

Illustrated News

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THE TURN OF THE TIDE.
FROM THE PICTURE BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

July 10th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon... 82°	62°	72°	Mon... 85°	75°	80°
Tues... 85°	60°	72°	Tues... 83°	68°	75°
Wed... 85°	65°	75°	Wed... 84°	65°	74°
Thur... 84°	66°	75°	Thur... 80°	65°	72°
Fri... 88°	65°	76°	Fri... 76°	69°	72°
Sat... 95°	68°	81°	Sat... 86°	64°	75°
Sun... 98°	75°	86°	Sun... 89°	70°	79°

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NOTICE.

The present number of the

Canadian Illustrated News

contains the first chapters of a romantic novel from the French of

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

ENTITLED:

THE BELLS.

Arrangements are being made for other new and interesting stories to follow.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 19th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

We are glad to see that the report of the loss of the *Arizona*, which sent a thrill through the readers of Saturday night's papers, has been contradicted. There is a sense of relief in the contemplation of a horror which we have been spared—which seems an absolute gain. Mean, while we have little reason to be thankful to those who are the means of spreading such *canards* as that of Saturday. It appears now that the reported accident to the Prince of Wales' son was a stock-jobbing trick. Can nothing be done to punish those who wantonly or unscrupulously trifle with people's feelings for purposes of their own.

The pride of the Englishman, which resides, on no less authority than that of the favourite opera of *Marta*, in the free consumption of beer, is like to have a fall. Despite the deplorable prevalence of drunkenness which still exists in the British Islands the cause of temperance is making distinct and steady progress. Especially is this the case in the country districts. Total abstainers are now as common as ten years ago they were rare. Even in Ireland one may to-day ride behind a temperance car-driver, a being who,

a few years since, would have seemed a contradiction in terms. Since the days of the gentleman who, when asked if he had really drunk three bottles of port without assistance, replied that he had had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira, a change has come over the scene. Drunkenness has become first unfashionable, then indisputably vulgar, and no gentleman to-day boasts of his achievements with the bottle, as fifty years ago our fathers were wont. Abolished from society, its evils have been concurrently preached to the million, and though much remains to be done, much has unmistakably been done in this direction. Education, and the increased self-respect which follows in its train, have done much to alienate the middle and lower classes from the indulgence of their grosser appetites, and will no doubt do more. Even in the large towns, drunkenness, if deplorably frequent, seems more confined to localities and less annoying in its effects, and the scenes of old Greenwich Fair are as rare as the drinking bouts of our grandfathers. Coffee taverns have their patrons and temperance drinks are replacing intoxicating liquors, and now we have the significant project of a temperance exhibition.

TRULY, of the making of exhibitions no less than of books, there is no end. Since the great glass house rose in Hyde Park, in spite of the opposition and evil prognostications of its critics, we have had every conceivable description of exhibition in every conceivable place. But it has been reserved for the present day to bring forth a Temperance Exhibition, an exhibition, that is, of temperance drinks, with the various appliances for making them, which is to be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, this summer. It is the more remarkable that an attempt to hold a wine exhibition at the Albert Hall some years since proved a total failure. Not in the matter of the exhibits, indeed, for much good wine was there, and for the sum of a shilling entrance, and sixpence for a tasting ticket, a man might drink as much wine as was good for him and a good deal more; but the public did not take to the idea, and the stall-keepers were reduced to hob-nobbing with one another, while the free list bore more than their share of the urden and heat of the day. An attempt to revive the Kensington project would be hopeless, and the success of the Islington scheme may go far to prove that Temperance has become popular. Once this is really the case: once the drunkard becomes as much an outcast amongst the classes to which he has been relegated, as he is amongst those from whom he has been driven, and the battle is well nigh won. The insatiate craving for liquor may ruin some men, but the popularity of drinking has tempted and will tempt many more. Only one question suggests itself and may be left for later discussion. Are all these drinks necessary, temperance or otherwise? It seems now to be allowed that mankind must be provided with appetizing drinks of the most seductive kind, and the Temperance idea seems to imitate the seductiveness of the *soi-disant* John Collins by the temptations of ice-cream sodas and the like. It may be all right. Only it seems a concession to the thirstiness of the human race in general which is suggestive and needs investigation.

FROM PARIS comes a description of the trial in which the Countess d'IMECOURT, seeks to have the marriage of her daughter with M. PAUL MUSURUS declared null and void. Some of the evidence, especially that part of it which is documentary, is of the kind familiar in actions for breach of promise, and is, as Mr. CARLYLE used to say, profitable to no mortal. But one of Madame d'IMECOURT's allegations is of some historical or antiquarian interest. She accuses M. PAUL MUSURUS of having used sorcery. It would be interesting to know how this charge is to be proved. The black art of the Middle Ages was generally employed for some more deadly purpose

than that of overcoming a young lady's objection to marriage. The melting wax of the image before the fire typified the wasting of the body rather than the softening of the heart. A lady who merely experiences a "soft sweet emotion" on receiving her lover's photograph may be in a perfectly natural, if not a highly rational frame of mind. The mysterious wheel described by THEOCRITUS, in a weird poem, was intended to act upon male obduracy, and not upon female disinclination. The wife of LUCRETIVS too, proceeded by philtres, and produced terrible results. But there is a modern prejudice against accepting such obvious explanations of psychological changes as magic affords, and though the power of such arts may still be, "admitted at the Vatican," it is doubtful whether the Countess will make out this part of her case.

THE QUESTION FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The assassination of GARFIELD of course excited unusual surprise, and condemnation. GARFIELD was not an hereditary ruler, he was not an autocrat, he was not a dictator who had usurped power, but the constitutional choice of a people who, at least, suppose themselves to be free. A man who was not personally unpopular, not even obnoxious to his murderer. No wonder the foreign nations, and particularly those of Europe, should be puzzled to account for the act, and yet such acts are as naturally the outgrowth of the vicious *spoils* system in the United States Government, as Nihilism is the fruit of the d spotism of Russia. A large and ill-regulated class who have lost the habits of industry, are kept continually in an abnormal state of excitement by the perpetually recurring elections, federal, state, or civic, which offer their possible prizes in the shape of place, and plunder. It is not to be wondered at that out of this mercenary host, this army of political Bashi Bazouks, some one or two of the hundreds of thousands of disappointed men, a little more delirious than the rest, should be guilty of an act of violence against the obstacle which he sees standing between him and the object of his hopes. There always has been, and daily is growing with fearful rapidity, danger in the *spoils* system of the United States.

One thing was very significant immediately after the attempt on GARFIELD's life. The great majority of the newspapers began crying out "This man is a lunatic, he alone is responsible for his act. No sane man supposes for an instant that he was instigated to the deed by anyone interested in the present struggle in Albany, &c., &c."—and they fell foul of those who hinted that the parties most interested in the death of GARFIELD had anything to do with the shooting. This effort to hush up, or frown down any whisper of suspicion, shows the terror with which men were filled at the possible consequences which would result should the mass of the people once obtain the idea that their public servants in their mad struggle for power had after trying everything else taken to assassination as their last weapon.

Doubtless it is most advisable, in the present state of affairs, that no passion should be needlessly excited, and no charges wantonly made, but it is far more important that this attempt at murder should in no way be hushed up. It should be investigated by the whole people. It should be sifted by the most acute minds, and hunted day and night by the most cunning skill the nation can command.

It is by no means clear yet that this act is merely the individual one of a delirious office seeker, and the nation owes it to its own security, now and for generations to come, to fix clearly, positively, incontrovertibly, whence the crime grew, from the soil which nourished it, to the remotest fibre of the roots which supplied the sap, and follow this up to every ramification of the branches to ascertain if there be any more fruit of a similar nature ripening there. It must be settled whether this is an *Upar* tree, or simply a fungus.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

OUR DOMINION ARCHIVES.

Dear Sir,—The partiality your Journal has ever evinced in favor of the cause of History, induces me to enclose you the following which throws much light on what has been done by the Dominion Government, to render available historical documents relating to the early history of Canada.

An indefatigable searcher of old records, Gen. Horatio Rodgers of Providence, has recently had access to the MSS. of the Literature and Hist. Society of Quebec, after examining the Haldimand papers at Ottawa, which he pronounced a real mine of historical lore which only recently were procured at the British Museum, London.

Would you reproduce the enclosed article from the "Providence Press."

Yours truly,
J. M. LEMOINE.

THE HALDIMAND PAPERS.

The Dominion of Canada is doing a good work, not only for its own history, but likewise for ours. Sir Frederick Haldimand, though born in Switzerland, was an officer in the British army who attained very high rank, and who saw much service in America, his most important duty upon this continent being as Governor-General of Canada during the latter portion of our revolutionary war. Sir Guy Carlton, feeling himself aggrieved at Gen. Burgoyne's being selected, instead of himself, to lead the expedition into New York, promptly resigned the governorship of Canada, but Gen. Haldimand, his successor, did not arrive to relieve him until late in 1778.

It was Sir Frederick Haldimand that sought to detach Vermont from her sister states during our struggle for nationality, and nearly succeeded in doing so. It will be remembered that, through his subordinates, he carried on an active correspondence with many leading Vermonters, and used the difficulties of Vermont, then better known as the Hampshire Grants, with the State of New York, as an important lever in aid of his purpose. The surrender of Cornwallis, in October, 1781, effectually thwarted his efforts, but the correspondence reveals some strange phases of history.

Sir Frederick collected together a vast number of documents during his service, which instead of turning over to his successor, as Carleton had done before him, he kept and handed down in his family. This collection of papers is a perfect mine of wealth pertaining to American history, and contains orders, correspondence and reports relating to the war which affected the British conquest of Canada; the formation and occupation of the British outposts on our northern frontier, including Niagara, Oswego and Detroit; Montgomery's invasion of Canada in 1775, and the expulsion of the Americans therefrom during the next year; the organization and equipment of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777, and Carleton's relations thereto, as evidenced by his letters and orders, which attest the thorough nobility of his character; and generally the whole military conduct of British affairs in Canada during our struggle with the mother country, and the relations then existing between the British ministers at home and the British commanders across our northern borders.

This valuable collection forms 233 large volumes, and was sometime since presented by one of Gen. Haldimand's descendants to the British Museum, where it now remains. It has never been printed, save very small fragments of it upon particular subjects, the most considerable portion that has appeared in print, to our knowledge, being some of the letters relating to the Vermont affair, printed in Vol. II of the Collections of the Vermont Historical Society, and Vol. II of the Records of the Governor and Council of the State of Vermont.

Requests for leave to copy the collection in whole have always been refused until quite recently, when permission was given to the Canadian Government to make a complete copy for its archives. This work is now being vigorously prosecuted under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, Arts and Statistics of the Dominion Government, and much credit is due to the distinguished minister holding that portfolio, for the enlightened enterprise that prompts and pushes forward so important an historical work in its entirety, without niggardly attempting to save a little expense by contenting one's self with extracts—an economy utterly false and parsimonious, since no one can beforehand correctly estimate the of times paramount importance of seeming trifles in fixing and illustrating great events. As yet but ninety-nine volumes have been forwarded to the archives at Ottawa, but, in the course of one or two years more, the whole collection will be completed. The work of arranging for binding and of cataloguing the collection has been entrusted to the able hands of Mr. Douglas Brynner, of the Department of Agriculture, to whose zeal not a little credit is due for the idea of having a copy of this valuable collection upon this continent.

Having recently spent some days in examining this historical treasure, we cannot forbear calling the attention of students of American history to its riches, now so happily, through the enlightened liberality of the Canadian Government, being made accessible to those upon this side of the Atlantic. At the same time we can, from our own experience, assure all who desire to consult its stores, that the unflinching courtesy and the unwearied aid that Mr. Brynner and his assistants will extend to them will make their visit to the

vault of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, where the archives are kept, a sunny memory, and will give all American visitors an exalted idea of the excellence of the Canadian civil service, which they will long to have that of their own country strive to emulate.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

"THE TURN OF THE TIDE."—A fisherman's young wife, who has come out of the humble cottage home delineated in a subordinate compartment, appears in this picture, one by Mr. Davidson Knowles, standing upon the rocky sea shore, and eagerly watching for the return of her husband's boat. It is, we may suppose, at early morning dawn, when the in-coming tide is likely to bring back those out all night at their toil in the wide and deep waters of the distant offing. This is a subject which artists have often before treated, but which has a perpetual interest, as it may be deemed a typical example of the pathetic truth, so plaintively expressed in Kingley's well-known ballad, "The Harbour Bar," and in a not less touching Scottish ditty, "Callie Herrin." It is well to remind us that the common industry of some classes of the poor, as here along the British coasts, is attended with frequent peril to life, and that our sympathy is due to their wives and families upon many sad occasions of disaster at sea. There are not wanting, in the course of each year's season, opportunities for the exercise of active compassion in particular cases of this nature, as well as for rendering assistance to such excellent public institutions as the "Royal National Life-Boat."

PIGEON SHOOTING.—The twenty-third Annual Convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game began at Coney Island on the 20th of June and continued nine days. It was the most important convention, in respect of attendance, the number and quality of the prizes, and variety of contests, held by the society since its organization. The value of the prizes was a little more than \$12,000. The pigeon tournament, of which we give sketches on page 44, was held on the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds. It was largely attended; but the details of the several contests have been so fully reported by the dailies that they need not be recited here. Those whose knowledge of this association is limited to the reports of its annual conventions are likely to form an erroneous impression of its character and purposes. It has an important function, and one which it has exercised greatly to the benefit of the community—the enforcement of the laws for the protection of fish and game in N.Y. State, without which the rivers, streams, fields and forests would cease in a short time to be sources of food supply. Clubs and individual members of the association have been active in the enforcement of existing laws as well as in the efforts to secure more stringent regulations, by which fish and game of all kinds shall be protected against destruction, and the proper methods and seasons of killing be rigidly prescribed. For its earnest efforts to carry out the present laws, and to introduce needed reforms, the association is fairly entitled to the thanks and support of the community.

THE OLD ENGLISH FAIR.—This picturesque and quaint exhibition of antiquarian curiosities, held in the Royal Albert Hall during four days of last month, produced not less than £7,540, of which £4,300 was from the charges for admission, while £3,240 was the proceeds of the sale of fancy articles to the profit of the Chelsea Hospital for Women. The "Old English Fair," with the attractiveness of the ladies' old-fashioned costumes, thus proved a great success at Kensington; and it was afterwards removed to the grounds of the Bolingbroke House Pay Hospital, on Wandsworth Common, where it was kept up three days, from Wednesday to the following Saturday inclusive, for the benefit of that institution. The patronesses were Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Countess of Egmont, Elgin and Southesk, and other ladies of rank. A page of incidental sketches, presented in this number, sets before the reader such figures as that of the showman, loudly inviting spectators to see "the fun of the fair"; the two ministering priestesses of fortune at her oracular wheel; the *dames de comptoir* dealing in tea and cakes and other light refreshment; the purchasers of toys, floral bouquets, and other trifles, which some of them are hardly able to carry away; and the scene at the back of the mimic market-place houses, where many people were fain to stay a long time for want of room. It was, on the whole, an entertainment cleverly arranged, and managed with entire success. The committee of the Chelsea Hospital for women hope when all liabilities are discharged to add a sum of nearly £6,000 to the building fund for their new hospital. Among the special attractions of Saturday may be mentioned a short scene from Shakespeare's "King John," by Miss Ellen Terry and Captain Claremont, when the little temporary theatre was crowded with visitors. Several ladies and gentlemen who had not previously shared in the labours of the "Olde English Fayre" now volunteered their services, and the last hour presented an unusually busy scene through the energy of numerous amateur auctioneers, who did their best to dispose of the remaining articles at the various stalls.

