

Illustrated News

Vol. XXII.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



A PROMISING GIRL.

JOHN BULL AND LA BELLE FRANCE HAVE REASON TO BE PROUD OF THEIR DAUGHTER.

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

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

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

October 16th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon... 67°	49°	58°	Mon... 61°	51°	56°
Tues... 66°	58°	62°	Tues... 60°	56°	58°
Wed... 55°	37°	46°	Wed... 62°	44°	53°
Thur... 62°	38°	50°	Thur... 62°	46°	54°
Fri... 56°	44°	50°	Fri... 67°	52°	59°
Sat... 59°	45°	51°	Sat... 76°	60°	68°
Sun... 56°	50°	53°	Sun... 72°	58°	65°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Promising Girl—Vaudreuil and its Environs—Site of the Seigneurie of Vaudreuil—Parish Church—Old Mill—The Late Jacques Offenbach—Banquet to Mr. Frechette, the Post Laureate of the French Academy—Opening Services of the Protestant Episcopal Triennial Convention in St. George's Church, New York—Cologne Cathedral, as completed after 400 years—A View Near Beauport.

LETTER PRESS.—To Our Subscribers—The Week—The Immense Size of the Dominion—An Imperial Estimate of Canada—Jacques Offenbach—Sonnet—How I Became the Fashion—Can Women Drive—Nay, I'll Stay With the Lad—Mr. Cynnamon Squake's Drive—Behind the Footlights—More Wife Than Country—Literary—Belongues pour Dames—Hearth and Home—The Gleaner—White Wings (continued)—History of the Week—Our Illustrations—Varieties—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, October 23, 1880.

THE WEEK.

SEVERAL co-operative stores are about to be established in this city on the same principle as in England. This is one of the results of a revival of manufactures on a large scale.

THE Halifax Herald makes the almost incredible statement that the 97th Regiment, which is about to leave that garrison, organized a plot to attack the town and destroy what property it could before leaving. Its conduct has been so bad of late that staid citizens regretted it "had not been sent out to be decimated by the Zulus or Afghans."

Two rather important bits of news reach us as we go to press—the contemplated deposition of Prince JEROME from the leadership of the Bonapartist party, and the voluntary offer of a co-regency by the CZAR to his heir, on condition that the latter will recognize the Imperial rank and title of hismorganatic wife, the beautiful Princess DOLGOROUKI.

It may not be amiss to remind our readers that the law forbids trout fishing from the 1st October to the 31st December. Between those two dates the fish spawn, and it is everybody's duty to co-operate with the Government in the protection of this delicious fish. The penalty for each infraction of the law is a fine of twenty dollars or one month in jail.

THE most memorable season in the annals of lacrosse has terminated with the championship in the hands of the Toronto Club. It is to be regretted that there should have been any ground for protest on the part of the Shamrocks, as that circumstance leaves the whole question in a state of disagreeable uncertainty. The great match took place at Toronto on Saturday last.

THERE might have been some sense in the attempts made, last year, to pass off the round little labels of the MACDONALD tobacco factory of this city for five cent pieces, but how anybody could go to the trouble of counterfeiting the copper cent is more than one can understand. But the feat has been tried and the counterfeits have been caught circulating in New Brunswick. The pattern is that of the issue of 1859, and the resemblance is said

to be perfect, the only flaw being the dull sound of the article.

AFTER altogether too much delay, the Provincial Government have come to a decision respecting the Montreal terminus of the Occidental Railway. The station is to be fixed at the old barracks at Dalhousie square, and the workshops are to be located at the gaol grounds, Papineau road. This decision is wise geographically as well as economically. It is to be hoped that the works will be proceeded with at once, as the great distance of the Hochelaga station has hitherto been a drawback to the road.

As we foresaw at the close of our article on the subject last week, the Porte has decided upon surrendering Dulcigno, and an *irade* to that effect has been promulgated. Some delay has been encountered through the opposition of the Albanians, but RIZA PASHA is master of the situation and will, doubtless, find the means of enforcing the will of his sovereign. As to the Greek boundary, which is the next point of controversy, it would appear that the Powers, disheartened by their experience in Albania, will leave the matter to be fought out by the litigants themselves.

THE result of the elections in Ohio and Indiana has immeasurably increased the chances of Republican success in November. Not only was Ohio retained, but its Republican majority rose to 20,000; and not only was Indiana won, but the majority there reached 5,000. Local causes may have contributed much to this result, but do not wholly account for them. National issues entered largely into the campaign. There is no sign of panic among the Democrats, however, and if they remain united to the end, especially in New York, the Presidential contest may yet be a very close one.

THE crisis in Ireland has reached another important stage. Without warning, the Government have suddenly determined on prosecuting several of the leading members of the Land League for seditious utterances and practices. What immediate effect this will have upon the agitation remains to be seen. All the forms of law will naturally be observed, and this, of course, will entail delay, during which it is probable that violent demonstrations may be eschewed. Meantime, the clergy are strongly counselling moderation, and the Pope, who has been appealed to, supports them in this course of action.

THE Quebec Government are setting a good example in saving money to the Province by their revision of the staff of Parliamentary clerks. Those whose services are not required will receive liberal bonuses. We fancy that there are many whose services are not required either in Quebec, Toronto or Ottawa. Indeed, the Federal Civil Service should be entirely overhauled. The waste of public money in many of the departments has been stigmatized as "wicked" by one who ought to know. Men who have work for only three or four months a year should not be paid a full annual salary, and should not be allowed to spend the rest of their time in lucrative positions.

