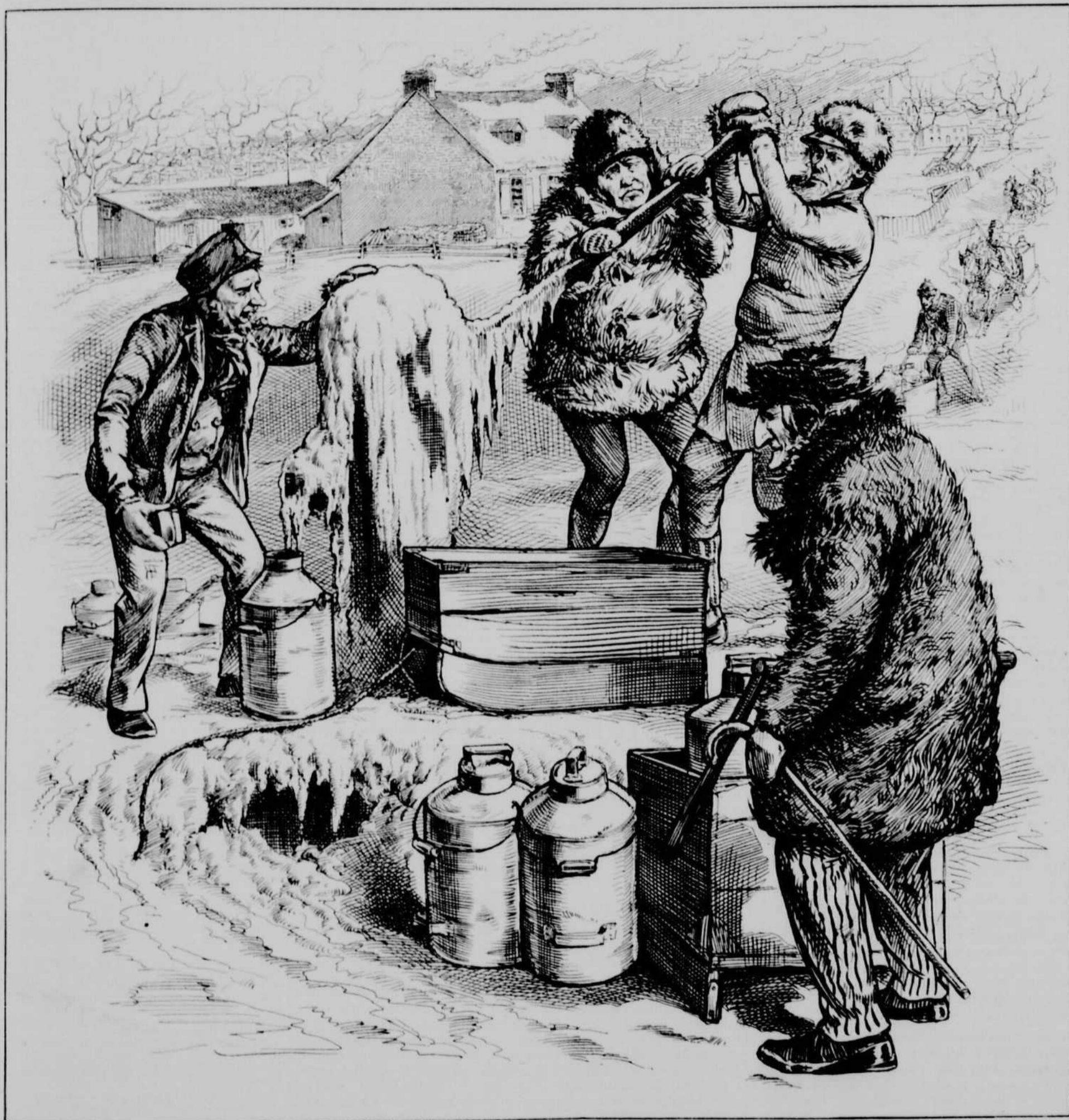


# WORLD AND Illustrated News

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## AN UNFORESEEN CALAMITY.

CHORUS OF MILKMEN.—Whatever are we to do for milk this morning! There's that beastly pump froze again!

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

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

NOTICE.

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (Jan. 29th, 1882) and corresponding week (1881), with sub-columns for Max, Min, and Mean temperatures.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

It is an old story, but one it seems that must be repeated until it is taken to heart, that no newspaper can possibly continue long without prompt remittances on the part of its subscribers. We have every week to meet large expenses incident upon the publication of an illustrated paper, and we need large sums of money for this purpose, for which we not unnaturally look to those who owe us money.

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

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 4th, 1882.

THE GUITEAU TRIAL.

At last the dreary farce which was the afterpiece to the tragedy of the murdered President—or rather but the prelude to its legitimate conclusion—has come to an end. An appeal is to be made to reverse the decision of the court on the technical question of jurisdiction, but the main issue has been decided and the law we may believe will not interfere further than, it may be, in delay of sentence. The prompt decision of the jury has been a surprise to many. While the world outside were calculating with breathless interest upon the effect of counsels' speeches and the disgusting antics of the prisoner upon the jury, the twelve men on whom the decision ultimately rested were influenced by little but the main facts of the case fully proved and amply sustained. After a most impartial trial, so impartial indeed as to bring a large share of ridicule upon its conductors—a trial, hitherto unheard of, in which the accused bullied, and laughed at, by turns, judge, jury, counsel and spectators—half an hour sufficed to prove how useless had been the despairing efforts of the assassin-jester.

We are not disposed to blame GUITEAU for the part he has played during these last days. That he deliberately set himself to play the part of a lunatic, as he conceived it, we have never for a moment doubted. That he failed utterly to sustain the true character, and that his inordinate conceit and vulgar egotism led him on from one extravagance to another, in the course of which the original object was almost forgotten, is but what we should expect from the history and character of the man all through. Neither was he altogether unsuccessful. Time at least he has gained, and when a man jests with the rope about his neck, every day, every hour is precious. GUITEAU but played a hard game for a big stake, and now that he has failed, we may at least be lenient in criticizing his moves.

The trial has been, as we have said, a farce which could have been played in no other country in a court of justice. None the less for that it is hard to see how in a court constituted as those of the United States are, any other conduct of it was possible. It has been long since understood that to gag GUITEAU would have been to open a way to an application for a new trial, which the court in banco would have been unable to refuse, and upon which the murderer would have had even more freedom than at the first. All has been subordinated to the main object of getting justice done, and done in a way to which no objection could be taken. And if men point to the GUITEAU trial as one of the most disgusting travesties of criminal procedure ever given to the world, at least no man will be able to point to it as a picture of a criminal, even of the most degraded type, hurried to his grave without every opportunity given him to prove his innocence or irresponsibility.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

It has long been the reproach of our brethren of the press in England against Cis-Atlantic journalism, that everything is sacrificed to sensation. News, comment, telegraphic despatch, all must be headed by exciting black-line announcements, the promise of which happily is unfulfilled in many cases in the text.

The many drawbacks of this plan are almost self-evident. When we read at the head of a column "The avenger at hand. The war whoop of the red man is heard in our midst," we are apt to barricade our front door and take our dinner in the coal cellar, in the anticipation of being presently scalped and roasted over a slow fire by the avenging hordes of the dusky foe. It is very little consolation to

us, when our nerves have been thus rudely shaken, to learn, when we are sufficiently composed to read the horrid details, that the heading in question was the reporter's poetical way of describing a row between a couple of half-breeds in a down town saloon. Such however is life, and journalism.

However, it is not only in head lines unfortunately, that sensation holds sway in our daily press, though this is one noticeable feature of it. Items of barely digested news are seized upon without any effort to ascertain how far they are or are not reliable, and made the text of thrilling paragraphs and paralyzing editorial comments. It was well said by a French paragraphist of this kidney that he preferred a false item to a true one because it gave him a second paragraph by way of contradiction.

We have had a somewhat striking instance of this evil, as it exists in our daily papers, in the recent *émouvé* aroused by the discovery of the somewhat novel mode of punishment adopted by the matron of the Hervey Institute. We are not prepared by any means to endorse Mrs. GREIG's conduct—although so far as the direct evidence goes she would seem to have been guilty, rather, of an error of judgment than of any intentional cruelty. The whole matter is now however, where it should have been in the first instance, in the hands of a properly appointed investigating committee, whose report, unless we are much mistaken, will differ materially from the sensational descriptions to which we have been treated *ad nauseam* during the past two weeks.

The extreme unfairness of violent newspaper attacks on the character of an accused person before the other side of the case has been heard, has been pointed out a hundred times. It is opposed to every principle of our law, which insists that the accused should have the opportunity of confronting his or her accusers and opposing testimony to theirs. In the present case we do not hesitate to say that an impression was given to the public by the first articles which appeared in the *Star*, which was entirely inconsistent with the evidence which was produced on the inquiry. This was of course in no sense intentional, but was the necessary result of a craving for sensation, which led to the publication of half the case in the most attractive form to the horror-loving public.

The cry was taken up by nearly all the *dailies*, and the head line fiend had his share in increasing the excitement. What for example is one to say of this heading at the opening of the investigation, and that too in a journal usually of the soberest cast:—

"The Horrors of Hervey—The little inmates blistered by day, and incarcerated in the cellar by night."

Now it is only just and right to say that this heading did not in any way represent the general tone of the evidence given on the trial. Any more than if we were to head a column:—

"The awful condition of Montreal—Its citizens hanged by day and burnt to death by night"

would it be any accurate description of our city at this moment, though hangings do occur as a rule in the day time, and people have been burnt to death quite recently during the night.

As we have said, we propose, so far as comment on the main issue is concerned to leave the matter in the hands of the investigating committee. We should be sorry our-selves, to endeavour to prejudice the public mind against the vilest criminal, or deny him that chance of fair play which the law allows him. Has there not been a little difference, think you, between the treatment of GUITEAU and Mrs. GREIG—the one an acknowledged assassin, swindler, blasphemer—the other accused of cruelty in the discharge of a most difficult task.

THERE is great indignation in Madrid over Senor Sagasta's appointment of General Castillo to the post of Captain-General of Madrid.

CONGENIAL PEOPLE.

BY NED F. MAH.

As one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so it is by several touches of a common nature that congenial people are made specially akin to us. Sometimes the bond is that of a common calling, a kindred yearning, ambition, aspiration, pursuit—oftener perhaps the subtle sympathy of a common weakness. Yet, sometimes where the views on many vital subjects may be widely different, an indescribable, indefinable congeniality exists. We know it at once. We see it in their faces, we take their hands with the grasp of an old friend, we converse as if we had known each other for years. And the tie thus formed can never absolutely become obliterated. Years may intervene, oceans may roll between us, the vicissitudes of life, elevating the one on a pinnacle of fame and fortune, flinging down the other into the quagmire of adversity or degradation may separate us—the greed of gain, the exactions of social distinction, a selfish ambition, the whirling torrent of some engrossing pursuit may engulf us—but there, buried, rusted over, hampered out, forgotten, willfully ignored though it be, still in the depths of our secret soul the old sympathy is harbored yet.

Probably mere congeniality rarely if ever ripens into love. You see its nature is something altogether distinct from love. Coolness on one side is necessary for the creation of a grand passion. In love one merely tenders the cheek, the other bestows the kiss. But here the attraction is more equally balanced and the result is a more or less complete knitting of the souls in friendship—yet, be the bond more or less compelling, so it must remain until the end. Passion may flare up suddenly with a great scorching flame and then flicker and die out; but here, where the attraction was conceived in cold blood, it must ever remain of equal power. We do not say that sometimes—and this is especially the case where the congeniality consists in a common weakness possessed by one in a greater degree than by the other—that the judgment and the will do not rise up and endeavor to root it out, and strive to ignore its existence as unworthy, but the effort will meet with no real, lasting, absolute success, for the congeniality has its root in nature and so old Horace says with quite as much truth as poetry:—"Expel Nature with a fork and she will return."

And when the congeniality has existed between individuals of different sexes how often has the carping of evil tongues, the comments of the world, the intricacies of relationships, the due observance of "his comensances" rendered a surcease of the intimacy it engendered imperative. The self denial thus necessitated is among the bitterest trials of existence. You see it is seldom permitted to women, unless they occupy some position placing them above the reach of ordinary gossip, in which they can afford to trample underfoot the petty malignities of the Dorcas party or the tea table, to indulge with impunity these platonic intimacies. The great authoress, the renowned actress, the famed musician, to these the world permits a license in the choice of companions which it denies to the ordinary matron in her household existence, nor will allow to pass unpunished in the young unmarried girl be her conduct never so modest and correct. And thus, many a sweet, harmless, brother and sister intimacy has doubtless been rendered impracticable.

How many really congenial people do we meet in a lifetime! Can we not reckon them on the fingers of our two hands! And of these how many remain to us! Some have died perhaps, others are afar off, for it would seem that a cruel fate found a special delight in severing us from those best fitted to be our companions.

Let us not be lazy then, when we are fortunate enough to have met really congenial people, in keeping up the friendship, but grapple them to our soul with hooks of steel. There is nothing which may make existence a more dreary blank than the neglect of this during a busy period of life, and to find, when leisure returns to us and the necessity of exertion is no more, that our friends have drifted out of our knowledge, and we are left alone when most longing for their society and their sympathy.

HUMOROUS.

OSCAR's favourite song is understood to be "Lily Dale."

RAILWAY Edition of "Lock on the Under-standing."—The Permissive Block.—Punch.

DR. HOLLAND wrote, "There's a song in the air." Investigation would have shown him that the air was in the song.

It may be right occasionally to take a bull by the horns, but it is always well to keep in mind that the horns belong to the bull.

MRS. SMITH: "Oh, this fog! Hasn't it been terrible! We were obliged to have gas for dinner yesterday." Young hopeful: "Oh, ma, I'm sure we didn't; we had boiled beef!"—Fuss.

No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He has come out in his last season's overcoat; and oh, ma, if it only matched my new dress I wouldn't care so much; but it doesn't, and we have parted."

It is a kind of disgusting to a clergyman, after he has pointed to the situation of a condemned murderer as a warning against crime, to have the deacon rise up and say: "The man was pardoned yesterday."—Boston Post.

THE Lord Lieutenant of Ireland will not allow the freedom of the City of Dublin to be presented to Parnell and Dillon, even within the jail.

**TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.**

O winter twilight while the moon  
Grows whiter on the deepening blue,  
I find some brief-lived thoughts in you,  
That rise not in the night or noon.

Of faded loves, that once were sweet,  
But now are neither sweet nor sad;  
Of hopes that, distant, looked so glad,  
Yet lie, unnoticed, at our feet.

Of those I think, until the red  
Has wasted from the Western sky,  
And royal reigns the moon on high—  
What profits to lament the dead?

Small profit, yet in dreams that hold  
One hand to forward, one to past,  
We stay the years that fly so fast,  
And link our new lives to the old.

F. W. BOURBILLOIN, IN QUILL.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**THE MILK-WATER-MEN OF MONTREAL.**—Our cartoon this week will be readily understood as referring to the vagaries of the gentlemen who supply us with milk day by day, not unadulterated with that precious fluid which flows from the recesses of the common pump.

**THE "ALLIANCE" AT HALIFAX.**—Considerable interest is at present attached to anything revealing of the ill-fated *Jeannette* expedition. The American press especially has been much excited over the late news of the survivors. The *Alliance* was fitted out by the American Government to prosecute a thorough search for the missing crew, but after most arduous efforts was compelled to abandon the search. Our engraving is from a sketch sent to us by Mr. H. E. Twining, of Halifax, N.S.

**THE RUSSELL HOUSE, OTTAWA.**—This week we present our readers with an illustration of the new Russell House, which has now a frontage of 208 feet, from a photograph by S. Topley, of Ottawa. Since 1841 its name has been a household word throughout the Dominion and the United States for visitors to the capital. The hotel has been entirely re-built and re-furnished, and now has 250 rooms elegantly furnished from the workshops of London and Bowmanville, and carpeted with Manchester importations. On the ground floor is a magnificent rotunda, marble-paved, from whence issue two spacious dining-rooms, reading, writing and commercial rooms, billiard-room and barber's shop. The hotel boasts of all the latest improvements—viz., two elevators, bath-rooms, patent oral annunciators and fire-escapes on the exterior of the building. Two richly and tastefully-furnished drawing-rooms are reserved for the ladies, a third being for the use of gentlemen. Under the proprietorship of Mr. J. A. G. Gouin and the management of his assistant, Mr. F. R. St. Jacques, the hotel is bound to be what it has ever been, the political headquarters of the Dominion, and second to none in Canada.

**TUQUE FALLS, ST. MAURICE.**—We are indebted to Mr. Alex. Henderson, photographer, of this city, for several very charming photographs of Canadian scenery, one of which we reproduce in this number. Tuque Falls is situated about 120 miles west of Ottawa.

**THE ICE-BOUND CARS.**—The curious freezing in of several Grand Trunk cars, which we illustrate on another page, was due to the overflow of the river during the short thaw, and the sudden freezing of the water which had collected upon the lower track near the wharves. The cars, as will be seen, were submerged to their axles, and in that position were caught by the sudden frost and ice-bound.

**CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.**—Considerable interest has been aroused in the customs of the natives of Fiji, in consequence of the recent visit to those islands of the squadron with which sailed the young Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales. The subject of our illustration is Ratu Timoce, second son of the abdicated King Thakumbau, presenting the vungans, or bowl of kava, to their Royal Highnesses, which is considered the most sacred of Fijian customs. The mixing and preparation of kava, however, is somewhat revolting to English taste. Young women chew the root up, spitting out the juice into a large bowl, and then a native, selected for his skill in mixing it, adds sufficient water, and goes through a lengthy process of straining it with fibre. During this time, the assembled tribe to which he belongs chant an incantation, accompanying it with a graceful swaying motion of the body and arms, and keeping wonderful time in every movement. In the foreground of the scene is a heap of presents, consisting of yams, coconuts, pine-apples, bananas, fowls, pigs, turtle, and the kava root. When the beverage was prepared, Ratu Timoce first handed a portion of it to his father, Thakumbau, afterwards to the English Princes, to the Admiral, to the Governor, and to other persons of rank.

**THE LAKE LIFE SAVING SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.**

Few persons, comparatively, have an adequate idea of the gigantic carrying trade of our great lakes. As a fact, the shipping passing up the Detroit River, through Lake St. Clair, and the St. Clair, and into Huron, at Port Huron and Sarnia, aggregates alone more tonnage than the port of Liverpool, England. The vessels of the United States, afloat in the north-western lakes in 1880 numbered 3,127, with 60,516,213 tons burden, with cargoes and in ballast. During

the year there entered at lake ports 14,274 American and foreign vessels, of 2,759,320 tons burden, and the clearances at lake ports for the same year were 14,188 vessels, of 2,747,292 tons burden. The number of entries and clearances of American vessels in the coastwise trade during 1880 was 57,949 vessels, of 20,590,236 tons burden, but this does not include a large number of vessels in this trade, of which no record is required to be made.

In the seasons of 1879-1880, there were 552 disasters to vessels on the great lakes. Of these, 25 occurred in July, 47 in August, 72 in September, 72 in October, 119 in November, 12 in December, 1 in February, 5 in March, 118 in April, 40 in May, and 42 in June. The 552 vessels were of 207,304 tons burden, and there were aboard of them 5,928 persons; 384 vessels were laden, 132 going light; 48 vessels were a total loss; 504 sustained partial and unknown loss. Out of all these was a loss of 35 lives. The total value of vessels suffering casualties was \$3,563,450, of cargoes \$2,558,005. The loss to vessels was 580,945, to cargoes 588,630. Of the 552 casualties, 8 were foundering, 160 strandings, 182 collisions and 202 accidents from other miscellaneous causes, capsize, damage to machinery and vessel, explosion, fire, ice, etc. So much for the magnitude and the dangers of lake navigation.

With the growth of this merchant-marine of the great lakes, there has been a corresponding increase of work in the construction and enlargement of harbours. Many harbours of refuge have been made, or are laid out and underway. A great survey has been made, and the hydrography and topography of the Lake country laid down on charts. The harbour-work and surveys have been done by the Engineers of the Army. Millions have been expended in ship canals, of these the Welland and Lawrence Canal systems, the Sault St. Marie and Lake St. Clair Canals, and the proposed Michigan and Erie Ship-canal, are famous.

The United States Life-Saving Service has now in commission thirty-seven life-saving stations on the stretch of coast within the boundaries of the United States on the great lakes. It is the purpose of this paper to say something of these stations.

They are divided into three districts—the Ninth District, coasts of Lakes Ontario and Erie, numbering nine stations; the Tenth District, coasts of Lakes Huron and Superior, have twelve in present operation and a thirteenth designed and located (near Houghton, on Lake Superior); while the Eleventh District, coast of Lake Michigan, has sixteen stations in commission, and two more provided for by Congress. The first Ontario station, at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, Jefferson County, N. Y., has been held as one of the crack stations of the service.

Station No. 2 is on Mexico Point, near the little town of Texas—the Point being at the western end of Mexican Bay. The Oswego Life-boat station is under the hill just at the mouth of the Oswego River, right in among the wharves and slips, and lumber piles and warehouses of the harbour.

The Buffalo Life-boat Station, No. 5 stands on the sea-wall near the mouth of Buffalo Creek. Opposite tower the great Bennett elevators; a little beyond these is a wedge of canal-boats in the famous Erie. From the station, the stir and hurry of vessels moving out and in, lading and emptying at the docks and elevators, is an always intrinsically scene. The boat-house opens on the creek. It has a slanting floor and boatways running to the water. The boats stand on the ways held by a hook in the stern-post. At the word of command the doors are thrown open, the men spring to their places, the keeper, standing by the stern, knocks up the hook, and away she goes! The quarters are in an adjoining building, of which the men occupy the upper floor, and the keeper, with his family, the lower.

At sleepy old Fairport there was not much to see. A few mossy old houses up on the turtly bluffs under the gray, time-stained, light-tower, a schooner or two unloading copper ore from far Superior, an ore-train rattling up the valley on the Youngston narrow-gauge, the winding river asleep in the sun—that was all. On the sandy shore near the life-boat station four little cottages, in a row, are tenanted by the families of surfmen at the station. They built these modest dwellings out of their earnings, and moved into them last Spring with their small belongings. The arrangement has been a happy one all around; the men are more contented to stay close to the station, and the woman and children make the place quite a bright, cheerful little settlement. Captain Babcock's wife and little ones occupy the very small rooms in the wing of the station building. The crew of No. 7 has a good record in the annual reports.

The life-boat station at Cleveland, No. 8 is on the west pier, in the mouth of the Cuyahoga. It is built in the style of the Oswego house, with the exception of a sliding floor for the boat-room. The volunteer station, at rugged Marblehead Point, is the last in the district, and is kept by Lucien Clemens, who has a gold medal from the service for gallant rescues made prior to his taking the keepership.

These nine stations constitute the Ninth District. They are all well-manned and in efficient working order. "In 1880 the crew of the Ninth served at seventy-eight disasters, from which 350 imperiled lives were saved, and, in round numbers, a million dollars of property. Each station shows the handiwork of its keeper and crews in the construction of boat and store sheds, pier breakwaters, launching ways, roads and

walks about the station, "lookouts" on prominent points, house decoration and furniture." In these words Superintendent Dobbins sums up the work of his district in the last year.

Of the service on Lakes Huron and Superior details cannot be given in this article. A description of No. 10, on Lake Superior, may, however, be given as illustrating the wildness of that whole region and the hardships which there attend the service. Tall, sombre, fir and pine-trees in gloomy ranks reared their plumed heads beside the silent lakes for miles away. The station house and the two or three cabins standing in the clearing beside it, had a lonesome look on the edge of the endless forest. There are no habitations in this region besides the stations. Keeper Crisp received us hospitably, and we spent some time looking at his various improvements. He had under way a sea-wall to protect his beach from the wearing of the surf. A long log-house near by answered the purpose of boat room and kitchen, the lower underground portion storing the boats, for which are ways running to the water's edge. A cabin was building for his No. 1 man's family. The shore beyond the house westward presented a high bank, with overhanging trees, and underneath on the beach, a tangled mass of stumps and fallen trunks. The crew have cut a road through the woods two miles and a half west, and bridged a couple of ravines crossing it. The patrol limit is three miles west. Beyond this the shore rises into high banks, extending to the mouth of the Big Two-Hearted River, close to the mouth of which stands Moses Chartier's station, No. 11. Chartier has a crew composed in the main of Frenchmen. He is himself French. He, however, in deference to the presence of one or two Americans in his crew, insists that English shall be spoken among the men when together.

**CHANGE OF VIEWS IN THE SOUTH.**

Mr. Edward Atkinson, who, in a certain sense, may be called the originator of the recent Atlanta Exposition, contributes to the *Midwinter Century* a suggestive paper on its "Significant Aspects," which have a political as well as an industrial meaning, as the following indicates:

In general, it may be said that the New South is surely surmounting the intense and dogmatic provincialism of the Old, and is rapidly coming into line with the more progressive States. The most conclusive proof of the change may be found in the instructive book entitled "Our Brother in Black," by President Haygood, of Emory College, Oxford, Georgia.

If, then, Southern men, suffering even under the sting of defeat, are, whether wittingly or not, surrendering errors which have come to them from remote generations, and are now only sensitive when the least doubt is thrown upon their immediate ability to take any part in any manufacturing, mechanical, or other kind of work,—if they are now in as dead earnest to take up every branch of profitable work as they formerly were averse to sharing certain kinds of manual labour at all,—may it not be well for Northern men to see if they also have not been controlled by some errors in regard to the past history and condition of the South?

In the course of a conversation upon the events preceding the war, with two grandsons of John C. Calhoun, the writer was somewhat startled by a remark substantially to this effect:

"If my grandfather and his associates had known as much about the negro as I know, and could have had the same faith in his capacity for progress which I have attained from my own experience, there would have been neither slavery nor war."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that your grandfather feared liberty for the black, however compassed?"

"Of course I mean that," said he. "What other justification could there have been? He and his associates believed that the two races could not exist together upon the same soil except in the relation of masters and slaves."

One of these gentlemen moved from South Carolina to the bottom-lands of the Mississippi, with a large number of the negroes formerly the slaves of his family. He has succeeded in assuring not only his own prosperity, but their welfare also, and he bears conclusive testimony to the ability of the coloured labourers to sustain themselves in comfort.

**DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF PHILADELPHIA.**

Despite the want of universal homogeneity there are persons in Philadelphia who show an exceptional uniformity in taste and dispositions—in part the outcome possibly of Quaker discipline. The past with its memories seems to serve as a medium for holding together the diverse elements of the present. The long rows of red houses, with marble trimmings and white panelled shutters neatly provided with bolts—the upper-storey shutters being carefully painted green or slate, typify outwardly and materially the Quaker influence, though there are many innovations of brown stone, green stone, colored marble, and variegated tiles in the later dwellings. And here it may be said that in the new public buildings for the city government, and in the placing of sundry other edifices, Philadelphia is fortunate in securing architectural effects of mass and group not common in our cities. Speaking of the past, we must give due weight to the presence of Independence Hall, and Car-

penters' Hall in connection with the important national history of the town.

It is significant, further, that Philadelphia should have been first in so many things. The former mint was the first building put up by Federal authority in any part of the United States. The oldest type foundry in the country is still carried on here, and the oldest daily paper appears every morning with renewed youth. Of the thousands of national banks organized since the beginning of the civil war the earliest to be incorporated was in Philadelphia; and so too the Union League of the city was the primary organization of its kind. Henry C. Carey was the originator of the book trade sales. The first house built in the colony was the Penn House in Letitia Court, which remains standing to this day; the human beings likewise seem to have an unrivalled faculty for surviving in this fortunate territory.

A case in point is General Robert Patterson, who, emigrating from Ireland in 1792, served on the American side in the war of 1812, organized the Pennsylvania militia, distinguished himself in the Mexican war, led a division in the war for the Union, was an extensive manufacturer, constantly active in society, and shortly before this article was written attended a dinner in honour of his own ninetieth birthday. The establishment of turnpikes and the development of public hospitals are other matters in which Philadelphia was in advance. It can boast likewise in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, an establishment which began in the earliest days of American railroad building, with the painful manufacture of a single locomotive, and has kept pace with the march of that industry until now it turns out five hundred locomotives a year, and employs three thousand workmen.

On every side we are led back to the day of beginnings. The largest industrial establishments like the works just named, the Dusson Saw Company, or the huge Dobson carpet mill, of wide celebrity, have grown up within a generation's time from small foundations. Old houses are carefully preserved, sometimes with the interior furnishings of their Revolutionary prime; and even when historic buildings are disturbed, the old associations cling to their successors. The Friends' Hospital, where Longfellow caused Gabriel to find Evangeline, has vanished (to the dissatisfaction of antiquarian authorities), but the legendary value he gave to it remains; and it is mentioned as a point of interest connected with ex-Minister Welsh's house that it covers part of the hospital site. This constant recurrence of the past in the Philadelphia of to-day is in keeping with a conservatism characteristic of the place, manifested in various ways, and commonly explained by the Quaker origin of the city. But that quality is really due to other causes.

The main fact about Philadelphia, differentiating it from other large centres, is that it rests its importance on the power to produce tangible things of solid usefulness. It adds value. Some commerce there is, and there are banks and bankers wielding extensive monetary influence; but the greater number of inhabitants, both humble and conspicuous, are interested in manufactures. The mass of the people work hard for a living at the business of making something which their labour renders valuable. Gaining money in this way, they appreciate its worth, become saving, and invest their savings in useful property. Where space is plenty, where rents are low, and building associations are ready to lend money, it becomes the habit among salaried men, mechanics, and all persons of small means to acquire or hire a separate house; and this multiplication of houses increases the proportion of responsible and cautious citizens with a high average of intelligence.—*Harper's Magazine.*

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

THE jury in the Guiteau case have found a verdict of "guilty."

RUSSIAN peasants object to the census.

THERE are 70,000 cases before the Irish Land Court.

THE financial crisis in the European monetary centres still continues.

NUMEROUS failures are reported on the London Stock Exchange.

A PLOT has been discovered for the murder of the King of Greece.

A MORMON meeting in London was broken up by the crowd and several persons injured.

THE Austrian Government is preparing to send 80,000 men to the Herzegovina.

THE Bank of France has rescued the city of Lyons from its financial embarrassments.

JOHNSONVILLE, a Tennessee village, is inundated, and every family in the place is houseless.

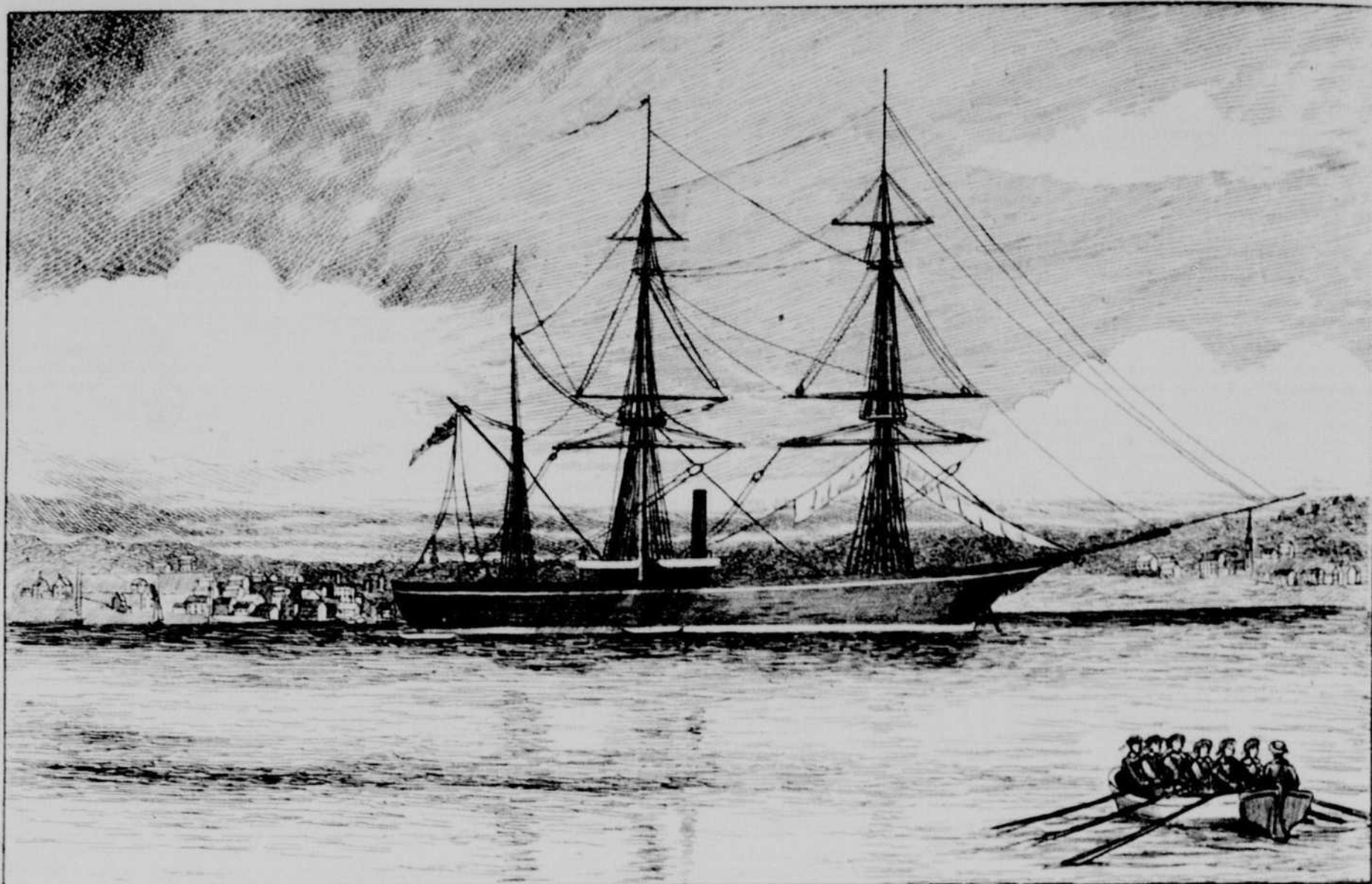
THERE is said to be hardly any hope of the Union Generale recovering its position.

THE German Reichstag has passed the bill incorporating Hamburg in the Zollverein.

CONNELL, the outlaw leader, appeared as Queen's evidence at Monster as recently.

TWENTY arrests have been made in County Galway in connection with the result of a search for arms and the discovery of treasonable papers.

THE inspection of a number of regiments at Aldershot has given rise to the rumor that the Government contemplate a military demonstration in Egypt.



THE ALLIANCE IN HALIFAX HARBOUR.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. E. TWING.



HABERER

THE RUSSELL HOUSE, OTTAWA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. TOFLEY.

