with the wonderful sagacity which enabled him to take the measure of the "Little Corporal" from the first, placed him in a position in which Napoleon scarcely cared to conceal from him his true aims. Moreover, as the intimate friend and adviser of the Empress, his position in Paris was quite unique, and his opportunities for exercising his acute perceptions were unbounded, nor were they in his case neglected.

As I have said, it is impossible to criticize the present work. Its great and lasting value it seems unnecessary to insist upon after what has been already said, and the succeeding volumes will be looked for eagerly. I may add that the papers are most readable throughout, a condition to which the excellent translation of Mrs. Napier has contributed in no small measure.

Reviewers seem divided over Mr. Schouler's History of the United States, the first volume of which appears from the Morrison's press. (2) While one party describe it as a strictly political history, there are others who point out that as much space is given to the squabble of Lynn and Griswold in 1798, as to the Virginia and Kentucky revolutions of the same year. The truth is the history is by no means a political one solely, or even principally. Its avowed object is to trace the advance of the new Republic and distinguish the influences which impelled it forward, "whether individual or collective, political, moral or social." With this end in view, Mr. Schouler has laid under contribution a vast mass of heterogeneous material, and produced a work which, whatever its ultimate rank amongst histories, has in a great measure fulfilled his object of bringing into notice the side issues which attend the better known events of the period he deals with. Such information as we may gain from newspaper or magazine of the manners and customs of those of our own time, precisely this is what the present volume provides in relation to the men of the young Republic. Following Hildreth for the most part, he yet takes a far different estimate of several of the characters dealt with in his pages, especially, we may say, of Jefferson, whose better qualities have appealed to his sympathies to the exclusion of much that is brought against him by others. A strong partisan, his work needs correction in the comparison of Hildreth and Von Holst, though in accuracy and fulness of information it probably surpasses either.

In a different mental attitude, and with a slightly different purpose in view, Mr. Henry C. Lodge has applied himself to the task of writing the History of the Colonies in America, (3) and his work, which takes us up to the threshold of Mr. Schouler's History, might, if continued, serve as the very corrective which we have intimated that the latter work has need of. Mr. Lodge is already known as a painstaking student of history, and the three chapters which present the position of the various colonies in or about the year 1765, mark the main purpose of the volume, and have been already before the public for the most part in the form of lectures. Supplementing these by a conscientious endeavor to trace the history of each colony separately, and to mark in the main the processes which led to the coming Republic, Mr. Lodge has, in spite of the dry statistical nature of the facts with which he has had to deal, and the absence of contemporary gossip to enliven his pages, succeeded, nevertheless, in interesting us at every turn in the political development of the unpromising materials of which the colonies were, in the first instance, composed. In this we are reminded of Mr. Green's fascinating History of the English People, with which for conciseness of style and directness of purpose Mr. Lodge's work may fairly bear comparison. Herein surely lies the true art of the historian. Not to the retailer of contemporary gossip is that name truly applicable, nor yet to the pains-taking chronicler of the events which, after all, are the mere framework upon which history is built, but to the man who uses both gossip and statistics, not as the end, but the means; whose history is the history of a people and through them of a country. Such a historian Mr. Lodge has shown himself to be, such a work, albeit of unpretending dimensions, is the present short history, a valuable contribution to the annals of the country.

Culture in Cooking (4) is the title of the last

(2) The History of the United States of America under the Constitution, by James Schouler. Vol. I. Washington, W. H. & O. H. Morrison; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(3) A Short History of the Colonies in America, by Henry Cabot Lodge. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(4) Culture and Cooking, or Art in the Kitchen, by Catherine Owen. 1881. New York, London and Paris, Carrel, Pottier, Galpin & Co.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

thing in cookery books, and though, perhaps, the name may be a trifle misleading, as being suggestive of lilies in blue china pots and saucers in the style of Queen Ann, yet once assured that this is not so, and the book will be welcome for its practical and somewhat novel method. Receipts, the author tells us, we have already enough and to spare; the trouble is, that many amateur experimentalists in the culinary art find that it is one thing to get a cookery book and another to understand it, and that a receipt closely followed to the best of the student's belief and ability occasionally turns out not exactly according to expectation. This order of things Miss Owen feels herself called upon to revolutionize, and without attempting to give receipts for everything—though some few she does attempt, to our gratification—the book before us endeavours to guide the aspiring housewife rather to the understanding of what is dark and unintelligible in the oracles by which she already is supposed to be guided. A capital little work, and one that may be honestly recommended to those ladies in particular, who, in this land of general servants, prefer not to entrust Bridget with the task of ruining, unassisted, the digestion and temper of their lord and master.

Recent additions to the Franklin Square Library are: Miss Thackeray's "Miss Williamson's Divagations," and "From Exile," by James Payn.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DOLOROSA pictured upon our front page is from an exquisite engraving in the *Leipzig Illustrated Times*. The upturned eyes and pleading, mournful face tell wonderfully the tale of sin and repentance of the beautiful Magdalen.

THE CHROMO-DEALER.—If there is any one thing in America that is cheap in all its forms, it is the chromo. From the stencil daubs which are turned out by the thousands in a few days to the bits that show merit, taste and skill, the chromo is an institution of vast prevalence. Where it does not exist, human life could not exist; where it cannot be given away as a purchasing inducement or sold or bartered, the spirit of traffic must be long dead. The gaudy ones that cluster auction-rooms, dazzling with ill-matched colours, monstrous in conception and astounding in execution, are laid out, finished up and varnished within an hour, and when mounted in sumptuous-looking frames may be bought by the wholesale at from two dollars to twenty per dozen. The itinerant chromo-dealer is the superior of the insurance agent, the book-cavasser, the lightning-rod fiend—is more than equal to a combination of all three. His sales are limited only by the stock of goods and the duration of life. His profits would turn a Wall street broker or a Chicago "corner" king green with envy. He has worked all sections of the land, and yet there is not a single patch of all this blessed country that is not in a condition to be worked by him again. He is the most successful merchant in the United States. No Senatorial dead-locks engage his attention, and it is all the same to him whether the World's Fair of 1883 is held in New York, Hoboken or Santa Fe, or whether Kiddleberger is confirmed or not. He has placed in every negro cabin in the South, in every miner's ranch in the great mineral region, in every poor labourer's hut in the North and East and West, a specimen of his stock in trade. The number of Rembrandts, Huntingtons, Morans, Bierstadts, De Hasses, Giffords, Meissoniers, Leightons, *et al*, *et* that he has disposed of for three, four, five or ten dollars at a profit of several hundred per cent., will constitute a museum for every city in the country. His name is legion. He is ubiquitous as the air. But his favourite field is the thickly populated negro districts of the South, where our artist recently found him, and sketched him in the very act of victimizing a typical household.

THE DOG'S DAY.—The annual bench show of dogs, held this year in the American Institute, was opened on April 26th. The dogs were exhibited in boxes furnished with straw, and, in the case of particularly valuable animals or special pets, with carpet and various furnishings. At regular intervals the dogs were released from their kennels and given an opportunity for exercise on the floor. Over 1,000 dogs in all were on exhibition. The judges were: For mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland, Siberian or Ulm dogs and deerhounds, Paul Dana; for grayhounds, black-and-tan setters and foxhounds, Hon. John S. Wise, of Richmond, Va.; for pointers, S. T. Hammond, of Springfield, Mass.; for English and Irish setters, and beagles, Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky.; and for spaniels, terriers, Yorkshire toys and Italian grayhounds, Dr. J. T. Nivin, of London, Ontario. The scenes in the ring while the dogs were being judged were interesting. Men of position and wealth held their dogs for nearly an hour, all the time in nervous anticipation of the awards. They were far more patient than their pets. When the bulls and bull-terriers were surrounded by a ring of spectators the brutes, with faces so ugly that they were pronounced beautiful specimens of their kind, rolled the wrinkled skins of their broad heads into deeper folds, showing their teeth. A sudden snarl and spring would compel their handlers to exert all their strength in keeping them apart. In the points of quality of the exhibits

and attendance of the public, the show was far ahead of its predecessors.

THE MISSOURI RIVER FLOODS.—The extent and terribly devastating effect of the recent floods in the Missouri River Valley, especially in the vicinity of Yankton, Dakota, are but inadequately appreciated at this distance from the scene. The practical obliteration of towns, the inundation of areas of territory, miles upon miles in extent; the imprisonment of thousands of settlers in rural neighbourhoods within icy and impenetrable barriers, so that their rescue was for eight or nine days impossible; the absolute suspension of all means of railway communication over long distances by the resistless sweep of the angry floods—these were all elements in a situation which is altogether unprecedented in the Northwest or elsewhere. At Yankton, the ice was for days piled to a height of from ten to thirty feet along the banks of the Missouri and on the bars and bottoms. The bottom from that point to the Big Sioux, sixty miles long and from five to twenty miles wide, was completely under water, and all the stock—hundreds of thousands of head—was drowned, while the farm-houses and villages were literally afloat. On the site of Green Island, where the ice was twenty feet deep, only one house out of twenty was left standing. Refugees from the low lands were brought in in yaws, the rescuers in some cases having to cut their way through dense fields of ice. Steamboat property suffered vast damage, several vessels being carried from the river current and landed on mountains of ice far inland. One steamer was carried out on the prairie a mile from the channel; another struck the railway-shops at Yankton and demolished them, and others were high up on the wharves.

ON THE WHARVES.—Our artist has been paying a visit to the Montreal wharves this week on which an impetus has been given to life by the opening of navigation. The characteristic sketches, many of which present types familiar to all frequenters of the place tell their own story. The arrival of the first steamer from Quebec is, of course, one of the great events of the season, while in the opposite corner is depicted the fire which recently broke out in the sheds.

ST. PETERSBURG AFTER THE CZAR'S DEATH.—The correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* sends to that paper a series of capital sketches which we reproduce in this number illustrative of incidents in the city during the confusion which followed the assassination of the Czar. The artist himself found no little difficulty in extricating himself from the grasp of the police, who, as depicted in one of the sketches, insisted on believing him to be a conspirator of the deepest dye, and attempted to treat him as such.

ON THE DANUBE.—Many of us who have danced to the strains of Strauss lovely waltz have little idea of the beautiful blue Danube as it really exists; and the accompanying sketches will be perhaps a surprise to some. The names of some will suggest novelties to the reader, while others are but incidents of the ordinary navigation which is common to all rivers. A great deal of barge traffic takes place on the Danube, which from the sluggish nature of its current is admirably adapted to supply the place of the canals which are few and far between.

SEAL HUNTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—Seal hunting is one of the staple industries of the coasts of both Eastern and Western North America. The recent cession of Alaska to the United States has given valuable sea grounds to the fishermen of the Union, while the Newfoundland fisheries have long been a source of wealth to the denizens of the Dominion. In the Alaska territory the fishery is mainly carried on in two islands—St. Paul and St. George, where the seals are driven inland from their "rookeries," or gathering places on the coast, to the killing grounds, so that their surviving companions may not be scared away by the sight and smell of blood. The hunting also is carefully superintended by Government inspectors, so that the animals are not recklessly exterminated, as they have been in Kerguelenland. It is probably owing to the want of such precautionary measures that the seal fishery has declined on the coast of Newfoundland. There formerly about the middle of February, every available vessel was wont to be fitted out for the great spring fishery on the ocean fields of ice in the northern regions. The fleet, as a rule, was absent three weeks or a month, and during that time the hearts of all classes in the colony palpitated between hope and dread. All had a stake in this monotonous voyage; the merchant in his venture, the tradesman in his ship stores and winter credit to the fishermen; the fishermen, to pay their debts in order to obtain more credit for the summer cod fishery.

AMMONIA FOR HEADACHE.—There is nothing that will relieve the headache so efficaciously as very warm water, with a few drops of spirits of ammonia mixed with it. Have the water as hot as the hand can bear it, and bathe the head freely with the solution; it acts like a charm. The same remedy is good for bruises or blows on the head or any part of the body; it takes out the soreness and the black and blue spots quickly. I know of nothing that is so efficacious, and it is very simple and quiet to apply. The bumps that are always happening to children, can be cured in a few minutes by a thorough application of ammonia and hot water, and just as soon as the pain is gone they are ready to run and try it over again.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME "ARTEMUS WARD."

There has been not a little speculation as to how Brown came by his *nom de plume*, "Artemus Ward." Doctor Shattuck says, that having some confidential business with him during one of his last visits to Waterford, he took the occasion to inquire in particular about it. Brown said it was in this wise: While engaged at the "Plain Dealer" office, in Cleveland, Ohio, he made the acquaintance of an eccentric old gentleman whose actual name was Artemus Ward, though assuming some more pretentious titles. This man was in the show business, having a few "wax figures," birds, "snaix," and a kangaroo. While waiting on the printers for his bills, he amused Brown by telling an endless number of anecdotes, all of which were duly treasured up. Among these were some of the incidents in Brown's article entitled "Edwin Forrest as Othello." He referred to the following as one of the contributions of the original Artemus Ward:

"Ed was actin' at Niblo's Garding, but let that pass. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles, and commenced peroooin' the evenin's bill. \* \* \* As I was peroooin' the bill, a grave young man who sat near me axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny.

"He's immense in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair champion jig," the young man continued, "but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny."

"Sez I:  
"Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"  
"No," sez he.  
"Waal," sez I "I'd appint your funeral tomorrow afternoon and the *korps* should be ready! You're too smart to live on this yearth."  
The old man claimed himself to be the hero of this story. Brown, however, wanted the credit of correcting the spelling, and of dressing the stories up in good literary style. Pleased with the name, he attached it to several of his comic productions, and finding that it took with the public, adopted "A. Ward" as his own.—*Scribner*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE French are about to re-fortify Tabarca.  
A CASE of trichinae in fish is reported from Cincinnati.  
A DURBAN despatch says a general rising in the Transvaal is feared.  
THE English men-of-war at Malta have been ordered to Tunis to protect British subjects.  
NIHILIST proclamations have been discovered in Easter eggs distributed through the streets of St. Petersburg.  
It is feared that a great religious rebellion is impending in Algeria.  
GILBERT & Sullivan's new work, "Patience," was produced in London recently for the first time.  
WALLACE ROSS has accepted Evans Morris' challenge to row a five-mile race for \$2,000, and the match will come off in June.  
It is likely that the Greek Ministry will resign and appeal to the country.  
JAMES T. FIELDS, the American author, died in Boston recently, aged 64.  
AN agrarian outrage is reported from County Galway, John Leyden being shot dead and his son murdered.  
A NEWCASTLE, Natal, despatch says an English fishman has been brutally murdered by the Boers at Yokeskei River.