We publish to-day a full page engraving of the Cologne cathedral, whose completion was celebrated on Friday and Saturday last. We are informed by telegraph that the Imperial *cortege* proceeded to the cathedral, and was received by the dean amidst the ringing of bells and artillery salutes. *Te Deum* was sung, after which the Imperial procession traversed the cathedral, and the Emperor delivered a short address. The popular enthusiasm was remarkable. The Emperor, in his address, thanked all the German governments for their co-operation towards the completion of the cathedral, and concluded as follows:—"May this splendid monu-

ment remain, by the grace of God, as a promise of peace in all lands."

ANOTHER good point for Canada, and from an unexpected quarter. A writer in *Turf, Field and Farm*, of New York, contends that the celebrated mare "Maud S.," who has trotted a mile in the incredible time of 2.10 $\frac{1}{2}$, owes her good qualities, in great measure, to the French-Canadian blood that is in her. He says that pacing and trotting are alike natural gifts with the French Canadian, and that, as in Kentucky, most of the best saddle and trotting strains owe their qualities greatly to a leaven of Canadian, so in Pennsylvania, the reputation once enjoyed by that State for her very superior horses was due to the same method of breeding. There is, doubtless, much truth in this, and the question arises—why are we letting this remarkable breed die out? Surely the famous race of Canadian ponies might be revived, and the blood of "St. Laurent" and "Bayard" be once more made to figure in the glories of the turf.

A writer in the *Mail* wants to know by what right the Montreal Lacrosse Club, in their recent annual games, put up the championship for competition? In his opinion they had no right to do so at all, and advertising their club games as being for the Championship of Canada, and "bringing on" a lot of American professional amateurs to carry them off, was a piece of presumption on their part. We can assure the writer that the Montreal Club did not "bring on" the American athletes who appeared at the games. These came pursuant to an open call, by which Canadians of all parts were equally invited. We believe that the Americans who came were not "professional amateurs," but amateurs pure and simple, and that their standing was satisfactorily ascertained before they were allowed to compete. We agree with the writer, however, that it is time there was a National Athletic Association, including lacrosse, cricket, rowing, snow-shoe and foot-ball clubs, whose duty it would be to issue challenges for the Championship of Canada.

THE following from the *Weekly Notes*, of Philadelphia, is odd, to say the least of it, and deserves attention:—"There are but two free and intelligent countries on this continent,—the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America. The former has until very recently managed its tariff policy with reference to 'revenue only;' and even the recent change in her tariff hardly takes it out of that category. The latter during the ninety years of her existence under a National Constitution has had about two years of Protective Tariff to one of 'Tariff for Revenue only.' So far as the two systems are capable of a test, it is furnished by the condition of these two countries, and the result of the test is seen in the wholesale emigration of the people of the young and resourceful country on our northern frontier, as they leave it for the United States. Sixty thousand Canadians have this year come over to settle in the United States. The people of the Dominion are thus declaring that Free Trade has made it 'a good country to move away from,' and that America is the land of hope and outlook, not only for Europe, but for the more intelligent portion of its colonists."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are aware that our terms are cash, and that we have the right to exact from each subscriber \$4.50, when his subscription is not paid in advance. The end of the year is approaching and a large number have not yet fulfilled their obligations toward us. But we are willing to afford them another opportunity, and if they will pay up without further delay and save us the expense of sending out a collector, we will accept the \$4.00. We make this proposition with the view of

avoiding any further inconvenience, and subscribers will give us credit for this timely notice.

We have done everything in our power to make the paper worthy of public patronage, but it must be remembered that our expenses are three times those of any other paper. The NEWS is an illustrated journal—the only one of its class in the Dominion, and our subscribers cannot fail to understand that we must necessarily depend on them for adequate support in the shape of prompt and regular payments.

AN INDEPENDENT ESTIMATE OF CANADA.

Our readers are aware that a number of English Members of Parliament, and Delegates of the Tenant Farmers' have visited the Dominion during the summer for the purpose of seeing the country for themselves and making reports of its adaptability as a field of immigration and settlement. Most of these reports have been published, and it is satisfactory to know that, in general, they have been highly favourable to our country. The last of them has just come to hand in the shape of a speech made by Professor SHELDON, British Agricultural Delegate, who, in company with his associate, Mr. SPARROW, was banqueted last week at Charlottetown, P. E. I. Mr. SHELDON'S views are important and interesting, because they bear the marks of judgment and impartiality.

He said that, in going through Canada, he had been struck mainly with three things:—

- I. The vastness of the country.
- II. The loyalty of its people.
- III. Their faith in the future of the Dominion.

He thought they were perfectly justifiable in that faith, because they had a vast territory, full of natural capabilities and wealth, a fertile and a beneficial climate. Proceeding to particulars, he reviewed the condition of each Province as he had found it.

Manitoba he declared to be a country of surprising richness, marvellously fertile, with a deep soil. The resources of that soil he judged to be practically inexhaustible, and it might be used for years without danger of its fertility being marred. He would not, however, advise old English farmers to go to Manitoba, but rather to Ontario. Their sons might go to the Prairie Province, and there a fine field was open to them.

He spoke very highly of Ontario, although he thought that it had been over-cropped with wheat, and that to restore its soil, they should do as they are doing in England, go in for the raising of stock and dairy farming, with green crops. That our western farmers are alive to this fact is apparent from the change they are introducing in conformity with the advice of Mr. SHELDON.