# "BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY  
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued)

The afternoon is at its highest tide of mellow brightness, when the party of equestrians ride out of the gate of Fairfields, several hours later. Kate, as usual, is mounted on Mignon, and Tarleton, as usual, rides by her side; but Mr. Lawrence is on the other side, and there is no opportunity for private conversation, if either were minded that way. In truth, however, they are not. It is enough for them, at present, to be together; enough to talk lightly and



"You'll only make things unpleasant."

gayly of indifferent things, to breathe the soft air, to canter side by side over the smooth road, which winds like a yellow ribbon by the banks of the river.

Southdale is only six miles distant; and six miles, with good horses, count for little. The way has seemed very short to Kate, when Tarleton

Curiosity, more than any need to rest, make the girls accept this invitation. They enter the room indicated, and look round. Since Tarleton's boyhood, Southdale has been rented—first by his guardian, then by himself; consequently, very little of the furniture is by this time in a condition to be used; but all that the ravages of careless tenants have spared is gathered here. It is quaintly old-fashioned. Mahogany tables with elaborately-carved legs, straight-backed chairs covered with faded red damask, a high book-case, and a small piano with the yellowest of keys, which seems listening to itself with amazement, as it gives forth a rattling waltz under Janet's fingers.

"Dear me!" she says, pausing in this performance, "I thought we were old-fashioned at Fairfields; but this looks fairly antediluvian. These household belongings must surely date back to Frank's great-grandfather."

"Very likely they do," says Sophy; "but it is respectable to be old-fashioned. I wish Frank would marry an heiress, and fit up the place nicely. He would make a charming neighbour."

"He would have to go elsewhere to look for the heiress," says Janet, returning to her jangling music.

"Oh, Janet, spare our ears!" cries Kate. "You are torturing us and breaking that old piano's heart with your new-fangled melodies. I am sure it has not heard anything later than 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

"It is asthmatic enough to have been a contemporary of his," says Janet, rising.

Then Kate sits down, and, touching gently the keys over which fingers now dust have lingered, begins to sing. The piano has probably heard such tones before, for there is a strain of half-forgotten melody in its cracked notes, as her sweet, sympathetic voice rises in some tender old words:

"How brightly bloomed the gay green birk,  
How fair the lawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath its fragrant shade,  
I clasped her to my bosom,  
The golden hours, on angel-wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

She is singing, when Tarleton returns and pauses in the door to listen. By a motion he bids Sophy and Janet be silent; but Kate,



He obediently holds up his hat.

stoops from his saddle to open the gate which leads into the grounds.

"I don't know whether you have been here lately," he says to Mr. Lawrence. "If not, you will find the place much gone down. The last tenant abused it shamefully."

Gone down and neglected though it may be, Southdale is still an attractive place. The house has no architectural pretensions, and, in fact, very little unity of design; for wings, piazzas and bay-windows have been added to the original edifice, until the whole spreads over a considerable space; but it is not unpicturesque, and would evidently prove most comfortable.

"Too pleasant a place to give up, Frank," says Mr. Lawrence, as they approach the front of the building. "Sell the race-horses, by all means, if by so doing you can keep this."

"I have quite made up my mind to that," Tarleton replies, as, having dismounted, he turns to lift Kate from her saddle.

"How familiar everything looks!" says Sophy, who, together with Wilmer, comes up at a canter. "Oh, Frank, what a charming place you could make it again!"

"Yes, with plenty of money," answers Tarleton. He crosses the piazza as he speaks, and opens a pair of Venetian blinds. "This is the only habitable room," he says. "Will you ladies come in and rest, while we go down to the stable and have the horses brought out?"

glancing into a mirror, sees his face reflected, and stops, with a laugh.

"There!" she says. "I think the piano knows that."



The expression of his eyes makes her lashes droop. "I am sure it knows it," he says, coming forward. "It was one of my mother's favourite songs. I have not heard it since she sang it."



"I haven't seen a vicious trick in him."

"Was it one of your mother's songs?" asks Kate. "It seems strange that it should have occurred to me; but I am very fond of old ballads."

"Then go on and finish that."

She shakes her head. "I think it is best to leave the lovers with the golden hours under the hawthorn's blossom. The last verses always make me want to cry. Why is it that some words have such power to touch one's heart?"

"Because the heart from which they came was touched, I suppose. Ah, well! to none of us do such golden hours come often. But I have had some of them lately."

Lawrence. "I've been with him six months, and I haven't seen a vicious trick in him."

"Thoroughbreds are rarely vicious," says that gentleman.—"Well, Frank, he is magnificent."

"And his performances are magnificent, too," says Tarleton.

"Since you think of selling him, what do you ask for him?" inquires Wilmer.

"Ten thousand dollars."

"It seems an immense sum for one horse," says Sophy, in an awe-struck tone.

"Not for a horse like this," says Will, walking around and about, and regarding him from every point of view.



"Here is Milton, who will take charge of them."

He looks at her as he speaks, and the expression of his eyes makes her lashes droop, and the colour flicker more brightly into her cheeks—cheeks that never hung out such a flag under all the enamored Mr. Proctor's gazes. There is an instant's pause. Sophy and Janet have stepped to the piazza outside; the soft sunshine slants into the room, touches the yellow keys of the piano, and gleams on the surface of the old-fashioned mirror, which hangs against the wall in a tarnished frame of black and gold. Many such scenes has the old mirror held in its depths and smiled over, but never one which surpassed in meaning that which is here. Their pulses are beating to one accord; the moment, as it passes, is fraught with the culmination of all that they have been feeling for many days; but no instinct warns them that it is one of the critical opportunities of which life is full. Should Tarleton speak now, the future may be all in his own hand; but he does not speak. Scarce ten paces distant, half a dozen people are talking eagerly; any instant an interruption may occur; so, the minute, with all its possibilities, slips from his grasp. Some one calls. Kate, with a start, takes her gloves from the piano, and, saying simply, "We have certainly had some very pleasant hours," moves away.

He follows her to the piazza, where the rest of the party are assembled.

On the turf in front, several horses, held by their respective grooms, are undergoing inspection. They all have the clean limbs, the fine skins, the beautiful heads, of racers; but on one, in especial, the attention of the group is centred. This is Cavalier, famous for his victories on many fields. It is impossible to look at him without recalling those telling lines of Whyte Melville's which Janet has just quoted:

"A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,  
An eye like a woman, bright, gentle and brown,  
With loins and a back that could carry a house,  
And quarters to lift him right over a town."

How shall one by no means deeply versed in equine knowledge, speak of his points? Yet, even to the inexperienced eye, his great powers are evident. In colour he is a rich, dark chestnut, and the oblique shoulders and depth of girth, together with the breadth and muscular development of his loins and quarters, indicate both speed and endurance; while nothing can surpass in beauty the graceful neck and deer-shaped head.

The groom who holds him is answering various questions.

"Yes, sir; gentle as can be," he says to Mr.

"Meanwhile, you must not forget my pet," says Tarleton, walking up to another animal—a beautiful dark-brown filly, shaded almost to black. "She has her reputation yet to make, but I have the highest hopes of her. Her trainer says that he has never known a horse put forth greater power on her trials."

"I have been observing her," says Will. "She is a splendid creature—and pretty as a picture. What do you call her?"

Tarleton stroked the filly's neck caressingly, as he answers:

"I intended to call her Psyche, but I have decided to name her Bonny Kate."



"There can be no possible drawback to my candour with regard to Mr. Ashton."

There was a general laugh.

"You ought to consider yourself highly complimented, Kate," says Will, addressing his cousin.

"Of course I am complimented," she answers, readily, though blushing like a rose—"that is, if Mr. Tarleton really names her after me."

"I should have asked your permission before bestowing the name, should I not?" Tarleton says, looking at her. "But I fancied you would not object to such a namesake."

"How could I?" She goes forward and strokes the filly's silken neck, then, with her hand still on it, lifts her dark-lashed eyes to the face of the man standing beside her. "I hope she will be fortunate," the sweet, frank voice says, eagerly: "I hope she will sweep everything before her; but I fear there is no spell in the name to bring such a thing to pass."

"I would rather she failed under your name, than to succeed with any other," he answers, low and quickly.

Riding back toward Fairfields in the soft, purple dusk, Sophy says:

"What a fortunate thing it is, Kate, that Miss Vaughn has deferred her visit until the races are so near at hand! They may serve to entertain her. Did I tell you that mamma had a letter from Randal to-day, and he and Miss Vaughn, and Miss Vaughn's brother, will be here to-morrow."

"No, you did not tell me," says Kate, with interest. "So she is positively coming! How Miss Palmer's star will wane!—will it not? Have we told you about the distinguished visitor we are expecting?" she goes on, turning to Tarleton. "Of course you have heard of her—perhaps you may even know her—Miss Florida Vaughn."

"Florida Vaughn!" he repeats, and his tone expresses such intense amazement, together with something very like consternation, that Kate glances at him with surprise. "Are you in earnest? Do you really mean that she is coming to Fairfields?"

"I really mean it. You know her, then?" "Yes, I know her." Is it only Kate's fancy, or does his voice take a tone of bitterness as he utters those words? "In Heaven's name, what is the meaning of such a freak? How does she, of all people, chance to be coming here?"

"I don't know what is the meaning of the freak on her part, but, as far as we are concerned, she is coming because Aunt Margaret, at Randal's request, wrote and asked her to do so. Perhaps you have heard that Randal is desperately in love with her? She has treated him very badly; but he still dangles after her, until we have lost all patience with him, and think that he has very little sense or self-respect."

"I remember, now, that I have heard of him as one of her victims; but I paid little attention to the matter, and forgot it. No doubt he still dangles after her; he'll have uncommon pluck if he releases himself from Florida Vaughn, as long as she has a mind to keep him in her train."

"Is she so very fascinating?" "Fascinating!—yes," he answers, while his brows draw together, "but absolutely heartless, and all the more dangerous for that."

There is a moment's pause. Before them, in the still tinted west, shines out the delicate lustre of the evening star; behind, the full moon is rising majestically over the forest-clad hills; all around is spread the silent landscape, softly toned by twilight shadows. It is like a picture to Kate—a picture that she never forgets; yet she receives the impression half-unconsciously, for her thoughts are busy with Miss Vaughn; and when she presently speaks, it is to say:

"Can you imagine why she is coming? Is it at all probable that she thinks of marrying Randal?"

"Altogether improbable, I should say, and therefore I am at a loss to conceive what her motive for coming can be."

"It has puzzled us a good deal to imagine what it can be."

"I do not understand it at all," he says, speaking as if to himself, "but I wish—from my soul I wish—she were not coming."

CHAPTER XII.

Within her face Humility and dignity Were met in a most sweet embrace.

"I believe I forgot to mention, my dear," says Mr. Lawrence at the breakfast-table "that Miss Brooke will be here to-day."

"That is at least convenient as regards the carriage," says Mrs. Lawrence, in a tone which seems to imply that it is not convenient as regards anything else. "Randal has written that Miss Vaughn, her brother, and himself, will reach Arlingford to-day; so they can all come to Fairfields together."

"I fear not, unless you detain the first comers in Arlingford some time. The train on which Miss Brooke will come is a different train from that on which Randal and his friends expect to arrive, and is not due until nearly two hours later."

"Then the carriage can go for the first party, and one of the girls can take the pony-phaeton for Miss Brooke. I want some shopping done, anyway."

So it comes to pass that at four o'clock that afternoon, when the sun is sloping toward the west, and across the broad streets of Arlingford the shadows of many trees stretch softly, Kate drives at a rattling pace down the smooth roadway over which these trees arch. She is a graceful, spirited figure, as she sits erect in the low phaeton, holding with firm, steady hands, the somewhat unruly little horse that draws it, and she has a low and a smile for almost every one whom she meets. It has been well said, that the world is a mirror which gives us back the face we show to it; and Kate's sunshine is returned to her on all sides. Faces brighten for her that rarely brighten for any one else, and cordial lips smile even more cordially than their wont. Now and then she is stopped by some intimate acquaintance, but at the last person

who makes an effort of the kind she shakes her head merrily.

"Ever so sorry, but I can't stop a minute!" she cries. "I am going to the station to meet a visitor, and the train is nearly due."

She drives on rapidly, and reaches the station with just five minutes to spare.

"Now, Ben," she says to the small groom—a half-grown mulatto boy—who is seated in the rumble, "I wonder if I can trust you to hold Modoc when the train comes! He always pretends to be dreadfully frightened, and tries to run away; but you must not let him go. I would stay to hold him myself, only I have to meet the lady.—Oh, Mr. Tarleton! is this you?"

A bright blush and brighter smile accompanies these words, for Tarleton's appearance is altogether unexpected, as he makes his way through the waiting groups on the platform, and comes up to the side of the phaeton.

"It is I, 'if I be I, as I do think I be,'" he replies. "Can I be of any service? Have you, like myself, come to meet a friend?"

"Yes; I have come to meet Miss Brooke. Do you know her? You seem to know everybody."

"Do you mean Miss Anastasia Brooke? Yes, I know her very well, and I should have lost my heart to her long ago but for a slight discrepancy in age, and a few other things. I am glad you have come to meet her. I was afraid, when I saw you, that you had come for Miss Vaughn."

"That would be quite unnecessary, since Miss Vaughn has reached Fairfields by this time. She arrived on the other train—two hours ago."

The shadow which falls over his face at this news is unmistakable evidence of what he feels.

"I hoped she might change her mind at the last moment," he says. "She is capricious as the wind."

"Why are you so averse to seeing her?" asks Kate, looking at him curiously. "Do you really dislike her?"

Before he can answer this question, there is a distant rumble which tells of the approach of the train; and Modoc, pricking up his ears, at once begins to move uneasily.

"Oh, never mind! I can manage him," says Kate, as Tarleton suggests the expediency of her alighting. "I will hold him if you will be kind enough to meet Miss Brooke and bring her here. I do not know her at all."

"I will meet her with pleasure; but I do not like to leave you with that horse."

"Modoc and I know each other," says Kate, wrapping the reins round her hands, and holding Modoc, despite his plunging, as the train comes with a wild howl and a thunderous rush. "Pray go!" she adds, nodding to Tarleton. "Someone must meet Miss Brooke."

Thus adjured, and seeing that she is perfectly capable of managing the horse, Tarleton goes, and within a few minutes—by the time Modoc is quieted and Kate is able to leave the phaeton—returns with a lady on his arm, her maid following with satchels and shawls. A woman of not more than fifty, with soft gray puffs of hair framing a serene, handsome face, out of which bright, dark eyes look—this is Miss Brooke. When she meets Kate, she holds out her hand with a smile such as the Irish call "the sunshine of the heart."

"So glad to know you, my dear!" she says. "I can't feel that we are strangers at all, for you are Allan's daughter. I see that in your face."

"Do you, indeed?" cries Kate. "Ah, I am so happy to hear you say so! I don't want to look like anybody but my dear father. And you were his friend, too, then?"

His friend, his comrade, his counsellor, and his adorer, all in one, says Miss Brooke, smiling. "Let me kiss you, my dear, for his sake, as I know that, before long, I shall kiss you for your own. There! now that is settled, and we are friends."

"How kind you are!" says Kate; "and how glad I am that it was I who came to meet you! Aunt Margaret thought Sophy or Janet ought to come; but they were both detained at the last minute, so I was sent. Now, Mr. Tarleton—suddenly remembering that he is standing by—" "I must not keep you longer. If you will put Miss Brooke in the phaeton, I will let you go and find your friend."

"My friend can take care of himself," says Tarleton, with the most evidently honest indifference concerning that personage's fate or whereabouts. "You must let me be of use a little further. Do you propose to take Miss Brooke's trunks on that immense carriage?"

Kate laughs, and points to a servant who at that moment comes forward, hat in hand.

"Here is Milton, who will take charge of them," she says, "and also of Miss Brooke's maid. He has the wagon here."

"Then I have no excuse for detaining you any longer," says Tarleton, assisting them into the phaeton. "I shall have the pleasure of seeing you very soon."

As he lifts his hat and steps back, Kate lets Modoc go, and the station platform, the puffing engine and long trains of cars, are quickly left behind.

It is little to say that, by the time they have traversed the seven miles that lie between Arlingford and Fairfields, Miss Brooke has won the enthusiastic liking of her young companion. She is a woman who, during her whole life, has been accustomed to win liking from all who came in contact with her—all save the few people whom she dislikes; and it is only necessary to know her to discover the cause of this.

When good sense and good temper are joined to generosity and courtesy, there are few persons able to resist the combination, even when it is not supported by such high social position and large fortune as she possesses.

During the drive their conversation has ranged over many topics, and the bright, dark eyes of the elder woman grow momentarily kinder as they turn to the sparkling face of the younger. But when they enter the gate of Fairfields, a shade of melancholy comes over her face, and in her eyes an expression of sadness gathers as they rest on the old house, standing in dignified state amid its many-tinted trees.

"How little it has changed!" she says, with a sigh. "Yet it is twenty years since I saw it last. Can you realize that, my dear? It seems a very short time to me, but it has been long enough to bring a new generation on the stage."

"But we don't monopolize it," says Kate. "On the contrary, we feel that we are very newcomers."

As they approach the house, Mr. Lawrence appears on the piazza, and, while he stands at the head of the steps with the rays of the sinking sun streaming on his erect figure and uncovered head, Miss Brooke looks at him with the same sadness in her glance.

"Men do not wear as well as houses," she says; "and yet he has worn better than most. Well, my friend, here I am, see!" she says, extending her hand to him, as Kate with a sweeping curve draws the phaeton up.

He clasps it with a warmth rare even in one so uniformly genial and hospitable as himself. Nor is Mrs. Lawrence, who now makes her appearance, less cordial in her welcome. She leads Miss Brooke into the house, while Kate, flying away to her own quarters, bursts in upon Sophy and Janet like a whirlwind.