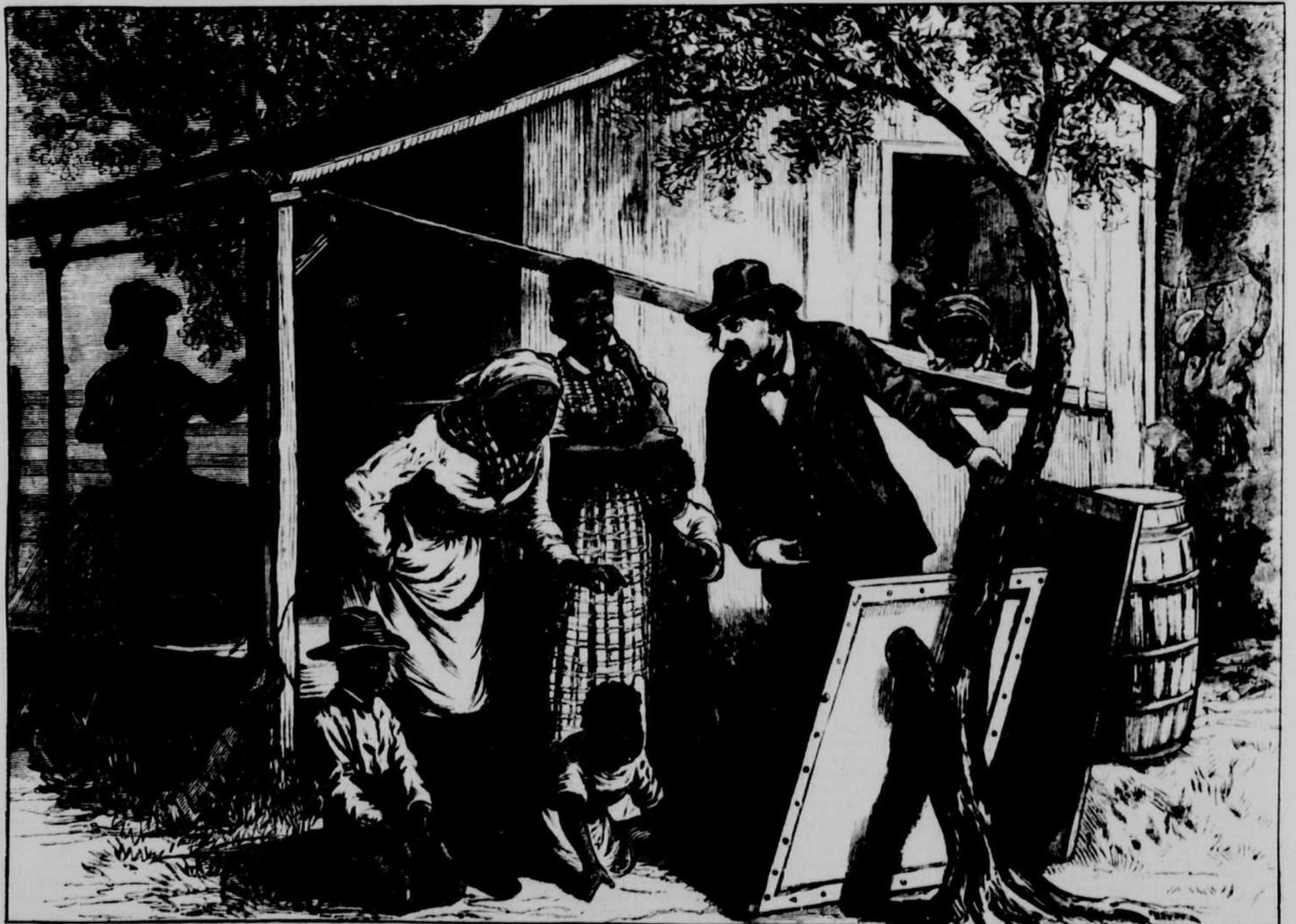
DROPSY is essentially a watery condition of the blood, dependent upon disordered kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters are strongly Diuretic, and consequently the best known remedy, act as it does upon the entire Secretary System. Trial bottles 10 cents.

HUMOROUS.

ONE fool at a time in a house is quite enough, but be very careful that that one is not yourself.  
ON a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he replied, "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"  
AN American traveller, lately describing a tropical shower, wrote to a friend in the following words:—"The rain-drops were extremely large, varying in size from a dollar to a dollar and a half."  
IN announcing the visit of Her Majesty to Brighton, a Sussex paper informs us that "preparations are now being made for her reception, several tradesmen having received orders to be immediately executed at the Pavilion."  
PUPIL: "What is a hero, Mr. Bircham?"  
Teacher (Mr. Bircham): "A hero is a man who conquers himself." Pupil: "Ah, I see; a man who can sit down on a tack and only feel and about it!"  
MARS now rises about an hour and a half before the sun.—*Herald, P. I.* "If they didn't, they would never get the sons up, their lessons learned, and ready for school by nine o'clock."—*Funk's Gazette.*  
SOLD!—Neighbour's pretty daughter: "How much is this a yard?" Draper's son (desperate "spoons" on her): "Only one kiss." N. P. D. "I will take three yards. Grandma will pay!"  
NERVOUS debility is a result of indiscretion in the mode of living. Heed nature's unerring laws and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the Great System Renovator and Blood, Liver and Kidney regulator and tonic. Sample bottles 10 cents.



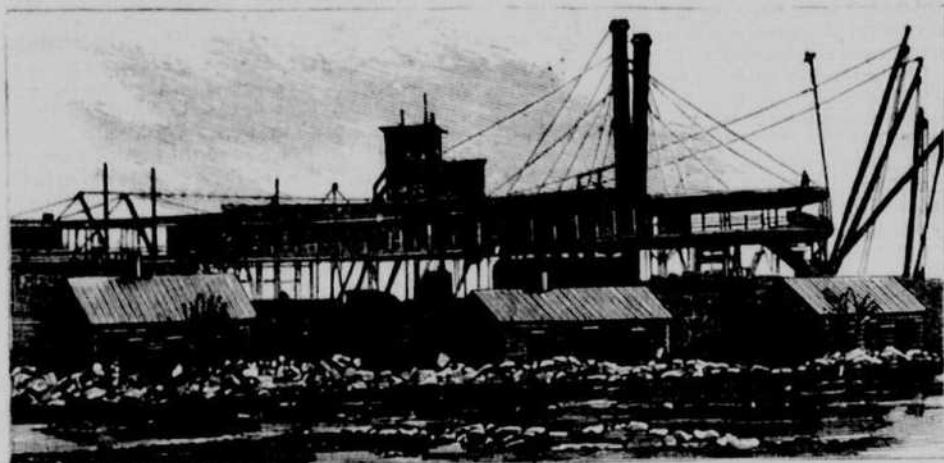
NEW YORK.—THE ANNUAL DOG SHOW.—WEIGHING THE ENTRIES.



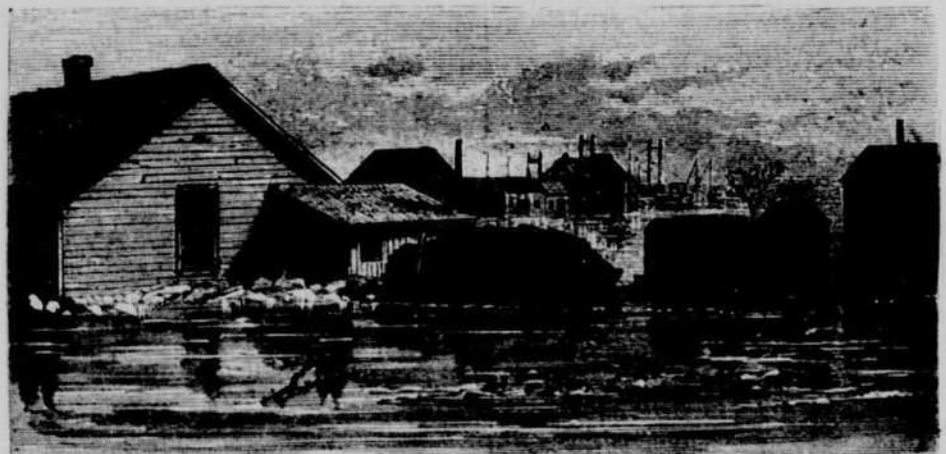
AN ITINERANT CHROMO-DEALER IN THE SOUTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY MOSER.



WASHINGTON, D.C.—A VISIT TO THE CAPITOL.—SKETCH BY MISS G. DAVIS.



THE STEAMER "NELLIE PECK" LYING ON THE RAILROAD TRACK.



VIEW FROM SCALES, ON THIRD STREET, LOOKING SOUTHEAST.



THE RED HOUSE ABOVE THE WAYS.



THE RAILROAD DEPOT DURING HIGHEST RISE.



STEAMERS RAISED THIRTY FEET ABOVE LOW-WATER MARK

THE GREAT FLOODS ON THE MISSOURI. SCENES ABOUT YANKTON, DAKOTA.

[Written for the NEWS.]

## FORSAKEN.

As late yestreen I slowly walked  
Along yon beach where wild waves moan,  
I spied a maid among the rocks  
Sitting alone.

Her eyes were dark, her long hair fell,  
In raven tresses softly down;  
White was her brow as the foam along  
The sea-sand blown.

She sang a song—a tender strain—  
Replete with melody and grace,  
While through her tears divinely shone  
Her pale sweet face.

"Lady," I said, "why here alone?  
The moon is up, the wind is chill,  
The owl hoots from the old oak-tree  
Behind the hill.

"O lady fair! why sit'st thou here,  
Afar from bird, and flower and tree?  
What joy or music in the waves  
Of the lone sea?"

"Often at eventide," she said,  
When the black shadows eastward creep,  
I come and sit upon the rocks  
Beside the deep.

"And when the starry night comes down  
And silvers all the landscape o'er,  
I watch the billows flash and break  
Upon the shore.

"There is a music in the waves—  
A wild—a melancholy strain—  
It flows about the burdened heart  
And soothes its pain.

"Last night it lulled me into sleep,  
And on the gleaming ocean wide,  
Close to the land I saw a ship  
At anchor ride.

"Its sails were furl'd, high on the mast  
They glimmered to the setting moon;  
The sailors sang—I heard them sing  
A merry tune.

"I saw them pace the deck along  
In strange attire—a foreign crew—  
Yet one among those seamen there  
Methought I knew.

"He leaned upon the taffrail high  
And looked towards the winding shore;  
Somewhere I'd seen—I knew not where—  
His face before.

"And as I gazed he seemed to grow  
Dearer and still more dear to me,  
Yet sorrow grew with love—I wept  
Full bitterly.

"A light upon my spirit broke,  
Ah me! full well I then did know  
'Twas who had left me here forlorn  
Seven years ago.

"Edwin!" I cried, and on me broke  
The past with all love's agony;  
'O Edwin!' and I shudd'ring woke  
Here by the sea.

"The moon had sunk beneath the waves  
The night was dark, the wind was chill,  
I heard the owl upon the oak—  
Behind the hill."

H. M. STRAINBERG.

Paris, Ont.

## The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Madame Berg was successful on her first application for a home for Stannie.

Mrs. Hall, the widow of an English clergyman, who lived alone with her two servants on the principal floor of a handsome house, expressed her willingness to receive any friend of Madame Berg's, and that before she had heard the very liberal terms which the Professor had authorized Madame to offer. She promised to take every care of Stannie, and to do her best to make the young lady feel comfortable and at home. There was a good deal of English society in the town, she added, believing that that circumstance would be looked upon as a decided advantage. She was surprised, therefore, when Madame firmly intimated that beyond, perhaps, the English clergyman, she wished that Stannie should form no acquaintance out of the artistic world.

"Take her to the theatre often, and to good concerts, but to no social gatherings, not so much as a coffee party; she has come here to work, not to amuse herself. Give her one of your most cheerful apartments for a music-room, and prepare yourself for a vast amount of practising. I hope the noise will not disturb you."

"Not in the least," answered Mrs. Hall. "I like music. Is Miss Ross to be a regular student at the Conservatoire?"

"Not in the usual way. I shall arrange that her instructor comes. I myself was a professional student in the Milan Conservatoire, but I was very poor. Miss Ross's circumstances are different. I have decided that she shall be a private pupil."

Madame next proceeded to hunt up the director of the Conservatoire, an old friend, whom she surprised at his simple mid-day meal of boiled carrots and macaroni.

Like all Germans, his eyes were shaded with the inevitable blue spectacles. His complexion was lemon-tinted, his musical bumps fearfully and wonderfully developed. He had long, straggling black hair, which he wore brushed straight back from his forehead, and falling upon his shoulders.

His figure was short and dumpy, and his manner nervous and jerky in private life. He

was a very important personage in his own world, and knew it, and magnified his office.

"Berg! Madame von Berg!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "What honour you do me! My poor room is not worthy of the presence of so distinguished a visitor. Will you take a seat on the sofa?" And he waved his hand majestically in the direction of the seat of honour. "What can I do for you? Speak, and I am your humble servant."

"I came on a matter of business," she replied. "Can you spare me half an hour?" He consulted a handsome gold repeater, and then answered, "Yes; and a quarter more. Madame is in luck. I have not often so much leisure."

"You work as hard as ever, I see."  
"Yes; I must, or I would stagnate. I love my work. Mine is a glorious profession. I can point to the great prima donnas in Berlin, in Vienna, in London, and say, 'Behold, they are my children! I taught them.'"

"That is very satisfactory. You deserve that they should do you credit, for you spare no pains upon them. I have brought you a new pupil—a Scotch girl."

"Scotch! Few of that country come here. What is she?"

"A clear, pure soprano, of even greater compass than my own."  
"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, in a frenzy of surprise and delight, performing an impromptu dance upon the waxed floor. "Where is she!—when can I see her? I have contraltos—many of them, just now. Contraltos are getting common. I have mezzo-sopranos and thin sopranos, but a pure soprano of greater compass than that of the star of Milan, as we justly called you long ago, it is a pearl—a diamond—a great treasure! Is she to be professional?"

"She is; but her case is different from most others. I wish you to give her as much time as you can every day at her own house. You must take her quite into your own hands; if necessary to find the time, you must pass others over to your colleagues and assistants. In short, she must be your chief care for two years, then she shall go to Milan."

"You are quite certain about her voice—a pure soprano?" he asked, anxiously. "You have not made a mistake!—people so often do."

"Could I be so stupid?" she answered.

"No, no; it must be!" and he hesitated. "But I have much to do; I cannot give her all the time you ask for. I never teach beginners myself. I finish them when the drudgery is over. I cannot neglect my pupils; I have many—many, this year! It cannot be."

"It must be! No one shall teach her but yourself. She is no beginner; an old Milan student has grounded her well. You must carry on his work."

"A private pupil you say, too! That will cost a great deal of money. Is she a Rothschild?"

"No; but her guardian is wealthy, and desires no expense to be spared upon her; if it were otherwise, I should pay all her expenses myself."

"Madame always has her own way; it shall be as you say; the young lady shall be my chief care. If she were a peasant maiden who could not pay one thaler I would do as much for her if Madame asked me to, and if her voice was pure soprano."

"I knew you would come round."  
"So Madame has sung her farewell to the footlights!" he said, regretfully.

"Yes; I am going to live quietly at home. You must come and see me there, and we shall talk over old days."

"That will be a pleasure and an honour!" said the musical oracle, bowing mid-way to the floor.

"Oh, Carl Richter, what a flatterer you have become! Once you thought it no honour to know Lily Myer! Time works wonders, truly! Can you come to supper this evening, and see your new pupil, and some other English friends who are here with me?"

"I am engaged till nine o'clock; if it will not be too late after that, I shall be more than charmed to come. I long to see the Scotch singer. I have only had one Scotch pupil before, and her hair was—ach!—so red—like fire; and her mouth was very wide—the sound that came from it was appalling! Has Fraulein—Miss Ross a wide mouth? Perhaps it is a characteristic national feature!"