THE VICTORIA RIFLES IN CAMP.—Our artist has this week given another batch of sketch-

es, taken in the camp of the Victoria Rifles, including portraits of a number of the officers. He feels keenly that his pencil has fallen far short of doing justice to the good looks of so many handsome gentlemen, but then it is always difficult to portray the highest types of human beauty. When it is easy enough to transcribe the features of Mr. Bill Sykes, it takes all the skill of the most cunning pencil to delineate those of the Apollo Belvedere, in Col. Whitehead. The central picture is our artist, group represents the officers' quarters, with the genial and auriferous figure of the paymaster sextant in the foreground. Certainly no spot outside of a mahomedan paradise could exceed this in loveliness. The sloping lawn, the deep shady glades on all sides save one, and that one open to a sweeping view of the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, and the beautiful city of Montreal. Another sketch gives a general view of St. Helens Island as seen from Montreal. A third is a picture of that arsenal of vital force, without which heroes becomes as useless as cannon without ammunition, we mean the Cook House, when comestibles are compounded to *blow-out*, instead of combustibles to *blow-up*. In the right of the picture is Hardy an officer, to the left a private, and in one niche is a sketch of officers, taken at one of the most interesting moments of camp life. At that moment when Diana was most interesting. Why when preparing for the bath. As this moment gentleman of the Victoria Rifles might have been seen in the most elegant dishabille, from the Doric night-robe, to the comfortable fatigue jacket and underdrawers, marching, limping, writhing down to the shore to lave their martial bodies in the waters of the great river. Alas! the tents are now scattered and the Vics have returned to the habits of civil life. We must avow, to our great regret, for the camp was certainly a most enjoyable place to visit, and added another charm to the lovely Island of St. Helens'.

DUELLING OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A man of the present age, not thoroughly conversant with the state of Europe during the eighteenth century, would hardly be willing to believe the truth of the matter. We speak particularly of the Duel. Really, much of the adventure on the so-called field of honour of that time is entirely unfit for publication, and, if published, would be believed but by few. When reading of the duel in Ireland, the impression rests in our mind that the Emerald Isle must take the palm in the way of horrors and abominations of personal combat. But anon we visit England, then France, then Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain—in short, wherever fashion had introduced the sword and pistol as social arbiters, go where you please, and read of the doing there, and you will feel that each in turn was the most bloody of the lot. In those times men fought just for the fun of the thing. These thoughts have been suggested by the following curious story:—

During the reign of George I., two military officers of London—Major Walsh and Captain Hudon—having heard repeated accounts of the success of two Irish gentlemen in affairs of honour, determined to go over and test their much boasted skill. To Dublin they came, where Mr. Fitz-Allen and Colonel Callahan were pointed out to them as the heroes whom they sought. Walsh embraced the first opportunity at a public ball, and brushed rudely against Mr. Fitz-Allen. The latter turned, and saw a stranger; and thinking the affair must have been only an accident, he went his way without further notice.

On the following day Major Walsh, in a public room where many gentlemen were assembled, told of the circumstance—declared that he had purposely insulted Fitz-Allen, who had not dared to respond.

Colonel Callahan chanced to be present. He advanced to the Englishman, and politely informed him that he was Fitz-Allen's friend; that he would take it upon himself to declare that his friend had slighted the insult, believing it to have been an unavoidable accident; and, further, in behalf of his friend, he would extend a challenge, the fight to take place at once.

The Major accepted, and the other went in search of his friend, who was quickly found and brought upon the scene.

Fitz-Allen came in smiling. No words were wasted. The company repaired to an adjacent riding-yard, where the preliminaries were arranged and the combatants placed in position, sword in hand.

"Upon my soul," said Callahan, addressing Captain Hudon—the two acting seconds to their friends respectively, "I think we may as well take a hand in the pastime. It is a pity to lose such an opportunity."

Nothing at that moment could have pleased the English Captain better. He consented immediately, and the twain drew their swords.

And then commenced the double duel—a duel brought about upon the merest whim—to test the truth of flying rumour. Callahan and Hudon being seconds, and feeling that they ought to be ready to attend their principals, went at it with the quickest and most energetic movements. Very soon the Englishman was surprised. He had fancied himself an expert at sword-play; but here was a man who bewildered him. The Irishman's blade flashed through the air like a line of light leaving behind it a network of flame that seemed to create a dazzling veil of blinding rays. So for a little time, till the Englishman had been wounded in

three places, and then Callahan gave the *coup de grace*, passing his point through between the ribs and out at the back. As he removed his sword, he turned to his principal and said, "I'll attend to you now, Fitz. My man is laid away!"

"Oh! Then, egad! I'll finish mine!" And gathering himself for a feint—a twirl—and a pass that had never yet failed him, he spitted his opponent through from side to side.

The two Englishmen were taken in hand by the best surgeons and faithfully nursed. For a time their lives were despaired of, both; but they finally recovered, and lived to become warm and ardent friends of the men who had given them so severe a lesson in duelling.

A SEASIDE REMINISCENCE.

About this time of the year a good many people will be at the seaside, and visitors to Folkestone may probably be amused by the following seldom-quoted anecdote of Queen Bess's visit to that place.

The "Virgin Monarch" was wont to be exceeding smart in her replies to those of her subjects who showed any signs of inflicting a long address upon her, and on this occasion was no less ready than usual.

On arriving at the centre of the town, Elizabeth found the "Right Worshipful the Mayor" attended by the principal inhabitants all drawn up in line, and in their best clothes, to welcome her.

As it happened, his worship was a very small man, and better, perhaps, to give dignity to his office he was accommodated with a stool. Upon this he stood, and as soon as the State *cortege* drew up he commenced to let off the orthodox flourish to royalty, then as now, apparently, incumbent upon municipal big-wigs.

The little man, whose belief in the largeness of his office was palpably as great as his own person was insignificant, pompously began:—

"Most gracious Queen,
Welcome to Folkestone."

But this was enough. Queen Bess cared much more for her dinner than she did for a fathom or two of foolish and fulsome flattery.

As soon as the Mayor arrived at the end of the second line, Elizabeth promptly and incisively said:—

"Most gracious fool,
Get off that stool."

whereat the Mayor "got him off quickly."

Poor little man! He deserved a kinder greeting; but then Elizabeth had to listen to so many addresses that small wonder her temper sometimes failed her.

ARCHIBALD MCNEILL.

TENNYSON'S ERASURES.

The Poet Laureate has a peculiar habit of retouching his work.

Hardly any of his earlier poems, and very few of his later works, stand exactly as they did when they left his hand in the first instance.

"In 'Morte d'Arthur,' for example, the poet wrote—

"The day
Was slowly westering to its bower."

This is finely poetical. The phrase used is a strong one, an almost new one, and as felicitous as could be wished. When Tennyson, however, altered it he made it as commonplace as could be wished, and more the expression of an ordinary reflective mind than the happy coinage of the poet's brain. The amended lines read—

"The day
Was sloping toward his western bower."

There is about as much difference between the last quotation and the former as between a polished gem and a street pebble.

In "Sea Dreams," too, the poet has hacked about his couplets in a most unfortunate manner; at least, so the critical ones say. The couplet referred to runs, in its first draught, something like this—

"It is not true that second thoughts are best;
But first, and third, which are a riper first."

When Mr. Tennyson, after an interval of years, took this couplet in hand, he quite spoiled the swing of the lines, and totally altered the sense, by saying—

"Is it so true that second thoughts are best?
Not first, and third, which are a riper first?"

It would be amusing to learn, were it possible, what had made the Poet Laureate alter his mind about "second thoughts." The old proverb declared, from time immemorial, that second thoughts are best. Mr. Tennyson, to commence with, doubts this. In fact, he sets a lance against it valiantly. He will not believe it, apparently, on any account.

A few years pass, and once more, in revising his poems, the Laureate thoroughly effaces himself, by turning his first assertion into a very doubting question—

"Is it so true that second thoughts are best?"

ANOTHER comet is said to have been discovered, about 30 degrees above the horizon north-west by north.

OUT of a batch of recruits for the North-West Mounted Police, which left Ontario some time since, no less than twenty-three deserted while passing through American territory. This is certainly a cheap method of emigration.

HUMOURS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY CATALOGUE.

A good deal of amusement has been caused this year by the amusing series of mistakes made in the compilation of the Royal Academy Catalogue. The "famous forty" appear to have wilfully determined that what Shakespeare and Tennyson wrote needed a little correction, and the result is a laughable muddle of misquotations. For instance, in Gallery VII., Solomon Hart's picture of "The Hoarder" (514) is solemnly set forth as the original of Shylock's speech—

"Safe bind, safe find;
A proverb well in store in thrifty mind."

This may be all very well as it stands, only the Shaksperian Shylock never said anything of the kind. What that old gentleman did remark was—

"Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

Almost as funny in its way is the manner in which the Academy Catalogue, picture 523, appears to represent "A Shipwrecked Sailor Waiting for a Sail," and "deposited on his election as an academician."

A shipwrecked-sailor-academician, waiting for a sail, and meantime depositing a picture somewhere on being elected among the magnates of Burlington House, would be a novelty even in these days of marvels.

But the Catalogue compiler is at his best when he handles Tennyson. Milton's "Lycidas" is splendidly mangled (1,229); the new Tennyson, however, surpasses it entirely. The Poet Laureate sang—

"O rare pale Margaret!
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower?"

The bard of the Academy Catalogue is on much less familiar terms with Margaret, and he refuses to so fondly apostrophize the lady, contenting himself with saying—

"O rare pale Margaret!
Who lent you love, your mortal dower?"

This question is left unanswered—probably from the fact that Margaret had never borrowed any "love" at all. The last slip of the pen is remarkable for the difference that the omission of a comma makes.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE President is getting along very satisfactorily.

MR. Gladstone has refused to introduce the Oaths bill this session.

NEGOTIATIONS between St. Petersburg and the Vatican have been broken off.

THE Queen will review over fifty thousand volunteers in the Park at Windsor to-morrow.

THE rumoured drowning of Prince Victor Albert turns out to have been a stock jobbing hoax.

TWELVE hundred pounds sterling were sent from America to the Irish Land League last week.

FOUR members of the Dublin University Rowing Club have offered to row the Cornell crew on any water in England or Ireland.

A TERRIBLE fire has occurred in Cincinnati, four of the largest manufactories of the city being totally consumed. The loss will reach half a million.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the presentation of Wagner's trilogy in London next May.

A DISASTROUS avalanche is reported from Switzerland, 1,300 sheep with their shepherds having perished.

TREASURER Egan is accused of grossly mismanaging the funds of the Land League, and there is also much talk of treachery.

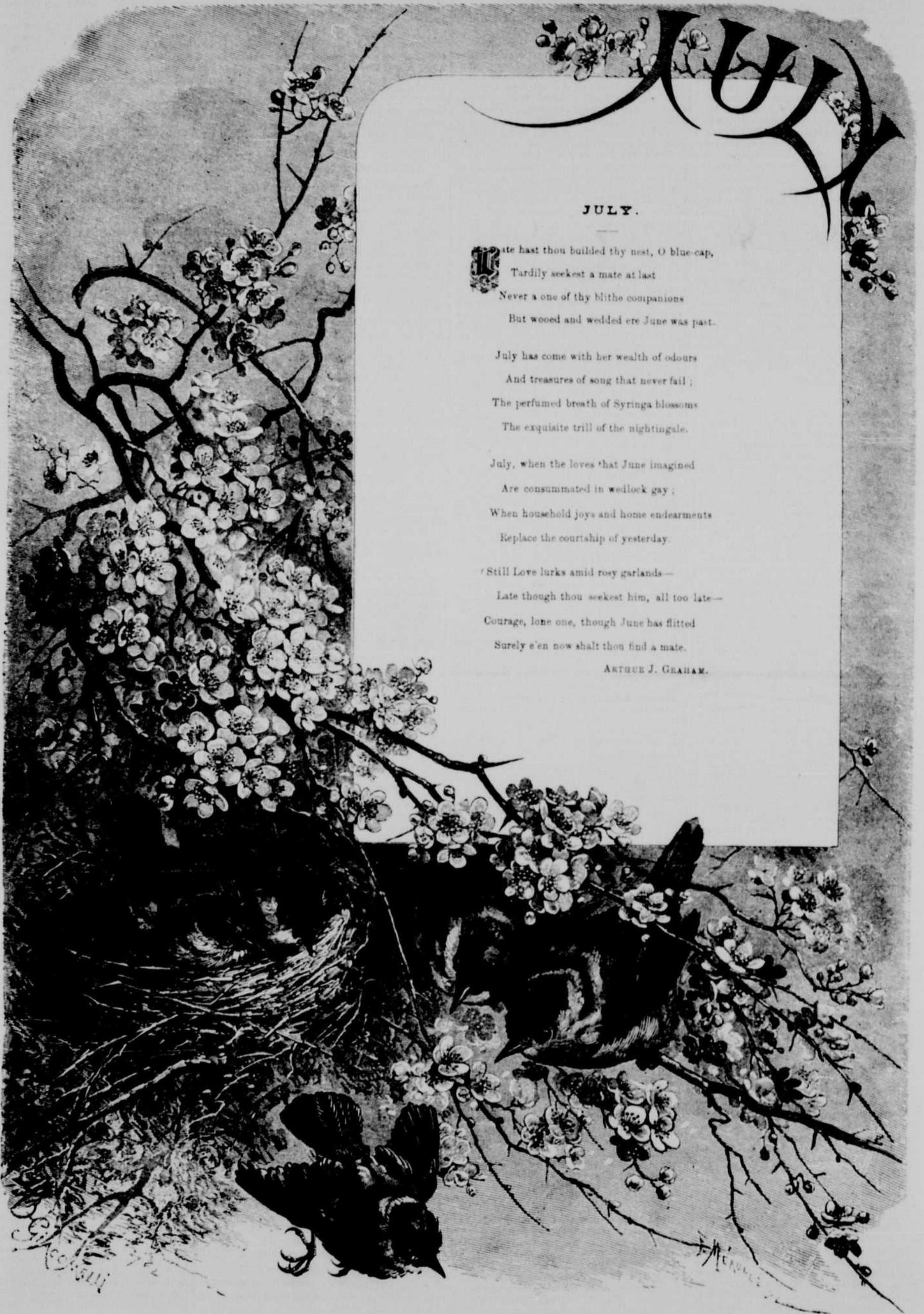
GAMBETTA and Leon Say have accepted the Presidency of the Committee at Paris for relief to the sufferers by the Quebec fire.

A LARGE number of Canadian cattle and sheep were thrown overboard recently from the British steamer *Ashbourne*. She was ashore on the Banks of Newfoundland.

THE weather in Europe has been terribly hot. In Paris the thermometer indicated 93°. Four soldiers died from sunstroke during a sham fight at Aldershot on Monday.

THE Governor of the Colony of Victoria has refused to dissolve the Colonial Parliament, which he was asked to do by the defeated Ministry.

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 affects 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 NORTHOPE & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.



JULY.

Hast thou builded thy nest, O blue-cap,
 Tardily seekest a mate at last
 Never a one of thy blithe companions
 But wooed and wedded ere June was past.

July has come with her wealth of odours
 And treasures of song that never fail ;
 The perfumed breath of Syringa blossoms
 The exquisite trill of the nightingale.

July, when the loves that June imagined
 Are consummated in wedlock gay ;
 When household joys and home endearments
 Replace the courtship of yesterday.

Still Love lurks amid rosy garlands—
 Late though thou seekest him, all too late—
 Courage, lone one, though June has flitted
 Surely e'en now shalt thou find a mate.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.



THE ROYAL PHEASANT PARK NEAR WEILIMDORF, WURTEMBERG, GERMANY.—By F. SPECHT.

THE BELLS.

A Romantic Story.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER I.

"THE KINGS OF COLOGNE."