In regard to Quebec, the delegate had not much to say, except for the Eastern Townships. There is unfortunately too much truth in the criticism that some of the portions of this Province are backward, and the excuses that have been adduced only confirm the fact. Still the people are waking up, and there has been a movement within the past year or two, which encourages the belief that the ancient Province is about to rise from its lethargy. Its natural resources are undoubtedly very great, and need only energy and intelligent enterprise to produce the best results.

Mr. SHELDON did not expect to find Prince Edward Island so fine a country as it is. It reminded him of England more than any part of Canada, and those who have visited the Island will readily agree with him. He pronounced the soil good, not strong but easily worked. He referred to the deposits of mussel mud, and said that nowhere in Canada had he seen the grass land so nice. Speaking of stock, he said that their horses and sheep were good, but their cattle decidedly inferior. Those who viewed the Prince Edward Island display, at the late Dominion Exhibition in this city, will be disposed to coincide with

this view. Prince Edward Island, along with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have decided advantages over Ontario, in being nearer to the English market, and should therefore get better prices for their stock. But to insure these better prices they must necessarily raise better stock. The Governor-General, in his speech at the Hamilton Fair, gave our farmers fair warning that, if they wish to retain any hold on the English market, they must send over only the best of cattle, and this applies more particularly to the Maritime Provinces.

Altogether we have reason to be pleased with the estimate of our country made by Professor SHELDON, and we have no doubt that when his views are placed before that portion of the British public, for whom they are intended, the result will be in the highest favourable to the vital cause of immigration.

THE IMMENSE SIZE OF THE DOMINION.

It is remarkable how heedless we are of many things that concern us nearly, because affecting our national wealth and greatness. An allusion made by Sir CHARLES TUPPER at Knowlton, the other day, and a few paragraphs of official correspondence inserted in some newspapers are of the utmost importance, and yet they have been almost entirely unnoticed.

In reply to an address voted by Parliament in 1878, the Imperial authorities have just decreed the annexation to the Dominion of Canada of all the territory of British North America, which has hitherto not been embodied in the Confederation. A glance at the map will show the vast extent of this acquisition, and fortunately we have in Lovell's Advanced Geography, just published, every facility for acquiring this information.

The newly ceded territory embraces all the country which did not belong to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1870, and which remained under the immediate control of the Home Government when we acquired the possessions of the Northwest. It comprises the greater part of Labrador, and the region lying between Hudson's Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, besides the Islands of the Arctic Ocean, and the Polar possessions of Great Britain. This immense tract of country increases the area of Canada by nearly one-fourth and makes it the vastest country in the world, after Russia and China. In other words, what has been hitherto known as British North America is henceforth to be denominated the Dominion of Canada, the only exception being Newfoundland. Canada is therefore larger than the United States, and the greatest territory in America.

Of course, a great deal of this territory is sterile and uninhabited, on account of the severity of its winter, but it is not, therefore, to be set down as absolutely useless. The conditions of Arctic life are becoming more and more known, and the experience of the late SCHWATKA expedition, which we described a couple of weeks ago, shows that white men can endure as many degrees of cold as the Eskimos without any sensible diminution of vitality. Much of this territory is no bleaker than Siberia, and the Russians have succeeded in making that country quite habitable. The discovery of a North-east passage by Nordenskjold has very properly been pronounced a vast acquisition to commerce, and if a North-west passage should be found, there is no telling what value it might impart to our new Arctic possessions.

But there are two classes of products yielded by these territories whose worth cannot be disputed—mineral deposits and furs. It is already known that there are immense beds of coal along the Upper Saskatchewan and the Mackenzie rivers, while the best quality of copper ore is known to exist on the Southern tributaries of Hudson's Bay. The geological formation up to the Arctic circle is sufficiently ascertained to place its varied mineral wealth beyond a doubt. There are mis-

sionary and other stations as high up as Great Bear Lake, above the 60th parallel, and there is no reason why the more easterly portions of the country on the same line should not be habitable. The fur trade has hitherto been confined to the more southerly sections, but according as the demand increases, more northerly fields will have to be explored with results that cannot be other than satisfactory. The sealing grounds of Hudson's Bay alone are sufficient to furnish an almost limitless supply, while the resources of the Melville Peninsula are still untouched, although their capacity has been repeatedly attested by Arctic voyagers.

The acquisition of Alaska Territory was laughed at by the Americans at the time of purchase, but the bargain was amply justified by the advantage of securing command of Behring Straits and maintaining a foothold on the extreme North-west edge of the Continent. Similarly, our new possessions, besides rounding off the Dominion, make us masters of all the lands and seas in the north, from the straits of Belleisle on the east, to Point Demarcation on the extreme west.