"Come and see! Before we part, one word more—your terms?"

The Herr Director pondered the stupendous question for full two minutes. It was rarely that such a golden chance came within his grasp. He was to give up daily several hours of his valuable time to train this Scotch girl in the way that she should sing. She was evidently wealthy. Should he take advantage of that fact, and reap a little harvest while the sun shone? He was poor! When was there ever a rich enthusiast? He had often given his time for nothing—had been casting his bread upon the waters for many years—and as yet there was no appearance of it returning to him in a tangible form.

Only for an instant, however, did Carl Richter entertain what seemed to him later a thought tinged with dishonour.

He was like a patriot who gives time, fortune, and even life itself if need be, for the land of his love. He lived for music only; he was her bondsman, her slave, her passionate adorer.

He must live. He must have his simple dinner and his red wine, and must be clothed

in respectable garments. Otherwise, his requirements were few. He had no family ties; no poor relations depending on him; could not make his art a medium for securing gain; so named a comparatively modest sum.

"Is that for the year?" asked Madame Berg.

"For the year," he answered, smiling. "It is the usual fee."

She took a check-book from her pocket, and tore out a leaf.

"You will find this correct, I think," she said, laying it on the table. "I prefer to make my own terms with people so disinterested as yourself. You will never be a rich man, Carl. We shall have to look well after you when you are old, or you will land in the poor-house! Good-bye till nine o'clock!"

When the big-hearted, ugly little director looked at the check he nearly lost his bodily equilibrium. It was four times more than he had asked.

On Madame's return to the hotel, she found that her party were all out walking, so she employed herself writing letters until they came home.

Lotty was in raptures with everything. Such a lovely place to live in! Everything was so quaint and pretty! The old ducal palace, the residence of the Grand Duke, was the realization of a poet-sculptor's dream. The gardens and park surrounding it were a wilderness of flowers, especially roses—such roses!—even Stannie, who seemed dull and dejected, grew warm in eulogizing their fragrance and size; and the fountains flung their cool spray upon the air all day long.

"It is a nice little town," said Stannie. "The streets are very clean, and I like the balconies in front of the houses. We saw a number of orange trees in green tubs in some of them, and in others there were groups of ladies knitting and drinking tea."

"Coffee," corrected Madame. "There is very little tea drunk here, except in the English households. I have found a temporary home for you in a house which you will be pleased to hear has a charming balcony."

"How delightful! With orange-trees?"

"No; I am afraid not. There is only a dusty, wild grape-vine—which the first shower, however, will make clean and fresh—clustering around it."

"With whom am I to live?"

"With Mrs. Hall, an English lady. I have known her for years. She is very good and gentle, and leads a sleepy, still life, varied by going to church and English card-parties. You will think her very uninteresting, for she is not clever, but she is a lady who is greatly respected, and her house is very comfortable. I have done my best, Stannie, and if you are not happy with her you must let me know, that other arrangements may be made. Perhaps I have done wrong in not consulting you and Mrs. Hunter before making final arrangements, but when you see Mrs. Hall I think you will be satisfied."

"If you are, I am certain to be also. When does Stannie take possession?"

"I don't know; when we all leave, I suppose. At latest, I must start the day after to-morrow; and Lotty, of course, comes with me. How long can you and Gordon remain?"

"Only one day longer, I fear."

"How lonely it will be when you are all gone!" said Stannie. "These good-byes are too painful."

"Cheer up, Stannie; don't let your spirits go down," exclaimed Lotty. "I am going to enjoy myself in German style to-morrow."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Madame.

"Sit outside in one of those pretty *café* gardens in the morning, and eat ices and drink chocolate. I'll be generous, and treat you all round if you like. Then I'll go and hear the band play in the Schloss gardens in the afternoon, and look at the officers. I saw heaps of them hanging about to-day, in blue and white, and black uniforms. They were all smoking or drinking beer, and clanking their swords when they walked. Then can't we go to the theatre in the evening? There's a good one here, isn't there, Madame?"

"One of the best in Germany. I know it well. I sang in it four months ago."

"Was that when they gave you a diamond bracelet?" asked Lotty.

"Yes," answered Madame, lightly.

"We have company at supper to-night; my old friend, good Carl Richter—your future master, Stannie."

"I shall be very glad to make his acquaintance," said Gordon. "I shall be able to report him to Professor Neil. Is he a good-looking fellow?"

"He will strike you as being rather remarkable-looking," said Madame, "and not strictly handsome. I have arranged everything with him except the hours, Stannie; that he will decide on later. To-morrow we shall go and choose a piano for you. Professor Neil asked me to do so; and then, I think, there's nothing more to be done in the way of business."

"What a deal of trouble you have all taken on my account, and I never can repay you!" said Stannie, with quivering lips.

"Don't talk of such a thing yet," said Gordon, "for you are certain to put us to a great deal more trouble yet."

Walking to the window, Stannie looked across at the vine-clad hills, seeking to trace in their gentle undulations some resemblance to the cloud-capped mountains in the distant north land, but they were widely different. An old lady in a green tartan cloak came down the

street, gesticulating earnestly to a young girl who might have been her maid, and Stannie immediately thought of fussy, warm-hearted Mrs. Mactavish.

For the second time in her short life Stannie was realizing the exquisite pain of home-sickness—nostalgia, some people call it. No matter what name we give it, there are few who have not felt its pangs at one time or other.

I would not envy the man or woman, who, leaving native land and kindred behind them for an alien shore, could truly say that they never suffered one throb of pain from that heart-crushing malady, which the physician's skill is powerless to soothe.

Herr Richter arrived punctually at nine, attired in what Lotty called a musical suit. Not that the material was animated with sound, but they were clothes which she declared none but a "music man" would wear.

His trousers were ornamented with a broad gold stripe down the sides, and on his breast were several ribbons and orders, honours conferred on him by reigning sovereigns. His waistcoat was lemon-tinted, matching his complexion; he wore violet socks and low slippers, and altogether had evidently taken no little pains with his toilet.

"Which is my pupil?" he asked, eagerly, before Madame had had time to introduce him. "This is Miss Ross," she said, leading forward poor Stannie, who blushed and hung her head.

"Ach so!" he articulated, bowing with not ungraceful dignity. "Miss Ross does not resemble the Scotch girl that I had for a pupil before. Her hair is not like the fire. And this other young lady, is she Scotch?"

"No; I am English," said Lotty, holding out her hand to him; but German etiquette was proof against grasping the little white palm.

Herr Richter bowed again, and suddenly backed, treading upon Gordon's toes, and nearly upsetting him, which movement covered the poor little man with confusion.

Lotty beheld him with astonishment, all in the dark as to the cause of his agitation. With her English frankness, she had imagined that it was the right and proper thing to shake hands on being introduced to an elderly German gentleman—and lo! it takes years to establish the right to such an intimacy.

"Miss Ross is an angel!" he whispered to Madame Berg, on parting. "She shall go back to London and to Scotland a second Malibran, though I have to resign my post in the Conservatoire and devote all my time to her."

All the way home he murmured softly to himself, "A pure soprano, and the beauty of an angel!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

HERE RICHTER'S PARTY.

Madame Berg and the Hunters remained a day longer in Wirtstadt than they had intended.

Madame's arrival in the place got bruited abroad, and she was besieged next day with visitors, who came in crowds—from the affable Grand Duchess, in her splendid chariot with the arms of two royal houses quartered upon its panels, to the latest *debutante* at the theatre, who went up unannounced, and knocked timidly at the *prima donna's* drawing-room door.

No august visitor could have created a greater sensation than did she in the music-loving little capital, where she was so well known and appreciated.

She received all her guests with the same grave, calm dignity. What was a royal or imperial visitor to her, who had been a queen among the queens of tragedy, and welcomed kings and emperors within her halls?

Neither did she think it a condescension to befriend the humblest and most timid climber of the ladder on whose topmost rung her own feet for years had rested so securely.

No envy or jealousy had ever found harbour for an instant in Madame Berg's kind, generous heart.

Others had helped her once; it was her turn now to bend down from her exalted place, and hold out her strong hand to others.

Stannie's piano remained unbought for that day.

Lotty ate ices and drank chocolate to an extent which would have imperilled the digestion of a healthy ostrich, and patronized the flower-girls so largely that Gordon hired a boy to carry home her floral treasures.

Stannie was very miserable. Her heart was heavy as lead, and Lotty's gay badinage, so far as our heroine was concerned, might as well have been addressed to one of the bronze statues in the royal gardens.

Afternoon drew on, and still Madame held her involuntary *levée*.

"We must go by ourselves and hear the band play," said Lotty, losing patience at last. "I wonder when these wretched people will stop trooping in! It's too bad of them. She's here on private business, and they ought to know it, and leave her alone."

"How could they possibly know that she didn't wish to see them, when she does?" asked Gordon, provokingly.

"I don't know; they ought to. Mother, will you come with us?"

Mrs. Hunter dreading the full glare of the afternoon sun, declined, and the three started out alone—Stannie silent, and Lotty talking and laughing enough for two.

Her plan of going to the theatre in the even-

ing also fell through. On returning to the hotel they found Herr Richter sitting grasping a huge white cotton umbrella with both hands, and talking English volubly. He had called to invite them all to supper in his rooms—a real Italian supper, such as Madame had often partaken of in Milan, he said.

Madame was in perplexity about accepting the invitation, as she had refused at least a dozen of a similar nature that afternoon. At the same time she was unwilling to pain the earnest little man by a refusal, the possibility of which he had never dreamt of, having made all his preparations before issuing his invitations.

Lotty, as usual, decided the matter by accepting at once for the whole party.

"We shall be charmed," she said. "Why did Madame hesitate?"

"She fears to offend the many great people who have invited her by coming to my humble rooms," answered Herr Richter, beaming upon Lotty as if he thought her an English angel.

"Oh, never mind them; if they hear of it they will only be sorry that they were not asked too! You can't sit here alone all the evening. Madame, do say you'll come!"

And Lotty threw her arms around her, and insisted that she should say "Yes," until she smiled and said, "You make me do anything you like, Lotty. This young lady says I must come, Carl."

"There will be no other people. Just yourselves—a family party, as the English call it. I thought you would prefer it so."

"You are right. We shall enjoy ourselves much better alone. When do you expect us?"

"Immediately!" he exclaimed, bounding up. "I shall run home and see about the salads. I trust no one to mix them but myself. One drop of oil too many, and it is ruin. Not everyone can mix a good salad. You will follow when it is ready! Adieu till then."

"I wonder how long he will take to mix the horrible ingredients!" asked Lotty, as she watched him trotting briskly down the street. "I should like to put on a clean white dress. I am so hot and dusty."

"We shall be in good time an hour hence," answered Madame. "I know his ways. He will trust no one to spread the table but himself, and will superintend the compounding of each dish. We must give him an hour at least. I suppose it would not have done to disappoint him; but if I had known earlier, it would have made it much easier for me to decline the invitations with which I have been beset this afternoon. He was always the same in Milan. He used to prepare his little feasts first, and then come into the Conservatoire and invite five of us to join him at supper. He never went beyond six, although his room would have held thirty. Lorne Graem has been at many a cozy little gathering there."

"Does Herr Richter sing himself?" asked Stannie.

"Yes, divinely; but his shyness unfitted him for the stage. So rarely does he sing, that we call him the 'Mute Tenor.'"

"Will you ask him to sing this evening?"

"Yes; but I fear he will refuse. Singing affects him curiously—it exhausts all his vitality. He sang once with me in the opera at St. Petersburg. He fairly startled the audience one minute, and threw them into transports of delight the next. His voice expressed love, hate, rage, and melting sadness with such power and pathos that I fairly forgot my part, and made a dreadful blunder. He had nerved himself for the occasion, but it was too much for him; he fainted when it was all over, and we feared that he would be seriously ill afterwards; but he soon recovered, and treated it as a jest. He has only sung now and then at concerts since. In the Conservatoire he is a different man, and a stern enough master sometimes. It is only before large audiences that he gives way; he lacks the courage born of self-esteem, which carries so many on to triumph."

Anxious to do all honour to their entertainer, the little party arrayed themselves in festive garments. Mrs. Hunter's toilet was not up to the standard as she could have desired, her one modest travelling trunk containing nothing more stylish than a dove-coloured silk dress and some soft, creamy laces; but Madame Berg made up for all shortcomings on the part of others. She appeared in a trailing robe of ruby velvet, and luminous jewels blazed upon her neck and arms, and amongst her frost-like hair.

Lotty wore a *Princesse* robe of rich white silk. Stannie had dressed herself contrastingly in black lace, lightened with knots of pale blue ribbon; while Gordon varied the conventional evening costume of an English gentleman by a black velvet coat, and a collar such as Byron might have considered appropriate.

"How is so much splendour to be conveyed to Herr Richter's?" he asked, as he scanned each one approvingly. "Madame, do you think your friend the Grand Duchess would lend us one of her carriages for the night?"

"No doubt she would; but I have bespoken our landlord's, and it is now in waiting."

Herr Richter's two rooms, which were of good proportions, were converted into very bowers of greenness. Garlands of roses festooned the walls, twisted around the door and window-frames, and clasped the porcelain stoves in a fragrant embrace.

The supper-table looked as if it had been stolen, ready-spread, from Fairyland. Its surface was entirely covered with delicate green woodland moss, in which dainty china dishes, wreathed with small vine-leaves, were embedded.

The salads, the crowning triumphs of Herr Richter's culinary skill, were a picture of fresh crispness, and occupied important positions on the board. There were wonderful sausages, which no one but himself could eat; there were plump ducks, done to a juicy brown, reposing in a bath of rich gravy and vermicelli; there were light wines and coffee, the very aroma of which was nectar; there was Neapolitan macaroni and Parmesan cheese, one mouthful of which made Stannie shudder, but Madame pronounced it perfection.

In the other room, arranged upon a similar table, or bed of moss, were the rarest fruits which could be procured, both in and out of season. A huge block of ice, like a miniature berg from the northern seas, stood in a great circular crystal dish, in the middle of the base of which floated water-lilies as pure as angel's wings, their whiteness relieved by their broad dark leaves. Madame beheld it with surprised delight.

"Carl," she said, "you are really developing an artistic genius for room and table decoration. Where did you pick up all these beautiful ideas? I never saw living green table-cloths before. You have, indeed, charmed us. But we shall not thank you; for you understand all that we feel."

The director flushed faintly at the delicate compliment. He had curtailed his short allowance of sleep to a minimum the night before to find time to decorate his barely-furnished rooms; had sent two boys with a light cart miles into the woods for that particular description of moss with which to drape his tables as he had once seen some done in a summer palace in Russia; he had sent another to a lake ten miles off where the water-lilies grew; he had robbed the early market of its choicest fruits; in short, he had taken trouble little short of superhuman. But he had his reward. Few people could coax Madame Berg to spend a quiet, friendly evening with them; and there she was in all her beauty and splendour, her velvet robes sweeping the waxed floor, and her diamonds flashing like little lamps as she moved around, examining and admiring everything.

The Grand Duke himself would have given hundreds of thalers to have supped in the Herr Director's rooms that night.

At one end stood a grand piano. It was of solid ebony, most beautifully finished. Upon the carved side were three exquisitely-painted miniatures on Dresden china, medallion in form; they represented three singers who had passed away, but the echoes of whose voices still lingered over all the civilized world.