It was Christmas Eve. The fires burned bright in every stove in Alsace. Such a winter had not been known for years. In fact, the weather was so fierce without that no one cared to face it, so that once the shades of night fell on the little village of Lauterbach without filling the *Gastube* of the "Kings of Cologne," the principal inn of the place, and the first you come to in the main street as you drive from Ribeauville to Saverne. So Madame Martha, the wife of the innkeeper, and of the burgomaster too, for Mathias was both,—sat quietly spinning in one corner, trying to drown with the whizzing burr of her wheel the howling of the storm without. A great fire roared in the iron stove in the corner, and its reflection illuminated the snow-lined panes of the window, glanced off to the polished panels of the oaken floor, lit up with a lurid glow the copper face of the clock that ticked slowly in the corner, and finally, unwarily entering the door that stood so hospitably open just before it, was lost in the depths of Jeanne's kitchen. All day long had the gleams from the fire been pursuing this same unvaried round, so that by 9 in the evening, for such was the hour by the clock near the door, a very genial glow had gradually prevailed the room, and raised the temperature to that point which sensible people should score on their thermometers as comfort mark. In fact, nothing seemed wanting in the room to make it a pleasant abiding spot; and yet Madame Mathias was ill at ease, and turned with an air of such welcome to old Kobel, the forester, as he entered, as one would have thought the blast of cold air and burst of flaky snow that forced their way in with him would alone have chilled and prevented.

"More snow, Madame Martha, more snow, and nothing but it!" cried old Kobel, as he began vigorously to clear his boots of the powdery element. He still stood on the door-mat, so as not to soil the waxed and polished floor, and give the thrifty housewife double trouble.

"So you are still at the village, Kobel?"

"Why, yes, Madame Mathias," replied the forester, stamping vigorously on the mat to rid himself of the last vestiges before venturing further into the apartment, "why, yes, Madame Mathias. You see it's Christmas Eve, and one can allow oneself a little extra enjoyment."

"Your sack of flour is quite ready for you at the mill."

"So it may be," giggled the old fellow, "but I'm not ready for it. No, I'm not in a hurry," and the old fellow giggled again, and fumbled at the buckles of his long boots as he stood warming himself at the stove. Kobel was a jolly little old man, with a red, grinning face, a funny little turned-up nose, and bright twinkling little eyes; a head of what had been light brown hair, but was now fast becoming iron grey, and a fierce grizzly moustache, twisted up at the ends *a la militaire*. Kobel had turned out nineteen years ago at the invasion, and done his duty like a man at the defence of Pfalzburg. Of this episode he was rather proud, and considered himself as a *cidement* soldier, entitled to a certain amount of respect from the boys and of admiration from the girls, a tribute which for the greater number were nothing loth to pay.

"No, Madame, I'm not in a hurry. Old Father Trinkvelt will take the flour for me in his wagon."

"What?" cried the hostess, glad to have something to talk of, "is that old reprobate here still? I thought I had seen him drive by an hour ago."

"Not he, not he! If you want him particularly, Madame, the 'Golden Fleece' is the place to find him. There he is sitting at his bottle, and I won't mind whispering to you who is with him, if you'll promise not to tell his wife."

"Well, out with it, Kobel."

"Why, it's Hartwig, the grocer!" And the little old man giggled all over with delight at the very innocent scandal he had been retailing.

"I've just seen Trinkvelt's wagon before the grocer's door, with his sugar and coffee and cinnamon drowned in the snow. Ha! ha! ha! Father Trinkvelt certainly is a jolly old fellow, and fond of good wine too."

"And are you not afraid of being upset?" Without waiting for an answer the hostess continued, "I'll lend you a lantern."

"Thanks, Madame, thanks; and now just one glass of your white wine, and then I'm off." And by way of showing how unalterably fixed he was in his determination, the little forester sat himself down on a bench and began quietly tucking away his little legs under the table.

The wine was ordered and brought, and Jeanne after narrowly escaping a scolding for stopping to listen to the clatter of the little forester, of whom she was a fervent admirer, was dismissed to fetch the lantern for Kobel.

"Ah!" exclaimed the little man, smacking his lips after a long pull at the glass, "Ah, that does warm one; considering the festive

character of such weather as this, one does require something better than melted snow."

"Take care, Master Kobel," interposed the hostess, warmly, "for our white wine is very strong."

"Never fear, Madame Martha, never fear; the brandy we bought of old Moses during the siege of Pfalzburg was stronger than this a good deal." And Kobel grinned again with satisfaction at his own smart reply. "But where is the burgomaster, Madame? I have not seen him all this week; is he ill?"

"Oh, no, Heaven forbid he should be. No, he went to Ribeauville five weeks ago; we expect him home to-night, and I don't like to think of him travelling about in this bad weather; that's what's making me so nervous." And Martha looked anxiously round as the storm howled louder and louder without.

"And so the burgomaster has gone to Ribeauville. Might one venture to guess what for?"

"Yes!"

"To get wine?"

"Yes!"

"For Margaret's wedding?" And the little forester burst into a merry ringing laugh, in which Martha joined, and the storm without was, for the moment, forgotten.

"Yes, do you know, Madame Mathias, that not five minutes ago Father Trinkvelt and I were talking the matter over at the 'Fleece.' It was he told me of it. I could scarcely believe it at first, for, though Fritz is a fine, brave, handsome fellow, yet he has nothing but his pay, while Margaret is the richest match in the village."

"And do think then, Kobel, that money is the only thing one should wish for in a son-in-law?"

"Oh, no, not I; only I thought the burgomaster—"

"Now, see how you wrong him! Mathias never even asked, 'what have you?' but simply said, 'if Margaret consents so do I.'"

"Well, if you consent, and the burgomaster consents, and Margaret consents, I don't see how I can well withhold my consent. All I can say is that I call Fritz a very lucky fellow, and I heartily wish I was in his shoes."

At this moment the door of the kitchen opened, and the daughter of the Burgomaster entered.

CHAPTER II.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE BURGOMASTER.

MARGARET MATHIAS was a little beauty. Short and plump, though but seventeen years old. Down her back hung a wealth of yellow hair, arranged after the Alsatian fashion, in long plaits nearly sweeping the ground, while her pretty blue eyes, deep as a mountain lake, and as pure too, peeped out so confidently from amidst the dimples of her rosy cheeks, that every man who saw her felt an almost irresistible inclination to take her on his knee, smooth the hair from her pretty forehead, give her a kiss, and call her his darling. Indeed, until within a year everyone had done so, and not a few grumbled at having to resign the privilege to the quartermaster, Fritz Bernard. "Ah, he is a lucky dog! look at her," thought Kobel to himself "look at her in her pretty dark blue petticoat, just short enough to show as neat a little ankle as ever was joined to a dainty foot, enclosed in the striped stockings and smart buckled shoes; her pretty drab silk apron, a particular stuff shawl, deeply fringed, crossed on her breast, and the whole capped with the black box on her head, the points coquettishly twisted upwards. Doesn't she look a beauty! Ah! Fritz is a lucky dog! Ah, Madame Mathias," he continued aloud, "good evening—good evening to you! we were talking of you just now."

"Of me?" asked Margaret, modestly.

"Yes, yes, of you! were we not Madame Martha?" and, without waiting for an answer, the little man rattled on in a tone of admiration, with just the least mocking ring in it. "How smiling you look, and how well dressed too!—it's odd, but one would almost say you were going to—a wedding."

"Don't tease her, Kobel," interposed the mother, as the little one blushed to the eyes.

"I'm not teasing, Madame Mathias; I was never more serious. Look at these little shoes, and that quaintly trimmed little skirt; do you think they were put on to feast the eyes of a rusty old forester like myself? Not a bit of it; it was all done to please some one else, and—winking knowingly, he added, "I happen to know who that some one else is."

"And so do I!" cried a voice that seemed to issue from a cavern of comforters. It was Father Trinkvelt entering from the road, a hale, hearty, jolly old man of over sixty. He had come, according to promise, to give Kobel a lift on his way. Margaret's motion to the door, as he entered, had not escaped the sharp-eyed old fellow, who immediately shouted out, at the top of his cheery voice, "It's not he, it's nothe!"

"Not who?" asked Margaret confusedly.

"Ha, ha, ha! That's just like all the rest of the girls! Up to the last minute she will pretend that she knows nothing!" And a burst of laughter followed from the two knowing old rogues, while Margaret blushed again, and Martha cried out, "You're a couple of old fools!"

"No, no," expostulated Father Trinkvelt, still laughing; "you are not such an old fool as you look; are you, Kobel?"

"No—and you—you don't look such an old fool as you are; do you, Trinkvelt?" Then the old forester roared again at his own wit. This fierce encounter of tongues might have lasted some time longer, but suddenly Margaret turned and ran to the window—this time not in vain, for in another moment the door opened, letting in the wind with a howl, the snow with a puff, and Fritz, the gendarme, completely enveloped in his great service-cloak. He, too, was apparently smothered in the all-prevailing snow, a great load of it being packed upon his shoulders. And broad shoulders they were, too,—fit to bear many a heavier burden. His tall, sturdy limbs showed to advantage his close-fitting uniform, while merry, twinkling black eyes lit up a round, handsome manly face, set off to advantage by short, dark, curly hair, of which a stray lock every now and then escaped from its fellows, and straggled over his forehead, to be tossed back in a sharp, decisive manner that alone might have served as the key to the character of the man. Short, sharp, and decisive in action, he was not at all likely to trifle with rogues. He had been for five hours on the Hochwald, waiting for some smugglers who had passed the river the previous night with some tobacco and gunpowder. It was in vain that Kobel and Father Trinkvelt jeered the young man for feeling the cold. He had a plain reply ready for them, namely, that it was easy for them to defy the snow, sitting, as they were, by the side of a warm fire; for his part, he had seen snow-storms in Auvergne and in the Pyrenees, but never anything like this.

"Never mind, Fritz, you are fortunate to have arrived thus early," responded the hostess. "Listen to the wind," she continued, "how it howls round the house! I only hope that Mathias will have the prudence to stop for shelter somewhere on the road. I was right, Kobel, in advising you to go. You would have been safe at home by this time."

"And all the better for being there," struck in Fritz. "Thank goodness, I'm home. I shouldn't care about another five hours' duty in such weather as this. Why, your winters are terribly severe."

"Oh, not always," struck in Father Trinkvelt, unused to being quiet so long. "For fifteen years we have not had a winter so severe as this. No, I don't remember to have seen so much snow since what is called the Polish Jew's winter. In that year the Schneeberg was covered in the first days of November, and the frost lasted till the end of March; and when the thaw did come, every stream burst its banks."

"And that's why you call it the Polish Jew's winter?" asked Fritz. The quartermaster was a stranger at Lauterbach, coming from Felsingen, thirty miles the other side Saverne.

"No, no, young man; it is for another and terrible reason that none of us will easily forget. Madame Mathias remembers it well, I'm sure."

"You are right, Trinkvelt—you are right. There was talk enough about it at the time."

"Indeed there was; but not to much purpose, though. Had you been here then quartermaster, you might won your Cross of the Legion."

"How so?"

"We'll I'll tell you all about the affair, from the beginning to the end, since I saw it nearly all myself." And old Trinkvelt, delighted to be able to tell something to one of the officials that he had not known before, settled himself comfortably in the great arm-chair, while Kobel began ramming a pipe with so much Kanaster that you would have thought he was preparing for another siege of Pfalzburg. While the old men were thus employed, the lovers had not been idle. Fritz had drawn his chair close up to Margaret's footstool, so that she sat almost at his feet, glancing up in his face ever and anon with a look of trustful, loving affection. Meantime the storm raged wilder and wilder without. Jeanne drew the curtains of the windows, and all the inhabitants of the inn settled themselves down for a long winter's tale by the side of a roaring fire.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF THE POLISH JEW.

"Curiously enough," began Trinkvelt, "it was this very day exactly fifteen years ago, that I was sitting at this same table. Mathias was with us. Yes; don't you remember, Madame Martha, the burgomaster had only just bought his mill six months before?"

"Ah, but he wasn't the burgomaster then."

"True enough; and, upon my word, nobody ever thought he would ever be. No matter, burgomaster or no burgomaster, he was Mathias, the innkeeper and the miller, and there he sat." After a pull at the pipe, "Over there, opposite to him, where Kobel is sitting now, were seated Diedrich Omacht, and old John Roeler—don't you know—they used to call him the little shoemaker?"

"So they did, Trinkvelt; so they did."

"And many another, Kobel, whom you and I

knew well, and who is now sleeping under the turf on the hillside yonder. Ah, well, we must all go there some day. Happy is he who has nothing on his conscience. Well, we were just beginning a game of cards, and the room felt warm and cosy, just as it does now, only that it was full of people, when just as that old clock in the corner was striking ten, we heard the sound of sledge bells. A sledge drew up outside, and almost immediately a Polish Jew entered. He was a vigorous, well-made man, and might be forty-five or fifty years of age. I think I can see him now, coming in at that door, in his green cloak and great fur cap, his long jet-black beard, and his great jack-boots, lined with rabbit skin. He was a grain-dealer. As he entered, he said, in a low, distinct voice, 'Peace be with you!' Every head in the room turned towards him, and was for the moment busied with the thought, 'What is he doing here?' For, you must know, the Polish Jews who come to these parts to sell their grain seldom or never reach here before the month of February. Mathias was the first to speak. 'What can I do for you,' asked he. But the Jew never replied a word; only opened his cloak, and unbuckling a great girdle he wore round his waist, placed it on the table, not so gently but that all might hear the clinking of the gold it contained. He then turned to Mathias, and said, in the same low, penetrating voice as before, 'The snow is deep—the roads difficult. I need rest. Put my horse in your stable. In an hour I will continue my journey.' He then walked away from the stove over towards where Madame Martha is sitting, and, ordering a bottle of wine, drank it in silence, and sat like a man depressed and anxious about his affairs. At eleven o'clock the night watchman, Yeri, came in; the room was cleared, every one went away, and the Jew was left alone."

Trinkvelt was still for a moment, and puffed away quietly at his pipe. The weird story had begun to have its effect. Margaret was crouching closer to Fritz, Madame Martha's wheel stood still, Kobel smoked on in silence without uttering a word. Suddenly the wind—that ever and anon, during the sombre recital, had howled and whistled round the house—seemed now to acquire redoubled force, till its voice rose to a yell, followed by a loud crash. All was consternation. Margaret hid her face on her lover's shoulder, and Fritz himself for a moment seemed to feel the prevailing influence.

"What can it be?" asked he.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," rejoined Martha, in that hurried tone that instantly restores confidence, and seemed to make all ashamed of their momentary alarm; "I suppose some window or other has been left open. I'll go and see."

"No, not you, mother," cried Margaret, springing up; "I'll go."

"No, no, child." And the consequence was that both went, leaving Fritz alone with the two old villagers.

"But, to return to your story, Father Trinkvelt," cried Fritz, drawing his chair away from the stove, and nearer his interlocutors, "I don't see yet how I could have gained my cross."

"Well, I'll tell you how. The next day the Jew's horse was found under the great bridge at Waechem, and about one hundred paces further on were the cloak and cap, deeply stained with blood. As for the Jew himself no one has ever known to this day what became of him."

There was silence for a moment, while Fritz, leaning his head on his arms crossed over the back of his chair, seemed to be seeking for a clue to the murderer. At last Kobel spoke.

"All that Father Trinkvelt has told you is as true as Gospel. Next day the gendarmes came plodding over from Rothau, notwithstanding the fact that the snow was nearly as deep as it is now. In fact, it is only since that fearful event that your brigade has been stationed here."

"And was no inquest held?" asked the quartermaster, thoughtfully.

"Inquest?" rejoined Kobel; "I should think so. It was your predecessor, the old quartermaster, Kelz, who undertook the inquiry; and wrote great reports, six yards long and with nothing in them, and sent them to the old judge, Baron B-nedum, and to Dr. Glauter, and made them analyze the cloak and the cap. But in the end, they found they were just as wise as before."

"And was no one suspected even?"