"Girls," she cries, breathlessly, "I am in love!—deeply in love! Miss Brooke is charming beyond expression! She looks like a benevolent queen-dowager, and she talks—oh, she talks delightfully! How was such a woman ever allowed to become an old maid? If I were a man, I would even yet 'build me a willow cabin at her gate,' and make her marry me."

"Much you know what you would do if you were a man!" says Janet, scornfully. "Instead of appreciating a woman of sense, like Miss Brooke, no doubt you would follow in Randal's steps, and make a fool of yourself about the flesh-and-blood beauty who has arrived here since you have been gone."

"Oh, do tell me about her!" cries Kate, with vivid interest. "Is she very beautiful?" "She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen!" says Sophy. "I do not wonder that she turns men's heads. I am sure I should fall in love with her at once."

"I should not," says Janet. "If I were a man! I would not put my heart down 'in the way of a fair woman's foot'—and that is all that would come of falling in love with Miss Vaughn. I do not like her nose! Somebody has said that the aquiline bend is always hard and cruel in a woman—and I believe it is."

"Mr. Tarleton says that she has no heart," observes Kate, unguardedly.

"So he tried to find it, did he?" asks Sophy. "I don't think so," replies Kate, quickly. "He did not speak as if he liked her at all."

"A man never likes a woman who has had the bad taste not to like him," says Janet, who has a habit of talking as if she were three-score, and possessed an exhaustive knowledge of the vanities and follies of mankind.

An hour later, Kate having completed her toilet in advance of her cousins, takes her way down stairs and enters the drawing-room, where, as yet, twilight reigns undisturbed, save by the red glow of the fire which burns on the hearth, for the October evenings have already a crisp chill.

Moving across the floor with a step as light as her heart, she sits down to the open piano, and, touching the keys softly, begins to sing. One of the tender old ballads which she loves rises to her lips, but before she has gone through a single verse her tones cease suddenly, for she hears a familiar voice in the hall say:

"Come into the drawing-room. Somebody is down, for I hear the piano."

"Randal!—and Mr. Vaughn, no doubt!" she says to herself, rising with an impulse of flight. Even if flight were not undignified, however, she has not time for it, since the next moment two masculine figures enter and advance toward where she stands in the obscurity—a graceful, slender presence, with the fitful fire-gleams wavering over her.

"It is Kate, is it not?" says Randal, putting out his hand. "I thought I knew your voice. Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Vaughn."

Kate and the gentleman before her bow, while Randal walks across the room and rings the bell.

"Why are you in the dusk, Kate?" he goes on. "I can't understand the fancy some people have for twilight. I always want to see what I am about."

"There are very agreeable associations connected with twilight," says Mr. Vaughn, in a well-trained, indolent voice. "I rather like it—especially with music. I hope" (to Kate) "you will continue singing. I shall be sorry if you let us interrupt you."

"I was only interrupting myself," she answers; "you do not interrupt me." To herself she adds: "I shall not like him; but then it followed, of course, that I could not like one of Randal's friends."

Before anything else can be said, a servant enters with lights, and these two people, the

threads of whose lives are destined to cross in more than one fashion, look at each other for the first time.

What Mr. Vaughn sees, we know. What Kate sees is a tall, distinguished-looking man, with a pale complexion, aquiline features, cold and rather shallow eyes, silken-brown hair, and whiskers (also brown) so long that they nearly touch his shoulders.

He is a man whose countenance seldom betrays anything he may be thinking or feeling; but there are one or two signs significant of approval or disapproval, which Randal knows, and by which he sees at present that even this most fastidious gentleman is pleased and surprised by the appearance of the girl before him. His quick yet quiet glance dwells on her for a moment in keen scrutiny, then he says, with what for him is marked emphasis:

"I am exceedingly happy to have the pleasure of seeing and knowing you; for I feel that I have a claim to your acquaintance, unless you have an objection to discovering new relations."

Kate looks at him a little doubtfully. "I do not know whether I have an objection or not," she answers, "since I have never had the gratification—shall I say!—of discovering any."

"Let us hope that you will count it a gratification," he says, "for the moment of novel experience has come. Allow me to present myself to you as a cousin, and to hope that we may see a great deal of each other in the future."

Ignoring the hand which he extends, Kate regards him with a gaze in which astonishment is largely mingled with incredulity.

"You must be mistaken," she says. "I do not think it possible that we are cousins; at least, I can't imagine how it is possible."

"Let me make it clear," he responds, with a smile. "You are probably not much of a genealogist—young people seldom are; but you are, of course, aware that your mother was a Miss Ashton. So was my mother, and they were cousins—second cousins. This gives me the happiness of being your third cousin; and, since my name is Ashton Vaughn, I hope you are sufficiently conversant to recognize me as a kinsman."

His manner is everything that it should be, and he is certainly a kinsman whom most people would be very willing to recognize—a man in whose veins it is evident that blue blood flows, and whose breeding is of the highest order; but Kate, with an instinct she hardly understands, still feels an odd reluctance to put her hand in the one which he offers. She does so, however, courteously, if not cordially.

"No doubt you are right," she says. "I am a very poor genealogist, and I have never had an opportunity to know anything of my mother's relatives."

"There are not many of us to know," replied Mr. Vaughn, "and a third cousin is a relation that may be conveniently near, or far, as one chooses to make it. I confess that I am ambitious of being admitted to all the rights and privileges of near relationship; but, if you choose to set me at a distance, I can only bow in resignation."

"I am afraid you think I am not very gracious," she says, with a slight blush; "but as you said a moment ago, this is a novel experience to me. You are the first Ashton whom I have ever seen."

"Except the one whom you see in your mirror," he says. "I must not suffer you to forget that you are as much an Ashton as I am."

If unconsciously she lifts her head proudly, "Everybody who knows me tells me that I am a Lawrence—altogether a Lawrence," she says. "I am glad of it. If I am half Ashton in blood, I am all Lawrence in heart."

"Kate!" says Randal, in a half-shocked, half-warning tone; but Mr. Vaughn laughs. The piquancy of this outspoken dislike pleases him, since he entertains no doubt whatever of his power to change it.

"But we—I speak as an Ashton—do not mean to be altogether banished from such a fair territory as your heart must be," he says. "Surely you have not barred the door against us?"

"It has not been worth while to do so," she answers, carelessly. "No one of the name has ever knocked at it. If I had known my mother, I should probably feel differently," she adds, after a moment's pause; "but I never knew her."

"Not have you ever seen your uncle, Mr. Edward Ashton, I believe?"

"No," she replies. "I have never seen him. I trust that I never shall see him."

"Kate," says Randal, breaking in again, "candour may be a very beautiful virtue, but allow me to suggest that an excess of it has its drawbacks."

"There can be no possible drawback to my candour with regard to Mr. Ashton," says Kate.

She turns as she speaks, and is in the act of crossing the room, when there is a step on the staircase, a rustle of sweeping silk over the hall, and through the open door a radiant presence enters.

CHAPTER XIII.

A worthless woman! Mere cold clay. As all false things are! but so fair. She takes the breath of men away Who gaze upon her unaware.

While Randal advances eagerly, Kate pauses, overwhelmed with admiration, for in all her life she has never before seen so beautiful a woman. Nor is such a woman often to be seen. In her loveliness there is not one ray of spiritual grace.

but as far as flesh and blood can go, it is unrivalled. A complexion of roses and snow, proud yet delicate features, rich brown hair shot with gold, large, golden-brown eyes, a faultless mouth and perfect teeth—to these things are added a superbly developed figure, and a dress fashioned to exhibit every charm to the best advantage.

"She is Juno and Venus rolled into one," thinks Kate. "I had no idea she would be half so magnificent!"

The lady who thus unites in herself two goddesses best, meanwhile crosses the floor, speaking to Randal with a dazzling smile, and, when she approaches Kate, looks at her with the same keen scrutiny and much the same surprise which her brother has already exhibited.

"So this is my cousin!" she says, extending a hand like a lily-leaf when Randal introduces them. "I am very glad to know you, for I have heard so much of you; and I feel that we ought not to be strangers, since we are such near relations—as, of course, Ashton has told you."

"He has told me," replies Kate, "but I hardly understand. However, no doubt you and he are right. I am glad to know you," she adds, feeling bound in courtesy to make an enormously wide departure from truth, for she has never before been less glad to know any one. Nor is this because of the antagonism which one woman is supposed to feel toward another who may have a greater dower of beauty than herself, but is rather the instinct with which sometimes an honest soul, feeling the falsity of another, recoils from it."

"Ashton and yourself have been cultivating cousinly relations, I hope," Miss Vaughn goes on, with a laughing glance toward her brother. "He has been exceedingly anxious to meet you, Kate—may I call you Kate? In fact, but for the inducement of your presence, I am very sure that I should never have persuaded him to come with me to Fairfields."

Kate makes no attempt to hide the incredulity with which this speech inspires her. Anxious that Mr. Vaughn shall not imagine that she credits it, she answers rather more coldly than she would have done had he not been standing by:

"I am sorry that you could have found no better inducement to offer him. We think that Fairfields has a great many attractions."

"It seems to be a charming old place," says Miss Vaughn, glancing round and suavely patronizing the place and all that it contains. "I have heard a great deal of it; but I have heard still more of you. You remember Cyril Blake? I met him at the White Sulphur this past summer, and he fairly raved about you, swearing by all his gods that there was no beauty like the beauty of a gray-eyed brunette."

"I should think you would easily have converted him from that opinion," says Kate, with a laugh. "Oh, yes, I remember him very well. We have often been fox-hunting together."

"What! Do you go fox hunting?"

"Whenever I have the opportunity to do so."

"And do you really follow the hounds?"

"I would not advise any timid rider to attempt to follow her," says Randal. "Have you been jumping any fences lately, Kate?"

"Not very lately," replies Kate, in a non-committal tone, blushing the while at the remembrance of her last fence-jumping adventure. Then she turns, and inquires of Mr. Vaughn if he hunts.

"I join a chase now and then," he answers, "but I cannot say that I am very fond of the sport. Without reckless riding it is tame, and with reckless riding dangerous; and, though I am not conscious of valuing my neck very highly, I value it sufficiently not to care to lose it for a fox."

"Perhaps," says Randal, "you are like Lord Chesterfield, who went fox-hunting once, acquitted himself creditably, rode well, and kept up with the hounds, and, when the chase was over, inquired if anybody ever went twice."

Mr. Vaughn smiles, but before he can answer, Mrs. Lawrence enters, and a diversion is created. Other members of the household soon follow. Mr. Lawrence appears, then Sophy and Janet, then Will and Mr. Wilmer, and finally Miss Brooke, looking more like a benevolent queen-dowager than ever, in flowing black silk and point-lace.

When dinner is announced, Mr. Lawrence gives her his arm, Mrs. Lawrence takes that of Mr. Vaughn, Sophy and Wilmer come next, then Janet, Kate, and Will bring up the rear, laughing together like a trio of children.

"Will," whispers Kate, "I never know how fond I am of you till Randal comes home."

"What a pity—solely on that account—that he does not come more often, then!" answers Will. "But I know how fond I am of you all the time. We had a rousing chase to-day! I'll tell you about it, presently."

When they are seated at table, Kate accordingly hears the details of the five-hours' run which the fox gave them. Wilmer, who is on her other side, joins in, and between the two raconteurs she learns all about the important affair.

"He crossed the river three times," says Will, alluding to the fox. "The last time was in water deep enough to swim the horses; so, instead of going, like the rest of us, a quarter of a mile higher to a ford, what does Tarleton do but plunge in and swim his horse over."

"He was with you, then?" says Kate. "I fancied he had not gone, since I met him this afternoon in Arlingtonford."

"He was with us, but he left the party as

soon as the hunt was over, saying that he had to meet a friend in Arlingtonford. Were you that friend?"

"No, indeed!" she answers. "I met him altogether by accident—at the station."

"He is a capital fellow!" says Will, heartily. "I had no idea a man could be so little spoiled by the kind of life he has been leading. I hope he will decide to come and live at Southdale; he would make a first-rate neighbour."

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawrence, but is it Frank Tarleton of whom you are speaking?" Miss Vaughn's silvery voice unexpectedly asks across the table.

"Yes," he replies, "it is Frank Tarleton. He was with us in the hunt to-day."

"Has he been here long? Where is he staying?"

"He has been here two—three weeks, isn't it, Kate? He is staying at his own place—the old family seat—about five miles from here."

"Tarleton is so hopelessly broken to pieces in a pecuniary point of view, that I fancied Southdale would have passed even out of his nominal possession by this time," says Randal, endeavouring to look easy, and failing entirely to achieve that desirable end.

"You forget that he has his race-horses still to fall back upon," says Mr. Vaughn, breaking in carelessly. "I know that Cavalier represents in himself a very good income."

"And how about the out-go?" asks Randal. "Race-horses are about as expensive a luxury as a man can indulge in; and Tarleton is not the person to make money on the turf—or anywhere else."

"He spends it like a prince," says Miss Vaughn, "and that is very much better."

"Only better so long as he has it to spend," says her brother, with a smile. "Afterward, habits of princely expenditure are rather a drawback than otherwise."

"I am glad to say that Tarleton speaks of selling his race-horses, and settling down into a planter at Southdale," observes Mr. Lawrence.

"Impossible!" says Miss Vaughn, with a sharp intonation in her voice which startles every one. She feels this the next moment, and adds, with a somewhat forced laugh, "Such a thing is incredible—at least, I can imagine almost anything sooner than Frank Tarleton transformed into a humdrum planter."

"Must a planter of necessity be humdrum?" asks Wilmer.

"By no means of necessity," answers the lady, graciously; but you must admit that the life would hardly suit a man like Mr. Tarleton. "I don't know about its suiting him, but I am very sure he will never try it," says Wilmer, calmly.

No more is said of Tarleton and his affairs, but the conversation leaves an impression like a sting on Kate's mind. It is not so much anything which has been said, as Miss Vaughn's look and tone, which have this effect. How intimately she seemed to know him! How familiarly she spoke of him! How confidently she asserted that he would never be transformed into a "humdrum planter!"

Kate's heart—poor heart, that little knows how nearly to a close its days of brightness are drawing!—suffers a pang which she tries to still by recalling Tarleton's words with regard to this perilous beauty. "He certainly does not like her!" the girl says to herself. Then Janet's dictum occurs to her, "A man never likes a woman who has had the bad taste not to like him," and, looking at the wonderful fairness of the face before her, she asks herself if it is probable, or even possible, for any man to resist its charms?

It is not long before this question is answered in a manner which seems to leave little doubt upon it. The next morning ushers in one of the most beautiful of October days. The air is soft as a dream; the sunshine is a flood of mellow gold; the trees seem to have been transported from Aladdin's garden, as they lift their jewelled branches against a sky so radiant in its sapphire blueness that it attracts the gaze even from the brilliant forests and the far, purple hills.

To Kate, with her ardent temperament and intense vitality, such a day is more exhilarating than a draught of wine. Her pulses bound, her eyes shine; she has difficulty in keeping still for a minute.

"How restless you are, Kate!" Mrs. Lawrence says, at length, and the girl laughs.

"It is because I cannot bear to spend such an entrancing day in-doors," she says. "It seems a shame to waste one hour of it. Does not some one want to go to walk? Will you go, Miss Vaughn?"

"Pray say Florida," says Miss Vaughn, smiling. "No, thanks—I rarely walk for the mere sake of walking. It is a lovely day, certainly; but one can enjoy it sitting still."

"If you will accept a middle-aged companion, I will go with you, Kate," says Miss Brooke. "Like yourself, I feel an inclination to be abroad under such a sky and in such an atmosphere as this."

"Will you, indeed! I shall be delighted!" cries Kate. "Shall I tell your maid to bring your bonnet?"

One may regard things very differently even in the short space of five minutes, however; and so it is that the prospect of a walk with Miss Brooke seems less delightful to Kate when, just as they issue from the hall-door, they meet Tarleton in the act of entering it. All three pause, and Tarleton offers his hand with a smile.

"I hope you have entirely recovered from the fatigue of your journey," he says to the elder lady. "I am sorry that you are going out. I

was coming in to do myself the honour of paying my respects to you."

"We are going to walk," she answers; "but I shall not ask you to come with us; first, because Miss Vaughn is in the drawing room, and secondly, because I want this bonny Kate all to myself."

"A very natural desire, and one with which I can cordially sympathize," says Tarleton, looking at the bonny Kate in question with an unmistakably caressing glance.

"There! there!" says Miss Brooke, "I won't have her flattered. Go and bestow your compliments on Florida Vaughn. They will be appreciated by her."

She passes her hand through Kate's arm as she speaks, and, nodding to Tarleton, moves on. They cross the portico, descend the steps, and are taking their way down the avenue, when she adds: "A pleasant young fellow—I don't know a pleasanter. What a pity that such attractive people are generally good for nothing!"

"I don't think Mr. Tarleton is good for nothing," answers Kate, too loyal to keep silence, though she is conscious that her cheeks flush, and that her companion's eyes are on them.

"He will make himself agreeable to men and women—especially women—as long as he lives, if you consider that being good for something," answers Miss Brooke. "Otherwise he is a sad scamp. I have heard a good deal of him in one way or another—I never gossip myself, but people gossip to me—and I fear there is no hope of his coming to any good."

"Uncle thinks he may," says Kate staunchly. "Your uncle probably does not know—all that is to be known," replies Miss Brooke. "I confess, however," she goes on, "that I could forgive a man sooner for squandering his fortune, than for letting such a woman as Florida Vaughn keep him dangling in her train for months and years."