Herr Richter approached it, and opened the lid, which was lined with vellum, and bore many a valued signature.

"You have never seen my piano, Madame. You must try it, and then write your name here,"—indicating a place upon the vellum with the tips of his fingers.

"Where did you get this instrument?" she asked, as she seated herself before it, and ran her fingers across the keys. "It is a very fine one."

"It was made for me in Berlin after my own design. It is the one great extravagance of my life. I love it almost as a child. You will not believe me, but it speaks to me sometimes for hours. I sit here in the dark and think, and then I touch the notes carelessly—anyhow. If I am sad, a wail comes floating up like a voice from the churchyard, and vanished forms flock around me in the darkness—my mother, who has been gone for twenty years; my father, who sleeps beneath Italian skies; and my brother, who lies buried under the snows in Siberia—and they whisper loving words to me. I hear each voice as clearly as a bell. You would laugh and call me fanciful, and say that their voices were sounds of my own creating. Perhaps so, but the delusion makes me happy. At other times I hear the booming of cannons, and the roar of artillery, and the neighing of horses on the battle-field. Again there comes a change, and I see the youths and maidens dancing in the ring at the fair; I hear the fiddles and the band; I see the lighted booths, and hear snatches of rollicking songs, and my heart bounds with a wild delight, for I am a boy once again. 'Fancies,' you say; I do not contradict you. Fancies are happier things, often, than realities."

"You are just the same old visionary being, Carl, who used to play and sing so wonderfully, that listening crowds would gather outside the window until the little street would be blocked up. And when any of us asked you afterwards what brilliant fantasia you had been performing to your unseen audience, you would smile, and say that you did not know—you had been in the past or the future, or some equally fanciful locality. Do you remember this air?"

With one hand she touched a few notes as she spoke.

"Remember it! Could I forget! Miss Ross, that little song cost the Russians two thousand pounds one night. Will Madame sing it now?"

"Gladly, on one condition."

"Whatever that may be, it is granted."

"That you sing afterwards."

"With pleasure," said the little man, so confidently that everyone thought his nervousness must either be a myth or something belonging to a bygone period.

Madame's song concluded, he took her vacant place, and touched a few chords.

A rustling sound, like summer breezes playing amongst forest trees, filled the room, and his listeners were wafted across the Channel to where the old monastery stood lone and gray

among the giant oaks. The key changed, and Stannie was walking in the pine woods at St. Breeda.

It was winter, and the ice-king was abroad with his frosty breath, piping and whistling shrilly to the snowflakes which were his children. Then came the sound of floods and torrents, which had burst their bounds far up the mountain walls, and were rushing down in boisterous turbulence to swell the river until it overflowed its banks, and spread like a sea across the fields. Once more the measure changed, and the lark sang in the golden morning, and the cuckoo cooed in the shady groves; and, last of all, the nightingale trilled her evening love-lay to her mate. Then his own voice glided in, singing an evening hymn. Instinctively each one rose to their feet, as if they had been in a consecrated place; they heard the notes of the piano no longer, but the roll and swell of a mighty organ, played by a master's hand.

What a voice the little man had! Madame had named it well when she called it divine.

The last note died away in a mournful cadence, and the player rose and staggered to an arm-chair. He was pale as a ghost, and trembled in every limb. He lay back as if insensible, and closed his eyes, while his hands, which an instant before had seemed possessed of supernatural strength, hung down limp and useless.

"Has he fainted?—is he ill?" asked Mrs. Hunter, anxiously.

"No; he will be all right in five minutes. I have often seen him so. I told you he was nervous. He pours all his energy into his music; and when it ceases, is fairly used up. A little wine will revive him; hand me a glassful, Gordon."

"Wouldn't brandy be better?" suggested Gordon.

"Yes, for an Englishman, but not in his case. I don't believe there's any in the house."

He handed her the wine, and she held it to the pale lips of the musical director.

He soon revived, as she had said. He opened his eyes slowly, and they fell upon the anxious friends gathered around him. In an instant he comprehended all.

"Pardon me, ladies," he said, "and you also, Mr. Hunter. I ought not to have sung. I am always so after I sing; it takes the vitality all out of me, particularly when I compose. I fear I have alarmed my new pupil," he added, looking at her with a troubled expression. "Madame knows me well; she knows that I am not so in the Conservatoire; it is only when I sing."

"His nervous temperament is very peculiar," she said, addressing Stannie. "I have seen him half crazed behind the scenes on the night when a pupil made her first appearance. The girls themselves never endured half the doubts and agonies of possible failure that he suffered on their account; and the stupid part of it is that it's all needless. His pupils never fail, for if he isn't certain of them at first, he will have nothing to do with them. I am sorry I asked you to sing, Carl, but if I had not, my English friends might never have heard you. You must forgive me!"

"I am better now; it is nothing," he said, rising from the chair, and going to the piano. "Here is a pen; will you write your name, Madame, inside the lid? I cannot ask you yet," he said, turning to Stannie. "Only professionals' signatures are suitable here. One day I hope yours will be added."

Madame took the pen, and in bold, clear characters wrote her name upon the vellum—Lily Myer Berg.

"Music is a strange thing," said Gordon, thoughtfully. "It almost frightens me. It seems like a living power."

"So it is," answered Herr Richter, quickly; "it is a subtle living influence which we cannot see, but we realize it. It grasps our heart-strings in its hands, and we weep or smile as it wills; it incites us to courage and noble deeds; it makes us gentle and good; it leads us to the very gates of paradise; and there it lingers with us until the grander purer music breaks in triumphant crashes on our waiting ears."

"Yet there are some people who do not care about it—who frankly own that they are not musical," observed Lotty.

"Don't speak of them; such people are grovelling in their nature, and should be drowned in a fish-pond!"

Lotty thought of several very nice people, and not at all grovelling people, in England who quite disliked music, and whom she would have been sorry to see drowned.

Turning to the sylvan-looking table, and lifting up a slice of golden melon which had ripened in a Spanish garden, she said, "People such as you like poetry. I like prose, and can't understand you. I can understand this, though, and enjoy it. Like Gordon, I am beginning to be afraid of music. Am I awfully grovelling, Herr Richter?"

Had she been less beautiful and winning than she was, Herr Richter's answer might have been very different.

He looked at her and smiled, then carefully closed the piano.

"No, you are not that," he said. "You are not inspired like us" (with a wave of his arm he included Madame, Stannie, and himself); "but you like music all the same. Perhaps it's better that you are not quite like us; we need a few practical people to keep the scales even."

They were all gone, and Stannie was alone in her new home.

Madame Berg and Lotty had left first, Mrs. Hunter and Gordon a day later.

Stannie's new piano had arrived, and she was busy unpacking books, photographs, and other little ornaments, and arranging them about the room in order to give it a more home-like aspect.

But her most artistic placing of carved brackets and old china (Alice and Gordon had presented her with several intensely blue cups and jugs) failed to satisfy her. The German room was obstinate, and would neither look Scotch nor English. The tall porcelain stove, with an urn on the top, bore a striking resemblance to a mural tombstone, and the painted floor gave her a chill when she thought of the coming winter.

"I'll ask Mrs. Hall if I may get a carpet before then," she soliloquized; "but it will never look like the parlour at home. I'll write to Uncle Alan this evening and ask him to send me some framed photographs of St. Breeda, the dear old college, and the church and Manse, and the old mill. I should like to have them always before me."

She was considering where she should hang them on their arrival, when a servant entered and handed her two letters.

One was from the Professor, a closely-written budget full of home and college news; the other was from Elma.

"Dearest Stannie," she wrote, "I miss you and Lotty very, very much. I wish you had both stayed here. Eily Blennerhasset is with us just now; she is nice, and I like her, but I love you. Tom has gone away to a military college, and isn't coming home till Christmas. Bill is well, and sends his love; only he called it regards, not love. So does Alice—sends her love I mean. She has written no poetry since you left. Mamma and Gordon came home last night; I am glad they are back. I am going to write to Lotty. Good night!

Your loving  
"ELMA HUNTER."

Letter-writing was not one of Elma's strong points; she disliked it extremely, and it was a mark of special affection for anyone to receive even a small note from her. She had so much writing to do, poor child, that her brothers and sisters when they were absent never cared to tax her by adding to it. Knowing this, Stannie had expressed no desire to hear from her directly, as her old correspondence with Mrs. Hunter was to be resumed. Consequently she was delighted with the short, abrupt scrawl, in the well-known round, childish hand, and read it over and over again.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG will soon return to America on account of her mother's ill-health.

SALVINI is giving farewell performances at the Academy of Music, New York.

THE New York Musical Festival takes place during this week.

MR. HARRY PAULTON goes to America some time during the summer.

MR. JAMES PEARCE returned to Christ Church, New York, as organist, on May 1st, this being his ninth year at that parish.

DUDLEY BUCK, the composer and leader, is to receive the compliment of a concert by the Apollo Club, of which he is the conductor.

THE latest novelty at the Théâtre du Chateau d'Eau consists of a drama in four acts and seven tableaux, extracted from a novel of M. Emile Gaberian, and entitled "La Dégringolade."

AN interesting and creditable performance of selections from Handel's *Senesle* was given by the Royal Academy of Music students, at St. James's Hall, on the 9th ult.

THE latest play of Senor Echegaray, *El Gran Galeoto*, has met with great success in Madrid, although the critics are by no means so unanimously enthusiastic as the public. Complaints are made of the arbitrary nature of the catastrophe and the lack of truth in the characterisation.

MR. MAPLESON has issued his prospectus for the season. Madames Nilsson, Gerster, and Vanzandt, Trebelli, Tremelli, and De Belocca; Signori Campanini, Fancelli, Runcio, and Maas; Rota, Del Puente, and Galassi, are old favourites re-engaged.

CONSUMPTION, that dread destroyer of the human race, is often the result of bad blood and low vitality, a scrofulous condition of the system. Burdock Blood Bitters cure scrofula in its worst form. Trial bottle 10 cents.

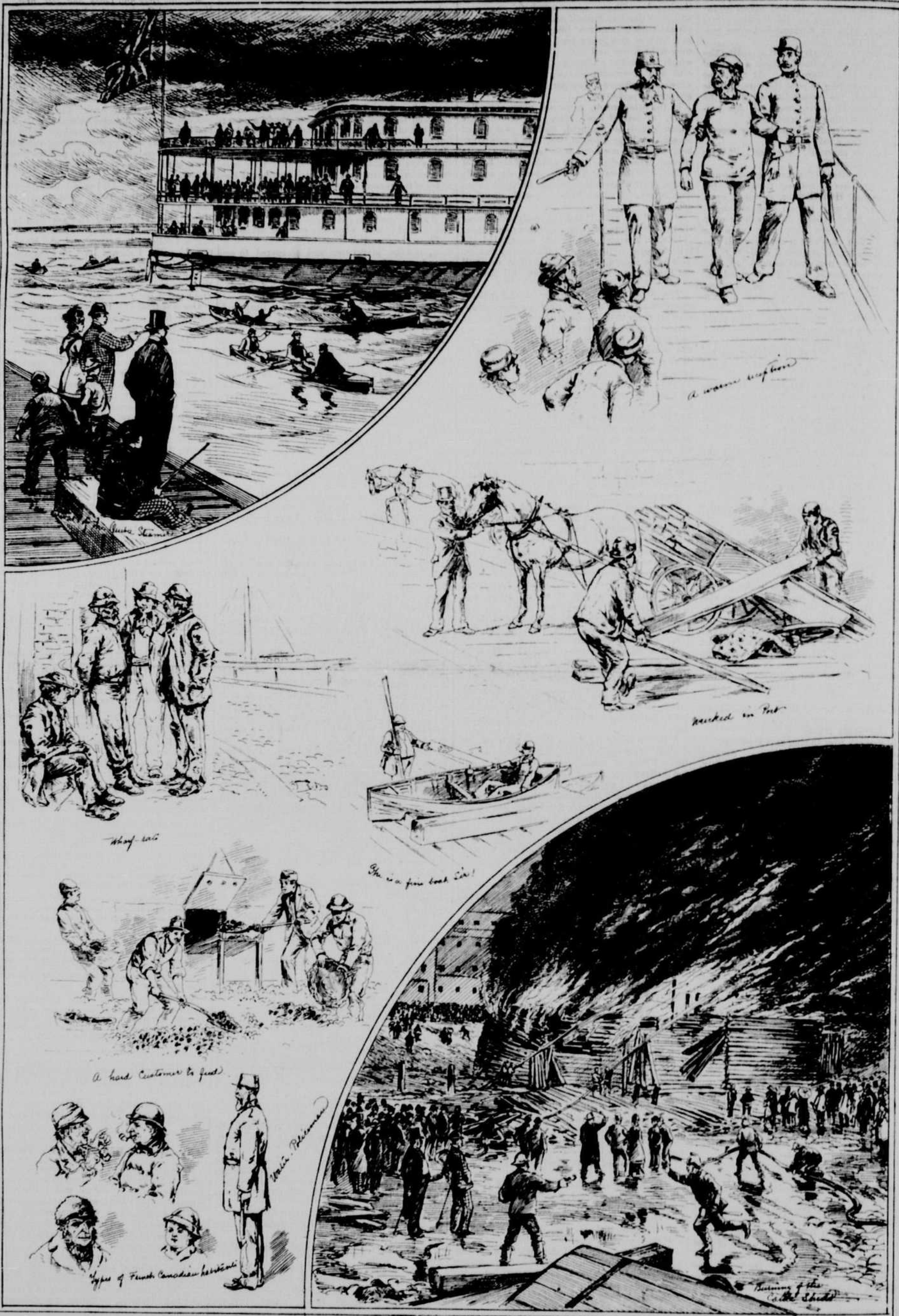
The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

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.



MONTREAL.—SKETCHES ON THE WHARVES.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



1. A Night Watchman at a House Door. 2. Cossacks Patrolling. 3. Sentinel under Canal Bridge. 4. Our Special Artist in a Difficulty. 5. Cossacks on the Alert.

SKETCHES IN ST. PETERSBURG, DURING THE LATE TROUBLES.

## BURIED.

I was the only mourner at the grave  
Where, buried evermore from mortal sight,  
The fair ideals and golden prophecies  
Which for long years had been my soul's delight  
Were by my hand, with bitterness untold,  
Comsigned to dust and mould.

I did not shed a tear, though buried there  
Were ere the high aspiration and endeavour  
Of a long hopeful life, to reach the height  
Which lured me ever on, receding ever  
From my upreaching eyes—till one dark day  
Beheld it melt away.

Above these records of hopes unfulfilled  
The dust of ages undisturbed may lie,  
I do not ask of those who love me best,  
Or those I love, the tribute of a sigh.  
The past is buried now—its joy and pain  
I cannot feel again.

Perhaps some hand these relics may exume,  
When my so weary heart has gone to rest,  
Some voice may speak the kind, approving words  
Which might have made my earthly life more blest  
And lightened, it may be, the load of care  
Which was so hard to bear.

If this should be, I know that whoso'er  
The realm where my enfranchised soul shall dwell,  
Some slumbering chord of memory will wake  
And thrill responsive to love's sacred spell.  
But the sad retrospect of pain and care  
Cannot o'ertake me there.