Finally, it is a gracious act on the part of the Imperial Government to have divested themselves of all these possessions, and made them over unreservedly to this colony. Practically, Great Britain has resigned her last foothold in America, having no direct control anywhere except, as we have said, in Newfoundland.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRIENNIAL CONVENTION.—The Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church convened in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Madison Avenue Forty-second street, New York, on October 6th. The convention was divided into the House of Bishops, composed of the sixty bishops of the Church in the United States, and the House of Deputies, which embraces eight delegates—four clergymen and four laymen—from each diocese of the Church—about 328 in all. Bishop Smith of Kentucky, presided over the House of Bishops, he being the senior Bishop of the Church. The Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D., of New York, acted as Secretary, and the Rev. W. Tablock, D.D., of Connecticut, as Assistant Secretary. The proceedings of the House of Bishops were conducted with closed doors in the chapel of the church. The House of Deputies met in the body of the church, and their proceedings were public. The House of Deputies holds about the same relation to the House of Bishops that the House of Representatives does to the Senate in Congress. The proceedings of the Convention are conducted under parliamentary rules, and a measure originated in either House must be passed in the other before it becomes effective in the government of the Church. A majority of votes is sufficient to carry a resolution in either branch of the Convention. The devotional exercises preliminary to the opening of the Convention were held in the St. George's Episcopal Church, in Rutherford Place, on the morning of the 6th. There was a great throng of visitors. In the chancel of the church seats were provided for the bishops and the officiating clergy. The communion-table, spread with a snow-white cloth, stood in the centre of the sanctuary, and behind it was a high-backed chair for the presiding bishop, flanked by two other chairs with backs not so high. On the table rested the alms-basin, of solid gold, presented to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States by the Convocation of Canterbury, England, and the solid silver communion-service presented by Trinity Church in 1812, and used by each General Convention which has assembled since that date. The full choir of Trinity Church occupied the organ-gallery, and furnished the music of the morning services. At 11.30 the grand procession of the bishops and clergy left the chapel, the clergy leading, and the venerable Bishop Smith of Kentucky, leaning on the arm of Bishop Cottrell of Edinburgh, bringing up the rear. The clergy and the bishops were habited in their ecclesiastical vestments, and as they marched through the courtyard, on their way from the chapel to the church, presented a very dignified and solemn spectacle. When the head of the procession entered the church, the Trinity choir began the processional hymn, "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ the Lord," and the great congregation arose and stood until bishops and clergy were seated. As Dr. Tyng and Dr. Williams, who led the march, reached the steps of the altar they stopped. Those who followed ranged themselves in a double column down the centre aisle, and the bishops passed through, preceded by Bishop Smith, and took their seats in the sanctuary. Bishop Smith had to be supported to the high-backed chair set apart for him. This is the sixth General Convention over which he has been called to preside, and he is very weak from age. On his

right sat Bishop Cottrell of Edinburgh, and on his left Bishop Lee of Delaware. The other bishops, forty seven in number, had seats within the railing of the church, while the officiating clergymen sat without the railing, inside the lectern and pulpit. The services, in which the Rev. Dr. W. M. Williams, Rev. Dr. Tyng, Bishop Lee of Delaware, Bishop Herzog of Germany, Bishop Kip of California, Bishop Williams of Connecticut, and others, participated were eminently impressive.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The season of amusements has begun and, we are glad to say, Montreal is prepared for it. We have now two down-town resorts, the Theatre Royal, thoroughly renovated and already opened under the happiest auspices, and Nordheimer's Hall, a gem of comfort and artistic ornament. Up town there are also two popular places—the Academy of Music, which the manager, Mr. Henry Thomas, is doing so much to make the home of the highest drama, and the new Queen's Hall, second to none of its class in America, which is to be inaugurated next Thursday by a grand concert, under the auspices of the President and officers of the Montreal Philharmonic Society. Messrs. Nordheimer have the management of the hall bearing their well-known name; Mr. Henry Prince sells the tickets for the Royal; Mr. Henry Thomas has opened handsome offices for the Academy on St. James street, and Messrs. De Zouche & Co. will cater for the Queen's Hall, we believe, in their usual enterprising and intelligent spirit. Mr. Henry Shaw has furnished a Weber Grand for the Queen's Hall, and we invite all to attend Thursday's opening concert there, when this instrument will be fully tested by the eminent pianist, Mme. Teresa Carreno.

The "Galley Slave," Bartley Campbell's romantic play, which had a successful run during the past week at the Theatre Royal, was uncommonly good, and every actress and actor did full justice to their respective parts. Miss Ida Lewis as *Cecily Blaine*, and Miss Ida Cortland as *Francesca*, deserved the highest credit, not only for their true emotional acting, but also for their distinct pronunciation, which added greatly to the effect of the plot throughout the entire play. Mr. Power, as *Sidney Worcott*, possesses all the requirements for the rôle of a true lover, while Mr. Cooper, as the unfaithful husband of *Francesca*, showed his conceptive powers particularly in the scene of the "Saloon in the American Colony." Mr. Ward, as *Fitts*, a travelled American, who with his funny and well-timed remarks caused much laughter among the whole audience, made a good contrast in the drama.

This week "Unknown," another romantic drama, with John N. Stevens in the title rôle, will be played at this theatre, and the manager, Mr. J. B. Sparrow, will no doubt prove once more that he knows how to please Montreal theatre-goers.

FOOT NOTES.

NEILSON.—Miss Neilson says a writer in the *Daily News*, was a native of Leeds. She was born in a house in St. Peter's Square in this town, on the third of March, 1849. Her real name was Elizabeth Ann Brown. Her father was a basket-maker, who for a long time occupied a cellar in Briggate as a workshop. At an early age she evinced a strong passion for the stage, and one night, after shaking hands with her uncle on old Leeds Bridge, she ran away from home, and eventually found herself in London. She was then scarcely thirteen years of age. Joining the *corps de ballet*, at one of the metropolitan theatres, she made her first appearance on the stage in "The Yorkshire Lass." Her mother, to whom she allowed £300 a year, is still living, and resides in the neighbourhood of Guiseley. On receipt of the sad intelligence of her daughter's death she at once proceeded to Paris, and was present at the funeral, though few among the crowd were aware of the fact.