"You mean Randal?" asks Kate.

"I mean Frank Tarleton," is the reply.

"That girl—who is a most unscrupulous flirt—has been engaged to him; and at present, whether the affair is off or on I cannot say; but, however it may be, I consider it contemptible in a man to allow himself to be made the football of a woman's caprice."

"Yes, I think it is," Kate answers, mechanically.

Poor Kate! Her heart seems to contract; a smidgen cloud comes over all the brightness of the day. Yet the instinct of courage and pride keeps the most of this out of her face. Miss Brooke sees that her words have had an effect, but how deep an effect she does not suspect. She meant to give a warning, and now, her purpose being accomplished, she goes on to other things.

"How do you like Ashton Vaughn?" she asks. "Forgive me if I am a little abrupt. It is very much my way."

"I—hardly think I like him at all," replies Kate, speaking with an effort, yet conscious that she must exert herself—that she must not betray how her spirits, lately so buoyant, have sunk like lead. "He impresses me as cold, and—though, perhaps, I ought not to say it—false."

"He is both of those things," says Miss Brooke, "though it is not every girl who could discover as much. You must have a very honest nature, my dear, to detect a counterfeit so quickly. By-the-by, do you know Mr. Edward Ashton? I believe he is your uncle."

"Yes, he is my uncle," Kate replies; "but I do not know him—not in the least. Moreover, I shocked Randal by telling Mr. Vaughn, last night, that I do not want to know him."

"I hardly wonder that such a worldly young gentleman as Randal Lawrence was shocked," says Miss Brooke, smiling. "Mr. Ashton is very wealthy—so wealthy that people wonder what he will do with his fortune when the inevitable hour of leaving it comes."

"Is he?" says Kate, indifferently. "I know nothing about it, nor do I care to know anything. See, Miss Brooke, what a glowing belt of autumn colour yonder! But the trees are not at their best yet; they will be even more gorgeous two weeks hence."

Knowing every foot of ground in the woods that cover the hills behind Fairfields, Kate leads her companion on, until she suddenly wakes to a realization of their distance from home, and is stricken by remorse.

"I am sorry that we have come so far," she says. "I fear you will be very tired. If you don't mind a little rough walking, I can take you back by a way which will shorten the distance."

"I don't object to rough walking at all," answers Miss Brooke.

Consequently, they leave the path which they have been following, and enter the still depths of the enchanted world of color which surrounds them. The day is by this time at its zenith, and the sunshine, which pours into the deepest recesses of the forest, kindles into a pomp of splendour the glory of the varied and brilliant tints. In the wide woodlands not a leaf falls, so still is the air—which seems rather an enchanted atmosphere than the ordinary compound of oxygen and hydrogen. It is like lotos-eating to gaze up through the depths of many-colored foliage to the blue sky beyond. The hickories and chestnuts are already burning into vivid gold, the maples are robed in scarlet, the black-gum seems hung with rubies instead of leaves, the sweet-gum wears the motley, the dogwoods are a clear red, but the great oaks still keep their crown of green, which mingles with the solemn

tint of the unchanging pines. The familiar earth is decked in state, as if for the coming of a conqueror, and the great hills are wrapt in stillness so profound that they seem listening for the tread of his footsteps.

Presently Kate says: "We are near home now, but if you would like to rest, there is a spring in a glen at the foot of this hill, where we are all fond of stopping. It is such a pretty place, and at such a convenient distance for a walk, that the boys arranged some rustic seats between the trees last summer."

"Let us go, by all means," says Miss Brooke, who begins to feel as if even a rustic seat would be welcome.

So Kate turns and leads the way down a sloping, thickly-wooded hill-side. The descent is neither long nor difficult, but the thick undergrowth prevents their observing anything which is before them until they emerge into an open space, where a large spring, surrounded by mossy stones, bubbles up among a group of fine old trees.

This Miss Brooke sees first. So quick is the glance of the eye, and the mental action which corresponds thereto, that she takes in all the details of the picture—which is as pretty a "bit" of forest landscape as one could desire—before she observes that they are not the first comers on the scene. By the spring, with the flickering sunlight dancing over her face, her rich hair, and her becoming dress, sits Miss Vaughn, with Frank Tarleton by her side.

They are so intent on each other, that they do not perceive the two advancing figures until they are close upon them—just as neither Kate nor Miss Brooke perceived them in time to retreat. The surprise on both sides is altogether unmixed with pleasure.

"Sorry to disturb you," says Miss Brooke, as Tarleton rises abruptly. "We have only come to refresh ourselves with some water. Kate, is there anything out of which to drink?"

"Yes," answers Kate, and she takes from a crevice of the rocks a small gourd, fills, and offers it to her companion. While the latter is drinking, she turns to Miss Vaughn, who quietly keeps her seat.

"So you came to walk, after all!" she says.

"I came, after all," that young lady replies.

"Mr. Tarleton persuaded me to do so, and I have found it very pleasant."

"The day is beautiful," says Tarleton, in the tone of one who feels it necessary to say something. "Let me fill that for you," he adds, as Kate receives the gourd from Miss Brooke's hand.

"No, thanks—I won't trouble you," she answers, without looking at him. She stoops, fills it again, and drinks; then places it back in its niche, and turns to Miss Brooke.

"Shall we go on?" she asks. "A path leads from here directly to the house."

"Surely, if you have been walking ever since you set out, you ought to be tired enough to think of resting," says Tarleton.

"We are both of us good pedestrians," answers Miss Brooke, taking Kate's arm again, as she took it two hours before in the hall, "and neither of us fond of disturbing what the French call an *égoïsme d' deux*. Good-morning to you both."

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WALLACK'S new theatre will cost, when completed, about \$250,000.

HAVERLEY'S Mastodon Minstrels are at the Academy this week.

NILSSON, Patti, Albani, Valeria, and Gerster will be all together in New York next fall.

THE concert of the Montreal Philharmonic Society is fixed for the 2nd of February.

PATTI has been creating a great deal of ill-feeling by the way she talks about her sister artists, especially Nilsson.

THE New York Star's critic has been attacking Oscar Wilde, as a side issue in his criticisms of the Colonel.

THE attempt to introduce full dress at Wallack's has been a decided failure. Even the Gainsborough hat holds its own.

MARY ANDERSON has appeared in the part of Galatea in Gilbert's beautiful play of "Pygmalion and Galatea" in New York, and had a great success.

THE Colonel has had only a very moderate share of success in New York, in spite of Lester Wallack leaving his own theatre to create the part at the Park.

IT is said that Mr. John Hollingshead made Mrs. Langtry an offer of one hundred pounds a night for twelve performances at the Opera Comique.

AT Mrs. Langtry's debut in London they paid \$250 for a box, and \$10 per seat for favourite choice. Our London namesake says: "Mr. Sassoon was in a box with a bouquet so large that it took two men and a boy to hurl it at the feet of the fair and ambitious actress."

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.

## HERR SCHMIDT'S MISFORTUNE

THE LAY OF A LUNCHEON.

*(From the German.)*

Herr Schmidt, when to the chase he's bound,  
Of nature's wants full careful,  
His hunting bag so large and round  
He takes, besides his "horn and hound"  
With eatables choice and rare, full.

"Away, away to the woods we ride  
'Tis well to be merry and free"  
But 'tis well, more by token, to look you provide  
Roast beef and tongue and Lord knows what  
beside  
In your game bag like him, don't you see.

"Come hares and rabbits and partridges  
I'm ready for one and all;  
A man with a stock of provisions like this,  
Cares little whether he hit or miss.  
He'll not starve, let what may befall."

Mark where she goes. Hallo, prepare.  
Piff, puff,—hi, Carlo find him.  
Herr Schmidt jumps up, when, which, what,  
where?  
For all the world there's nothing there,  
For Carlo points behind him.

Up starts the hare. In vain, in vain  
Poor Schmidt shoots wild and frantic;  
With panting tongue does Carlo strain  
To burst his leash and scour the plain—  
I'm growing quite romantic.

Now Carlo to the game bag's tied—  
'Tis easy so to mind him—  
A jerk, a wrench, a break, a slide,  
Off goes the dog, and woe betide!  
Off goes the bag behind him.

Smash goes the wine, "You"—(blank, in brief)  
"You"—(language that won't bear repeat-  
ing)  
"Come back I say—oh, there's my beef,  
My tongue is gone, my ham—you thief  
I'll give you such a beating."

On goes the hound—immense the pace is—  
The other dogs are wiser;  
For while behind the hare he races,  
They calmly follow in his traces  
And hunt the roast beef and pie, sir.

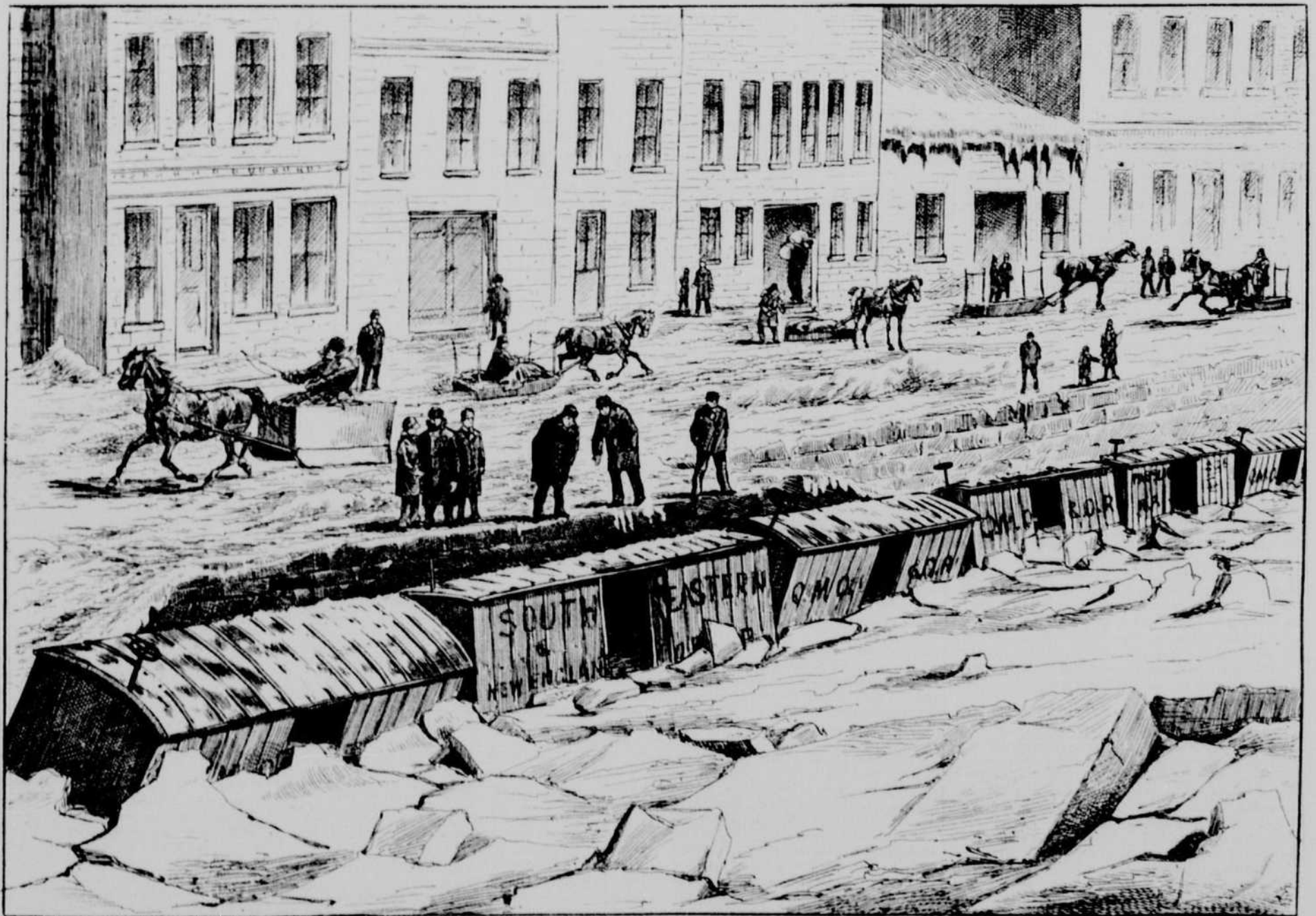


## MORAL.

A moral you must have, well I—er  
Will try to find you one, my masters  
Take this—and ask for nothing higher  
"Too many irons in the fire  
Bring unforeseen disasters."



TUQUE FALL, ST. MAURICE, 120 MILES WEST OF OTTAWA



CARS FROZEN IN BY THE OVERFLOW ON THE MONTREAL WHARVES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

## TOO LATE.

(From the Swedish of Carl Snoilsky.)

BY NED F. MAH.

A little beggar maid with many a shiver—  
Outside a mansion as you hurry by—  
Ragged and barefoot, prays of you to give her  
A trifle, just a slice of bread to buy.

Cruel, O no! But purse and money in it  
Two closely buttoned coats securely guard;  
Delay, for this small pauper's sake, a minute  
You cannot—it is blowing far too hard.

And at a board with plate and crystal weighted  
Soon you are sitting, grateful, snug and warm;  
But yet no soap may please your palate sated,  
Even the wine has lost its ancient charm.

And with the ruby glass before you brimming  
Which you each time abstractedly refuse,  
Why gave I not! you ask—before you swimming  
In empty air a small, thin hand which sues.

Half moved to find so little has succeeded  
To vex you thus, you rise to make your bow  
And take your leave, thinking—What more is needed?  
The child's there yet. I'll give it something now.

Alas, too late! The little one has vanished—  
Empty the corner where you hoped to find  
The tiny bubble which your words had banished  
Into the great, dark ocean of mankind.

As she came, so went she, sick and fasting.  
On the dismissal she received from you;  
Perhaps sent to seek the Mercy Everlasting  
By heartless words which you must ever rue.

## HARRY.

"Another train on in half an hour. Will any gentleman get out to oblige a lady?"

The station at Oxenholme Junction, "Change here for Windermere," was crowded with travellers hastening lakeward, and anxious to reach their various destinations in time for dinner or tea, as the case might be. The platform was still dotted with the different costumes, ultra-pretty or ultra-ugly, which delight the tourist eye, though the train now on the point of starting was already so full that distinction of class had been lost sight of in the rush for seats made by the famished and tired crowd. Mrs. Salway felt sure that such was the case as she sat in the corner of her first-class carriage, and alternately cast angry glances at the people who had scrambled in after her, and piteous ones at her youngest daughter who had not been so successful in the crush, and was now standing forlornly enough upon the platform.

"It is so like Mary," Mrs. Salway murmured to her eldest daughters; "really your father should have waited for us; this is the last time that we travel in two parties. I had no idea that first-class passengers were crowded out of their seats, and must get out, and all stay until the next train."

And indeed the other passengers, notwithstanding the guard's invitation and her black looks, showed no inclination to postpone their arrival for half an hour, and risk the chance of being late at table d'hôte.

There was one passenger, sitting in the opposite corner from the platform, who excited Mrs. Salway's more particular spleen. She was quite certain that the ticket in his pocket, if he had one at all (this was a mental reservation), was for the third class. His rough suit was shabby, and had seen much service, more especially the knickerbocker part of it, and in that service his soft gray hat had apparently shared to a very considerable extent. His boots were as innocent of blacking as his stick of varnish, and the small knapsack above his head would have failed to carry confidence to the mind of the least suspicious of hotel-keepers. But he had some redeeming points about him; his hands were gloved—in old gloves once yellow, it is true—and he "gave up his seat to oblige a lady," according to the guard's formula.

From his place in the corner of the carriage he could not see whom he was obliging, until having retired with the shamefaced confusion which nine out of ten Englishmen assume when they are being conspicuously courteous, he stole a glance at her face as she stepped in.

She gave him a little bow of thanks, and a smile of such evident gratitude as would have converted the many family friends who considered Mary Salway rather plain than otherwise. She had a small pale face, with shy brown eyes a size too large for it; a rather timid retiring face, which made one agree with her mother that giving way in a crush was "just like Mary," and very unlike Mrs. Salway. Our friend in knickerbockers saw the smile and would fain have become better acquainted with it; but the train was already moving off with the young lady, and as he remembered when too late, with his knapsack as well.

So it happened that when he did reach Windermere station his scanty baggage was not to be found. Knapsacks, large and small, are common things at the Lakes, and inquiries were in vain. The Crown Hotel at Bowness reached, he was only just in time to get the last vacant room, a little one at the top of the house, much encumbered with spare baths, a baby's crib, and other odds and ends, but otherwise almost as ill provided with furniture as he was with luggage. However, he was lucky in not having to sleep under the billiard-table, as has happened to some wayfarers in those parts; and besides, the room had such a view of the head of Windermere, the Langdale Pikes, and High

Street, as made up for some slight inconveniences.

Strict evening dress is not demanded by etiquette at the Lake hotels. Some of the company, as no doubt, are Americans, traveling with mountains of iron-bound trunks bearing the labels of half the hotels in Europe; many are honeymooning couples, arrayed in the newest of apparel from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. But many also carry their luggage in their hands or on their backs, and so swallow-tails and spotless shirt-fronts are out of the question. But the etiquette of the table d'hôte looks for one thing, and that is a black coat of some kind or other. Therefore Mrs. Salway, who for various reasons had not felt all her daughter's gratitude, was much aggrieved at the presence of our hero in his knickerbocker suit; not knowing that it was through his courtesy that he was compelled to appear in this (to Mrs. Salway, with whom form and ceremony were fetishes, from whose worship rank and wealth alone were free) disgraceful state. But she was more aggrieved at his proximity to her party, and most of all at her Mary to take the outside seat, so that the young fellow was next to her. The objectionable gentleman did not see the matter at all in the same light; but having attacked the young lady's reserve by the usual observation about the weather, rattled so pleasantly that Mary quite forgot that she had not been introduced to him, and was emboldened to say with a little blush.