"Oh, yes, gendarmes are very clever at suspecting. Only you see, unfortunately for you, Master Fritz, you are required to prove that your suspicions are grounded. Now, at that time, those two brothers, Jokel, who live at the other end of the village, had an old bear with his nose and ears jagged and torn, and three great dogs, which they used to lead round the country from one fair to another, and make the dogs bait the bear. This brought them a good deal of money, and they were able to live a rollicking dissipated life, and drink their glass of cognac whenever they pleased. Well, just when the Pole disappeared, they happened to be at Waechem, and the neighbours whispered one to another that the Jokels had made the dogs and the bear kill and eat the Jew, and that it was only because the animals were gorged to repletion already that they refrained from swallowing the cloak and cap. Of course, the brothers were arrested, and they passed some fifteen months in goal, but at last, as nothing could be proved against them, they were released. In the meantime though, their animals had died of hunger, so they turned travelling tinkers, and Mathias let them have that hut of his, rent free, to live in."

"Yes," growled out Trinkvelt, "Mathias is a great deal too good to the vagabonds. He ought to have sent them packing long ago."

At this moment Martha returned from the kitchen, followed by her daughter. She brought with her the explanation of the crash they had heard. Of course, she knew she was right. Jeanne had left the kitchen window unfastened, and now every pane in it was smashed. "By the way," she added, addressing Fritz, and in a rather more placable tone, "Your gendarme is outside and wants to see you. I asked him to come in, but he wouldn't. He said it was some matter of duty."

"Oh, I know what it is." And obeying the call of duty, the young fellow rose, threw his great coat over his shoulders and bent his steps towards the door.

"You'll not be long, Fritz!" whispered Margaret at the door.

"No, Ma'mzelle Margaret. I'll return in a minute."

And a sound was heard at which Kobel giggled, whereupon Madame Martha rather crossly exclaimed, "Will you shut that door, or do you want us all to catch our deaths?"

The door had closed before Madame had finished speaking, and Fritz was left out in the snow. Well, he deserved his luck after all. He was a brave, manly—yes, and gentle young fellow, and the burgomaster had been fortunate in securing so good a son-in-law. But there, everything had succeeded with Mathias. Why here, this very inn, why Mathias bought it just after it had ruined George Houte. Everybody said it never could pay,—when suddenly everybody was wrong, for the best customers kept coming there continually. Then Mathias buys—always wisely and always well. First, the great meadow by the *Bruche*; then that little wood at the bottom of the *Houx* valley, then his twelve arpents on the *Fincknaeth*, then his sawmill at the *Three Oaks*, and lastly the flour mill that he had only rented before. Then he lends out money on good sound security, and at last he is named burgomaster. His daughter, Ma'mzelle Margaret, has grown up in the meanwhile, and all Mathias can wish for now is a son-in-law. Not some wild madcap, but a sensible, plain-dealing, honest man, one that all shall respect, and that Margaret may love. Well, who turns up but Fritz Bernard; Fritz, of whom nobody can say any ill. Assuredly, Mathias was born under a lucky star.

"And the best of it is," cried out Trinkvelt, "that you deserve it all, Madame Mathias. Nobody envies you. On the contrary, every one says, 'they are good honest people,' who have earned all they have by hard work."

At this moment footsteps were heard outside, and all looked up inquiringly.

"Perhaps it's Fritz returning, as he said he would?"

"No, Margaret, no," replied the mother. Then after a second's pause, with a loud shout of joy, she exclaimed, "It is he, your father—Mathias!"

And on the word, the door flung open, and the burgomaster entered.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BURGOMASTER'S RETURN.

He was a fine man, was Mathias. Tall and commanding in appearance, with a habit of haunching up his great shoulders, that seemed to add to rather than detract from the dignity of his demeanour. It was a fine head, the forehead high but receding, the nose an eagle's, the mouth perfect, with a massive under-jaw and chin like a lion's. There was danger in the look of that mouth and chin, joined to such a forehead. The fiercest passions of a beast of prey seemed to lurk there, uncontrolled by the finer feelings of the soul. Still in the prime of life, his black hair had just begun to turn grey, but this every one said was more the effect of thinking over his bargains than a sign of approaching old age. The face was likely to grow handsomer as it grew older. The dark flashing eyes, full of fire and meaning, were not of a kind to pale and fade with years. There was an indescribable brightness about them at times. Not the excitement of over-indulgence, although the burgomaster often did drink, and drink rather heavily. It was more an expression of incessant instability, a continuous search for something that was not, a restless, ceaseless inquiry that found no answer.

None could have detected anything of the sort in the burgomaster now though. In fact, you could scarcely see him, muffled as he was in an enormous *houppelande*, or driving coat of bearskin, with gloves to match, fur-lined boots reaching half-way up his thigh, his head securely protected by a mighty cap of badgerskin, with poor Grimbart's tail hanging down behind, and his face decorating the front, the glass eyes just peeping out from the midst of the snow in which the burgomaster, from head to foot was smothered.

"Ha, ha," exclaimed he joyously, still standing on the mat, and throwing open wide his arms; "here I am, safe home again!" And mother and daughter were clasped for a moment in a close embrace.

"And so you are back again, really?" cried Martha, overjoyed.

"Yes, yes, thank goodness! What a storm! Why, I was forced to leave the waggon at *Waechem*. Nickel can go over for it in the morning. You must have these things well dried," added Mathias, pointing to his coat, gloves and cap.

"Never fear," answered Martha, folding them

together, ready for Jeanne to take into the kitchen. Then, turning to Mathias and embracing him, she added in a softer tone, "It was very kind of you to come home to us through the snow; we were getting so frightened about you."

"So I thought, my dear Martha, so I thought; and that was why I determined to reach home if I possibly could." And Mathias embraced his wife and daughter again, shook hands with old Trinkvelt and Kobel, and again turned to his own loved ones. How full of gentleness and affection was this hard man of the world. Could he have anything on his mind, any secret remorse hidden in the inmost recesses of his soul? Impossible!

Margaret was kneeling at his feet with his house shoes.

"Don't touch those, dear," remarked he, as she was about to unfasten the buckles of his great jack-boots; "don't touch those, dear, they're nasty and wet." Then turning to old Trinkvelt and Kobel, "You'll have nice weather to go home in. Why, by the side of the river the snow's at least six feet deep!"

"Poor dear father," ejaculated Margaret.

"To think of your coming over from *Waechem* such a night as this! and all to please us too!"

"We thought your cousin Block would not let you go away soon in the storm."

"Oh, I finished my business with him yesterday morning. In fact, I wanted to start away then, but he would make me stay to see a sort of performance."

"A performance!" cried Margaret, and the round girlish face lighted up with joy at the thought; "is Hans Wurst at *Ribeauville* then?"

Hans Wurst is a sort of travelling Punch that we have in *Alsace*.

"No, it wasn't Hans Wurst," answered Mathias, drawing off his great boots, and looking lovingly first at his daughter, then at his wife, as both knelt at his feet with his house shoes. "No, it wasn't Hans Wurst. No, it was some fellow who came all the way from *Paris*. He certainly did do the most astonishing things. Why, he positively sent our cousin to sleep."

"What!" re-echoed Martha, "sent him to sleep?"

"Yes."

"Oh," cried Martha with a merry laugh. "He gave Block some new liquor to drink. Block's ready enough for that. That would send him to sleep fast enough."

"No," answered Mathias, merrily; "no, it wasn't that. It was certainly a most remarkable thing. Assuredly if I had not seen it, I should never have believed it. He did nothing but look steadily at him, and make a few signs, and off he went fast asleep!" And the burgomaster bent down to fasten the strings of his house shoes.

"Yes," struck in Kobel. "The Brigadier Stenger was telling me about that the other day. He saw exactly the same kind of thing done at *Saverne*,—perhaps by the same man. At all events, it was, as you say, a *Parisian*, who sent people to sleep, and when they were asleep, he made them tell all they had upon their conscience."

Why did the burgomaster look up? And what was the meaning of that curious uneasy expression in his eyes? Whatever it was it was soon gone, for turning to Margaret, he exclaimed, in a voice so cheery that it seemed almost unnatural, "My darling, look in the big pocket of my coat. Ah, Jeanne," he continued, as the smiling little maid entered to carry off the burgomaster's boots, "how are you? You must have those spurs scoured, and then Nickel can hang them with the harness."

"Yes, burgomaster," and Jeanne vanished into the depths of the kitchen to see to her master's supper. In the meanwhile, Margaret had followed her father's advice, searched in the pocket and drew thence a box of cardboard.

"What is it, father?"

"Open the box, child, open the box," exclaimed Mathias, playfully. The box was opened, and from it there issued an Alsatian cap of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine, and decorated all over with glittering gold and silver spangles.

"Oh, how lovely it is! Is it for me, father?"

"Well, I should think so! It's scarcely for Jeanne, eh?"

And Margaret ran to her father to kiss him, and so more than repay the present. Then off to the glass, with the happy mother to put on the cap, first undoing the silk bow; while Kobel and Trinkvelt left their pipes and jogged over to the other side of the *Gaststube* to admire the belle of the village in her new finery.

"How well it fits you, and how beautiful! why one would think it had been made for you."

"What will Fritz say when he sees it?"

"Say, child! Why, he'll say you are the prettiest girl in the village." And the burgomaster folded his daughter in his arms as if his whole soul were bound up in her, and as if, without her, life would not be worth the living. And that was strange, for was he not rich and the burgomaster?

"That is my wedding present to you, Margaret," he added, taking the blooming girl on his knee; "I want you to wear it on your marriage-day, and then to keep it as long as you live. Do you believe, my darling, do you believe that in fifteen or twenty years from now you will remember that it was your father who gave it you?"

"I'm sure I shall, father," replied Margaret,

and she buried her head on the burgomaster's shoulder.

"Don't cry, my p't, don't cry. Don't you know that I ask nothing better than to see you happy with Fritz, and living here with your little ones about you, and the old grandfather sitting behind the stove. And now," he added cheerily, "let me have something to eat, and tell Jeanne to fetch a bottle of white wine."

And Martha hurried off to the kitchen to hasten the supper. Meanwhile, Mathias turned towards the two old foresters. "Well, Kobel and Trinkvelt, you'll have another glass of wine with me before you go!"

"Oh, with pleasure, burgomaster; with pleasure," and Father Trinkvelt's old eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"Yes, burgomaster," added Kobel the facetious, "for your sake, we'll try and make that last little effort."

"Ah, here's the supper," cried Mathias, and he settled himself to the table, where Martha proceeded to spread forth a tempting repast. There was a ham than which *Westphalia* could boast no better, and steaming hot sausages, with potatoes half-baked, half-fried in the gravy. Jeanne came at last with the bottle and glass. Mathias fell to, nothing loth, and seemed to eat, drink, and be merry. Where was the furtive look of uneasiness that just now peered forth at his eyes? Had it ever lurked there? Surely not; it was but our fancy,—the burgomaster could have no secret weighing on his conscience. Rich, respected, happy, what more could he wish for in this world? what cause could he have to hazard losing the world's regard?

(To be continued.)

SNAKE FASCINATION.

The phenomenon of snake fascination has never been satisfactorily explained, though many explanations of it have been attempted. One of the most recent and most plausible of these has just appeared in a scientific paper, and is given.

"In 1859," says the writer, "I followed in the rocks of *Avon*, close by the *Park of Fontainebleau*, the fairy paths of *Denecourt*, when the approach of a storm induced me to leave the blue arrows, indicating the right path, for a short cut. I soon lost my way, and found myself in a maze of brambles and rocks, when I was startled by seeing on my left hand, at a distance of about ten yards, a snake, whose body, lifted up from the ground, at a height of about a yard, was swinging to and fro. I remained motionless, hesitating whether to advance or to retreat, but soon perceived that the snake did not mind me, but kept on maintaining its swinging motion, and some plaintive shrieks attracted my attention to a greenfinch perched on a branch of a young pine overhanging the snake, with his feathers ruffled, following by a nod of his head on each side of the branch the motions of the snake. He tottered, spread his wings, alighted on a lower branch, and so on until the last branch was reached. I flung my stick at the snake, but the point of a rock broke it, and the snake disappeared with the rapidity of an arrow."

"On approaching the spot—a real abode of vipers—which I did with the greatest precaution, knowing by observation that death may be the result of the bite of a viper, I saw the greenfinch on the ground agitated by convulsive and spasmodic motion, opening and shutting his eyes. I put him in my bosom to try the effect of heat, and hastened to reach the park of *Fontainebleau*. The little claws of the bird, opening and shutting, perhaps as an effect of heat, made me think that he might be able to stand on my finger, and he did clutch it, and held on with spasmodic squeezes. In the park I got some water, and made him drink it. In short, he revived, and finally flew off in the lime-trees of the park."

"Now, while following the motions of the snake and bird, I experienced a singular sensation. I felt giddy; a squeezing like an iron hoop pressed in my temples, and the ground seemed to me to be heaving up and down. In fact, the sensation was quite analogous to that experienced on a beginning of sea sickness. From these facts, would it not seem probable that fascination is nothing more or less than extreme fatigue of the optic nerve, produced by a rapid gyratory motion of a shining object, and resulting in a nervous attack and a coma. Curiosity rivets at first the attention of the bird, unconscious of any danger, and when giddiness warns him of his peril it is too late."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The pronunciation of the Derby winner's name is being argued. "Iro-quaw" seems to be the favourite way, but how is it to be justified, for *Iroquois* is the name of a tribe of North American Indians, not of a French town or statesmen. Yankee friends say *Iro-quoise*—the last syllable to rhyme with our word "poise." But it will always remain a vexed question.

The phenomenal success of Mr. Irving's management of the Lyceum Theatre is strikingly illustrated by a fact that has just been made public. The period of which Mr. Irving took the theatre on lease is drawing to a close, and the question of renewing the tenancy has been raised. Mr. Irving propose to settle the matter in a most effective manner. He is going to buy the freehold of the theatre. The sum named is £123,000, and this he will be able to pay out of the net earnings of his manage-

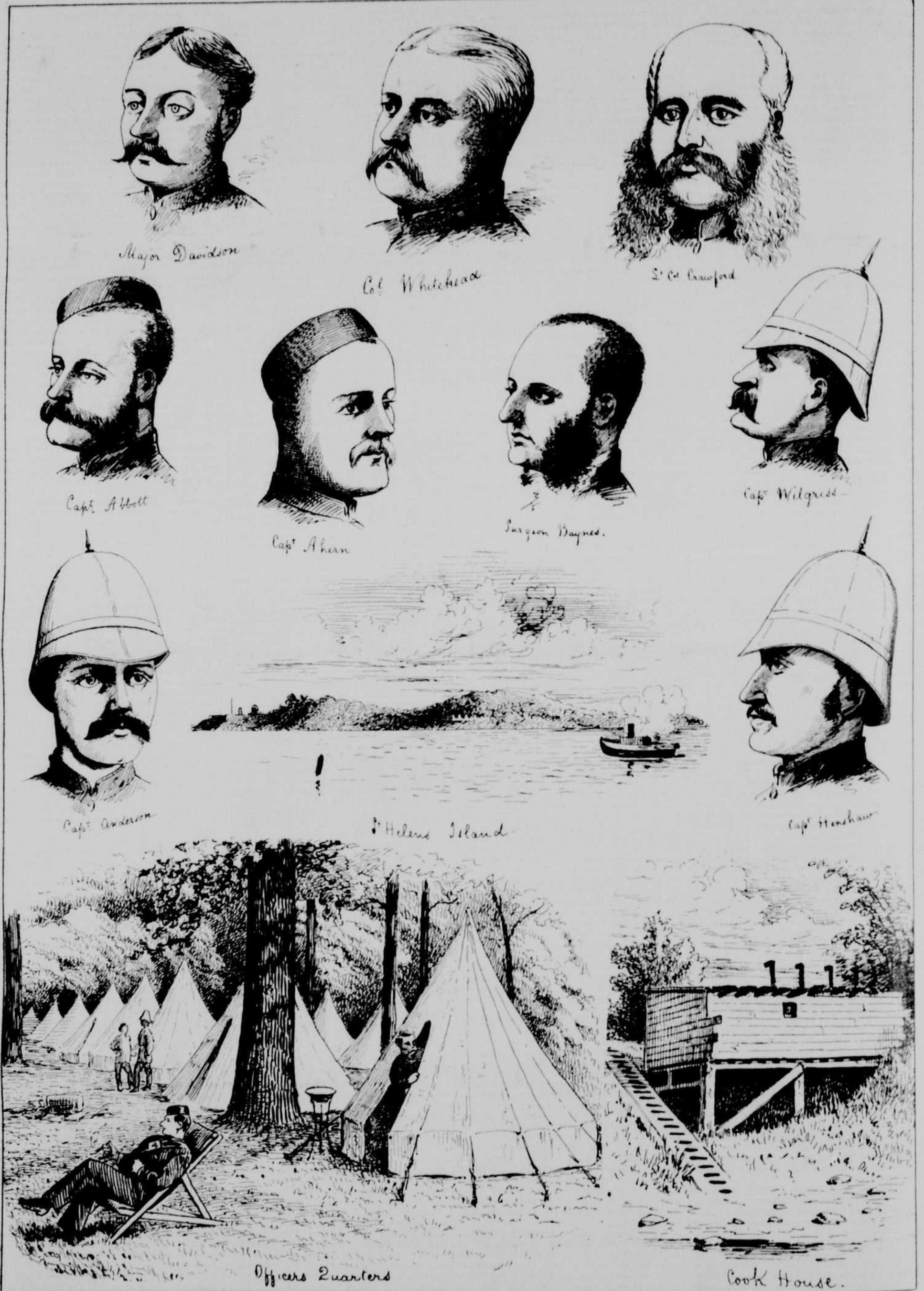
ment during the few years that have elapsed since he became lessee and manager.