THE PRESS IN RUSSIA.—The greater grievances of Russian editors—the three warnings, the suppression for three or six months, the stoppage of the sale of single copies and the prohibition to insert advertisements for a specified period—are familiar to the general public; but less is known, says the *London Globe*, of the minor regulations of the Press Code, which hamper so seriously the progress of a provincial newspaper. Thus, a provincial sheet, after receiving official approval of its programme, cannot deviate in the slightest from the lines laid down without subjecting itself to heavy fines. A daily paper, for instance, unfurnished with the license to insert dramatic criticism, cannot make the faintest allusion to local theatrical affairs. Some papers must not insert novels; others, again, must submit every advertisement they publish to the critical eyes of a censor; others only insert advertisements and news copied from the St. Petersburg or Moscow newspapers and must print nothing original of their own. In starting a provincial paper only a few privileges are granted to the promoters, who have to earn the rest by good behaviour. The names of all the persons employed on the staff have to be made known to the censor; and none of these, from editor to reporter, can exercise their functions until they have received his solemn permission, inscribed on official paper and signed and sealed by himself.

THE FRENCH ARMY.—The current number of the French "Army List" bears a total of 48,039 officers of all arms, the standing army having 24,713, the active reserve 7,679, and the territorial army 15,647. The general staff comprises 100 generals of division and 290 brigadier-generals on active service; three Marshals of France, 83 generals of division, and 27 brigadier-generals on the reserve list; and 76 generals of division and 185 brigadier-generals on the retired, making in all 624 general officers. The infantry has 23,011 officers, of whom 11,839, including 175 colonels and the same number of lieutenant-colonels are on active service; and of the 5,092 officers of cavalry, 3,379, including 88 colonels and 90 lieutenant-colonels, belong to the standing army. There are 5,414 officers of artillery, 2,901 belonging to the standing army, 1,233 to the reserve, and 1,280 to the territorial army; and of the 1,505 officers of engineers, 901 are in the standing army, 171 in the reserve, and 433 in the territorial army. The 841 officers of gendarmerie are all on active service; and with the officers of the coastguard, custom-house, and forestry services, a total is arrived at of 37,130 officers, rather more than half of whom belong to the standing army. The medical staff, the veterinarians, telegraphic operators, accountants, and other non-combatants holding the rank of officer, number nearly 11,000; and so the nominal strength is made to reach 48,000, as stated above.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CLERGYMAN.—The remains of the late Rev. Samuel Fenton, M. A., who had been rector of St. Mary's, Wavertree, for a period of twenty-seven years, and who died on the 25th ult., were interred on the 31st ult. in the yard of the parish church. The deceased gentleman, who died at the advanced age of eighty-four years, was one of the old school of clergymen. He was of Welsh birth, and an ardent Orangeman, being one of the most intimate associates of the late Dean M. Neill; and it is said that his violent denunciations of Roman Catholics in his sermons which recurred every "Fifth of November," attracted large congregations of those who even had no sympathy with his theological views. He was a very earnest man, and was held generally in high esteem by the population of Wavertree. During the period of his active life he interested himself greatly in mechanics, and held especially a high rank as a lock-smith, some of his locks being patented. He was a great believer in "salted brandy" as a panacea for all disorders, and wrote a treatise on the subject. His only literary effort which was published was "A Guide to the United States of America." Some ten years ago old age compelled him to relinquish his ministerial duties, and for some time he was a confirmed invalid. The Rev. gentleman was preferred to the living in 1853 by the then Bishop of Chester, but the patronage is now transferred to the new Bishop of Liverpool.

TAKING COMFORT IN LIFE.—Sooner or later, friends, the time for folded hands will come to us all. Whether or not we escape from hurry and worry now, we shall one day shut our eyes upon it, and lie still, untroubled by the stir and fret of the things about us. Why not take comfort as we go on! You, proud mother of a beautiful, active boy, of what use will it be to you to remember how exquisitely fine was his raiment, how daintily spread his bed, and how costly and profuse his toys! What the child needs is mothering, brooding, tender resting on your heart; and he needs it every step of the way from baby days to manhood. Take the comfort of your opportunities. Never mind though the dress be coarse, and the food plain, and the playthings few; but answer the questions, tell the stories, spare the half-hour at bed-time, and be merry and gay, confidential and sympathetic with your boy. And you, whose graceful young daughter is just blushing out into the bloom and freshness of a wondrously fair womanliness, do not be so occupied with your ambition for her advancement in life, that you let her ways and your own fall apart. Why are her friends, her interests, and her engagements so wholly and distinct from yours? Why does she visit here and there, and receive visitors from this and that home, and you scarcely know the people by sight? You are losing precious hours, and the comfort you ought to take is flying fast away on those wings of time that are never overtaken.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