"I am so much obliged to you for your kindness this afternoon; had you not given up your seat we should have all had to stay."

"I was very glad to be of service to you. Do you stop here long?"

"A week at least, I believe."

"I suppose you have private rooms here, and you will disappear after dinner?"

"Oh, no; my father likes to see strangers, and the coming and going; he thinks it a change after home life."

"Very true," answered the gentleman, with a look of content on his face which was not lost upon Mary. She begins to feel that the Lake holiday promises to be at least as agreeable as she had expected. Women are quick, very quick, to read men's thoughts when they are turned towards themselves—even such a shy little Hauptstadt maiden as Mary, just released from the governess's thralldom, and still suffering a good deal from repression at the hands of her mother and sisters. She steals a look at him while he is engaged with his *cassée*. He is not handsome; she settles that at once. He is not tall, with a black moustache, flashing dark eyes and an imposing manner; only a keen, sunburnt face is his, with small black whiskers, and with eyes bright enough but of no particular color. But if his clothes are old and shabby, he seems at home in them, and perfectly at ease with his company; she is certain that he is a gentleman, not because he gave up his seat to her, but by a hundred tiny proofs. And she enjoys her first hotel dinner very much, and wonders whether the same seats will be reserved for them every evening.

So when she rises and he bows, Mary is inclined to view the world through rose coloured spectacles. Not so her mother. Mrs. Salway has, during dinner, been talking to an old gentleman who chanced to sit next to her and whom she does not know from Adam; but nevertheless on the road to the drawing room she puts before Mary the enormity of talking to a gentleman to whom she had not been introduced, and begs her to behave herself like Agnes and Laura, who, having been walled in from such approaches by those heavy flanking parties, Mr. and Mrs. Salway, have had no chance of stuning in the same way. Her father is instructed to see that Mary is not allowed to outlie the party another evening; and when the objectionable young gentleman "actually has the audacity" to quote Mrs. Salway's words, to enter the drawing-room in his knickerbockers and looks inquiringly around as if for some particular person, he finds Mary penned in a corner by her mother and sisters, who regard him, and especially his nether garment, with looks in which wonder and scorn are finely blended. That richly dressed matron having set the example, he finds himself rather coolly received in other quarters, and soon retires from the scene in anger, if I may make a guess, of the smoking-room.

But strict reserve in the club-like life of a tourist's hotel is difficult to maintain. I do not meet your bugbear (or *vice versa*, for it is more polite to suppose that you, reader, stand in Mary's place than in her elders), upon the coach to Ullswater, you will do so most probably next day on that going to Coniston; if not in the drawing-room, then in that favourite resort the verandah; if not at breakfast, then at dinner, or lunch, or lighting a bedroom candle, or on the steamboat, you will be sure to find him or her opposite to you. So it was with our young friends, and Mary suffered in consequence. The sisters persisted, as sisters will in such a case that Mary encouraged him, but I believe that he needed small encouragement. Now and then too he suffered a little: Mrs. Salway would be rude to him, and the girls overlooked and slighted him with a naughty contempt that was certainly felt more by Mary than by the person for whom it was chiefly intended. Mrs. Salway had made up her mind that he was a commercial traveller, and was not chary of stating her belief; so that the young fellow without a black coat came quite unconsciously to be considered a rather objectionable member of the little community; a woe—and worse, a low class of wolf.

This had gone on for more than a week, when the Salways went by coach to Coniston, with the intention, as far as the younger were concerned, of ascending the Old Man. It was a bright and glorious fine morning, one of those so sparingly granted amid this beautiful scenery. The party were in the highest spirits; the careful mother had begun to contemplate changing their plans, and running away from that vulgar young man, who had last evening crowned his other enormities by openly drinking beer out of a pewter at the table d'hôte dinner; but now she congratulated herself on his absence. It must be confessed, Mary was a little dull; no doubt the scenery was beautiful, and her sisters were prepared to join in any amount of loudly expressed admiration of it as they swept past Esthwaite Water, and over Coniston Pass, and through the thickly wooded slope that, like a shrubbery, surrounds Coniston Water, and forms a contrast to the bare gigantic sides of the Old Man. But she brightened up directly.

"I declare now," cried Mrs. Salway, as they came in sight of the village hotel, "if there's not that dreadful young man! Now Mary, remember what I told you."

"The child can't be rude to him," said her father, who had a sneaking preference for Mary, and had seen the faint blush which that figure lounging there at the porch had brought to her cheeks long before her mother had noted the gentleman's identity.

"We had better wait and let him go up the hill first," said Agnes, a dark, handsome girl, who had always attracted a circle of admirers, and had brought two or three with her on this expedition.

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Salway. "If we are to go up we must start at once; the coach will leave at six, and that does not give us any too much time. What will you and Laura do?"

"Oh, we will walk a little around the lake, papa. I do not envy you your climb, especially if you will bring me a nice root of parsley fern."

Laura was the studious and learned member of the family, seldom visible without spectacles, and more attached to ferns and botany than to anyone outside her own circle.

It is a very long pull up hill from Coniston village to the top of the Old Man towering nearly three thousand feet above it, and so our party found it. They started five, but had not gone far when the objectionable young fellow joined them and seizing his opportunity, soon detached Mary from the rest. I believe that, on this occasion at any rate, she made some resistance. But Agnes had her hands too full of her swains to look after her sister; and as for Mr. Salway, who was stout and more at his ease upon the pavement of the Stock Exchange than the side of a Westmoreland fell, he had enough to do to mind his own business upon the winding path, even though for a long distance that path cannot be called precipitous. Mary was far lighter and more nimble than her Juno like sister; and so the pair, in no very long time, took the lead. That the young gentleman had not been wasting his time, may be inferred from a scrap of the conversation.

"I wonder if this week has been as pleasant to you as to me, Mary?"

"It has been very nice. The lakes are delightful."

"Ah, of course; you must have had a very pleasant drive this morning?" he answered with some haste.

"Oh, yes, pretty well," assented Mary, but dubiously.

"I am going away to-morrow." She turned her face the other way, and diligently rooted up a bit of parsley—a very scrubby bit, too, though there were plenty of splendid clusters not far off. Then she said frankly, though still with her face turned away.

"I am so sorry."

"Are you really, dear? Won't your mother be glad though? She doesn't like me much."

"No," said Mary candidly.

"Do you?"

"You have no right to ask me that."

"Have I not? And why not, Miss Mary?"

"Because—because you have not told me whether you like me."

"I think I called you something, Miss Mary Salway, a few minutes ago," glancing up and down the path; they were just in the centre of the gorge near the Low Water Turn, and there was no one in sight. Mary did not answer.

"You've forgotten, perhaps, what it was, dear?"

She shook her head.

"I meant it. You are very dear to me."

"You've only known me nine days."

His arm, which had been assisting her up the steep path, was now giving her much further support.

"And to know you a day, my darling, is to love you."

And Mary, her arms full of parsley fern, was kissed before she could escape. Then a little reaction of feeling took place on her part.

"I don't even know your name," she said, standing still.

"Of course not; Harry. It's rather a common name, isn't it?"

"Harry?" murmured the girl softly; "and—and what else?"

"Oh, never mind that. You have not yet answered my question whether you liked me."

"Yes, I like you."

"That won't do, Mary. The question is now altered to—love me?"

"You have answered it for yourself, I think. Do you suppose I should let you do what you have, if I had not?"

And they went on up the hill.

When they reached the top it was unoccupied; and seldom, indeed, had it been gained by two more happy people. A sunny smiling world stretched round them from sea to sea, the lights and shadows flitting over the green sides of the Old Man's brethren; while below, lake beyond lake reflected the sky, and round them peak beyond peak, the mountains stretched as far as the eye could reach. Only Scowfell's summit was veiled in mist. They stood by the cairn, and for a moment almost forgot one another in the grandeur of the sight. No, not forgot one another; rather it was the thought of the other's presence which tinged with a brighter lustre the brightest sunbeam on the distant lakes. No wonder that they sat down by the cairn, taking no very careful note of the passage of time, and talked more of those sweet nothings than before. At length Harry looked at his watch, and discovered that they had at an hour to make the descent if they wished to catch the coach.

"The others must have given it up and turned back, Mary."

"I suppose so. We must come up with them, or mamma will be so angry."

"Poor little Mary!"

"Don't, sir! How misty it has become!"

"By Jove! so it has. I ought to have looked out. Have we not this world to ourselves? But I wish I were quite certain which is the side by which we came up. We must make a start anyhow."

Have you ever, when at the top of a Westmoreland hill, found yourself silently, as if by magic, surrounded by a mist, from which a London fog would, for a density and a power of confounding things, hardly bear off the palm? A moment ago a smiling plain, set with lakes, as if with jewels, and rimmed with purple hills, was before you; a little puff of thin mist almost transparent rises from some neighboring gorge, another, and another, and lo! your prospect is lowered to a few yards, perhaps a few feet, of turf and shale, a cold, ghastly cairn of stones, and beyond—nothing, nothing but mist surrounding your little island like a gray ocean. While all is clear, it is so hard for a novice in mountains to realize the difficulty of finding his way in such a state of things; but the difficulty is very real. Our hero, who had experience of it, was quite at fault, nevertheless; he had been too much occupied with his companion to notice the direction of the wind, or any land marks which might indicate the side on which they had come up. Once safely upon the path, the foot of the hill might, by patience and care, be gained; but the summit was stony, and on two sides precipitous. He remembered that a honeymooning couple had only a week before been caught upon Helvelyn and detained all night by the mist. Such an adventure would be much worse for himself and Mary; the latter would certainly suffer, so he made a resolute attempt to descend.

Mary trusted to him implicitly, and hand in hand they had successfully descended some distance; although the steepness of the hillside and its rocky nature made him feel pretty sure that this was not the side by which they had gained the top. Slip, stumble, slip, here a few yards of steep turf aiding them, there the stones giving way under foot, and warning him at least that they were on the border of a scree. The ground grew more and more treacherous and rocky; after a stumble worse than those which had preceded it, he stopped to try if their eyes could distinguish anything through the gulf of mist into which they had nearly plunged headlong. No, the curtain was as thick as ever, and the rain besides was falling heavily. Then he started a large stone, in order to judge by its descent what kind of ground lay in front of them; three yards, and it lay hidden from sight; bound, bound, twice it struck the rocks, and then an interval of silence, and then a sudden, distant splash. He shuddered and drew the girl back against the rocks.

"Thank God!" he muttered, "a few more steps, and we should have gone over the scree into Low Water Tarn."

Mary's distress, as slowly and very carefully they retraced their steps, may well be imagined. Not only only was she tired, worn out and frightened, but the thought of what would be said if they could not descend speedily, was tormenting her. The poor girl was feverishly anxious at any risk to get off the hill, and her companion had much work to prevent her from meeting with a mishap. Consequently, when they a second time reached the cairn at the top, they were in a different frame of mind. The young fellow groaned as he looked at his watch, and found it was nearly seven o'clock and the mists thicker than ever. But not a word of reproach did the brave little maid utter to him.

In the meantime the party assembled in the hotel at the foot of the hill were passing through quite a series of anxieties. When six o'clock came, and with it the returning coach, Mrs. Salway's anger at the absence of her younger daughter could hardly be concealed from the outside public. Of course they could not leave her, and the coach had to depart without them. Her husband present and Mary absent shared the mother's reproaches with the objectionable young man, while the sister were quite as much surprised as they expressed themselves to be, for this was "so unlike Mary."

But when nine o'clock came, and no sign of the missing ones, and the mists grew thicker, the landlady expressed herself of the opinion that "the young lady and gentleman would have to stay upon the hill all night, and hoped they had some wraps."

"Stay on the hill all night, woman! My daughter with that young man! Good gracious, Mr. Salway, you must do something! This is too dreadful!"

So a search-party was organized, though with some difficulty, and guides, brandy and lanterns obtained; but before it had set out Mrs. Salway had been moved to contemplate the affair from a different point of view. She heard the "tarn" and the "cliffs" mentioned in whispers by the guides with ominous glances, and saw from her husband's face that he knew and did not think lightly of their suspicions. Up to this time she had thought only of her daughter's good name, and the way in which it was being compromised, but now her fears for her daughter's safety, took the place of this feeling. Agnes and Laura, eloquent before, were awed into silence, and the affair was assuming a very serious light in the eyes of all, when a cry outside proclaimed some news, and just as the party was starting into the mist and rain, the lost ones stood before them.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Mrs. Salway, taking charge of Mary, who, what with her worn out condition and her very natural confusion, was near fainting. Mrs. Salway in the revulsion of feeling from fear to relief and then to anger, had nothing to say on the spur of the moment. The girls surrounded Mary, and as they did so they looked defiance, and yet a sort of admiration, at her daring companion.

"Please look to your daughter, Mrs. Salway; she is very wet and fatigued. It is my fault and that of the mist that we are so late. But I will explain to your satisfaction, in the morning."

"To my satisfaction, sir!" cried Mrs. Salway, taking up an indignant attitude between him and Mary; but before she could say any more the greater culprit had gone, and the lesser one was not in a state at present to hear the lecture which Mrs. Salway was prepared to administer. And I think it was still being held in *terrorem* over the young lady when they took their seats outside the coach for Bowness next day; she was evidently in disgrace, and her mother would not let her quit her side for a moment. For a wonder Mary had escaped all injurious effects of the exposure, and though very quiet this morning and very shy, she did not look altogether unhappy, and once or twice on the road a smile would cross the demure little face, and a twinkle of fun appear in the big brown eyes. Mrs. Salway saw something of this, and feeling sure that Mary was infatuated with that "dreadful young fellow," added a few severe phrases to the lecture she was conning, and hardened her heart to administer it without mercy. "Mary shall go home to Hampstead to-morrow; with Anne she will be out of danger," she mentally determined; Anne being the source of Mary's maiden aunts, at this present moment taking care of their house during the holidays. "No more holidays for you, young lady," thought her mother to herself.

They had passed Estwaite Water, and were nearing Winderemere, when the attention of all upon the coach was attracted by the sight of a four-in-hand behind them. It was splendidly horsed, and as two servants in handsome liveries were sitting behind it, it was clearly a private coach. It came along with a wonderful smoothness, which put the spring of the rickety vehicle upon whose top they were perched to shame. Nevertheless it seemed in no hurry to pass them; and presently Mr. Salway, who had been running his eyes over the horses with an expression of critical approval, asked his own driver whose was the four-in-hand following them.

"I guess it will be Sir Henry Norborough's," said he, whistling up his horses, and getting to the side of the road. "I see his team standing in the hotel-yard when I was a starting. They're four as pretty bays with white stockings as ever I see together."

"Ah, Miss Mary, how your cheek has been flushing and blushing, your eyes brightening, and your mouth smiling a proud happy smile, though you have never looked up to see who is the spruce driver of this gallant equipage turned out in all respect fit for Hyde Park! Now he is alongside, handling the ribbons, though the road is narrow and steep, with the ease of custom, looking, with his tall hat and black coat and the flower in his button-hole, every inch a baronet and a member of the Coaching Club. He is alongside, and not until then, when he lifts his hat and shoots one glance at Mary, sitting well protected by her mother and sisters from the wolf—wolf indeed! wolf no longer—not until then do the others recognize their old acquaintance of the knickerbockers and shabby hat. He is gone before they can express their astonishment, or any; but she, who is so well prepared for it, returns his salute.

"Good gracious!" uttered Mrs. Salway, slowly, her eyes glued to his back, "Can it be? I suppose it really is. Why, who can it be? Can it be his coach?"

"Sir Harry Norborough, I suppose," answered her husband dryly, who has secretly sympathized with Mary, and has been puzzling his brain how to rescue her from that lecture and other disagreeables that he suspects are being prepared for her.

"Mary, is that Sir Harry Norborough?"

"He told me so," answered the girl demurely, as if the most impossible assertion from his lips would not have commanded her credence.

And it was really true. If the early part of Mary's courtship had had something of the bitter mingled with the sweet, that was all over now. No lectures, no banishment to Aunt Anne for her. "It was so unlike Mary," said her sisters among themselves, meaning it was so unlike

her to gain the heart of a baronet. But they were good girls in their way and tolerable unselfish—just as ready to fall down and worship and pet the successful sister as to repress and snub the schoolgirl. As for Mrs. Salway when she found Sir Harry's four-in-hand standing at the door of the Crown, and half the visitors in Bowness standing round admiring it; when the cynical young gentleman received her at the door with all honor, and a few minutes later proposed to her youngest daughter; when he put that very coach at their disposal, and the whole party had a week's tour in it; when all these things and many more almost as pleasant (including going to the *table d'hôte* dinner on a baronet's arm) had happened, why, Mrs. Salway taught herself to believe that this match was entirely of her own contrivance, and was owing simply and purely to her—good management and diplomacy.

And demure, quiet Mary, with the shy little face and the big brown eyes, the baronet's wife to be, what of her? Well, nothing more I think; for this happened in August of this year, 1881, among the forthcoming Christmas festivities an event of the utmost importance in Mary's life was arranged, which is looked upon by Mrs. Salway with much pride and satisfaction.—*London Society.*

CHILDREN'S DROLLERIES.