One look—the last—and now a sad farewell,  
How sad, God and my secret heart alone  
Can understand: no earthly friend can share  
My grief to whom my hopes were never known.  
Life's earnest purposes and high endeavour  
Lie buried now forever.

S. J.

## A NIGHT AMONG THE NIHILISTS.

"Robinson, the boss wants you!"  
"The dickens he does!" thought I; for Mr. Dickson, Odessa agent of Bailey & Co., corn-merchants, was a bit of a Tartar, as I had learned to my cost. "What's the row now?" I demanded of my fellow-clerk; "has he got scent of our Nicolaieff escapade, or what is it?"  
"No idea," said Gregory; "the old boy seems in a good enough humour; some business matter, probably. But don't keep him waiting." So, summoning up an air of injured innocence, to be ready for all contingencies, I marched into the lion's den.

Mr. Dickson was standing beside the fire in a Briton's time-honoured attitude, and motioned me into a chair in front of him. "Mr. Robinson," he said, "I have great confidence in your discretion and common sense. The follies of youth will break out, but I think you have a sterling foundation to your character underlying any superficial levity."

I bowed.  
"I believe," he continued, "that you can speak Russian fluently."

I bowed again.  
"I have, then," he proceeded, "a mission which I wish you to undertake, and on the success of which your promotion may depend. I would not trust it to a subordinate, were it not that duty ties me to my post at present."

"You may depend upon my doing my best, sir," I replied.

"Right sir, quite right! What I wish to do is briefly this: The line of railway has just been opened to Solteff, some hundred miles up the country. Now I wish to get the start of the other Odessa firms in securing the produce of that district, which I have reason to believe may be had at very low prices. You will proceed by rail to Solteff, and interview a Mr. Dimidoff, who is the largest landed proprietor in the town. Make as favourable terms as you can with him. Both Mr. Dimidoff and I wish the whole thing to be done as quietly and secretly as possible, in fact that nothing should be known about the matter until the grain appears in Odessa. I desire it for the interests of the firm, and Mr. Dimidoff on account of the prejudice his peasantry entertain against exportation. You will find yourself expected at the end of your journey, and will start to-night. Money shall be ready for your expenses. Good-morning, Mr. Robinson; I hope you won't fail to realize the good opinion I have of your abilities."

"Gregory," I said, as I strutted into the office, I'm off on a mission, a secret mission, my boy, an affair of thousands of pounds. Lend me your little portmanteau, mine's too imposing, and tell Ivan to pack it. A Russian millionaire expects me at the end of my journey. Don't breathe a word of it to any of Simpkins's people, or the whole game will be up. Keep it dark!"

I was so charmed at being, as it were, behind the scenes, that I crept about the office all day in a sort of cloak-and-bloody-dagger style, with responsibility and brooding care marked upon every feature; and when at night I stepped out and stole down to the station, the unprejudiced observer would certainly have guessed, from my general behaviour, that I had emptied the contents of the strong-box, before starting, into that little valise of Gregory's. It was imprudent of him, by the way, to leave English labels pasted all over it. However, I could only hope that the "Londons" and "Birmingham's" would attract no attention, or, at least, that no rival corn-merchant might deduce from them who I was and what my errand might be.

Having paid the necessary roubles and got my ticket, I ensconced myself in the corner of a snug Russian car, and pondered over my extraordinary good fortune. Dickson was growing old now, and if I could make my mark in this

matter it might be a great thing for me. Dreams arose of a partnership in the firm. The noisy wheels seemed to clank out "Bailey, Robinson & Co.," "Bailey, Robinson & Co.," in a monotonous refrain, which gradually sank into a hum, and finally ceased as I dropped into a deep sleep. Had I known the experience which awaited me at the end of my journey it would hardly have been so peaceable.

I awoke with an uneasy feeling that some one was watching me closely, nor was I mistaken. A tall dark man had taken up his position on the seat opposite, and his black sinister eyes seemed to look through me and beyond me, as if he wished to read my very soul. Then I saw him glance down at my little trunk.

"Good heavens!" thought I, "here's Simpkins's agent, I suppose. It was careless of Gregory to leave those confounded labels on the valise."

I closed my eyes for a time, but on re-opening them I again caught the stranger's earnest gaze.

"From England, I see," he said in Russian, showing a row of white teeth in what was meant to be an amiable smile.

"Yes," I replied, trying to look unconcerned, but painfully aware of my failure.

"Travelling for pleasure, perhaps?" said he.  
"Yes," I answered eagerly. "Certainly, for pleasure; nothing else."

"Of course not," said he, with a shade of irony in his voice. "Englishmen always travel for pleasure, don't they? O no, nothing else."

His conduct was mysterious, to say the least of it. It was only explainable upon two hypotheses—he was either a madman, or he was the agent of some firm bound upon the same errand as myself, and determined to show me that he guessed my little game. They were about equally unpleasant, and, on the whole, I was relieved when the train pulled up in the tumble-down shed which does duty for a station in the rising town of Solteff—Solteff, whose resources I was about to open out, and whose commerce I was to direct into the great world channels. I almost expected to see a triumphal arch as I stepped on to the platform.

I was to be expected at the end of my journey, so Mr. Dickson had informed me. I looked about among the motley crowd, but saw no Mr. Dimidoff. Suddenly a slovenly, unshaven man passed me rapidly, and glanced first at me and then at my trunk—that wretched trunk, the cause of all my woes. He disappeared in the crowd; but in a little time came strolling past me again, and contrived to whisper as he did so, "Follow me, but at some distance," immediately setting off out of the station and down the street at a rapid pace. Here was mystery with a vengeance! I trotted along in his rear with my valise, and turning the corner found a rough droshky waiting for me. My unshaven friend opened the door, and I stepped in.

"Is Mr. Dim—" I was beginning.  
"Hush!" he cried. "No names, no names; the very walls have ears. You will hear all to-night!" and with that assurance he closed the door, and, seizing the reins, we drove off at a rapid pace; so rapid, that I saw my black-eyed acquaintance of the railway-carriage gazing after us in surprise until we were out of sight.

I thought over the whole matter as we jogged along in that abominable springless conveyance.

"They say the nobles are tyrants in Russia," I mused; "but it seems to me to be the other way about, for here's this poor Mr. Dimidoff, who evidently thinks his ex-serve will rise and murder him if he raises the price of grain in the district by exporting some out of it. Fancy being obliged to have recourse to all this mystery and deception in order to sell one's own property! Why, it's worse than an Irish landlord. It is monstrous! Well, he doesn't seem to live in a very aristocratic quarter either," I soliloquised, as I gazed out at the narrow crooked streets and the unkempt dirty Muscovites whom we passed. "I wish Gregory or some one was with me, for it's a cut-throat looking shop! By Jove, he's pulling up; we must be there!"

We were there, to all appearance; for the droshky stopped, and my driver's shaggy head appeared through the aperture.

"It is here, most honoured master," he said, as he helped me to alight.

"Is Mr. Dim—" I commenced; but he interrupted me again.

"Anything but names," he whispered; "anything but that. You are too used to a land that is free. Caution, O sacred one!" and he ushered me down a stone-flagged passage, and up a stair at the end of it. "Sit for a few minutes in this room," he said, opening a door, "and a repast will be served for you;" and with that he left me to my own reflections.

"Well," thought I, "whatever Mr. Dimidoff's house may be like, his servants are undoubtedly well trained. 'O sacred master!' and 'revere master!' I wonder what he'd call old Dickson himself, if he is so polite to the clerk! I suppose it wouldn't be the thing to smoke in this little crib; but I could do a pipe nicely. By the way, how confoundedly like a cell it looks!"

It certainly did look like a cell. The door was an iron one, and enormously strong, while the single window was closely barred. The floor was of wood, and sounded hollow and insecure as I strode across it. Both floor and walls were thickly splashed with coffee or some other dark liquid. On the whole it was far from being a place where one would be likely to become unreasonably festive.

I had hardly concluded my survey when I heard steps approaching down the corridor, and the door was opened by my old friend of the droshky. He announced that my dinner was ready, and, with many bows and apologies for leaving me in what he called the "dismissal room," he led me down the passage, and into a large and beautifully furnished apartment. A table was spread for two in the centre of it, and by the fire was standing a man very little older than myself. He turned as I came in, and stepped forward to meet me with every symptom of profound respect.

"So young and yet so honoured!" he exclaimed; and then seeming to recollect himself, he continued: "Pray sit at the head of the table. You must be fatigued by your long and arduous journey. We dine *à la carte*; but the others assemble afterwards."

"Mr. Dimidoff, I presume?" said I.

"No, sir," said he, turning his keen eyes upon me. "My name is Petrokine; you mistake me perhaps for one of the others. But now, not a word of business until the council meets. Try our *chef's* soup; you will find it excellent, I think."

Who Mr. Petrokine or the others might be I could not conceive. Land stewards of Dimidoff's, perhaps; though the name did not seem familiar to my companion. However, as he appeared to shun any business questions at present, I gave in to his humour, and we conversed on social life in England—a subject in which he displayed considerable knowledge and acuteness. His remarks, too, on Malthus and the laws of population were wonderfully good, though savouring somewhat of Radicalism.

"By the way," he remarked, as we smoked a cigar over our wine, "we should never have known you but for the English labels on your luggage; it was the luckiest thing in the world that Alexander noticed them. We had had no personal description of you; indeed we were prepared to expect a somewhat older man. You are young indeed, sir, to be intrusted with such a mission."

"My employer trusts me," I replied; "and we have learned in our trade that youth and shrewdness are not incompatible."

"Your remark is true, sir," remarked my newly-made friend; "but I am surprised to hear you call our glorious association a trade! Such a term is gross indeed to apply to a body of men banded together to supply the world with that which it is yearning for, but which, without our exertions, it can never hope to attain. A spiritual brotherhood would be a more fitting term."

"By Jove!" thought I, "how pleased the boss would be to hear him! He must have been in the business himself, whoever he is."

"Now, sir," said Mr. Petrokine, "the clock points to eight, and the council must be already sitting. Let us go up together, and I will introduce you. I need hardly say that the greatest secrecy is observed, and that your appearance is anxiously awaited."

I turned over in my mind as I followed him how I might best fulfil my mission and secure the best advantageous terms. They seemed as anxious as I was in the matter, and there appeared to be no opposition, so perhaps the best thing would be to wait and see what they would propose.

I had hardly come to this conclusion when my guide swung open a large door at the end of a passage, and I found myself in a room larger and even more gorgeously fitted up than the one in which I had dined. A long table covered with green baize and strewn with papers, ran down the middle, and round it were sitting fourteen or fifteen men conversing earnestly. The whole scene reminded me forcibly of a gambling hell I had visited some time ago.

Upon our entrance the company rose and bowed. I could not but remark that my companion attracted no attention, while every eye was turned upon me with a strange mixture of surprise and almost servile respect. A man at the head of the table, who was remarkable for the extreme pallor of his face as contrasted with his blue-black hair and moustache, waved his hand to a seat beside him, and sat down.

"I need hardly say," said Mr. Petrokine, "that Gustave Berger, the English agent, is now honouring us with his presence. He is young, indeed, Alexis," he continued to my pale-faced neighbour, "and yet he is of European reputation."

"Come, draw it mild!" thought I, adding aloud, "If you refer to me, sir, though I am indeed acting as English agent, my name is not Berger, but Robinson—Mr. Tom Robinson, at your service."

A laugh ran round the table.

"So be it, so be it," said the man they called Alexis. "I commend your discretion, most honoured sir. One cannot be too careful. Preserve your English *sobriquet* by all means. I regret that any painful duty should be performed upon this auspicious evening; but the rules of our association must be preserved at any cost to our feelings, and a dismissal is inevitable to-night."

"What the deuce is the fellow driving at?" thought I. "What is it to me if he does give his servant the sack? This Dimidoff, wherever he is, seems to keep a private lunatic asylum."

"Take out the gag!" The words fairly shot through me, and I started in my chair. It was Petrokine who spoke. For the first time I noticed that a burly stout man, sitting at the other end of the table, had his arms tied behind his chair and a handkerchief round his mouth. A horrible suspicion began to creep into my heart.

Where was I! Was I in Mr. Dimidoff's? Who were these men with their strange words?

"Take out the gag!" repeated Petrokine; and the handkerchief was removed.

"Now, Paul Ivanovitch," said he, "what have you to say before you go?"

"Not a dismissal, sir," he pleaded, "not a dismissal; anything but that! I will go into some distant land, and my mouth shall be closed for ever. I will do anything that the society asks; but pray, pray do not dismiss me."

"You know our laws, and you know your crime," said Alexis, in a cold harsh voice.

"Who drove us from Odessa by his false tongue and his double face? Who wrote the anonymous letter to the Governor? Who cut the wire that would have destroyed the arch-tyrant? You did, Paul Ivanovitch; and you must die."

I leaned back in my chair and fairly gasped.

"Remove him!" said Petrokine; and the man of the droshky with two others forced him out.

I heard the footsteps pass down the passage, and then a door open and shut. Then came a sound as of a struggle, ended by a heavy crunching blow and a dull thud.

"So perish all who are false to their oath," said Alexis solemnly; and a hoarse "Amen" went up from his companions.

"Death alone can dismiss us from our order," said another man further down; "but Mr. Berg—Mr. Robinson is pale. The scene has been too much for him after his long journey from England."

"O Tom, Tom," thought I, "if ever you get out of this scrape you'll turn over a new leaf. You're not fit to die, and that's a fact." It was only too evident to me now that by some strange misconception I had got in among a gang of cold-blooded Nihilists, who mistook me for one of their order. I felt, after what I had witnessed, that my only chance of life was to try to play the *éclaire* thus forced upon me until an opportunity for escape should present itself; so I tried hard to regain my air of self-possession, which had been so rudely shaken.

"I am indeed fatigued," I replied, "but I feel stronger now. Excuse my momentary weakness."

"It was but natural," said a man with a thick beard at my right hand. "And now, most honoured sir, how goes the cause in England?"

"Remarkably well," I answered.

"Has the great commissioner condescended to send a missive to the Solteff branch?" asked Petrokine.

"Nothing in writing," I replied.

"But he has spoken of it?"

"Yes; he said he had watched it with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction," I returned.

"'Tis well! 'tis well!" ran round the table.

I felt giddy and sick from the critical nature of my position. Any moment a question might be asked which would show me in my true colours. I rose and helped myself from a decanter of brandy which stood on a side table. The potent liquor flew to my excited brain, and as I sat down I felt reckless enough to be half amused at my position, and inclined to play with my tormentors. I still, however, had all my wits about me.

"You have been to Birmingham?" asked the man with the beard.

"Many times," said I.

"Then you have of course seen the private workshop and arsenal?"

"I have been over them both more than once."

"It is still, I suppose, entirely unsuspected by the police?" continued my interrogator.

"Entirely," I replied.

"Can you tell us how it is that so large a concern is kept so completely secret?"

Here was a poser, but my native impudence and the brandy seemed to come to my aid.

"That is information," I replied, "which I do not feel justified in divulging even here. In withholding it I am acting under the direction of the chief commissioner."

"You are right—perfectly right," said my original friend Petrokine. "You will no doubt make your report to the central office at Moscow before entering into such details."