It will perhaps shock many to hear that Sunday dances are spreading, and threaten to become a regular social institution. Sunday has long been a fashionable day for quiet dinners, especially among artistic, literary, and theatrical sets, because it is the only day that many of them seem to have quite free; but three or four years ago everybody began to give dinners on Sunday, and now Sunday dances are spreading. In the suburbs people play tennis—you may hear it going on in all the gardens around town, and in two or three of the big squares. Think what people will, it is done in spite of comment or even protest. Recently the fact being discussed in the presence of a clergyman, he said he and many fellow clergymen approved of lawn tennis and cricket on Sunday!

An Ojibway chief has appeared among us as a clergyman and is a somewhat remarkable man. His name is *Pahtahquahong Chase*, hereditary Chief of the Ojibway tribe. He wears on his breast two medals, one given to his grandfather by George III, the other presented to himself on behalf of Queen Victoria by the Prince of Wales during his visit to Canada in 1860, when the chief was selected by the Indian tribes to present an address to his Royal Highness. He is about sixty years of age, of middle height, and of the dark reddish brown hue which marks his race. His conversion to Christianity arose from an attendance at Divine service, in which he was deeply impressed with the solemnity of Christian worship, and having been ordained by an English bishop in Canada, he has for about eighteen years been employed as a missionary in connection with the Colonial and Continental Church Society.

The satirists of the day are loud in the deprecation of the shortened petticoats and lengthened stockings of the little maidens who, sometimes even up to the age of fourteen, are seen fluttering about the park like so many sylphides displaying almost indelicate bareness of limb. The censurers of modern manners declare that all the fast habits, carelessness of language, and bold address of the young English ladies have their origin in this baring of the legs up to the very knee, which is observed in the school-girls of the middle class. The French, whose watchfulness over the retiring and modest appearance of their young girls was once proverbial, were at first most indignant at such exposure, but have ended by adopting the fashion, although without the exaggeration which offends all taste in the case of the English girls. They call the mode *a la valet de pied*, because lackeys alone display the shape of their legs to the knees. *Les demoiselles en mollets* have become a favourite subject of caricature in the comic journals, the *laquais en mollets* being the familiar appellation of the footmen in *Paris*. The Princess of Wales, whose exquisite simplicity of taste is exhibited in the attire of her daughters, has never adopted this immodest fashion. The dresses of the young Princesses are made to reach just above the ankle for convenience sake—never to show the calf of the leg, as sometimes seen even in the case of otherwise well-dressed children in the Park.

The fashion of wearing natural flowers in the hair has received a terrible check in the accident which befel a certain distinguished lady, the other evening at a large dinner party given in *Portman-square*. The lady's brow was crowned with a wreath of roses—pink, white and crimson. It became her exceedingly, softening the usually stern expression of her beautiful countenance, for she is considered in the world as a *femme forte*, fearing nothing, investigating the cause of all effects without shrinking, in short a kind of moral amazon, always ready to place herself at the head of every kind of reform, and proclaiming aloud the rights of woman to every one willing to listen. The lady was seated next to a gentleman whose opinion on social matters differ entirely from those which were emanating with extreme and decisive volubility from the lips of his fair neighbour. Her idea of the sovereignty in all matters of domestic policy had just been submitted to the consideration of her listener, who was opposing it with all his eloquence. At some objection made by him the lady shook her head in resolute defiance, declaring that women, although not possessed of the physical strength of men, were endowed with far more courage, which aphorism she was about to prove by quotation of facts, when suddenly turning deadly pale she uttered a terrible shriek and began tearing the roses from her head, flinging the wreath to the other side of the room in the most frantic manner, as she rose and stamped about as if in agony, exclaiming all the while, "Help me, help me, for Heaven's sake! An earwig! an earwig!" And sure enough, as she jumped away from the table, upsetting soup plate and wine glasses in her sudden movement, the poor miserable insect was seen running across the snowwhite tablecloth towards the ladies opposite, who in equal dismay began to shriek and scream with equal vehemence. The tumult was complete, and it was some time before quiet was restored. The earwig meanwhile had travelled no one knew whither, and the conversation grew cold. The anxiety manifested by every one of the fair guests concerning the destination of the insect put a stop at once to the feast of reason and the flow of soul which had been promised by the host through the brilliant arguments to be uttered by the beautiful *femme forte*.



SKETCHES IN CAMP—THE VICTORIA RIFLES ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



FREDERICK THE GREAT AT HOME.—A CONCERT IN THE PALACE AT POTSDAM

EUPHROSYNE.

(From the Swedish of Elias Tegner.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Much of this Grace wrote the sages
Among the Greeks in bygone ages—
Hear what I can nearest trace
Of her figure and her face.

Her form—(so runs the text)—her figure
Tall, and full of youthful vigour,
Like a rosebud here and there
Rounded—rosy, sweet and fair.

Nobler was her form and feature
Far than any earthly creature;
Not voluptuously developed
Yet with every charm enveloped.

And her eyes—yet, with what mixture
May the painter Maylight picture!
Dangerous to behold their hue
So warm—deeply, brightly blue.

Dimples sweet her cheek were set in
Hearts to catch, as flies a net in
And each time the Grace but smiled
Some poor heart was aye beguiled.

Legends are—have you read any?
Of her hands and arms and many
Other charming points which ought
Not to be spoken—only thought.

Yet fleshly charms are bagatelles
Among Olympian Mamelles;
Heart and spirit attributes
Are the Grace's noblest fruits.

Joyous is her name's sweet meaning,
From her name her nature gleaming
Critics to describe her would
Say—Not more joyous than she's good.

Peerless in waltz by all confessed,
A nightingale her throat possessed;
But in her heart, by day and night,
Nestled a sweet, pure dove, snow white.

Closed is now Olympus' portal;
Dea are all the gods immortal;
But this Grace survives them still
Where! I can say, if I will.

A GOLDEN LINING.

BY EMMA W. PHILLIPS.

IV.

NOT GRATITUDE BUT LOVE.

Mr. Marner ceased his calculations, and looked up with raised brows. Had the bombshell Gertie had referred to really burst, her ladyship could not have displayed more astonishment; she sat looking at Gertie like one stunned, then, "You have accepted him?" she gasped. "Gertrude, are you mad? Do you know what you are saying? Do—do you know to whom you are speaking?—who you are?"

"Mamma, I am very sorry; I feared this would pain you. But what could I do? I cannot help loving Mr. Vane, therefore could never marry anyone else. So why should I destroy his happiness as well as my own, by refusing him?"

"Gertrude,"—her ladyship's pale cheek slightly flushing as she rose to her feet—"I tell you it shall not be! Recollect, I am your mother. This Mr. Vane shall leave at once; you shall never see him again! If you cannot save yourself, you must be saved. You the wife of a poor, penniless artist!"

"Not quite poor, mamma, nor penniless," said Gertie, a trifle pale, and speaking firmly, yet quite respectfully. "But even if he were, how should that make any difference to me? Mr. Vane's profession is that of a gentleman; he himself is one. Did he think of social position, of money, when he risked his life to save mine? Oh, mamma, if you had seen, as I did, that cruel sea creeping upon you, then, at the very moment of despair, been suddenly revived with hope, by one who risked his life, not only to try to save yours, but to encourage, to support you in meeting death, how would you regard such a person? I confess, as I looked on the brave, kindly face by my side at that moment, when I felt his arm putting its strength between me and death, I thought that earth had not his equal—that it never could have in my eyes; and, mamma, it never can have. After the past, rank, money, must form no barrier between Mr. Vane and myself. Even did I not love him, as I do, most dearly, I should hold it my duty to think of his happiness before my own."

"Though you know really nothing of him!" ejaculated Lady Hannah, a quiver of suppressed rage in her voice. "For what you can tell he may be a gambler, thief, forger! That, I suppose, could make no difference in so romantic a young lady?"

"Mamma," answered Gertie, rather scornfully, "I said rank and money, not crime; and that is not likely."

Lady Hannah gazed at her, too enraged to be able to speak; then abruptly turned to her husband.

"Have you nothing to say, Mr. Marner? How can you be silent before this—disgrace?"

"I cannot call it exactly by that name, my love," said Mr. Marner. "I am very sorry at what has happened. I confess I like Mr. Vane, who, in every way, save in a pecuniary form, is a gentleman. Nevertheless, I say to Gertie, do not be impetuous; reflect calmly."

"If, Mr. Marner, you cannot exert your authority as a step-father better than that," broke in my lady, with passionate scorn, "you had better be silent!"

"My dear," tapping his chin with his pencil, "as you are aware, I have no authority. Your first husband's will—"

Lady Hannah did not wait for the conclusion.

"Gertrude," she exclaimed, "if you marry Mr. Vane—if you disgrace me—I will never forgive you!"

And she swept, in a torrent of passion, from the room.

"Gertrude," remarked Mr. Marner, "this family disturbance is very sad. Are you really resolved?"

"Yes, papa."

"Pon my word, I can't blame you; he's a fine young fellow! Still, he is only an artist."

"And to that very fact, papa," smiled the girl, putting her arms round his neck, "I owe my being now here, instead of having been drowned in the Bristol Channel. Indeed, I must marry him or no one."

At the same moment Lady Hannah, ascending the stairs, was reflecting, "She shall never marry him!—never! She shall not so disgrace her family!"

While the above conversation was proceeding, Vane, strolling through the woods, came abruptly upon the river and a handsome young fellow lying on the bank with a clouded brow, idly flinging pebbles in the water.

The artist had a strong liking for this young man, not only because he was Gertrude's brother, but for his own claims to affection. He was, however, rather given to horse-racing and other expensive pleasures.

"Hallo! is that you, Vane?" exclaimed Lord Belliston, rising to his feet.

"Is that you?" smiled the artist. "Why, what's the matter? You are looking as pleasant as snow in harvest!"

"Matter?"—and confidently his lordship, who had a great liking for this new friend, placed his arm in the other's. "I never was in such a strait as at present! The fact is, it's settling-day in town, and, you know, if a fellow chooses to back horses, he is bound to put in an appearance at the settling, and I'm dead beat for four hundred!"

"Four hundred?"

"Yes; that's all!" proceeded Lord Belliston. "A trifle, isn't it? but as difficult to get as a thousand at the present moment. I can't ask my step-father; he's such a good fellow, and has been so generous, yet I must get the money somehow!"

"I am not very well acquainted with such matters," said Vane; "but those who have expectations—"

"Can get bills!" put in his lordship, quickly. "Of course; but I can't. My own father left the strangest will that could be made. First, it makes Gertie come of age a year before I do. Then it specifies that, should I raise money on my future wealth, borrow at usury—in fact, have anything in the slightest way to do with bill-discounters—my coming of age is to be delayed four years."

"A strange will, certainly."

"Yes. The fact was, he had lost half his own income by that sort of thing, and had had to retrench awfully afterwards; so I suppose he was resolved to prevent my following in his steps. It's an awful bore."

"I wish I could help you," said Vane, earnestly.

"I know you do; that's why I tell you. You're a jolly fellow—one of the best I ever met. You would never split on a fellow. I should have liked you, you know, even if I hadn't owed you Gertie's life. That was a plucky thing. I know those Lymouth rocks."

Vane's heart began to beat. Would the young fellow by his side speak thus if he knew to what he aspired? Should he tell him? No, until he knew how Gertie had succeeded.

"Well," exclaimed Lord Belliston, rousing himself with a shake; "it's no good being down. The money must be got."

"I wish I had it to lend you," said Vane. "If there were time I might be able to raise it."

"Thank you, with all my heart; but, you see, there isn't time. They'd want recommendations, securities, and all that. There, never mind; the money will come, I don't doubt. By the way, when it does, I'll pay you the five I borrowed. What a shame I should be so stumped! My mother might do it, only—oh, the lecture I should get!"

"Do not speak of my debt," said Vane. "Forget it."

"No, no; I shall not do that. I'll go into the library and write a letter that I must send, then ride into Alcester, and you see if something doesn't turn up."

With the hopeful buoyancy of youth, Lord Belliston hurried off. At the same moment Vane beheld Gertie coming down another path.

"They refuse consent; I feared it," said the artist, on hearing of the interview.

"Yes; as I knew, dear Halbert," responded the girl. "But can we not wait? At twenty I shall be my own mistress; and by that time," she smiled, "your name may be renowned."

He shook his head. He thought of her, and she of him, and Gertie conquered. He would not give her up. They would wait and hope.

"But, dearest, I must no longer remain beneath this roof; I must leave at once."

"No," said Gertie. "You must go, of course, but not until noon to-morrow. Papa has arranged that. Your sudden departure would create suspicion among the servants; they would talk. To-morrow it can be said you had letters summoning you to London. Until then—"

"I will not offend her ladyship by crossing

her path," smiled Vane. "A few hours' work will complete the last sketch I began. It stands now on the easel in the library. I will go to it at once. Let Lady Hannah know where I am."

"I will; and, Halbert, you will trust me? We will wait."

"Until our hairs are gray, dear love, if then I may hope to call you mine. Oh, that I may prove worthy of the sacrifice you make!"

"Sacrifice!" she laughed. "I am ashamed of you, there!" as she broke away from his arms. "Get to your work, sir, and let our motto be that true love levels all mankind."

Vane obeyed her. He went to the library and set to work, taking his meals alone. At dusk he went out. When he returned, rather late, he ascended at once to his room.

On his table was an envelope addressed to himself. It was from Lord Belliston. It contained a five-pound note, and these hurried words:—

"All right, old fellow! Have got the money! Told you it would come. Enclose you the five with a whole heap of thanks. Can't write more. Going up to London to-night."

"I wonder where he got it?" thought Vane. But what business is that of mine? By the way, I ought to get this cashed. I shall have to fee the servants to-morrow."

A footman entering, he asked if he could get it changed, as he had forgotten while out.

"I daresay the butler, sir, could change it."

Mr. Moxon, the respectable, gray-haired butler, was quite able and pleased to do so for Mr. Vane. Halbert placed the coins in his purse, undressed, and went to bed.

By noon to-morrow he would have left Cumberland—left Gertie.

V.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.

"Five hundred pounds in bank notes! They were in my desk yesterday afternoon; now they are gone—not one remains!"