The interest shown in the droll doings and amusing observations of little folks is proved by the success of recent works on the subject. Most of us have some time or another heard children come out with as comical things as any, invented or otherwise, that we see chronicled. Not long since, a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of the kind referred to, of which his six-year-old boy was the hero. He says: "I keep a shop, and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go up-stairs to my cash box. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy: 'Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything,' and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out: 'Pa, he didn't steal anything—I watched him.' You may imagine what a position I was in."

Children's questions are often no less embarrassing than they are amusing, as may be instanced in the story of the mercenary little boy who overheard a conversation respecting a wedding that was soon to take place. At breakfast next morning he recalled the subject by asking the following question: "Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?"—A little one returning from the "Zoo" through Regent's Park with a friend of the writer's, pointed to some flowers growing there, and inquired if they were *tame* ones; meaning, of course, with his thoughts on the animals he had just seen, the reverse of wild.—At a whale exhibition a youngster is said to have asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them, why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner.

"You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't want to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

It is related of another infant inquirer who was looking with great interest at a foaming pan of milk, that he suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, where do cows get the milk from?"—"Where do you get your tears?" was the answer.—After a thoughtful silence—in which the mention of tears had evidently recalled certain associations—he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"—On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to get shaved.—"Do you know how I get into bed so quick, mamma?" said a little girl.—"No, darling; how do you?" was the reply.—"Why, I put one foot on the bed, and then holler out 'Rats!' and scare myself right in."—A lady, when admiring the stars on a bright night in a tropical climate, was suddenly asked, in the most innocent way by her little son of five years old, if those were the nails that held up heaven.

Apt replies of little people when scolded or questioned find many illustrations, as, for example, when a little girl, after being sharply reproved by her mother for some misconduct, said after a moment's pause: "I should fink, mamma, from the way you treat me, you was my step-mother."—A four-year-old boy lying in a bed in which his brother was also to sleep, replied, when his mother exclaimed: "Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what will poor Harry do?" "Well, mother, Harry has got both sides."—Another youngster of about the same age, seated at a tea table said: "Mamma, may I have some sardines?"—"Wait till I'm ready, child."—"Why, Ma, it's me at wants 'em," was the comment, in tones of surprise.—A boy who had always refused to eat oatmeal, in spite of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, suddenly surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: "I am bound to eat oatmeal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott."

A little girl one morning remarked to her mamma that her "button-shoes were hurting;" and probably thought relief might come by changing right to left. "Why, Lucy, you've put them on the wrong feet!"—Puzzled, and just ready to cry, she exclaimed: "What'll I

do, mamma! They're all the feet I've got!"—An affectionate mother noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked what her handkerchief was for, and received for answer: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street; that's what papa does with his."

Children's remarks are at times even more entertaining than their comical queries and replies. One of two children who were amusing themselves by colouring pictures, suddenly exclaimed: "Well, how stupid of me to paint that cow blue!"—"Oh, it's blue with the cold!" quickly observed the other.—A little girl on being told something that greatly amused her, vowed that she would remember it the whole of her life, and when she forgot it, would write it down.—A canary had begun to twitter a little after moulting, but was unable to sing its entire tune. A little four-year old, after listening to one of the bird's vain attempts to master his tune, said very comely: "Mamma, birdie only sang half a verse."—Canaries bring to mind their enemies the cats. A gentleman had a cat which gave birth to five kittens. On ordering three of them to be drowned, his little boy said: "Pa, do not drown them in cold water. Warm it first; they may catch cold before they are dead."—A relative of the writer's crossing the Channel when he was a very small boy, suffered much from sea sickness. Hearing a good deal of talk on board about the motion of the steamer, he confidentially informed his parents on landing, that "if he had a boat, he wouldn't have any motion to it."

The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering. "O dear!" she exclaimed to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while!"—In contrast to this was the delicate compliment paid by an American boy to his mother. The family were discussing at the supper table the qualities which go to make up the good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening or could understand the talk, until he leaned over the table and kissed his mother, and said: "Mamma, when I get big enough, I'm going to marry a lady just like you."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE rehearsal of *Henry the Eighth*, the new opera M. Saint-Saens, has just commenced at the Opera.

A FAMOUS British bicyclist has arrived in Paris to do—for a bet—the journey between Paris and Nice, and back, in twelve days.

To vulgarise the duel still more, latterly before fighting, the combatants have given a display of their prowess in fencing to the public at the fencing rooms. Sending round the hat will be the next thing.

M. GOUNOD has persuaded Madame Krauss to sing in the opera of *Faust*. We shall again see a Marguerite with dark hair, as Madame Krauss has stipulated that she shall not change her *coiffure*. Sellier will play *Faust*.

A LATE revived French caprice is to wear earrings of real Brazilian beetles. Another style is that of a tiny bird about an inch long made of fine, beautiful feathers dyed crimson and green. The eyes of the bird are formed of diamonds.

THE Paris municipality have voted a sum of 12,000fr. for the erection at Montparnasse cemetery of a monument to the firemen who have perished in the different conflagrations which have taken place in and around the French capital.

AT the sale of the jewels of Mme. Marie Blanc, the first day realized over 631,000 francs, the lot which fetched the most was a pearl necklace for £14,000. There were 315 pearls; one of 100 pearls fetched over £7,000.

THE mourning in the Rothschild's family forbids all great gaieties, but Baron Adolphe of Naples has broken the ice in a degree by giving a dinner *en petit comité* at his hotel in the Rue de Monceau. It was in honour of—Mlle. Van Zandt.

THE collection mania has many followers. The latest is a rage for hairpins, which fall (or are fished) from the heads of their beautiful owners. These are arranged in a scrap-book, accompanied with the name of the whilom wearer.

AMONGST the new toys of the year are the singing bird, which "opens its beak," as the vendors din into the ears of the passers by; a little sailor, who descends a wire to which he is attached by the foot; and a combination game by which a variety of humorous facial expressions may be obtained.

MILLE JEANNE BONAPARTE, daughter of the late Prince Pierre, is to be married next month to the Marquis de Villeneuve Bargemont, the scion of a staunch Legitimist family. The lady's dowry is to be 1,000,000fr., given by her brother, Prince Roland Bonaparte.

THE Committee of the Parisian Press have decided that the total net sum received in aid of the sufferers by the fire at the Ring Theatre at Vienna, and by the recent storms in the Channel, shall be divided equally between the victims in France and Austria respectively.

A WELL-KNOWN character has just passed away in the person of the waiter of the Café de la Paix, well-known to its habitués, who for more than fifteen years used to pour out their coffee. The deceased, who was named Théophile Lebreton, weighed no less than two hundred and sixty pounds at the time of his death.

MEDIUM SIZED fans are now carried instead of the immensely large ones that were popular during the summer. The most fashionable pattern shows a large bird painted with great accuracy as to form and plumage—a cockatoo, a parrot, a fideon—on neutral-tinted satin, gray or light-brown being considered the best background.

THE late Cardinal Borromeo has left by will an immense income to Saint Peter's Seminary. The heir to the rest of the Cardinal's fortune is Count Gilberto, his nephew. One of the conditions of the will, is that the Count must never sell a single thing belonging to the inheritance. If he should sell even a pin, the whole of the inheritance would then go to the Pope. Count Sanevarmo, of Milan, is executor, and has had a valuable diamond ring left him by the Cardinal.

THE *Figaro* says that M. Gambetta was dining with the Ambassador of Germany when he received the news of M. Rochefort's acquittal. He appeared astonished, but he immediately observed jokingly that the acquittal of M. Rochefort proved nothing against the jury in a newspaper question, and that the verdict only proved the inexperience of the jury. "We believe," says the *Figaro*, "that M. Gambetta is mistaken. It would have been wiser for him to say that political considerations predominated this trial, and that what the jury did was to condemn an expedition which has become unpopular on account of the manner in which it has been conducted."

AMONG the cheap toys of the season offered for sale on the Boulevards was a miniature guillotine, in pasteboard, so disposed that the criminal's head being cut off by the executioner could be replaced on his shoulders, and the operation recommenced. It was certainly something original and would have proved a success for its inventor, but it appears that toy manufacturers are liable to have their wares seized by the police if they show too great a want of discrimination in their ingenious devices to cater for the favour of the public, and in the present instance, just as some one was in the act of paying for the toy, two policemen interfered, took possession of the stall with its wares, and marched the proprietor off to the police-station. The inventor of the "novelty" complained bitterly of his hard fate, and explained to the police that he had devoted months to prepare the toy, totally unaware that the sale of the guillotine as a plaything was an offence against the law.

A POPULAR REMEDY.—Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is one of the most deservedly popular remedies for the cure of coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, whooping-cough, croup, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints. For sale by all dealers.

ELECTRICITY is now recognized as a remedial agent of prime importance, and medicinal articles in which this principle is developed by contact, are among those most highly esteemed. Physicians and others who have observed or experienced the action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, testify to the thoroughness and promptitude with which it effects curative results. Losing no strength by evaporation, like other oils, pure in its constituents and efficacious inwardly and outwardly, this supreme remedy is, moreover, sold at a price which enables all to avail themselves of it. It is a prime remedy for affections of the throat, chest and lungs; conquers rheumatism and neuralgia; subdues inflammation, eradicates piles and remedies all manner of outward hurts. Colic, sweeney, garget, harness and collar galls, and other maladies and injuries of the brute creation, are completely cured by it. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

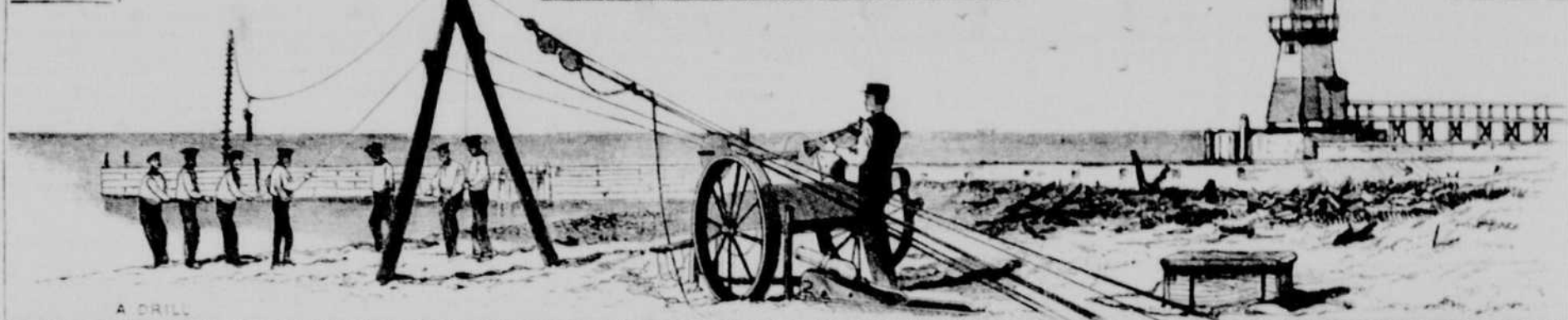
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

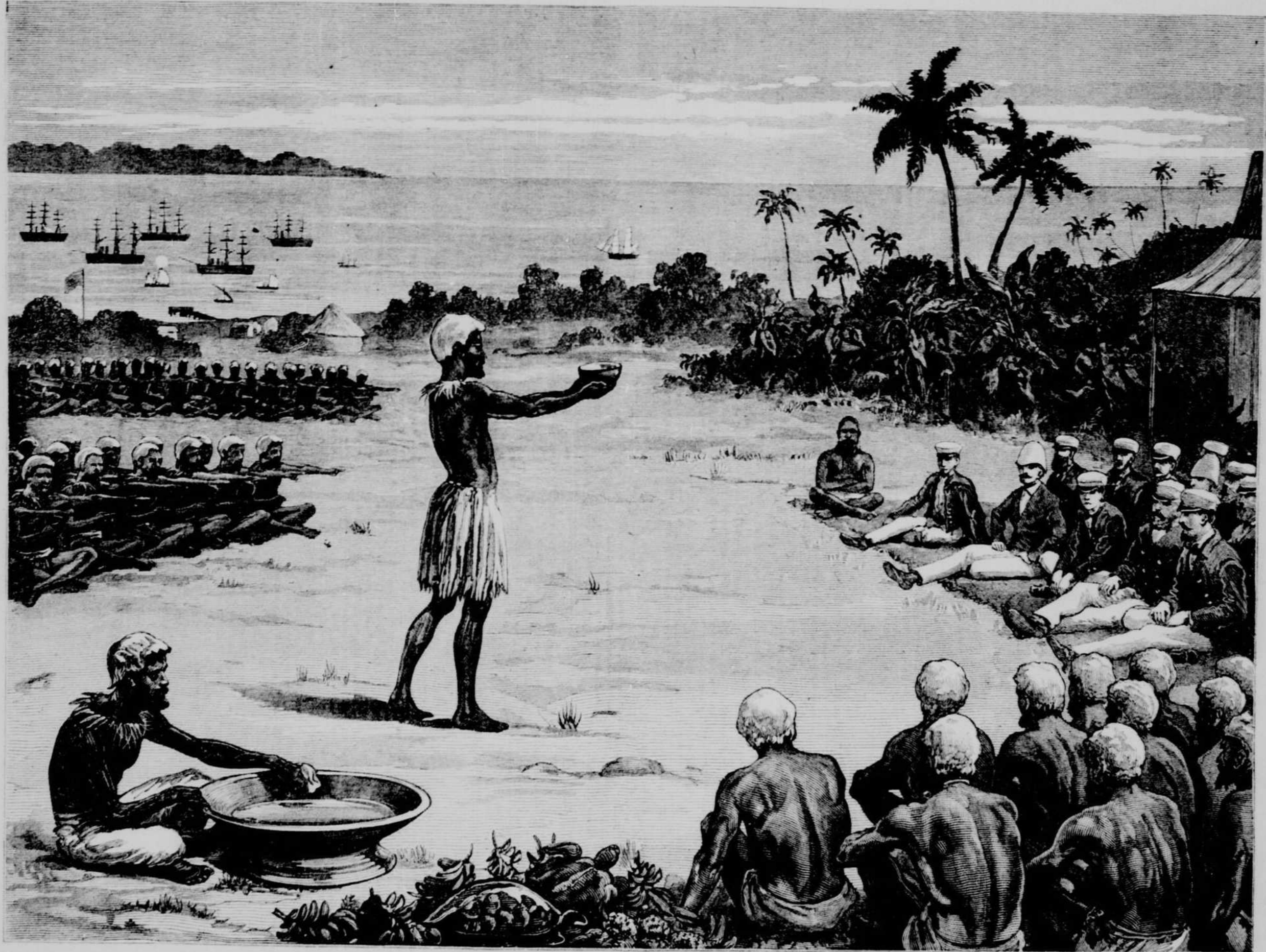
With a view to obtain information for transmission abroad to societies who are expected to be represented at the meeting to be held in this city in August next, the Committee on Board and Lodging would be pleased to receive from householders willing to provide lodging, or board and lodging, for the members of the above Association during their meetings, information, stating numbers they can accommodate, and terms.

Citizens who are willing to entertain members are also requested to communicate with the undersigned.

A list of the members from a distance who have signified their intention of coming will shortly be opened, and can be seen at the Natural History Society's rooms.

Address J. BEBROWS, P. O. Box 158, City.





AN INCANTATION SCENE IN THE FIJI ISLANDS.—(SEE PAGE 67.)

## A LITERARY SUCCESS.

An honest—therefore poor—young man, just out adrift from college  
 Was driven to devise a plan for bartering his knowledge.  
 He thought and thought a weary while, then off his coat he stripped,  
 And in one heat reeled off some seventeen pages of manuscript,  
 Note size, and written only on one side, from which you'll guess  
 That it was meant for nothing less than "copy" for the press.  
 Naught mean about this youth: He quoted French, and Greek, and Latin;  
 He pressed ancient and modern history into service; and, though he had only a small stock of metaphysics on hand, he didn't hesitate to work that in.

Then straightway he concealed the article upon his person,  
 And went on publication day (he couldn't have chosen a worse one)  
 To the office of a weekly, where he somehow found the editor.  
 Who eyed him with an ugly glare, as though he were a creditor.  
 The editor clutched the manuscript; fumbled it half a minute,  
 Looked at the first page, then the last, and knew all that was in it.  
 He gave it back. "It's very good," he said, "but we can't use it."  
 We should have to plow up several acres of flowers of rhetoric, translate, boil it down, and put a head on it; and, as there is no news in it, anyhow, though it is a capital article, I fear we must refuse it."

The young man went away and pondered. "It's quite plain," said he.  
 "That what I've written is too good. What a genius I must be!  
 Ergo, if I could but contrive to write a little badly,  
 The editor, undoubtedly, would take my matter gladly."  
 He set to work again, and all his powers he put a tax on.  
 Until he had produced a piece of rough-hewn Anglo-Saxon.  
 He tried to make it seem abrupt, and to have the language terse.  
 "I've got along without quotations and metaphors," he said, "and tethered myself to plain statements, and have used on y two or three kinds of epithets; on the whole I couldn't write much worse."  
 He went again to the editor, with a kind of sense of shame.  
 "If you should see fit to publish this," he said, "don't use my name."  
 The editor turned the pages over with evident interest.  
 "It's better than the last," he said, "though hardly in request."  
 "I won't give up," the young man said, as he sadly walked away.  
 "I've got to harness my genius down, if I want to make it pay."  
 So he tried once more, and, after nights of labour, he succeeded.  
 In writing such a shockingly bad thing that he didn't dare look it over. He broke away from every other ished tradition; crammed whole paragraphs into a short sentence; hunted up slang and spattered it about; and put the whole together in such an uncouth way that his old teachers would have said a First Reader was what he needed.