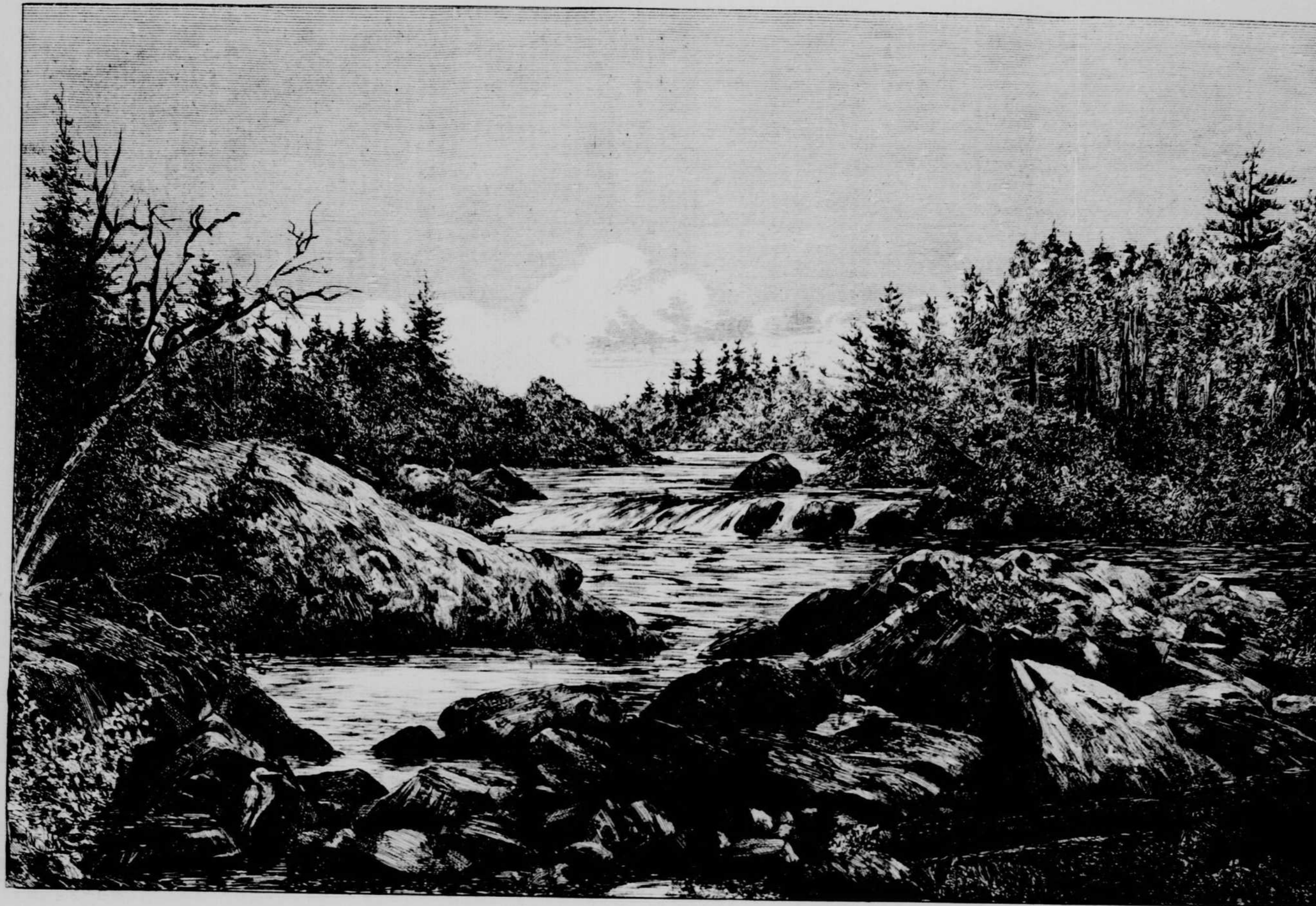
"In the hour of danger woman thinks least of herself," said Mme. de Sael. True. When the thunder roars and the lightning flashes, and the big drops come down, the woman who is caught out in the storm devotes her agency to the thought that her hat and dress will be ruined.

WOMAN, courageous enough in most matters, is at her weakest when economy is in question. She will not make in view of what seems to her an easier method the one large sacrifice requisite; rather than suffer the loss of social standing and the reduced establishment, she will face that weary fight of keeping up appearances, and contrive that the new means shall "furnish out" the old ways by a hundred small devices.

Good wives to snails should be akin,
Always their houses keep within;
But not to carry fashion's shackles,
All they are worth upon their backs.

Good wives, like city clocks, should be
Exact, with regularity;
But not, like city clocks, so loud,
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

Good wives, like echo, should be true,
And speak but when they're spoken to;
But not, like echo, so absurd
To have for ever the last word.



A VIEW NEAR BEAUPORT.

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

This well-known master of the light and airy music of opera bouffe died at Paris on the morning of October 5, after twelve hours of acute suffering. His disease was gout of the heart. M. Offenbach was born at Cologne, on the 21st of June, 1819, of German Jewish parents. He studied music in the Paris Conservatory from 1835 to 1837, and began his profession as a player on the violincello in the orchestra of the Théâtre Français. His first attempt in composition was made in 1847, when he adapted several of La Fontaine's fables to music, each fable constituting a musical scene, vaudeville, or operetta di camera. They were popular as specimens of light and gay composition. In 1855 Offenbach undertook the directorship of the new theatre "Les Bouffes Parisiens," and it was there that the operas were produced which have made his name celebrated. Within sixteen years he wrote more than thirty of these operas, some of them very short, some quite puerile, and some of them associated with scenes and language characteristic of the low moral tone of the Second Empire, but all sparkling and merry. The best known among them are *Gephte aux Enfers*, *La Belle Hélène*, *La Barbe Bleue*, *La Grande Duchesse*, *La Pêcheur*, and *Les Brigands*. During the great exhibition of 1867, Offenbach is said to have received no less than 240,000 francs for royalty on the representation of his operas. *La Grande Duchesse* drew the largest audiences, partly owing to the attractions of the music, and partly to the manner in which the principal character was portrayed by a celebrated Parisian actress. Offenbach's operas have been favorably received in England and Germany as well as in America.

Notwithstanding the large gains in the height of his career, Offenbach died comparatively poor. He lost almost the whole of his fortune at the time of his brilliant and unremunerative management of the Gaité some years ago. The failure of Sardou's drama, *La Haine*, which he had mounted with a magnificence never approached on any stage, alone cost him many hundred thousand francs. His later works, too, have not been financially successful. The copyright of his numerous operas must, however, be worth a great deal. It is stated that just before his last illness he implored M. Carvalho to hasten the production of his *Contes d'Hoffman*. "I have only one wish now," he said—"to be present at the first performance of my opera." He died with his wish ungratified.