"But, my dear Hannah, reflect a moment! Are you sure you have made no mistake?"

"Mistake, Mr. Marner!" exclaimed her ladyship, impatiently. "Reflect! What is there to reflect upon? The notes, I repeat, were there, and they are gone!"

The hour was about nine. Mr. Marner had been seated, according to custom, in his private room, attending to his morning's letters and other matters, when Lady Hannah had sailed in, erect and indignant, with the startling news that since noon of the previous day notes to the amount of five hundred pounds had been stolen from her desk.

"Don't you think it was unwise to leave such a sum in an unlocked desk?" suggested Mr. Marner.

"The fact is, I had been writing letters in the library, and going to the morning-room for something, saw the new book, which I was just glancing through, when Gertrude came in with that astounding information concerning the impertinence of Mr. Vane, and that made me for the time forget all else. When later, I would have gone to lock the desk, Gertrude informed me that that fellow was finishing his sketch there."

"I thought, Hannah, you always banked your half-yearly income?"

"So, I do generally; but I had need of most of it this time, consequently delayed. But—and she rose from her chair—"we are losing valuable time, Mr. Marner. The thief may be escaping, or at least destroying all clue to discovery."

"I suppose I had better send for a policeman to help us?"

"No. I should prefer interrogating the servants first, Mr. Marner."

"Have you the numbers of the notes?"

"They are here."

That is fortunate. They can be stopped; it's a most unpleasant affair. Supposing we ring for Mrs. Bramble first, and hear if she has cause to suspect any of the servants of dishonesty?"

Mrs. Bramble duly arriving, had only good characters to give of all her staff of domestics. After ten in the morning, none of them would have any business in the library, and she did not think it likely that they would go in, as Mr. Vane had been there all day sketching the view from the window.

A strange expression came over Lady Hannah's face.

"Oh," she remarked, "Mr. Vane was there all day?"

The voice was quiet, yet there was a something in it that caused Mr. Marner to throw a quick glance upon her.

Yes; if her ladyship remembered, he had had even his dinner there. Mrs. Bramble didn't think any of the servants could have been in the library alone, unless when the footman went to light the lamps.

"Ascertain which footman it was, Mrs. Bramble, and send him here, if you please," said Mr. Marner. Then, turning to his wife on the housekeeper's withdrawal, he added,

"Hannah, your tones just now seemed to imply that you thought Mr. Vane capable of taking these notes."

"I could sooner believe him guilty than any of the servants. Put the matter into the hands of the police, and see whom they will suspect!"

"Hush! here is the butler!"

He came to say that he had been with the footman when the lamps were lighted, and that

the man hadn't been a moment alone in the room.

"Then, Moxon, I see nothing for it but to put the case into a detective's hands."

"If it's any of the servants, they'll find it difficult to pass 'em, sir, and that might lead to their detection."

"Well, that is true, Moxon; and, fortunately, her ladyship has taken the numbers. Make a note of them, in case you should come across any in the village."

The butler, whose hair had grown gray in his present service, took the paper Mr. Marner had passed over, and began copying the numbers in his note-book. Suddenly he stopped, and regarded one with a strange, surprised expression.

"What is it, Moxon?"

"Why, sir, if I'm not mistaken," began the butler, "I have—that—is—Excuse me a moment."

Taking out his pocket-book he produced from it a five-pound note, and compared it with the numbers.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed. "It's the same, sir. It's one of 'em—219,641!"

"One of the notes! Impossible!" exclaimed Lady Hannah, leaning quickly forward.

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Marner, with knitted brows. "It's one of them. Where did you get it?"

"When Mr. Vane, sir, returned home last night, it being late, he went direct to his own room, and shortly after the footman brought me this note to ask if I could change it."

"From Mr. Vane?" exclaimed Lady Hannah.

"Yes, your ladyship."

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Mr. Marner.

"I beg pardon, but I knocked twice without receiving any answer, so thought the room unoccupied. You desired to see me here at this hour, Mr. Marner, before I left."

The speaker was the artist, Halbert Vane himself. He stood just within the door, erect, handsome, self-possessed.

"You are engaged, I perceive; I will retire."

"No, no; come in, Mr. Vane. Moxon, you may go, said Mr. Marner, nervously. "Take a chair, Mr. Vane."

But the artist stood, seeing his host had risen.

What was the matter? Something, he could tell by their countenances. Lady Hannah looked white, vindictive, yet a trifle scared. Of course it was about his love for dear Gertie.

"Mr. Vane," said Mr. Marner, fingering his watch-chain, "a most unpleasant thing has happened. I scarcely know how to put it; but out of her ladyship's desk that stands in the library a roll of notes of five hundred pounds value was yesterday stolen—taken."

"Five hundred pounds!" ejaculated Vane.

"Mr. Vane," said her ladyship, "we have questioned the servants, and they have said that you were sketching there all day. That being so, possibly you may be able to give us some clue to the thief."

"I regret Lady Hannah, that I am unable," he answered. "I would I were; that is—"

"You wish it would be safe to do so?"

He looked at her, believing she had divined his suspicion, but the scornful smile on her lips revealed the truth.

"Lady Hannah" he ejaculated, astounded yet indignantly, "surely you do not—you dare not suspect that I would be guilty of such a crime?"

"Mamma! oh, what does this mean?" exclaimed Gertrude Belliston, at this moment entering. "Bramble tells me that notes have been stolen from your desk."

"And, Miss Belliston," said Vane, inclining his head, "her ladyship has honoured me by regarding me as the thief!"

"You, Halbert!" cried the girl. "Oh, for shame, mamma!"

"Have the goodness to hear before you condemn," said her ladyship, haughtily. "Will Mr. Vane deny that his manner was singularly conscious when he heard of the loss?"

"And for that your ladyship would condemn me?" he said.

"No, Mr. Vane," put in Mr. Marner, gravely. "We merely ask if you suspect anyone to tell us—to give us, if you can, any information. We have reason to think you can, for yesterday my butler tells me he cashed for you this note."

"He did," said Vane.

"Then, as it is one of those stolen, will you inform me where you obtained it?"

Vane had small doubt as to who was the thief. He remembered Lord Belliston's desperate need of money; how he had gone to the library to write letters, and how, in his letter, he had said the money had been procured.

But could he betray Gertrude's brother?—denounce him as guilty?

Impossible!

"No, Mr. Marden," he said, quietly, but with an effort; "I deeply regret that I cannot, for I perceive how in some eyes it will condemn me. But I cannot give you that information."

Lady Hannah leaned back in her chair, smiling.

"Oh, Halbert, why not?" exclaimed Gertie. "I would have given twice the money that this had not happened!" said Mr. Marner. "Mr. Vane, I am deceived, and it pains me! Had you desired a loan—"

"What, sir!" cried the artist; "do you, too, believe me guilty?"

"What can I believe! The very night the

money is stolen you change one of the notes, yet you refuse to say how it came into your possession. Ask yourself what verdict a jury would pronounce."

"That, Mr. Marner," smiled Lady Hannah, coldly, "is looking into the future, is it not?" "Mamma," exclaimed Gertie, throwing herself on her knees by Lady Hannah's chair, "you cannot believe Mr. Vane guilty!"

"And why not?" retorted her ladyship, harshly. "He who could stoop to steal an heiress may surely be capable, to satisfy the same greed, of stooping yet lower!"

"No," put in Mr. Marner, firmly; "I will have no courts of law—no publicity! We owe you, Mr. Vane, our daughter's life. It is your own fault that we cannot make a more fitting return. If you have not taken this money you know who has."

"That, sir, I cannot admit," began Vane. "At any rate, you have one of the notes in your possession, and refuse to give any account of it. You are in that case an accessory or accomplice, consequently—"

"Can no longer be received under this roof! Farewell, Mr. Marner! This unhappy matter shall be made clear, and earlier than you think!"

"I hope you are correct; until when, sir, for the sake of an unfortunate friendship, I advise the affair to be kept a secret by the four now here."

"Also," exclaimed her ladyship, haughtily, "if you still possess the least spark of honour, you will release this unhappy girl from the vows into which you have drawn her. You surely would not disgrace her by holding her bound to one suspected of a crime!"

"Certainly not, Lady Hannah. I promise you I will never seek Miss Belliston's hand while this shadow is upon me," he rejoined. "I release Miss Belliston from this moment."

"Halbert!" exclaimed Gertie, "you must not! Would you break my heart?"

"Break your heart!" said Vane, his eyes sparkling. "Oh, Gertrude! is it possible that you hold me innocent!—that you trust me?"

"As firmly, as confidently, Halbert," she answered, taking his hand, "as I did when we stood side by side on the rock awaiting death! I felt that you would triumph then, and so will you do now; I am sure of it!" she exclaimed.

"You are an angel!" clasping her to his heart.

"Gertrude," ejaculated Lady Hannah, "are you lost to all shame! Would you unite yourself to one who, at least, must live under suspicion?"

"No, mamma," she answered, quietly, her hand on her lover's arm. "When I told you Halbert and I were betrothed, I said we would wait until I was of age. That is two years yet. Before then these cruel suspicions will be removed."

"They shall be, my brave darling; sooner, far sooner, than that, if there be honour in man. Farewell!"

He pressed her hand fervently to his lips; inclined his head to Mr. and Lady Marner. The latter turned her back on him, and retired, writhing with rage.

"Poor Stanley! Mad, foolish boy!" he reflected, as he hastened to his room. "I could not denounce him. No; let them believe me guilty, if they will. They must do so until Lord Belliston's own lips confess my innocence and his folly!"

VI.

THE SUN THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

Though Halbert Vane would not state to Lady Hannah his suspicions as to who had taken the notes, he had no intention to remain under the base stigma cast upon him. His purpose was to get Lord Belliston to make the confession himself; consequently, on reaching London he he proceeded at once to the young nobleman's rooms; but to his mortification, learned that Lord Belliston had gone on a yachting cruise, and at present it was not known where to address his letters. Vane however, left one to be forwarded. He merely said:

"My dear Lord Belliston,—"

"Pray inform me at once where I may see or write to you. I desire to acquaint you with that which is, to me, a very serious matter."

"Yours sincerely,

"HALBERT VANE."

Days passed, yet no reply came. The artist, at the end of the week, called at his lordship's rooms. The letter had with others been forwarded to the Cantire Post-office.

"Then," thought Vane, "he may not yet have got it."

At the end of three weeks an answer came; short, cold, formal:—

"Lord Belliston had received Mr. Vane's letter, the contents of which had caused him some surprise. He believed he knew the matter to which Mr. Vane referred, and could not but be astonished that Mr. Vane should write or desire to see him, Lord Belliston, on such an affair. Lord Belliston had only one reply to make—that he considered it best to hold no further communication with Mr. Vane."

"The rascal!" cried the artist, angrily throwing down the letter. "Would he shift his crime on to my shoulders?"

It was nearly the end of June, when Vane, crossing the Park, saw Lord Belliston. He was on horseback, and perceiving the artist, averted his face, which had flushed somewhat, and increased his pace.

That same evening he sent up his card and a note to Lord Belliston. The note contained merely these words:—

"I demand, and must, and will see you."

He was ushered into the presence of Lord Belliston, who had risen. With a cold, haughty expression on his fair face, he made no response to the artist's slight inclination.

"Since, Mr. Vane," he began, "you have forced yourself into my presence—"

"For an explanation, my lord," interrupted the artist, sternly, "which I must have, and which you ought to be anxious to render."

"I am quite unable to understand what explanation you have a right to expect at my hands."

"On the night you left Cumbermere you enclosed me a bank-note?"

The other bowed.

"That note, Lord Belliston, Lady Hannah declared to be stolen, and as I refused to give the name of him from whom I received it, her ladyship was so good as to believe that I had robbed her."

Great was the change that came over the young nobleman's countenance. He stepped back, and after an exclamation of surprise, stared at the artist as though stunned.

"Mr. Vane, are you mad?" he ejaculated. "All this is pure absurdity. If it were a jest—"

"Jest, Lord Belliston! It has been none to me," said the artist, bitterly; "to be sent from beneath your roof, to be considered a thief, to have to bear the stigma of another's crime!"

The young lord, greatly agitated, paced the room, then stopped, and said, "Mr. Vane, I owe you a deep reparation. On my word, I never imagined such a result possible; but, mark me, it was a folly, not a crime."

"You took the notes, Lord Belliston?"

"Yes; and her ladyship knew that I took them."

"Lady Hannah knew?" exclaimed the artist.

Lord Belliston nodded.

"Sit down, Mr. Vane," he said. "There has been a great misunderstanding. As I apparently was the first cause, it is my duty to clear it up. You recollect the last time I saw you, I left to write a letter in the library. Perceiving Lady Hannah's desk with note-paper on it, I wrote it there. In searching for an envelope I found the roll of notes. You know the desperate state I was in. If I had not the money I needed I might be dishonoured. I hesitated—the temptation was too great. I took the notes—that is, I borrowed them, leaving in their place a letter to Lady Hannah explaining everything."

"That letter, Lord Belliston, her ladyship never found."

The other looked curiously at the artist, then, rising again, took one or two turns in the room. After resuming his seat, he said, "My dear Vane, I am sorry to confess it, but I owe you too much to refrain. Her ladyship did find the note; she couldn't help doing so; but she suppressed it because she wished to—"

"Ruin me?" suggested the artist.

"No; disgrace you in my sister Gertrude's eyes."

"And, my lord, does this account also for the coldness of the letter I received from you from Cantire?"

"Yes. I have, I believe, Vane, been made a dupe. I will not enter into the matter—I cannot; but her ladyship led me to believe that—that your sudden banishment from Cumbermere arose from conduct not befitting a gentleman; also owing to your having sought most dishonourably to force my sister's affections under the plea of the gratitude she owed you for her life being preserved."

"Surely Miss Belliston could have given a different account, my lord?" remarked the artist.

"Had I asked her, no doubt; but Lady Hannah requested me not to mention it to Gertie. It is all clear now, and"—extending his hand—"I apologize. You shall be righted."

"But, my lord, are you aware that I do love your sister—that she has honoured me by returning my affection?"

"I guessed something of it; but you may never hope for success. Her ladyship looks higher for Gertie, and, I tell you, I do not blame her. A wealthy snitor will alone find favour in her eyes. Could you only, by some lucky chance, lay claim to the Fordyce property, which I believe to this day she regrets having allowed to escape, you would be received very differently."

"The Fordyce property?" said Mr. Vane.

"What's that?"

"What! haven't you heard of the great Fordyce property, that for nearly ten years has been lying by, accumulating for want of an heir to John Fordyce?" laughed the other.

"Not a word," answered the artist, a little tremulously. "Most of my time, since I was a boy, has been passed abroad. You know all about it?"

"I should think I did, remarked Lord Belliston. "John Fordyce, the rich merchant, fell down the stairs of his club, and was killed, a few days before he was to have married my mother."

"What!" ejaculated Vane, leaning forward eagerly; "Lady Hannah wed John Fordyce—my uncle?"

"Your uncle!" cried Lord Belliston. "Good gracious, Vane! you are dreaming!"

"No; not if you mean John Fordyce, of Gresham street."

"The same."

"Then," said the artist, drawing a deep breath, "his only brother was my father."

Lord Belliston stared in silence at his companion.

"And you never heard of this property?" he said.

"Never."

"You will have clearly to prove your identity, you know."

"I can easily do that. My old friend and master, Maurice Wain, can aid me. But, my lord, my statement seems to have overcome you."

His voice was shaken by agitation.

Could wealth be his? Might he indeed wed Gertrude as her equal?

"Let me tell you my story."

He had to pause a space to conquer the emotion Lord Belliston's announcement had occasioned.

His brain, indeed, felt dazed. Then he commenced.

"From my earliest recollection I can remember a life of poverty. I knew nothing of my father's antecedents; but in heart, in appearance, he was a gentleman, and of an upright, generous nature. Poverty might wear him to the grave, as it did, but it could never debase him."