He didn't like to go with this. His heart began to fail.  
 So he borrowed a dozen postage-stamps and sent it through the mail.  
 He waited tremblingly. An answer came that very night.  
 Which said the editor had found the article all right.  
 He sent a check in payment, and he listed at the end.  
 That he'd take as much of that sort as the young man chose to send.  
 From that day forth the said young man has prospered more or less.  
 And he always tells his friends that a careful cultivation of bad taste, total abstinence from college rhetoric, and a tight muzzling of the genius that is in him, are the secrets of his success.

HENRY TERRELL, in *The Century*.

## STRAIGHTENING THE ACCOUNTS

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "if you'll bring me the pen and ink, I'll look over your accounts and straighten 'em out for you. I think your idea of keeping an account of the daily expenses is the best thing you ever did. It's business like, and I want to encourage you in it."  
 "Here's the ink," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, growing radiant at the compliment. "I had the pen-day before yesterday. Let me think." And she dove into her work-basket and then glanced nervously under the bureau.  
 "Well, do you suppose I'm going to split up my finger and write with that?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where's the pen? I want the pen."  
 "I put it somewhere," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Ah! here I have it now. Now, you see," she continued, "I put what money I spend down here. This is your account here, and that is the joint account. You know—"  
 "What's this?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke.  
 "That's your account; this—"  
 "No, no, I mean this marine sketch on the second line?"  
 "That? Oh, that's a 7."  
 "S'pose I ever spent seven dollars with a tail like that to it? If you're going to make figures, why don't you make figures? What d'ye want to make a picture of a prize-fight in a column of accounts for? What is the elephant doing here?"  
 "I think that's a 2," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, dubiously. "Maybe it's a 4. I can tell by adding it up."  
 "What are you going to add up? D'ye count in this corner lot and that rose-bush, and this pair of suspenders? D'ye add them in?"  
 "That's a 6 and that is a 5 and the last is an 8. They come out all right, and during the last month you have spent more than I and the joint account together."  
 "Haven't either. When did I spend this broken-down grubstake?"  
 "That ain't a boat. It's \$42 for your suit."  
 "Well, this tramp fishing for a rock—when did I spend him?"  
 "It ain't a tramp. It's \$50 cash you took,

and I don't know what you spent it for. Look at my account now—"

"What is this man pulling a gig for?"  
 "It's nothing of the sort. That ain't a gig it's \$1 for wiggin. You see I've only spent twenty-two dollars in a month, and you've spent a hundred and eighty-four."  
 "You can't tell by this what I've done," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "What's this rat-trap doing in the joint account?"  
 "That's fourteen cents for fruit, when you were sick."  
 "And this measly-looking old hen, what has she got to do with it?"  
 "That's no hen. That's a 2. It means two dollars for having your chair mended."  
 "What have you charged me with this old gray-ward for?"  
 "That's fifteen cents for sleeve elastics. The fifteen ain't plain, but that's what it is."  
 "How do you make out I have spent so much? Where's the vouchers? Show me the vouchers!"  
 "I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but you spent all I put down."  
 "Haven't done anything of the sort. Show me some vouchers. Your account's all a humbug. You don't know how to keep an account."  
 "Yes I do," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and I think it's all right."  
 "No, you don't. What do you mean by getting up engravings of a second-hand furniture store and claiming that it's my account? You're a great bookkeeper, you are. All you want is a sign hung up between you and the other side of the street to be a commercial college. If I ever fall in business, I'm going to fill you up with benches and start a night-school. Give me that pen." And Mr. Spoopendyke commenced running up the columns. "Two two's four and eight twelve and four sixteen and carry one to the next and three is four. Here it's wrong. You've got an eighteen for a twenty here."  
 "Eh?" jerked out Mrs. Spoopendyke.  
 "This is 204, not 184. I knew you couldn't keep accounts. You can't even add up."  
 "That makes your account even bigger," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I didn't think it was so much."  
 Slam went the book across the room, foisted by the pen, and the ink would have gone too, but Mrs. Spoopendyke cautiously placed it out of harm's way.

"Dad gas!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he tore off his clothes and prepared for bed. "You ain't fit to have a pen and ink. Next time I want accounts kept I'll keep 'em chained up in the yard, and don't you go near 'em; you hear me?"  
 "Yes, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she slipped the obnoxious book into the drawer.

## CORNWALLIS'S BUCKLES.

I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favourite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps urged now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party, was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"  
 "But the general can not be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him."  
 "It is of great importance, and I cannot stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general!"  
 "But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until you tell me whence you come, and what your business is within these lines."  
 "I come from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighbourhood, with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of

the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to head quarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the general," was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.  
 For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favourite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"  
 Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."  
 "And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"  
 "My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."  
 "And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, had one brother with Gates and one with Lee." Now," said the general severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well, you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.—*St. Nicholas*, for February, 1882.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MRS. LANGTRY is to have a role in the English version of "Odette."

A PAPER by the Duke of Argyll on the land laws will appear in the *Contemporary Review* for February.

MR. TENNYSON was so satisfied with the receipts of "The Cup" at the Lyceum that, it is said, he has just written two short plays.

HOLLYHOCKS and thistles are the whim of the moment for screen embroidery. The thistle-panel is placed between two hollyhocks, the sober hues of the former making a pretty contrast to the brighter colours of the side panels.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince of Wales has accepted the invitation of the Savage Club to their grand annual dinner, to take place on the 11th of February. Sir Cunliffe Owen will, it is expected, preside.

THE *Daily News* likens Colonel Stanley to a bottle of champagne, which "never effervesced," but is now "stiller than ever." Stiller than ever if it never effervesced! There is something Irish in this.

WE have been requested to contradict a report which appeared in some newspapers recently that the Duke of Westminster is about to be

married. There is no shade of foundation for such report—moreover the lady mentioned was lately married herself!

THE Princess Louise is about to contribute to *Good Words* a series of drawings illustrative of Quebec and its neighbourhood. They will be published immediately, with historical and descriptive notes, and a poem on Quebec by the Marquis of Lorne.

THE aesthetes are carrying their style of description further than heretofore, and now describe persons in the same way that they do blues china, terra cotta, flower pots, lilies and daffodils. In speaking of Mr. Irving, a lady aesthete says: "Mr. Irving's legs are limpid and luster. Both are delicately intellectual, but his left leg is a poem."

THE Duke of Connaught has been married for nearly three years, and those who take interest in these matters had long since placed him among the probable childless children of the Queen. It is, therefore, an agreeable surprise to the large body of English men and English women to-day to know that he is likely to be blessed with children.

IN view of the proposal to grant a marriage allowance to Prince Leopold, a motion will be made, it is said, asking Parliament to agree to the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the whole question of future annuities and allowances to members of the Royal Family.

IN the list of sworn brokers in the City of London, which occupied seven advertisement columns of the *Times*, recently, were the names of Lord Walter Campbell, Hon. Albert Petre, Hon. Edward and Henry Bourke, Sir Maurice Duff-Gordon, Hon. Kenelm Pleydell-Bouverie, Hon. Richard Strutt, and Sir Hector Maclean Hay.

IN Scotland-yard they have a horrible collection, the arms with which suicides have met their deaths, the pistols and poisons used by murderers, coris, cups and poignards—quite a "creepy" lot of property. Always, when there is a murder or a suicide, the police capture the means of death, and what they take they keep.

THE valuable service of plate displayed in one of Sir Christopher Wren's churches during the "watch" ceremony on New Year's Eve had a narrow escape of being stolen. At the close of the proceedings a body of twenty roughs made a dash towards the valuables, but fortunately many of the congregation in front were on their way to the door, and the blackguards, unable to make their way through the press, had to retire.

THE *Daily News* has made a joke that ought to be given the widest circulation. It compares Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote to brandy and soda, and as this beverage is sometimes used to quiet the morning's reflections of the previous evening's dissipation, it is to be hoped that when taken politically by the country it will act as a specific against the political intoxication that led to the return of Mr. Gladstone to power.

THE preparations for the electrical exhibition at the Crystal Palace—though incomplete—are sufficiently advanced to show that it will be a most complete illustration of the perfection to which the utilization of electricity has been brought. Mr. Fawcett has praiseworthy permitted the Telegraph Department to take a prominent part in the exhibition, and his example has been followed by all the principal telegraph companies as well as by the companies and persons who are engaged in developing the electric light.

WHAT EVERY ONE SAYS MUST BE TRUE.—And every one who has tested its merits speaks warmly in praise of Haggard's Pectoral Balsam as a positive cure for all throat and lung complaints, coughs and colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and incipient consumption.

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

A REAL NECESSITY.—No house should be without a bottle of Haggard's Yellow Oil, in case of accident. There is no preparation offered to suffering humanity that has made so many permanent cures, or relieved so many human miseries. It is called by some the Good Samaritan, by others the Cure-all, and by the afflicted an Angel of Mercy.

CHARGED BY AN AFRICAN BUFFALO.

There was no time to be lost, as I was not more than forty yards from him; so, reining in with a jerk, and turning the horse at the same instant broadside on, I raised my gun, intending to put a ball, if possible, just between his neck and shoulder, which, could I have done so, would either have knocked him down, or at any rate made him swerve; but my horse, instead of standing steady as he had always done before, now commenced walking forward, though he did not appear to take any notice of the buffalo. There was no time to put my hand down and give another wrench on the bridle (which I had let fall on the horse's neck), and for the life of me I could not get a sight with the horse in motion. A charging buffalo does not take many seconds to cover forty yards, and in another instant his outstretched nose was within six feet of me, so, lowering the gun from my shoulder, I pulled it off right in his face, at the same time digging the spurs deep into my horse's sides. But it was too late, for even as he sprang forward the old bull caught him full in the flank, pitching him, with me on his back, into the air like a dog. The recoil of the heavily-charged elephant gun, with which I was unluckily shooting, twisted it clean out of my hands, so that we all, horse, gun, and man, fell in different directions. My horse regained its feet and galloped away immediately, but even with a momentary glance I saw that the poor brute's entrails were protruding in a dreadful manner. The buffalo, on tossing the horse, had stopped dead, and now stood with his head lowered within a few feet of me. I had fallen in a sitting position, and facing my unpleasant-looking adversary. I could see no wound on him, so must have missed, though I can scarcely understand how, as he was so very close when I fired. However, I had not much time for speculation, for the old brute, after glaring at me a few seconds with his sinister-looking, blood-shot eyes, finally made up his mind, and, with a grunt, rushed at me. I threw my body out flat along the ground to one side, and just avoided the upward thrust of his horn, receiving, however, a severe blow on the left shoulder with the round part of it, nearly dislocating my right arm with the force with which my right elbow was driven against the ground, and receiving also a kick on the instep from one of his feet. Luckily for me he did not turn again, as he most certainly would have done had he been wounded, but galloped clean away. The first thing to be done was to look after my horse, and at about 150 yards from where he had been tossed, I found him. The buffalo had struck him full in the left thigh; it was an awful wound, and as the poor beast was evidently in the last extremity, I hastily loaded my gun and put him out of his misery. My Kafirs coming up just then, I started with them, eager for vengeance, in pursuit of the buffalo, but was compelled finally to abandon the chase, leaving my poor horse unavenged.—African Hunting—De Selous.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

We were pleased to find a year ago that an attempt was to be made in England to issue a magazine, devoted to a great degree to chess, which should appear weekly. It is now a subject of satisfaction that the attempt has been a success, and that the Chessplayer's Chronicle will continue to be published week by week during the whole of the present year. We must look upon this success as an evidence of the increasing interest taken in the royal game by the public, but at the same time we must not forget that a great deal is due to the manner in which this journal has been prepared to meet the wants of its readers. We think we are speaking the sentiments of a large number of chessplayers when we say that in this respect nothing has been neglected. It is just such a periodical as a lover of the game will be induced to welcome at the end of every week, as the freshness of the material in its pages must make it acceptable to those who are desirous of knowing what is being done in chess affairs, both at home and in other parts of the world. The price we observe is to be increased a penny a week, making three pence for each number. This small addition to the price will assuredly not be objected to by any of its subscribers. There are few chessplayers, we think, who would begrudge three pence a week for a periodical so full of matter pertaining to their favourite game, as the Chessplayer's Chronicle.

The news that a chess match is being arranged between Mr. Max Judd, of St. Louis, and Mr. Eugene Delmar, of New York, will be very welcome to chessplayers on both sides of the Atlantic. The preliminaries are almost completed, as we learn from the Globe Democrat, and the fight will probably come off during the month of June, 1882. The stakes are to be \$1,000 a side. Pittsburg is to be the place of meeting, and it is likely that the winning of either the first five, or seven games, does not count; e. will constitute victory. Time limit, fifteen moves an hour.

The well-known Samuel Loyd has finished the second half of his work on problems, which now stands a completed whole of 360 pages, illustrated with 334 compositions by the good man himself. The talk of the book combines instruction with amusement, and is really a masterful exposé of the art, giving many wrinkles about construction, ideas, &c. Mr. Loyd says he was born "of wealthy but honest parents, in Philadelphia, 20th January, 1841," and was the youngest of eight children, whose earliest recollections are inseparably associated with the chess-board. He has participated in fourteen tournaments, winning prizes in all, and as a practical player has done himself credit.—Philadelphia Times.

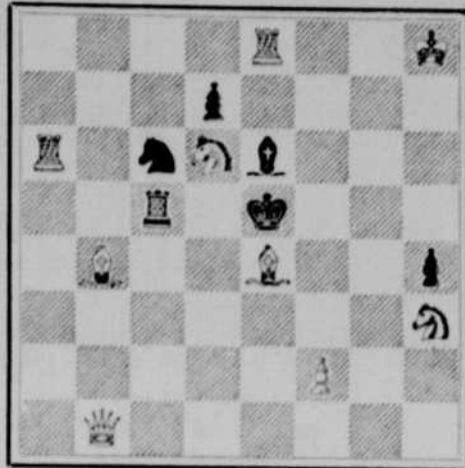
The International Tournament at Vienna is to begin early in May. I understand that at a local tournament at present going on at Vienna the plan is being tried of distributing all the prizes among the players according to the number of games won. I have not heard the exact particulars, but, as I am informed, each player pays £10 of entry money, and receives £4 for each game he wins and £1 for each game he draws.—Glasgow Herald.

Why are chessplayers most trustworthy individuals?—Because they invariably act on the square and their doings are always above board.—Brighton Guardian.

PROBLEM No. 365.

By E. N. Frankenstein.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 364.

- White. 1. R to Q B 7. 2. Matee acc. Black. 1. Any.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

GAME 63RD.

Played at the Melbourne Chess Club between Messrs. Esling and Goldsmith.

White.—(Mr. Esling.) Black.—(Mr. Goldsmith.)

(King's Gambit declined.)

- 1. P to K 4. 2. P to K B 4. 3. Kt to K B 3. 4. P to B 3. 1. P to K 4. 2. B to B 4. 3. P to Q 3.

This continuation has fallen into disuse, and for very good reasons. It establishes a showy but very unsubstantial centre, upon which Black is enabled to keep up a constant attack.

4. Kt to K B 3 is better. The move in the text has the effect of bringing White's Queen into formidable play.

- 5. P to Q K 4. 6. P to Q R 4. 7. P to R 3. 8. Q takes B. 9. B to B 4. 10. P to Q 3. 1. P to K 4. 2. B to K 3. 3. P to Q R 3. 4. B takes Kt. 5. Kt to Q B 3. 6. Kt to B 3. 7. Castles.

Very rash. Almost any move would have been better. 10 P to K R 3 or 10 P takes P, followed by Kt to K 4 or 10 Kt to K 2, threatening P to Q 4, are each worthy of consideration.

- 11. P to B 5. 12. B to Kt 3. 13. P takes P. 11. P to Q 4. 12. P takes P. 13. Q to K 2.

In Black's situation we should certainly have tried 13 Kt to Q 5. Suppose

- 14. P takes Kt. 15. Kt to Q B 3. 13. Kt to Q 5. 14. Q takes P. 15. Kt takes K P.

with a fine attack. Other lines of play on the part of White do not give a better result.

- 14. P to K K 4. 14. Kt to K. 14. K to R sq and Kt to Kt sq seem to establish a thoroughly satisfactory defence.

- 15. P to Kt 5. 16. P to B. 15. K to R. 16. P to B 3.

Suppose, instead of this ruinous move, that Black had played—

- 17. P to B 6. 18. P takes P ch. 16. Q R to Q sq. 17. Q to Q 3. 18. Kt takes P.

If White now play B takes K B P, Black simply takes off the Bishop with his Rook. Whatever course White adopts he must act at a great disadvantage owing to his imperfect development and his inability to Castle.

- 17. P to Kt 6. 18. Q to R 5, and Black resigns. 17. P to R 3.

Threatening B takes K R P, a finishing stroke which can neither be avoided nor resisted. It is noticeable that White has carried on this singular attack entirely without the assistance of his Queen's pieces.—Australasian.



LACHINE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Landing Pier at Lachine" will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on FRIDAY, the 3rd day of FEBRUARY next, for the construction of an Extension to the Landing Pier at the R.R. Depot, Lachine. Plans and specifications of the work to be done can be seen at this office and at the Lachine Canal Office, on and after WEDNESDAY, the 25th day of JANUARY, in sheet, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$500, most a company the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties, whose tenders are not accepted.

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

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 19th January, 1882.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

JANUARY, 1882.

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

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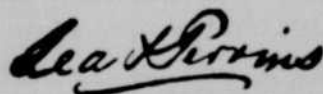
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By order of the Board,  
**CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.**

Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1881.

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

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

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

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

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

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

18-30

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