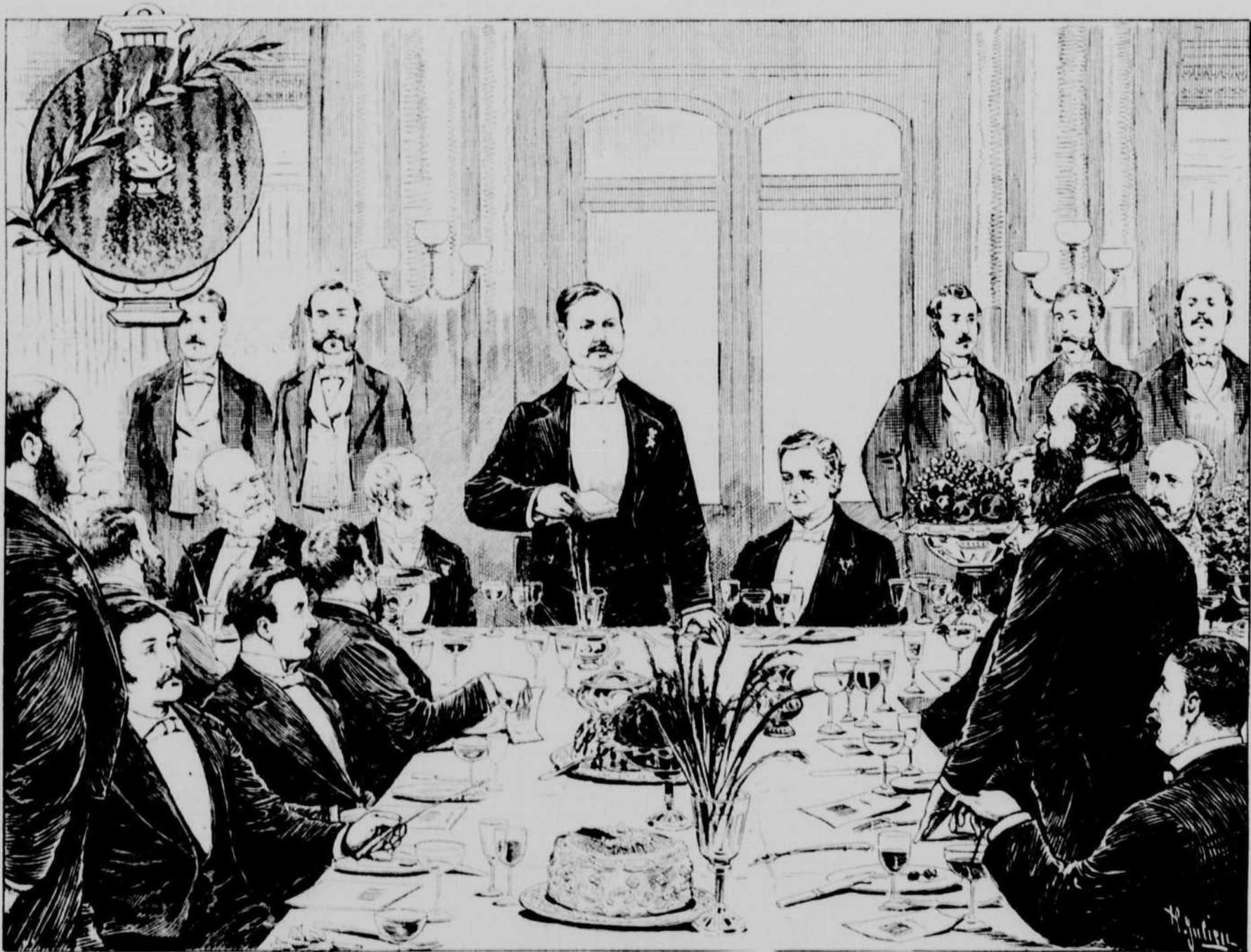
THE LATE JACQUES OFFENBACH.

VARIETIES.

ROSINA, Lady Bulwer-Lytton, whose alleged autobiography, under the title of "A Blighted Life," has just appeared in England, was a Wheeler, of Limerick, Ireland. Her marriage was unhappy, and she lived with her husband less than ten years. In 1858, more than twenty years after their separation, she followed his speech of thanks at a Hertford hustings, after an election, with a violent harangue against him, in consequence of which she was shut up in a lunatic asylum. Her feelings towards her son, the present Lord Lytton, otherwise known as "Owen Meredith," are said to be quite as bitter. The volume attributed to her will not be the first production of her pen denunciatory of her husband and her son.

THE bay or inlet of Gravosa, as shown in our illustrations is landlocked and surrounded by hills, so that it affords a secure harbour, except against a northerly wind, the "Bora," which in the autumn and winter is frequent and extremely violent. This harbour is formed by a hilly and rocky peninsula, which projects two miles from the mainland in a north-westerly direction. The village of Gravosa, at the head of its harbour, is only a mile and a half distant from the town of Ragusa, which is situated on the more open shore to the south-east of Gravosa. The height of Mount Vierna and Mount Petka, in the aforesaid peninsula, with Fort Imperial overlooking both waters, and several other forts and batteries at the entrance to the inlet, afford great facilities for the defence of Gravosa.