"My mother died before I knew her; and I never heard my father mention relations until the night of his death. We were lodging in Newman street. My father had been suffering from a chest affection, and we were very, very poor."

"I was not quite fourteen, and shall never forget the pale, handsome, aristocratic face of my father one dull December day, as he sat silent over the fire."

"Suddenly he rose, saying, I believe, unconsciously aloud, 'I'll make one more effort; he can't refuse—he can't!'"

"Despite my entreaties, he went out. It was late before he returned; then a policeman brought him. He had been knocked down by a cab in Oxford street. His limbs were uninjured. He had hardly a bruise; but the injury was internal, and also, in his state of health, it was fatal. My father knew that as well as the doctor summoned. He passed an hour in writing, and enclosed that which he had written in an envelope; then called me."

"Halbert, my boy, if I die, open this, and read the contents. It will inform you that you have a relation who may assist you. It is all I can do for you."

"Emotion checked him. He averted his face, saying he would tell me more in a few minutes. He never did, for in less than an hour he ceased to breathe."

"It was the evening of the next day that I remembered the letter. I opened it. It informed me that Vane was not our true name; that it was Fordyce; that my father had a brother, John Fordyce, a wealthy man, who in his prosperity had felt ashamed of that brother whom misfortune had pursued."

"I need not enter fully into that letter. Enough that it said that on that dull December day my father had made a last but ineffectual appeal to his rich brother, not for money, but employment."

"He refused, Halbert. He held me as a disgrace to him. Yet," continued the letter, "his heart may be touched when he hears I am no more—that you are left an orphan. Go to him."

"Never!" I exclaimed, fiercely; "I will never go to him! I hate him—hate his very name! I will never be beholden to the man who allowed my father to starve!"

"In my indignation I was about to fling the letter in the fire, when I remembered that it contained the last communication, the last wishes of my father on earth, and I preserved it."

"Lucky that you did," commented Lord Belliston.

"Then I threw myself on my knees by my dead father, and wept as youth only can. My grief attracted a fellow-lodger, an artist, who had been kind to us, and who had discovered that I possessed talent with the pencil. He came in, and tried to comfort me."

"Have you no relations, my boy?" he asked.

"Not one," I answered, "and not a friend."

"There you are wrong, Hal. You have me, and, better, you have art," he said. "She will prove true to you. One day you shall make a name for yourself. In a few days I am off to Rome, and you shall go with me."

"Maurice Wain became my friend and master from that moment to this."

"And never knew that you were—"

"The heir, according to you," laughed Halbert Fordyce, nervously, "to half a million. Belliston, can it really be true? Is it not all a dream?"

"No dream, old fellow, if you are the nephew of John Fordyce. You may assure yourself of that if you apply to Messrs. Tolkein & Tolkein, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Now I'm off."

"Where?" inquired the artist.

"To Cumber. I told you I'd put all right; and I shall have no difficulty, I expect, now."

Halbert Fordyce walked back to his apartments feeling as if treading on air.

"Gertrude, my darling Gertrude, I may claim you now before all the world! But never will I forget that my cloud has had more than a silver—it has had a golden lining, for

you loved me in poverty and apparent disgrace!"

"Why, lad, asked Wain, looking up from his pipe as the young artist rather impetuously entered, "what's the matter? Has the British public become aware of the genius they have amongst them?"

"Better, Wain—better, dear old man, and dear old master! Have you ever heard of the Fordyce property?"

"Yes; I think I have. Only not being the next of kin—"

"But I am, Wain! It's true—yes; it's all true!" cried the artist, with a great laugh, as he flung his hat in his rapture to the ceiling.

A fortnight later, Halbert Fordyce received a letter from Lord Belliston, enclosing one of apology from Lady Hannah.

"My mother," wrote the young man, "declares that she never saw my note—has never found it. You will, I am sure, old fellow, believe me and—forgive."

"Forgive!" laughed the artist. "Is she not my darling's mother?"

It is July, and Halbert Fordyce hastens with a light step and joyous heart through the Cumber woods to the Priory, at Lady Hannah's invitation.

Suddenly there flits out from the trees a pretty, laughing girl, at sight of whom the artist springs forward with a cry, imprisoning the graceful figure in his arms.

"Gertie, my own dear Gertie!"

"Pray, sir, do not be so impetuous!" she laughs, blushing. "I ought not to be here. I know I ought to have waited with proper young lady-like self-possession, and patience in the drawing-room; but—well, I couldn't help it. I am so happy, Halbert!"

"Then how must I feel, dearest?" he responds, gaily. "All the clouds that obscured our happiness have passed away."

"Or, rather," she says, "have shown their silver linings, you millionaire!"

"Nay, Gertie; my cloud is brighter even than that," he rejoined, looking into her sparkling eyes—"for it has the golden lining of a dear, brave woman's love!"

THE END.

ANECDOTES, ETC.

In the court, or in the camp—at the bar, or on the rostrum—it made no odds to O'Connell; he was at home anywhere where wit and intelligence were required; and if keen repartee could come into play, he was never found wanting. Never was there a more dangerous man to attack. The following shows the man's ready wit, and is certainly worth telling:—

It was when O'Connell was contesting the city of Dublin with Mr. West for a seat in Parliament, and the two candidates were before their constituents in the great hall, or rotunda, of the Court House. As might be supposed, the announcement of two such speakers on such an occasion filled the house well-nigh to suffocation. Both were in the best of humour, suffering nothing to drag.

In the course of his remarks, O'Connell, in a humorous manner, alluded to his opponent's personal appearance, declaring that Hogarth's line of beauty didn't touch his face anywhere, if it touched his head at all. It was not so much what he said as the manner in which he said it that convulsed the people.

When Mr. West's turn came he attempted to pay his friend off for this; and, after a funny prelude, he exclaimed, "It is all very well for Mr. O'Connell to attack me upon my personal appearance; but let me tell you if you could see Daniel O'Connell without his wig on, he wouldn't show a face nor a head much to boast of."

Before the people could find time to laugh, and to the utter surprise of everybody, Mr. O'Connell stepped quickly upon the rostrum, close by Mr. West's side, and, with a flourish, pulled off his wig, at the same time exclaiming, "There! Now my wig is off, watch of us two is the better looking!"

The effect was electric. The giant form, with the grandest head in Ireland, by the side of the diminutive person of the other, showed to wonderful advantage; and who shall say how much the quaint passage, coming so unexpectedly, may have had to do with returning the Great Agitator to Parliament?

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THE SHOOTING.



FILLING THE TRAPS.



GATHERING DEAD BIRDS.



"YE OLDE ENGLYSSE FAYRE" AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON.

VOUS ET MOI.

Your eyes, serene and pure, have deigned to look upon me.
Your hand, a fluttering bird, has lingered in my hands.
And yet the words I would, alas! have all foregone me.
Because your way and mine lie through such alien lands.
You are the rising sun that fair day follows after.
And I the deep of night, the gloomy clouds and gray;
You are a flower, a star, a burst of tuneful laughter;
I am December dreary, and you the merry May!
You steep yourself in rays and breathe the breath of roses.
For you are dawn of day and I the twilight set.
Needs must we say farewell, ere time the why discloses.
For you are very Love, and I am Love's regret.

DUMAS AT HOME.

The writer of "La Dame aux Camélias" is a very correct person in private life. In his youth he sowed a smaller crop of wild oats than his father sowed in old age. In fact, the example of Dumas the elder was of infinite service to Dumas the younger, who, being quick of perception, and fully alive to his own interests, gathered from the paternal mode of existence some important lessons as to what men should not do. It should be added that M. Dumas has always expressed and doubtless felt the warmest admiration for his father, who was a great as well as a lovable man in spite of all his faults. "Did you mean *Le Père Prodiges* for your father?" asked an indiscreet friend of Alexandre the younger. "Hardly," was the reply. "Had I meant an illusion to him, I should rather have said *Le Père Prodiges*." There is a droll story told of the two Dumas which shows how curiously the order of their natural relations was inverted. The son, then a lad of eighteen or so, met a friend on the Boulevards. They had not seen each other for some time, and Dumas suggested they should dine together. "It's far from home," he observed; "but I've just fifteen francs in my pocket, and I dare say we can manage pretty well on that." As a matter of fact there are restaurants in Paris where you may get a pretty little dinner for two, and a sound bottle of wine into the bargain for that sum. Still it is rather a tight fit; and great was the joy of Dumas, when they had proceeded a few paces, to behold his father on the street. "Wait a moment," he exclaimed to his companion, "I'll run across and get some money from him." The friend beheld them in earnest conversation for three minutes; then Dumas the younger returned looking rather crestfallen. "Well, has he paid up?" "No, and what's worse he's gone and borrowed my fifteen francs. I'm afraid there's nothing left for it but to go home." To do the papa justice, he was extremely generous with his money—when he had any. He loved to change his notes into gold and pour the coins into a wooden bowl which lay on his writing-desk. Everybody who came to ask for coin was then bidden to help himself.

There is another anecdote of his father that Dumas tells in a half-apologetic and half-laudatory tone. Certainly you cannot be very angry with the hero of the tale. Dumas (the elder) came one afternoon to a gentleman of his acquaintance and begged the loan of a hundred francs, for want of which he declared he was seriously pressed. The loan was readily accorded, and Dumas was entreated to stay for dinner, to which he agreed. In the course of the repast some pickles were served, which Dumas highly praised. His host begged him to take away a pot with him, and gave the servant directions to make one up. By-and-by Dumas took his leave, and was just getting into a cab, when the maid ran forward with the pickles "which Monsieur had forgotten." "Thanks, ma fille," said Dumas, and he slipped into her hand the five louis he had just borrowed.

Old Dumas was rather slow to believe in his son's powers. He laughed at the "Sins of youth," which were sins indeed, but pardonable enough to seventeen, and even indicative of something better. Young Dumas however had the good sense to discover that poetry was not his forte, and sinned no more in metre. His occasional *vers de société* are scarcely poems, though often charming productions, reminding one of Milton's sonnets to Leonora in their ingenious affectation. After a tour with his father in Spain and Africa, young Dumas wrote "Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet," and the old gentleman began to admit there was something in the boy. The latter was then twenty-two. A year or two later he showed the MS. of the "Dame aux Camélias" to his sire, who was delighted with it, and became henceforth immoderately proud and fond of his son, though always standing somewhat in awe of his higher moral qualities. And yet Dumas fils could scarcely have been regarded in those days as a model nephew to a model aunt at Clapham.

He has long since married and settled down, leading a quiet life of hard work. His practice is to get up tolerably early—sometimes at six o'clock—when he proceeds to warm himself a plate of soup, which has been prepared the night before, and consume the same. "I have tried," he will tell you, "all sorts of things in the morning—tea, coffee, chocolate, or a glass of white wine—and I find there is nothing like soup for the health." On the strength of that plate of soup Dumas goes till noon, the hour of breakfast. Meanwhile he writes letters or composes; he seldom writes in those hours and I fancy reads little now-a-days. French literature—at least, all the gayer part of it—he knows by heart. With that of other languages, including English, his acquaintance is slight.

At noon the Dumas family meet in the dining-room, with now and then a friend. The host is then seen at his best. Some person—I suppose a duchess—in one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, says that breakfast is the pleasantest meal, because people have not time to get conceited at so early an hour in the day. Certain it is that more than one famous man—notably Walter Scott—has shone most at the breakfast table. Not that Dumas is a conceited man, though Paris has done its best for a quarter of a century to render him so. "Oh, the letters I receive from women," he says, and adds that they would disgust him with human nature, did he not know it under better aspects. He holds women to be divided by nature into three classes; the first destined to be wives and mothers, the second to the religious life, and the third, well, consult the works of Dumas *passim*. He considers each section indispensable to the existence of society, and does not, apparently, believe that education or any other external influence will much change nature's original intention as to a woman. Part of the secret of Dumas' immense success consists in the fact that he is a Frenchman talking to other Frenchmen, on the subject which interests them above all others, in language absolutely devoid of cant. He writes of facts rather than of fancies, of facts which he neither approves nor laments, but is only careful to marshal with a view to their examination.

Is he an immoral writer? Since M. Taine has brought a charge of immorality against Shakespeare one need not be afraid of entering frankly into the discussion of the question. But, by way of preface, here is another anecdote of Dumas. There was a worthy old priest, who was noted for never giving a direct Yes or No in reply to a query. It was always, "Distinguo." His bishop tried to pose him one day by asking whether it was lawful to baptize with soup. But the priest was equal to the occasion:—"Distinguo. If with such soup as we are now eating at your table, monseigneur, it would doubtless be wrong; but if with such soup as is usually served to us poor cures, and which differs little from water, it might be permissible."

So, in estimating Dumas as a moralist, "distinguissons." He is a good father, a good husband, and an exemplary citizen; and everybody who knows him must be firmly convinced that his intentions in writing are of the most honorable kind. He sincerely wishes to enlighten his countrymen, to render them more generous and more humane in their judgments, and this effect he produces. But, according to the sound Pauline maxim that offence against one part of the law is offence against the whole, Dumas must be pronounced an offender. His fault is rather one of omission than of commission. It lies in that too great readiness to sit down contentedly under facts which have been mentioned above.

One word more. Let us honestly confess that we have thoroughly enjoyed Dumas, without troubling ourselves much about his moral theories. Unlike Sand or Eliot, Tennyson or Victor Hugo, Dumas is never tedious. There is not a paragraph in one of his volumes which the most listless reader would think of skipping.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE initials of Napoleon on the bridges of the Seine are now being chiseled off; nothing symbolic of his ex-Majesty remains, save the coin—rapidly being melted down.

THE newest material for summer ball dresses is a transparent white gauze striped with flat strips of silver tinsel, a very effective stuff, but as perishable as it is pretty. Worth makes of this gauze delicious striped tunics to cover the fronts of ball dresses, these draperies being held down by wreaths of flowers, crushed roses being the favourites.

A CURIOUS collection is about to be sold at the Salle Dronot. It includes the posters stuck up on the walls of the capital during the Revolution of 1848, the Empire, the Prussian siege, and the Commune, under the presidency of Marshal MacMahon, to which have been added the "canards" published during the same period (1848-1874), the illustrated political journals published during the Empire and subsequent to that reign, the political organs of the Commune, &c. The whole includes some 7,000 pieces, and is interesting as affording historical data of considerable value.

THE confessions of Francisque Saucy. "During the past three years," says the eminent critic, "I have been in the habit of going to London in the month of June to be present at some of the performances given by our artists at the Gaiety Theatre. I propose to go once more in a fortnight. Naturally I have entered into relations with the writers who exercise in English journalism the same profession as I myself. I am very much ashamed to see how profoundly they have all studied our theatre, how they know it in its least important works; and I feel myself so ignorant beside them! Outside Shakespeare, I have hardly read here and there a few works whose celebrity has forced my indifference. My indifference! It is not mine specially that is to be accused. We are all more or less in the same state. Foreigners do not interest us."

THE victory of Foxhall has inspired some of

our French contemporaries with sad reflections on the American invasion of Europe. The "performances" of the Americans are indeed becoming important. Foxhall and Iroquois carry off the blue ribbon of the French and English turf; Marie Van Zandt reigns supreme at the Opéra-Comique; Miss Griswold—whose *petit nom*, Gertrude, is prettier than her family name—is making herself a reputation at the Grand Opéra; the great modern scientific discoveries—the telephone, the megaphone, and the phonograph, come from America; Edison is the Humboldt of the nineteenth century. At the Salon American pictures may be seen on the eye-line, and America furnishes by far the largest contingent of foreign artists; the studio of Bonnat is full of them. Go to the Louvre or the Luxembourg, and you will find dozens of American girls copying and studying the masters. Who are the largest buyers of French art? The Americans. If it were not for American corn, France, and England, too, would soon be on the high road to starvation. American beef, American hams, American poultry, American fruit, may be seen in all the shops.