"Exactly so," I replied, only too happy to get a lift out of my difficulty.

"We have heard," said Alexis, "that you were sent to inspect the Livadia. Can you give us any particulars about it?"

"Anything you ask I will endeavour to answer," I replied, in desperation.

"Have any orders been made in Birmingham concerning it?"

"None when I left England."

"Well, well, there's plenty of time yet," said the man with the beard—"many months. Will the bottom be of wood or iron?"

"Of wood," I answered at random.

"'Tis well!" said another voice. "And what is the breadth of the Clyde below Greenock?"

"It varies much," I replied; "on an average about eighty yards."

"How many men does she carry?" asked an anemic-looking youth at the foot of the table, who seemed more fit for a public school than this den of murder.

"About three hundred," said I.

"A floating coffin!" said the young Nihilist, in a sepulchral voice.

"Are the store-rooms on a level with or underneath the state cabins?" asked Petrokine.

"Underneath," said I decisively, though I need hardly say I had not the smallest conception.

"And now, most honoured sir," said Alexis, "tell us what was the reply of Bauer the German Socialist to Ravinsky's proclamation."

Here was a deadlock with a vengeance. Whether my cunning would have extricated me from it or not was never decided, for Providence hurried me from one dilemma into another and a worse one.

A door slammed downstairs, and rapid footsteps were heard approaching. Then came a loud tap outside, followed by two smaller ones.

"The sign of the society!" said Petrokine; "and yet we are all present; who can it be?"

The door was thrown open, and a man entered, dusty and travel-stained, but with an air of authority and power stamped on every feature of his harsh but expressive face. He glanced round the table, scanning each countenance carefully. There was a start of surprise in the room. He was evidently a stranger to them all.

"What means this intrusion, sir?" said my friend with the beard.

"Intrusion!" said the stranger. "I was given to understand that I was expected, and had looked forward to a warmer welcome from my fellow-associates. I am personally unknown to you, gentlemen, but I am proud to think that my name should command some respect among you. I am Gustave Berger, the agent from England, bearing letters from the chief commissioner to his well-beloved brothers of Solteff."

One of their own bombs could hardly have created greater surprise had it been fired in the midst of them. Every eye was fixed alternately on me and upon the newly-arrived agent.

"If you are indeed Gustave Berger," said Petrokine, "who is this?"

"That I am Gustave Berger these credentials will show," said the stranger, as he threw a packet upon the table. "Who that man may be I know not; but if he has intruded himself upon the lodge under false pretences, it is clear that he must never carry out of the room what he has learned. Speak, sir," he added, addressing me; "who and what are you?"

I felt that my time had come. My revolver was in my hip-pocket; but what was that against so many desperate men? I grasped the butt of it, however, as a drowning man clings to a straw, and I tried to preserve my coolness as I glanced round at the cold vindictive faces turned towards me.

"Gentlemen," I said, "the rôle I have played to-night has been a purely involuntary one on my part. I am no police spy, as you seem to suspect, nor, on the other hand, have I the honour to be a member of your association. I am an inoffensive corn-dealer, who, by an extraordinary mistake, has been forced into this unpleasant and awkward position."

I paused for a moment. Was it my fancy that there was a peculiar noise in the street—a noise as of many feet treading softly? No, it had died away; it was but the throbbing of my own heart.

"I need hardly say," I continued, "that anything I may have heard to-night will be safe in my keeping. I pledge my solemn honour as a gentleman that not one word of it shall transpire through me."

The senses of men in great physical danger become strangely acute, or their imagination plays them curious tricks. My back was towards the door as I sat, but I could have sworn that I heard heavy breathing behind it. Was it the three minions whom I had seen before in the performance of their hateful functions, and who, like vultures, had sniffed another victim? I looked round the table. Still the same hard cruel faces. Not one glance of sympathy. I cocked the revolver in my pocket.

There was a painful silence, which was broken by the harsh grating voice of Petrokine.

"Promises are easily made and easily broken," he said. "There is but one way of securing eternal silence. It is our lives or yours. Let the highest among us speak."

"You are right, sir," said the English agent; "there is but one course open. He must be dismissed."

I knew what that meant in their confounded jargon, and sprang to my feet.

"By Heaven," I shouted, putting my back against the door, "you sha'n't murder a free Englishman like a sheep! The first among you who stirs, drops!"

A man sprang at me. I saw along the sights of my Derringer the gleam of a knife and the demoniacal face of Gustave Berger. Then I pulled the trigger, and, with his hoarse scream sounding in my ears, I was felled to the ground by a crashing blow from behind. Half unconscious and pressed down by some heavy weight, I heard the noise of shouts and blows above me, and then I fainted away.

When I came to myself I was lying among the debris of the door, which had been beaten in on the top of me. Opposite were a dozen of the men who had lately sat in judgment upon me, tied two and two, and guarded by a score of Russian soldiers. Beside me was the corpse of the ill-fated English agent, the whole face blown in by the force of the explosion. Alexis and Petrokine were both lying on the floor like myself, bleeding profusely.

"Well, young fellow, you've had a narrow escape," said a hearty voice in my ear.

I looked up, and recognized my black-eyed acquaintance of the railway carriage.

"Stand up," he continued; "you're only a bit stunned; no bones broken. It's no wonder I mistook you for the Nihilist agent, when the

very lodge itself was taken in. Well, you're the only stranger who ever came out of this den alive. Come down stairs with me. I know who you are, and what you are after now; I'll take you to Mr. Dimidoff. Nay, don't go in there," he cried, as I walked towards the door of the cell into which I had been originally ushered. "Keep out of that; you've seen evil sights enough for one day. Come down and have a glass of liquor."

He explained as we walked back to the hotel that the police of Solteff, of which he was the chief, had had warning and been on the look-out during some time for this Nihilistic emissary. My arrival in so unfrequented a place, coupled with my air of secrecy and the English labels on that confounded portmanteau of Gregory's, had completed the business.

I have little more to tell. My socialistic acquaintances were all either transported to Siberia or executed. My mission was performed to the satisfaction of my employers. My conduct during the whole business has won me promotion, and my prospects for life have been improved since that horrible night the remembrance of which still makes me shiver.

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Two English ventriloquists are now attracting large houses to the Folies-Bergères. Their performance is really worth seeing.

PARIS is full of people who have each some splendid scheme, the bare realization of which would make their fortunes sure. They lack but one thing—just sufficient cash to launch the undertaking, a sum usually ranging between one hundred thousand and ten million francs. One of these concoctors accosted a friend of ours recently on the boulevards, and button-holed him a full hour in the hope of bringing him over to some wonderful enterprise he had just planned. When the man had done speaking, our friend asked, "How much would you need to do the business?" "Seven millions," answered out John-a-Dreams, with great composure. "Well, now," replied the patient listener, "that is too much money for me you know, but as I would not have you lose so much time on my account, here are seven francs." They were at once pocketed.

It is said that Wachtel, the famous Vienna tenor was in early youth a postillion, and that his fine voice was remarked by some manager who sat in the chase he was driving. From the postillion of a diligence he became the *Postillion de Longjumeau*. . . . Sellier, the tenor who so excellently interprets Manon in the *Tribute de Zamora*, began life as humbly as did Wachtel. He was a *garçon* in a wine shop, and, instead of "floods of melody," poured forth adulterated wine to white-bloused workmen. One day, while about his business, in the Rue Drouot, he was espied by a well-known *démimondaine*. Her salon was opened to him and his fortune made. For, by her protection and the pen of M. Edmond About, Sellier passed rapidly from the Conservatoire to the Opera where he to-day holds so prominent a place.

#### HEARTH AND HOME.

CHEERFULNESS.—It takes a great deal of misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

A NATURAL DESIRE.—To desire the approbation, goodwill, and esteem of others is a natural and perfectly legitimate feeling, and one which largely conduces to the welfare and morality of every community. It is folly to try to banish it as a motive power, to depreciate it as being an unworthy source of action, to despise those who are influenced by it; all this is simply fighting against nature, and in every such battle defeat is certain. While men and women are woven together in the web of social relations, and dependent upon one another for their happiness, and even their very existence, so long will the desire of enjoying the esteem of one another continue to form a strong and a valuable influence in their lives.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The height of the human figure is six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is the seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance between the extremities of the fingers when the arms are extended.

A HABIT OF COMPLAINT.—There are some unhappy people who are never cheerful—who are

always under a cloud. Now, we may be born under a cloud. Now, we may be born with a melancholy temperament, but that is no reason why we should yield to it. There is a way of shuffling the burden. In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can have. One good, hearty laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent are a gun that kicks over the man who shoots it off. Then give over complaining. Take outdoor exercise, and avoid late suppers if you would have a cheerful disposition. The habit of complaint finally drops into peevishness, and people become waspish and unapproachable.

UNCHARITABLE JUDGMENTS.—Mr. Lecky says that "the great majority of uncharitable judgments in the world may be traced to a deficiency of imagination." The respectable man, surrounded by every incentive to virtue, and beset by few temptations to gross vices or crimes, does not enter into the state of mind of the drunkard or the violent man of passions, the housebreaker or the forger. He witnesses with just displeasure their actions—these he comprehends and rightly condemns—but he has no adequate idea of their real guiltiness, for he cannot stand in their place, feel their emotions, endure their temptations, realize their condition. Thus he estimates their culpability by what his own would be in committing a similar crime, and in so doing he usually does them great injustice. In the same manner the old often misjudge the young and the young misapprehend the old, the rich and the poor censure each other undeservedly, and antagonistic parties indulge in unqualified disapproval and unmerited abuse.

#### VARIETIES.

A BURIAL-PLACE OF THE CARLYLES.—In the opening years of the seventeenth century we discover Carlyles among the merchant burgesses of Dumfries, one of them figuring as Bailie William Carlyle in the municipal records; and we have only to enter such a burial-ground as that of Hoddam, on the roadside, a mile and a half to the south of Ecclefechan, to find from the grave-stones that Carlyles have for many generations been settled as farmers in the district. When we visited the place the first inscription that met our eyes was in memory of a Thomas Carlyle, who died at Eaglesfield in 1821; and near it was the memorial of a still earlier Thomas Carlyle of Sornsiyke, who died in the last century, two years before the philosopher was born. This quaint little City of the Dead, not more than thirty-five feet square, is shrouded by a thorn hedge on one hand and a strip of dark firs on the other. It was quite by accident that we lit upon it, and not without some difficulty that we discovered an entrance. Once within the enclosure, nothing outside was to be seen but a patch of blue sky overhead. There is no church near to remind you of the living—amid the old tombstones, thickly planted, you are alone with the dead. No more skilful chisel than that of the rustic mason has been employed; but when we read the inscriptions that connected the peasants sleeping beneath our feet with the most kingly Scot of our century, the spot became more impressive in its primitive simplicity than the statelyst mausoleum. Greater than the proudest lord of Torthorwald is he who sprang from the ranks of the homely farmers of Hoddam.—*W. Howie Wylie.*

GRETA GREEN has long since ceased to be an institution among us, but it has a rival at present in the United States. In the town of West Alexander, Pennsylvania, there lives a magistrate who is quite as famous for his marrying powers as was the historic blacksmith. The laws of the State of Pennsylvania do not require a marriage licence, while those of the neighbouring States of Ohio and West Virginia do. The West Alexander magistrate is in consequence in great demand, and is reputed to have married eighteen hundred couples within the last two years, and to have built a fine house with the wedding fees. His manner of procedure is simple. The couple who arrive from either of the neighbouring States can be married without leaving their carriage, or if they prefer it they can remain all night and take breakfast with him at a fixed charge for board and lodging. His regular price for an ordinary marriage is three dollars, and these terms are considered so moderate that he often has as many as five couples at a time anxiously waiting to be joined in wedlock, and all of course in a state of the most romantic alarm lest they should not be married before the invariable pursuers arrive. If, however, by any chance an offended relative of some fugitive pair does turn up at West Alexander, the marrying magistrate is quite ready for him; for his son, who is his father's constable, immediately lays the serious charge of disorderly conduct against the indignant relative, who is promptly conveyed to prison. On one occasion the incensed kinsman of a runaway bride was so violent that the constable found it impossible for his unaided strength to arrest him; but the whole town, feeling its dignity insulted, rose *en masse* and put the offender into gaol. The place is popularly known as "Hard-scrabble," because, as the magistrate is reported to have observed, "it was such a hard scrabble for the runaways to get there before the parents caught up."

GEORGE ELIOT'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.—We have already said that we live too near the