A SWARM OF BEES IN THE STRAND.

A good deal of amusement was caused among the people who chanced to be near the corner of Upper Wellington-street Strand, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, by an unexpected visitation of a swarm of bees in that central part of London. The *Field* office is close by there, and it was at first supposed they might have arrived from the country as a deputation to inform the editor of some matter in the department of rural natural history. But Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier had not been prepared to receive them, and was quietly sitting and writing in his editorial study, when a brother naturalist came in to tell him that the bees were assembled just round the corner. He went out and found them besieging the door of the Gaiety Theatre, and greatly alarming some of the lady members of Mr. Hollingshead's theatrical company, who wanted to go in for a rehearsal at that hour. The stage manager, Mr. R. Soutar, was at the door in much consternation, and begged Mr. Tegetmeier, by all his science and skill in the way of insects and other winged creatures, to disperse the buzzing mob as quickly as he could. Mr. Tegetmeier at once sent for a ladder, as the bees had swarmed high up the front of the *Army and Navy Gazette* office; then, having armed himself with a short broom, and with a cylindrical cheese-box and a dish-cloth from the Restaurant, he boldly ascended, and cleverly, with one sweep, brushed all the insects into the box, clapped the cloth over them, and had them fast prisoners, to the admiration of all spectators in the street below. He then placed a hive, with the queen bee, in the balcony, and set the box there beside it, allowing the whole swarm to pass into the hive and rally round their queen; "which they did," he says in the *Field*, "as loyally as if they had been Britons, and she had been Queen Victoria." They are now doing well in a frame hive, and he hopes the queen bee will be the parent of many stocks, to be called "the Strand bees." In explanation of this odd little incident of London life, it is stated that Mr. Neighbour, a hive manufacturer, in Holborn, had that morning got from the country several swarms of bees, which he had ordered to be sent to him, to stock some hives for his customers; and one swarm had made its escape and flown as far as the Strand.

HEARTH AND HOME.

BEAUTY is not everything. A pretty face and an amiable manner may win a husband, but something more is necessary to retain his admiration. When beauty begins to wane, the enduring qualifications of a good wife hold him in the bonds of love and duty; and one of the best qualifications of a good wife is the ability and inclination to make home attractive.

IT was an exclamation of the great orator Cicero, "How many things we do for others we should never do for ourselves!" And this is perfectly true. We do a thousand things to attain even minor objects for friends, which we could never be tempted to do to attain far greater objects for ourselves. Money is by no means the only thing in the bestowal of which generosity may be shown. Time, ease, convenience and comfort are sacrificed for friend for friend, and such sacrifices make up no small proportion of the sum of every generous life.

IT may seem of little moment to be punctual, but to use the words of an eminent theologian, "our life is made up of little things." Our attention to them is the index of our character, often the scales by which it is weighed. Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one. Its cultivation seems the most important as we witness the deleterious influence of dilatoriness in habit, the evil effect of which none deny, "better late than never," transformed into "Better never late," is an excellent maxim. No matter in what walks of life we move, punctuality amply repays us for what little effort we make in its cultivation.

Artificial Graces.—Leave to actresses all artificial contrivances to enhance beauty. Girls will derive no benefit from them—no real advantage in making dark hair golden, in preparations to render the eyes lustrous, in artificial bloom for the cheeks, nor in the abundant use of

powder. All these artifices have a rather ghastly effect in the light of day, and should be left to the stage. It is a part of the profession of the actress to understand and avail herself of all such cosmetics as art places at her disposal; but this does not in any way excuse young ladies for having recourse to them. The best means to preserve the charms of youth are abundant use of the bath; quiet, regular living; plain, wholesome diet; early hours; a proper amount of exercise in the fresh air, and sufficient useful occupation both for the mind and body.

Sweet-Minded Women.—So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

Choosing a Husband.—That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a palace of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is really the domestic man, in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes peace, who feels in the same circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and repose. The drawback of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness, and consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his wife than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more plagued with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, that finds home-life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so very tame, and so like flat beer, that it is impossible for him not only to be happy, but to feel that he is less unhappy there than elsewhere. We do not mean that the domestic man, in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is, that he should like home when he is there; and that liking, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong, and deeply-engaged, and not to the lounge, or even the easy-minded man. In marriage, as in every other relation of life, the competent man is the pleasantest to live with, and the safest to choose, and the one most likely to prove an unwearied friend, and who enjoys and suffers others to enjoy, when at home, the endless charm of mental repose.

VARIETIES.

A Colorado physician writes—"One bitter cold night I had a call to visit a patient about thirty-five miles distant, the trail lying over an uninhabited plain, vast tracts of which were enclosed in fences of three wires fastened to cedar-posts. We entered one of these ranches, as they are called here, through a gap left for the purpose, and after a short time, the trail was entirely obliterated by the snow. No shelter was near, and we wandered about for some time, when I remarked to my driver, an 'old timer,' that the advantage of being inside a ranch of five or six thousand acres, enclosed by a wire fence, was not very apparent, as we had lost our way all the same. 'No,' drawled my companion, swinging his arm vigorously; 'but I suppose we aren't quite so liable to take cold.'

THE other day a Frankfurt publisher forwarded to Prince Bismarck a copy of an important pamphlet, printed in Latin characters, which had just brought out. The present was acknowledged and returned, accompanied by a note from the Chancellor to the following effect—"We have the honour to advise you of the return of the pamphlet which you have been good enough to send to Prince Bismarck. There is a general order prohibiting the presentation to the Chancellor of Works printed in the Latin character, as the reading of such works would take up too much of his Highness's time." Prince Bismarck's patriotic devotion to the fatherland and passionate love of his mother's tongue are known to all the world, but it was hardly known before that he never read books or pamphlets not printed in his beloved Gothic characters.

NIOBE IN THE CLOUDS.

[Suggested by a spell of rainy weather at the South, unparalleled in severity and duration.]

A voice of anguish in the courts of air! Some cloud-born Niobe, by night and day, Strives the drear burden of her long despair To weep and weep, but vainly weep away!

Hast thou, ethereal Mourner! lost thine All, (Whate'er that All of life or love may be:) That thus from yonder mist, unwoven pall, Thou rainest down thy woes on earth and sea?

Ah! Earth replies . . . her sympathetic breast Touched to sad murmuring through her woodlands lone,

While the mystery of the Heaven's unrest, Wild wave and wandering wind responsive, moan!

Yet, shall thy tears be measureless? Beware!—Lest nature, worn by iterance thus forlorn, Rouse the red Lightning from its lurid lair, To blast thee with the fervors of her scorn!—

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

FOOT NOTES.

A HORRIBLE murder in a railway carriage on the London and Brighton line is creating a sensation in England.

HOLT White's death has not been thought worth a paragraph, yet, he was no common man, and had seen no common things. As the correspondent of the New York Tribune in the Franco-German war, he stood on the hill of Frenois with the German King, when the flag of truce, and Napoleon's letter came to that monarch up from out of the pandemonium of Sedan. The white rag that was the flag fell into White's hands. Grasping the splendour of his chance, he took his life in his hand and started across the reeking battlefield for the frontier and freedom to telegraph in Belgium.

When he reached the telegraph office in Brussels, the day after the battle, the people there gave him the pleasant alternative of being considered either a raving lunatic or a knave trying to influence the European Bourses by false news, and refused to forward his intelligence. So he came on to England; and not many who read it can have forgotten the brief lurid story of the battle from his pen which the Pall Mall Gazette printed on the evening but one after it was fought.

Later he was present in Paris on journalistic duty during the whole of the Commune. He and Archibald Forbes were with Dombrowsky in the Château de la Muette on that Sunday afternoon where the Versailles came streaming over the Communist defences; and these two journalists, when, later in the same evening, Dombrowsky was wounded near the gate of St-Cloud, dragged him out of the mêlée, and saved his life for the time.

CHILDHOOD.—The qualities that are the most attractive in childhood are not by any means the most valuable in maturity. We look for determination, will, decision of character, firmness in the man, and refuse him our respect if he have them not. But, when the child exhibits these qualities, even in their incipient stages, we are annoyed and perhaps repulsed. Instead of rejoicing in his strength of will and guiding it into right channels, we lament it as a grievous fault in him, and a misfortune to us. It is the meek and yielding child who cares not to decide anything for himself in whom we delight, and whose feeble will we make still feebler by denying it all exercise. Yet, when he grows up and enters the world and yields to temptation, and perhaps disgraces himself and his family, we look at him in imbecile wonder that so good a child should have turned out to be so bad a man, when in truth, his course has been only the natural outcome of his past life and training.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 325.

We have received the following letter, which is in the form of a circular, and hasten to publish it. We suppose the tourney is open to all comers, and as this is the time for holiday trips, some of our Canadian players may make it convenient to be present at the gathering at Buffalo. The meeting shows the lively interest taken by our American friends in the noble game, and we are sure it will be a "very enjoyable re-union." The arrangements for the Tourney will give all players a chance of taking part in the contests, and should any members of our Canadian clubs do so, we feel certain that they will do all in their power to show that chess is not neglected in the Dominion.

Dear Sir: Buffalo, N.Y., June 18, 1881.

The Annual Tournament of the Central and Western New York and Central and Western Pennsylvania Chess Association will take place in this city in the second week in July. A meeting will be held on Monday evening, the 11th inst., at the City Club, to arrange the different classes in which the respective players are to be placed. Play in the Tournament to commence Monday night or Tuesday morning. It is proposed to divide the players in the Tournament into four classes, the players in each class to play a certain number of games with every other player in the same class, the winner of the most games in the first class to be considered the champion of the association for the coming year. The winner in each class to play with the winner in the other classes two or more games at the following odds: first class to give the second class the odds of P and move; the third class, P and two moves, the fourth class, the odds of the Kt. The second class to give the third class P and move, and the fourth class P and two moves. The third class to give the fourth class P and move. The winner of the most games to be the winner of the Handicap Tournament.

The City Club have generously tendered to the Association their spacious and elegant card-room for the Tournament. A large number of the leading players of Western New York have already signified their intention of entering the lists. The committee have also received information from leading chess players in Pennsylvania that that State will be represented. We feel safe, therefore, in stating that there is every prospect of a very enjoyable chess re-union. We trust that you will be able to be present. Please advise the Secretary as soon as possible if you intend to take part in the Tournament.

JOHN COSTELLO, President.

H. A. RICHMOND, Secretary.

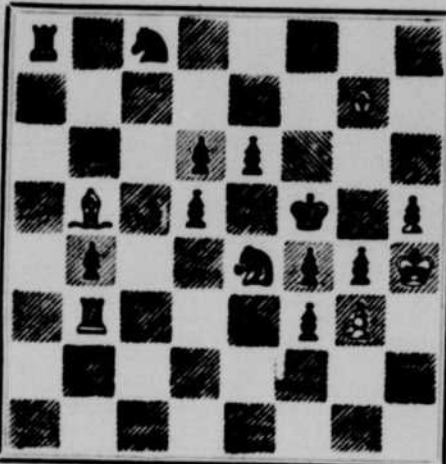
The Pittsburgh Telegraph thinks that for the benefit of the chess fraternity of the United States each chess publication should devote a short space at the head of the column to a general chess directory of the country, so that when chess players travel they can visit the chess resorts of the cities in which they happen to be sojourning. The same argument holds good on this side of the Atlantic—Chessplayers' Chronicle.

The fourth game in the match between Messrs. Clero and de Riviere was won by M. Clero in 21 moves, M. de Riviere having adopted the French defence. The fifth game, a Ruy Lopez, was also lost by M. de R. through a fatal blunder committed on his 39th move. The score now is: Clero, 3; de Riviere, 1; Drawn, 1.

In the recent amateur tournament at Leghorn, the first prize was won by Prof. Lello Ascoli, the second by Sig. Emilio Orsini, and the third by Sig. G. Mureno.—Turk. Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 337

By A. Beck. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 46TH. (From the Glasgow Herald.)

The following rather curious game occurred in the contest for the West of Scotland Challenge Cup.

(Queen's Gambit.)

White.—(Mr. Jenkin.) Black.—(Mr. Mills.)

- 1. P to Q 4 1. P to Q 4
2. P to Q B 4 2. P takes P
3. P to K 3 3. P to K 4
4. B takes P 4. P takes P
5. P takes P 5. Kt to K B 3
6. Q to Q Kt 3 6. Q to K 2 (ch)
7. Kt to K 2 7. Q to Q Kt 5 (ch)
8. Q Kt to Q B 3 8. Q takes Q
9. B takes Q 9. B to Q 3

This move is the cause of all Black's subsequent troubles. B to K 2 would have been better.

The correct move, of course, White now obtains a hold which he retains to the end.

- 10. B to K Kt 5 10. Q Kt to Q 2
11. P to K B 4 11. P to Q R 3
12. Castles (K side) 12. Castles

If the K R and Kt Pawns be now advanced, White retires the B to Kt 3.

- 13. Kt to K Kt 3 13. P to Q R 3
14. B to K R 4 14. P to Q Kt 4
15. Q Kt to K 4 15. Kt takes Kt
16. Kt takes Kt 16. R to Q Kt 5
17. B to Q 5 17. R to Q Kt sq
18. P to Q R 3 18. B to Q R 4
19. B to Q B 6 19. B to Q Kt 3

It is evident that Black can play neither the Rook nor the Kt to Kt 3.

- 20. Q R to Q sq 20. P to K B 4
21. Kt to Q B 3 21. Kt to K B 3
22. Kt to Q 5

Threatening to break up the Pawns on the K side.

- 23. B takes Kt (ch) 22. Kt takes Kt
24. B to K 7 23. K to R 2
25. K R to K sq 24. K R to K sq
25. B to Q Kt 2 25. B to Q Kt 2

B to Q 2 would have been better.

- 26. B to K R 7 26. R to K R sq
27. R to K 6 27. B to K 5
28. B to K Kt 6 (ch) 28. K to Kt sq
29. P to K Kt 4

We believe this is the only move to maintain the advantage.

- 30. R to Q 2 29. B to Q B 7
31. R to K 3 30. B to Q Kt 6
32. K Kt P takes P 31. B to K B 2
33. K R to K Kt 5 32. P to K R 4
34. R to K Kt 3 33. P to K R 3
35. Q R to Q 3 34. P to K R 4
36. P to K B 6 35. R to K sq
37. R takes B 36. B takes B
38. Q R to K Kt 3 37. R to K R 2

This is quite safe. The adverse B can now be allowed into the game without danger.

- 39. K to B sq 38. B takes Q P (ch)
40. R takes P (ch) 39. B takes Kt P
41. R takes R (ch) 40. R takes R
42. P to K B 7 41. K to B sq
43. R to K Kt 3 42. R to Q B sq

And White wins.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 335.

- 1. R to Q R 6 1. Any.
2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 333.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q B 5 1. Kt P moves
2. R to Q Kt 7 2. Kt moves
3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 333.

- White. Black.
K at K 2 K at K 5
Q at K 8 Pawns at
Kt at K B 4 K 3 and K 4
Kt at K B 5
Pawns at K Kt 2
White to play and mate in two moves.



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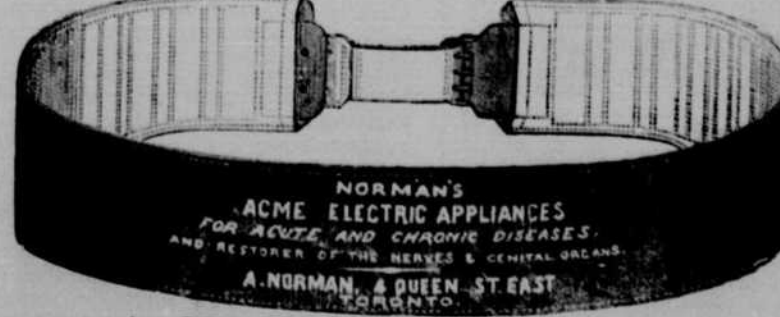
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