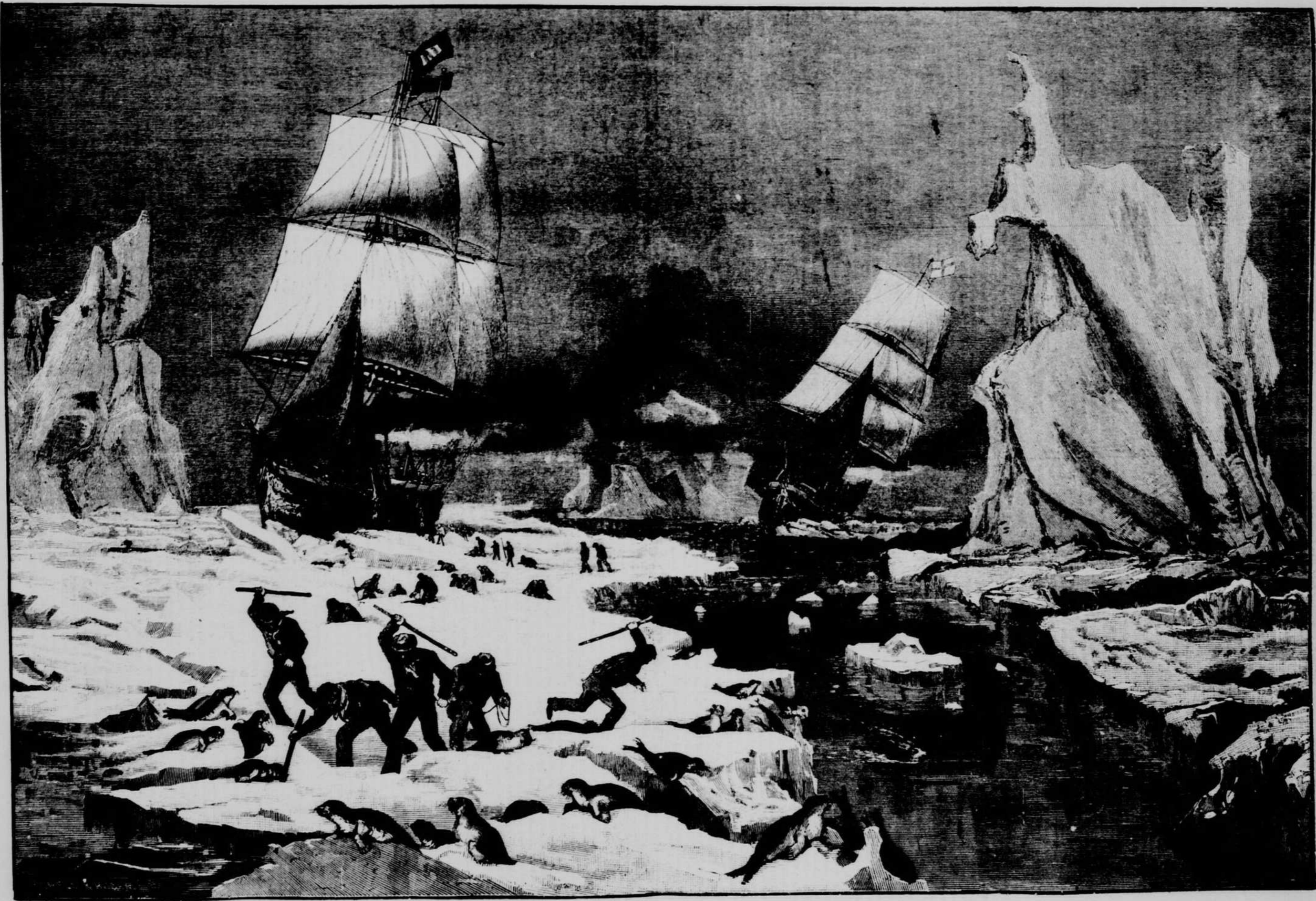
dead to gauge her place in literature. To many of us her conversation, which was better than her books, her sympathy and large heartedness, which was even more remarkable than her conversation, and our great personal affection, may have in some degree dimmed the keen edge of criticism. We do not, however, think that this is so, or that the judgment of those of her own time will be very greatly reversed. Of some mannerisms we are conscious—mannerisms which perhaps prevent her, when she speaks in her own person, from ever being considered among the great masters of language; neither was she among the very greatest of story-tellers. We can not as such place her on as high a pedestal as Sir Walter Scott. When she deals with that which was originally unfamiliar to her, as in *Romola*, the effort of preparation is somewhat too visible, the topographical and antiquarian learning too little spontaneous. In poetry, the thought was overgreat for the somewhat unfamiliar element in which it moved, and brought to the reader a certain sense of stiffness or constraint. The canvas on which she worked as suited to our age, was not the canvas of *Æschylus*, of *Dante*, or that on which *Shakespeare*, who worked in all kinds of arts, drew the figures of *Lear*, of *Lady Macbeth*, and of *Othello*. But in the description of the tragedy which underlies so much of human life, however quiet-seeming, in the subtle analysis of character in the light touch which unravels the web of complex human motives, she seems to us absolutely unrivalled in our English tongue except by him who is unrivalled in all the branches of his art, the mighty master *Shakespeare*. No; history will not reverse our judgment, and generations to come may find a pleasure in tracing the resemblances, with all their unlikeness, between her and the great dramatist, and in recognizing how thoroughly English were the minds of both. They were cradled in the same county; they were nursed by the same outward influences, the same forest of Arden—for *Shakespeare's Arden* is in reality the Warwickshire, not the French one. The same forest of Arden was round them both, the same forms of gently sloping hills and fields; and the scenes of *George Eliot's* youth reproduced in the novels may be joined, and joined easily, with the pilgrimages from afar to *Charlecote* and to *Stratford*.—*C. KEGAN PAUL, in Harper's.*

GEORGE ELIOT'S RECEPTIONS AT THE PRIORY.—It is difficult for any one admitted to the great honor of friendship with either Mrs. Lewes or *George Eliot* to speak of their home without seeming intrusive, in the same way that he would have been who, unauthorized, introduced visitors; yet something may be said to gratify a curiosity which surely is not now impertinent or ignoble. When London was full, the little drawing-room in *St. John's Wood* was now and then crowded to overflowing with those who were glad to give their best of conversation, of information, and sometimes of music, always to listen with eager attention to whatever their hostess might say, when all that she said was worth hearing. Without a trace of pedantry, she led the conversation to some great and lofty strain. Of herself and her works she never spoke; of the works and thoughts of others she spoke with reverence, and sometimes even too great tolerance. But those afternoons had the highest pleasure when London was empty or the day wet, and only a few friends were present, so that her conversation assumed a more sustained tone than was possible when the rooms were full of shifting groups. It was then that, without any premeditation, her sentences fell as fully formed, as wise, as weighty, as epigrammatic, as any to be found in her books. Always ready, but never rapid, her talk was not only good in itself, but it encouraged the same in others, since she was an excellent listener, and eager to hear. Yet interesting as seemed to her as well as those admitted to them, her afternoons in London, she was always glad to escape when summer came, either for one of the tours on the Continent in which she so delighted, or lately to the charming home she had made in Surrey. She never tired of the lovely scenery about *Witley*, and the great expanse of view obtainable from the tops of the many hills. It was on one of her drives in that neighborhood that a characteristic conversation took place between her and one of the greatest English poets, whom she met as he was taking a walk. Even that short interval enabled them to get into somewhat deep conversation on evolution; and as the poet afterwards related it to a companion on the same spot, he said, "Here was where I said 'good-by' to *George Eliot*; and as she went down the hill, I said, 'Well, good-by, you and your molecules,' and she said to me, 'I am quite content with my molecules.'" A trifling anecdote, perhaps, but to those who will read between the lines, not other than characteristic of both speakers.—*C. KEGAN PAUL, in Harper's.*

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



"ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE."—DRAWN BY B. KATZIER.



SEAL FISHING ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST.

## CALLER WATER.

BY DANIEL CARMICHAEL.

Let there sing o' sparkling wine  
 Until their throats be sair,  
 The "nectar" o' the gods divine  
 Is but a devil's snare,  
 Inspirin' fules in their mad mirth  
 To spates o' senseless chatter;  
 Na, mine's a sang o' modest birth,  
 I sing guid Caller Water.

Guid Caller Water, pure an' bricht,  
 Sent richt frae Heaven's ain doors,  
 A coo'llin' draught that keeps us richt,  
 An' free frae drunken "sores,"  
 Nae headaches after it we ha'e,  
 Enough oor wits to scatter;  
 We're clear an' bricht as dewy spray  
 After guid Caller Water.

Nae, join my sang wi' a' your micht,  
 Nor mind the senseless jibe,  
 Oo' water ye will ne'er get "richt,"  
 Though gallons ye imbibe,  
 Nor troubled be wi' doctors' bills,  
 But grow bath rich an' fatter,  
 If ye but drink the sparkling rills  
 That flow frae Caller Water.

HOW THE EMIR WAS OUTWITTED BY  
A BARD.

Allamagoozler, Emir of Bedad (may his tribe increase), was a man of such prodigious memory that he could recite the longest poem after having heard it once repeated. In his household also there was a eunuch who could repeat any poem which he had heard twice, and a female slave who could do as much if she had but heard it thrice.

The Emir, who was very fond of poetry and his sequins, then issued a proclamation announcing that contributions were respectfully invited, and that such as were accepted would be paid for at the rate of their weight in gold; but it was added that, if any poet should attempt to palm off upon the Emir plagiarisms or old compositions, not only should he receive no reward, but he should be instantly bastinadoed and paraded through the streets of Bedad on a white mule with his face toward the animal's tail.

Hundreds of poets, anxious to win the Emir's applause, visited the court of Bedad, where the Emir received them, the eunuch standing amid his attendants, and the female slave sitting behind a screen of lattice-work. When the poet had recited his ode the Emir's face would darken with indignation.

"Dog of a poet!" he would thunder, "that dost dare to enter my presence with a lie upon thy lips! The verses thou hast just recited I read many years ago,—are as familiar to me as my prayers." Then he would repeat the ode to the astonished poet, and when he had concluded he would say: "Not only is it known to me, but that eunuch yonder read it to me long ago, as his own tongue shall witness," and when the eunuch had repeated it the female slave also would be appealed to and would favour the company with a recitation.

Thereupon the Emir would sign to his black slave Mesrou, and the poet would be hustled forth and bastinadoed and paraded through the streets of Bedad on a white mule with his face towards the animal's tail, and as soon as he had recovered the use of his feet would depart to his own city in an utterly dazed condition, and prepared to admit that after all there might be something in the theory of an Unconscious Memory.

Meanwhile the poet's ode would be written in letters of gold upon illuminated vellum, and placed in the royal library, the Emir thus obtaining a priceless collection of the cream of contemporary literature at the minimum of expense.

Now, there was a poet who dwelt in a remote oasis and had followed with interest the literary movement of the time. He too declared his intention of presenting himself before the Emir. For seven years, therefore, he wrought, and produced an ode beside which the wildest writings of Carlyle, and Walt Whitman, and Stephen Pearl Andrews were even as a-b ab. The shortest word in it made two lines, and the nominatives, fainting beneath a burden of adjectives, grew gray before they found their long-lost twin verbs. Having completed his work he set forth for the court of Bedad amid the lamentations of his kindred.

When the Emir was informed of the arrival of another poet he bade the attendants summon the eunuch and female slave, select two new whips of hippopotamus hide, saddle the white mule, and admit the bard.

The poet made his obeisance to the Emir, and thus addressed him: "Commander of the Faithful, your slave has here a little thing which he threw off in five minutes last night. Your slave belongs to a new literary school, and the production which he has the honour of submitting is a sincere, though perhaps inadequate, specimen of the Poetry of the Future."

"Buk, buk! It is good, my son; proceed, in the name of the thirty-nine Imams!" replied the Emir, and the poet thus encouraged recited his ode.

As he proceeded the complacency of the Emir gave place to, in rapid succession, eager interest, astonishment, and despair, while the eunuch lamented to his neighbours that he had never studied phonography, and the female slave declared that it was hard to die so young.

At the conclusion of the recitation the Emir sighed, frowned, passed his hand across his forehead as if to collect his thoughts, and said: "My son, your verses are not without a certain merit, though it seems to me that I have read

or heard something very like them before. Let me see if I can recall them. Hem!

"Mammastodocephalic monarch—

curious I cannot remember the next line, and yet I seem to have it at my fingers'-ends. Did you ever hear that poem?" he continued, addressing the eunuch.

"Commander of the Faithful!" cried the slave, prostrating herself before the Emir, "I have a faint recollection that my grandmother once sang me to sleep with a song very like that, but, of course I could not positively say."

"And you, Fatima!" cried the Emir to the slave.

"Light of the Sun!" stammered the beautiful slave, feeling, (as she subsequently averred) that she did not know whether she was sitting on her head or her heels. "I have a vague idea that I once read something very like it in the Poet's Corner of the Bedad *Zimzem*, but my mind was so occupied with admiration of my gracious sovereign—"

"Enough!" said the Emir; "we will give the poet the benefit of the doubt. Hang up the whips, unsaddle the white mule, and let the Treasurer give the poet the weight of his manuscript in gold."

"Commander of the Faithful!" said the poet; "command that sixteen stout slaves be sent to fetch it, where it is on my insignificant camels that wait at your illustrious gate."

"Sixteen stout slaves!" gasped the Emir. "May it please your highness!" said the poet, "owing to the exactions of the wood-pulp ring, it was beyond the power of your slave to purchase paper, and, judging that an ode to so mighty a monarch should endure nearly as long as his fame, your slave carved his poem upon the fragments of an obelisk in the oasis, and thus the manuscript made a load for four stout camels."

"H'm!" said the Emir, reflectively; then waving his hand to the Royal Treasurer, he cried: "Appoint a Commission on International Copyright!"

## THEODORE THOMAS.

In considering the musicians of New York, one colossal figure stands, like Saml, head and shoulders above his brethren. England received Handel from Hanover, and to the same little kingdom America is indebted for Theodore Thomas. He holds an exceptional position in the history of music in America. He came to this country when he was ten years of age. Successively a child-violinist, member of an orchestra, one of a string quartette, leader of Italian and German opera companies, violin soloist, and conductor of his own orchestra, he has run through the whole gamut of musical practice. By many he is regarded as the "apostle" of Wagner and the new school, whose music through his instrumentality has become to us "familiar as household words." If this implies a neglect of the old masters, it does him a great injustice. A comparison of names on the programmes shows that Beethoven has been oftener presented than Wagner, and Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Mendelssohn oftener than Liszt, Brahms and Berlioz. Mr. Thomas is not wedded to any particular school; but with a strong leaning to that of Wagner, he has always kept in view the sterling and beautiful compositions of all the great masters, and has played the best orchestral music, old and new, against opposition and misrepresentation, often the result of indifference or prejudice.

In 1861 he began the formation of an orchestra that for seventeen years was the pride and boast of New York; and as soon as he felt that he could safely rely on the support of the public in an enterprise that should appeal to the cultivated taste, the famous Symphony concerts were begun, and these were artistically his greatest success. That the orchestra might remain together during the whole year, the famous Summer-night Festivals were instituted in 1866. There, with an orchestra capable of interpreting any work, Mr. Thomas did not seek to enforce a severe class of music, but gave the public dance music, marches, and selections from the popular operas, as well as compositions of a higher order. By this means the frequenters of the Terrace and Central Park gardens by degrees grew to like and ask for the better music, and trivialities were gradually dismissed. It seemed a hazardous experiment to give daily concerts in Fifty-ninth street and Sixty-third street at a time when the centre of the population was two miles down town, and when slow horse-cars were the only means of access; but distance could not keep away the great public, to whom these concerts were the Symphony and Philharmonic concerts of the select few.

When the plan was adopted of giving an entire evening to the works of one composer, the musical camp divided into numerous armies, each under the banner of its favourite composer. Every one who called himself an admirer or follower of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Wagner felt himself under obligation to be present when his favourite works were presented, and great were the crowds, and animated the discussions that ensued as to the relative attendance on the various evenings. The Wagnerites, being the younger and the more enthusiastic, thronged the garden when a Wagner night was announced; but the admirers of Beethoven and Mendelssohn would at times run them a hard race as to numbers, and would applaud quite as vigorously as the most devoted advocates of the music of the future.

In 1869, Mr. Thomas conceived the idea of

travelling during the time unoccupied in New York, and for nine years he made an annual round of the chief cities, and enabled other places to enjoy the services of his unrivalled orchestra.

Suddenly an offer came from Cincinnati to make him the director of the College of Music in that city, at a liberal salary. The terms were generous, the work congenial, and, above all, it would enable him to enjoy a comparative rest from his intense labours. Mr. Thomas felt it his duty to accept the offer, and for a short period New York lost him—not altogether, for he came periodically to the city, and, as the conductor of the Brooklyn and New York Philharmonic societies, retained his hold on the public.

Disagreements arose in the Cincinnati College, and in the spring of 1880 he resigned his position, and returned to New York.

Mr. Thomas is undoubtedly a born conductor, and no better proof of this could be given than the eagerness with which the members of his old orchestra return to his leadership at the first opportunity.—FREDERICK NAST, in *Harper's*.

## THE "BOGARDUS SURPRISE."

Representatives of the press, the Mayor, two or three clergymen and several members of the Scientific Association, took sleighs at the City Hall yesterday afternoon and drove out on Cass Avenue to witness the workings of a new invention lately brought out by John Bogardus, the same gentleman who invented the newspaper office attachment, known as the "Bogardus Kicker." It took some little time to convince the newspaper fraternity that the Kicker was just the machine which had been looked for ever since newspapers began to "X" with each other, but this invention will be sold on sight. It is called the "Bogardus Surprise," and is a very simple piece of machinery. It can be attached to any sort of sleigh or cutter in three minutes without the aid of any tool except a wrench. It is neat and compact, able to stand a very heavy strain, and is furnished at a very reasonable price. The object and workings of the invention were clearly seen within five minutes after the party was on the ground. One was attached to a cutter, the horse started off on a trot, and several children belonging to the Clay School at once rushed for the vehicle with the cry: "Here's a hitch!" A boy about 12 years old had only just caught on when the "Surprise" picked him off his roost, turned him end for end, shook him till his teeth rattled, and heaved him clear over the walk into a snowbank. It was just three minutes from the time the boy was picked up until he got breath sufficient to remark:

"Oh! you think you've done it, don't you?" The next victim was a boy with a quart of molasses in a tin pail. The machine was given an extra pressure, as the boy was strong and fat, and he was turned end for end three times and pitched over the port-quarter in just seven seconds by the Mayor's watch. The pail of molasses struck a hitching-post and was scattered a distance of eighteen paces, as paced by one of the clergymen. In two minutes from the time he was seized, the fat boy arose to his feet with the remark:

"I guess I'd better walk the rest of the way home!"

In the course of an hour the "Surprise" was worked on fifteen different boys, none of whom will ever "hitch on" again as long as he lives. Total surprise and utter annihilation were complete in every instance, and yet no victim received a fatal injury.

Orders for fifty were given the inventor on the spot. The Mayor said of it:

"It is simply immense. I shall now drive from sunrise to sunset."

One of the *seconds* passed his cigar-case around and remarked:

"It will be of more value to the world at large than a \$100,000 telescope.—*Detroit Press*.

## A TEXAN VIRGINIUS.

A Dallas (Texas) letter says:—"A tragic death has just occurred in our neighbouring County of Hill, worth relating and worthy of Virginia or any other Roman father. One year ago George Arnold came to Dallas on private business and while walking the streets was bitten by a worthless cur which was frothing at the mouth and showing other symptoms of hydrophobia. Mr. Arnold became alarmed, and very much excited when convinced in his own mind the dog was mad. He went to a physician and had the wound severely cauterized. Then, going home, he was still very uneasy and dreaded hydrophobia so much that he hunted up a mad-stone and had it applied for several weeks, off and on. He took every other precaution that was suggested, resting all the time under a mortal dread that the virus had gone into his system and would sooner or later kill him. He had a wife and several small children living on a rather isolated farm, and the thought that he might suddenly lose his reason and harm his little babes horrified him. The other day he began to experience strange feelings, and at once concluded his time had come. He then procured a twelve foot trace chain and strong lock; and went to the woods. After writing his wife a calm letter, in which he told what was about to happen, giving directions as to his wishes after death, and pouring out a volume of love for her and the children, he ran the chain around a tree, drew

it through the large ring at the end and then wound the other end around his ankle so tight that it would not slip the foot, locked it with the lock and threw the key far beyond his reach. The body was found two days after still chained to the tree. There was all the evidence necessary to show the horrible death from hydrophobia. The ground was torn up to the full length of the chain, the nails of the fingers wrenched off and all his front teeth out in scratching and biting the tree, and every thread of clothing off his body. The body was dreadfully lacerated with these, the only weapons that the madman could use. He had judged rightly what would have been the consequence had he remained at home, and knowing that there was no human skill that could have cured him, preferred death alone, and in that way, to doing harm to those so near and dear to him as wife and children. Arnold was originally from Talladega, Ala., where he married, and where his widow has many friends and relatives.—*Louisville Journal*.

## MISCELLANY.

NOT even in London has dramatic criticism been reduced to one of the exact sciences. The London *Telegraph* says of Mr. John McCullough's acting in *Virginia*, that "he is Roman from his head to his sandals," massive in mould, and full of nobility and grandeur. The *News*, *per contra*, remarks that the actor is not of very commanding presence, nor does his countenance strike the beholder as set in the tragic mould. The *News* adds that he possesses an excellent voice, giving distinct effect to all his utterances; the *Telegraph* records that his voice was lost at the back of the stage, except at brief intervals.

LORD BEAONSFIELD left all his property, land, money, etc., to his nephew, Coningsby Disraeli, son of his brother Ralph, saying, "The boy has the making of a man in him, and I will see that he has the chance." The heir is a boy of fourteen, attending school at Godalming, and has a strong Hebrew face. The amount of the bequest is given as \$1,000,000, but this must be an exaggeration, as the Hughenden estate's rent-roll is less than \$7,500 a year, and Lord Beaonsfield admitted his moderate circumstances by taking his Ministerial pension of \$10,000 a year when out of office. A London correspondent telegraphs concerning this:—"By the way, the memoranda of which Lord Beaonsfield spoke during his illness have not yet been found. It is supposed that they contained instructions for the payment of small legacies to old servants and retainers at Hughenden Manor House, but there is no proof that he ever drew them out, or if he did, he probably destroyed them. Lord Beaonsfield's ruling passion was to found a family bearing the name of Disraeli, and to that end he devoted all his money, leaving not a penny to reward faithful service in any quarter. Even Baun, his favourite valet, who served him for a generation and waited on him night and day during his illness with singular devotion, is unprovided for."

FOR LOVE OF ART.—The tenor Duchesne was the hero of an interesting incident during the fighting at Châteaudun, in the Franco-Prussian war. It was ten at night, and the Paris Franc-tireurs, who had been fighting all day against odds of twenty to one, were retreating. The Prussians were masters of the town, which was lighted up by the burning houses. Eleven wounded Franc-tireurs had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and were in danger of being executed. Among them was Duchesne, the lyric artist. They were all searched, and their papers examined carefully by a Prussian Captain, who, in looking through Duchesne's portfolio, came across a paper containing the names of a number of operas. "What is this?" he asked. "It is the list of operas I sing." Among others was the name of Weber's great work. "Ah," returned the captain, who was a musician, "you are an opera singer, and have sung in *Der Freischütz*? Where was that?" "In Paris, at the Théâtre Lyrique." "Then I must have heard you; you sang with one of our countrywomen, Mademoiselle Schroeder, did you not?" "That is so." The captain appeared to reflect; he drew Duchesne aside, and then, while passing through a dark alley, said, "Run for your life!" Duchesne did not wait to be told a second time; although wounded, he was not disabled, and succeeded in escaping from the town during the night.

UNSPEAKABLE TORTURES are experienced by the neuralgic, and these beset them upon the slightest occasion, particularly when they catch a trifling cold. Until the attack passes off they are racked with pain and rendered sleepless and miserable. Their sufferings are, however, altogether unnecessary, for that pain-soothing specific, Thomas' Electric Oil subdues the inflammation and tranquilizes the tortured nerves in an inconceivably short space of time. This inexpensive, economic and effective preparation, which, unlike other oils, loses nothing by evaporation when applied outwardly, is also taken inwardly as a medicine. Used in both ways, it is a superlative fine remedy for rheumatism, lameness, kidney troubles, piles, coughs, colds, bruises, burns, scalds, corns and other physical ailments. Elderly people who suffer from sore or weak backs, should by all means use it. Sold by all medicines dealers. Prepared only by NORTROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

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Brilliant with life thro' all thy broad expanse;
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Oh, wonderful sort of great France!

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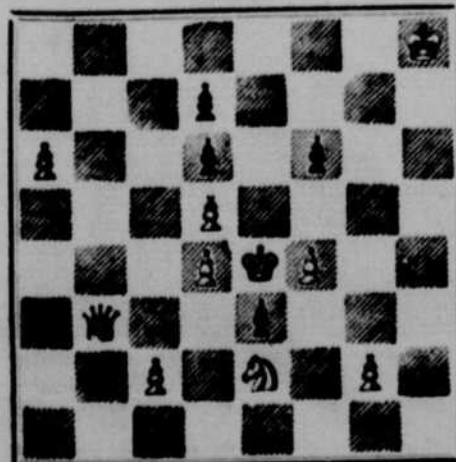
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers and letter to hand.
Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem
No. 316.

From the Chess Column of the St. Louis Globe Democrat
we learn that the match between Capt. Mackenzie
and Mr. Judd has been brought to a close; the thirteenth
and last game having been fought on the night of the
30th ult. The match ended in favour of the
Captain, the score standing: Mackenzie, 7; Judd, 5; drawn,
1. Knowing the interest felt in the match by chess-
players generally, we have inserted in our Column the
scores of the games as they reached us, and will continue
to do so till they have all appeared. The above
result of this trial of skill between two of the best players
of the day, will, we feel convinced, be satisfactory to
themselves and also to their friends on either side. The
Captain has shown his ability to maintain the proud
position he holds as Champion of America, and Mr.
Judd can still look forward to a future time when he may
again enter the lists with his formidable opponent. Both
players have lost nothing of their past standing by their
recent encounter.

Four years ago there appeared in the Westminster
Papers a portrait of a "Distinguished Amateur," whose
earnest attention seemed to be fixed on some object be-
fore him, which we were led to conclude was an inter-
esting position in a game of chess. Such, indeed, was
the case, and the individual represented was Mr. James
Aytoun, who was stated to be a keen politician, a grace-
ful writer, an excellent chessplayer, and a still better
spectator. We are sorry to say his name can no longer
be numbered among the amateurs of distinction frequent-
ing the great clubs of the metropolis at the present time.
He died on the 5th ult., at the age of 85 years. Our
space will not allow us to give the very pleasing account
of this veteran chessplayer, which appeared in a recent
number of the Dramatic News, but we may state that
his name is associated with those of most of the great
players of the last fifty years, that he was an intimate
friend of M. Grévy, the President of the French Republic
(himself a devoted chess player), and that he was a
great favourite with a large number of the chess mag-
nates of the day.
We find, also, that among some of his chess peculiarities
there were two of rare occurrence as characteristics of
modern players, the one was a determination to enforce
silence on the part of himself and antagonist in any game
he was playing; and the other, a like disposition to
prevent any remarks on the same by onlookers. We can
understand now what was meant by his being, not only
a good player, but, also, a good spectator.

PROBLEM No. 328
By Conrad Bayer.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 455TH.
THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.

(From the Globe-Democrat.)
Eighth game in the match between Messrs. Judd and
Mackenzie.

(Scotch Gambit.)
White.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) Black.—(Mr. Judd.)
1. P to Q 4 1. P to K B 4
2. P to K Kt 3 (a) 2. P to K 3
3. B to K Kt 2 3. P to Q B 3
4. P to Q B 4 4. Kt to K B 3
5. Kt to Q B 3 5. P to Q 4
6. P to Q Kt 3 6. B to Q Kt 5
7. B to Q Kt 2 7. Kt to K 6
8. B takes Kt 8. B P takes B
9. P to K 3 (b) 9. Castles
10. K Kt to K 2 10. Kt to Q 2
11. Castles 11. R to K B 6
12. K to Kt 2 12. P to K Kt 4
13. K Kt to Kt 13. P to K Kt 5 (c)
14. Q Kt to K 2 14. Kt to K B
15. Kt to K B 4 15. Kt to K Kt 3
16. Kt takes Kt 16. P takes Kt
17. P to K R 3 (d) 17. P takes P (eh)
18. K to R 2 18. R to K B 2
19. P to K B 4 (e) 19. R to K R 2
20. R to Q B 20. Q to K B 3
21. R to Q B 2 21. B to Q 3
22. K to R 22. B to Q 2
23. R to K R 2 23. K to Kt 2
24. R takes K R P 24. Q R to K R
25. K to Kt 2 25. B to K 2
26. R takes R (eh) 26. R takes R
27. Kt to K R 3 27. K to Kt
28. Kt to K B 2 28. Q to K R
29. R to K R 29. R takes R
30. Kt takes Kt 30. Q to K R 4
31. Kt to B 2 31. K to B 2
32. P to K Kt 4 32. Q to K R 5
33. P to K Kt 5 33. B to Q 3
34. B to Q B 3 34. K to B
35. B to K 35. Q to K R 2
36. P to Q Kt 4 36. P to Q R 3
37. P to Q R 4 37. K to K 2
38. Q to K 2 38. K to Q 2
39. P to Q B 5 (f) 39. B to Q B 2
40. K to Kt 3 40. K to K 2
41. B to Q B 3 41. K to K B
42. Q to Q 42. K to K 2
43. K to Kt 2 43. K to K B
44. K to B 44. K to K 2
45. K to K 45. Q to K R 7
46. Q to K 2 46. Q to Kt 8 (oh)
47. K to Q 2 47. Q to K Kt 7
48. K to Q 48. K to B
49. B to K 49. K to K 2
50. B to Q B 3 50. K to B
51. B to Q Kt 2 51. K to K 2
52. B to Q R 3 (g) 52. K to Q 2
53. K to Q 2 53. K to K
54. Kt to K Kt 4 54. Q takes Q (ah)
55. K takes Q 55. K to B 2
56. Kt to B 6 56. B to K
57. K to B 2 57. B to Q
58. Kt to Kt 4 58. B to B 2
59. K to Kt 2 60. B to K
60. Kt to B 61. B to Q
61. B to Kt 2 62. B to B 2
62. Kt to Kt 4 63. K to Kt 2
63. B to B 3
And the game was finally given up as drawn.

NOTES.

- (a) Mr. Steinitz, we believe, looks upon this as the
best reply to Black's last move.
(b) P to K B 3 is a much stronger combination.
(c) Mr. Judd thought afterwards that he would have
now done better in taking Q Kt with B
(d) Taking the Rook would leave the White King in a
very cramped situation.
(e) Q to K Kt 4 was decidedly preferable.
(f) White would have improved his chance of winning
by now playing P to Q Kt 5.
(g) Having in view the advance of Pawn to Q Kt 5.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 326.
1. B to Q 4 1. Anything.
2. Mate accordingly.
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 324.
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K B 3 1. K to K R 3
2. R mates
PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 325.
White. Black.
K at K B 3 K at Q 4
R at Q B 6 Pawns at K B 3 and 5.
Kt at Q 4 Q B 5, and Q Kt 6
Pawns at K B 5
Q B 3 and Q Kt 2
White to play and mate in three moves.

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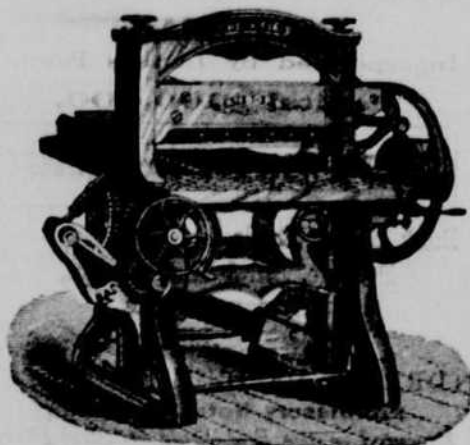
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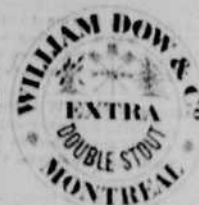


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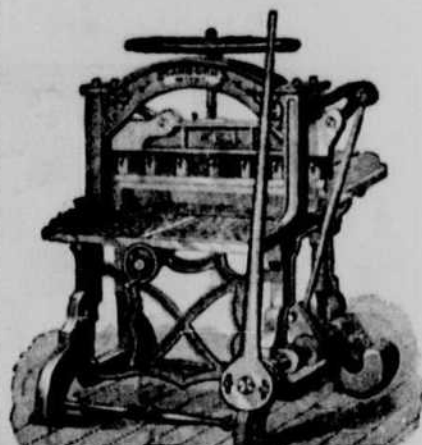
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