A LOFTY IDEA OF COOKERY.—What does "cookery" mean? It means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balm, and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savoury in meal; it means carefulness and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliances; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always "ladies," "loaf-givers;" and as you are to see, imperatively, that every body has something pretty to put on—so that you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice to eat.



MONTREAL. BANQUET TO MR. FRÉCHETTE, THE POET LAUREATE OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY. MR. FRÉCHETTE RISING TO SPEAK

SONNET.

'Tis she that walks before us day by day
Who wooed us in our early infancy.
In shining robes rich clad, as fair could be,
Ere she was with an harmonious lay.
When later on we saw th' alluring fay,
Her voice resounded, if less merrily,
With sweeter far and truer melody,
While no less beautiful was her array.
Hope leadeth still; her path and ours are one;
No nearer her we come, no farther go;
Old age is fain to grasp her pure white hand,
For dimming eyes gaze wistfully—but lo!
Just as our earthly pilgrimage is done,
Her shadow falls upon the unknown land.

HOCHELAGA.

HOW I BECAME THE FASHION.

I was born a beauty; from the time I could talk and understand, it was instilled into me as a fact. When I could toddle about, some judicious person, probably a nurse, gave me the name of "Beauty," and it stuck to me ever after. I don't think I was inordinately proud of my distinction, although even in childhood it makes a difference, but it seems to me as I look back that my attractions were made use of by my brothers and sisters for their own benefit. They were always sending me to beg a holiday on the plea that "Papa won't refuse Beauty," or later on to get leave to go to this or that place of amusement, for "Mamma is sure to let Beauty have her way."

It's a wonder I wasn't quite spoiled, but I don't think I was; at least no such accusation was ever made, even when sisterly civilities were being interchanged. We were a large family, principally girls, all presentable except my eldest sister, Matilda; she had no looks to speak about, but she made it up by a superabundance of brains—she was the family head-piece, a sort of plateau to be relied upon on all state occasions. She certainly was a remarkable woman; her one idea was to push one's self forward in life—an English adaptation of "Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera."

How angry she was when I married Charley! She was at Gibraltar settling my brother Edmund in his appointment, and I was Mrs. Redcar before she came back. Charley was a captain with good prospects of getting on, but Matilda made him sell out and put his money into a new company started to provide Venice with tram-cars; after this we came up to town, because Matilda said that with my beauty and Charley's connections London was the place for us. We were sure to push our way; but curiously enough, we didn't. Charley's connections belonged to the Plymouth Brothers and Sisters, and my good looks were quite thrown away on people who wore poke bonnets. There was one old man, a granduncle of Charley's, who had lived in the regency days, and said I was the image of Dolly Bloomfield, whoever she might be.

A year or so passed very quietly, and then Matilda came up to see how we were getting on. She was very indignant when she found that we had made no way, and scolded us roundly for our supineness.

"I have no patience with either of you," she said. "With Beauty's looks and the Redcar connection you ought to be at the very top of the tree." And then we explained to her about the Plymouth brethren.

"But there's Charley's godfather's wife; she has nothing to say to trade or meeting-houses, because I see her parties every other week in the *Morning Post*," said my sister, with a look which meant, "You can't impose on me; if Beauty were only seen there she'd push her way."

Charley looked at me and I looked at Charley, and then we both burst out laughing. It was a mortifying confession, but the truth was, we had both been at Charley's wife's god-mother's—no, I mean Charley's godfather's wife—more than once, and nothing had come of my "being seen there" but the bills we had to pay for the dress I wore and the carriage.

Matilda looked very glum when we told her this. "I don't see what you are laughing at," she said crossly. "No one but a fool would find amusement in his own failure." This was very severe, but Matilda was awfully put out, and in the evening, when Charley had gone to the "Rag" to have his smoke she spoke very seriously to me.

"I don't like the look of things," she said, "I shouldn't be at all surprised if those Venetian tram shares don't come to much. The people there are so silly, they prefer the gondolas, and if they go down where will you be?" "Good gracious! Matilda, I thought you recommended them, and said they would double our income."

"And haven't they done so, you silly thing! All you have to do is to put your shoulder to the wheel, and push Charley, and that will make it all right. As for him, he is a regular stick in the mud. So you must do it yourself."

"Why what in the world can I do?" "Make yourself the fashion!" said my sister, oracularly.

The next day Matilda, Charley and I went to see the pictures at the R. A. It's a long way from Inverness Terrace to Piccadilly, particularly on a hot day, so we went in an omnibus. I didn't mind an omnibus, but Matilda thinks it a disgrace to be seen in one. She has a provincial idea that every one knows her. She sits far back with her veil drawn in a tight little ball over her nose, which makes her ever so much more remarkable. This day in particular she was in a great fright and was very indignant with Charley and me, who were laughing at the faces she made.

When she got out she said: "To think that our Beauty should be brought down to sit with washerwomen in an omnibus!"

Charley flushed up. He's the most good-humoured fellow in the world, but he doesn't like Matilda. "She should drive in a coach with six horses, if I could give it to her," he said; "but she knew I was a poor man when she took me."

"And liked you all the better," cried I gayly, as I pressed his arm affectionately; but Matilda only snorted. I heard her mutter, "a pair of fools!"

The academy was very full that day, and I thought it a great bore. Neither Charley nor I care much for pictures, but Matilda says she understands "colour." She goes round religiously with her catalogue and pencil and marks the good ones. She leaves it on the drawing-room table when she goes home, and holds forth to the country people upon the "flesh tints" of Millais and the "deep impasto" of Burne Jones.

I soon got tired, so I sat down near the passage leading to the refreshment room. I always think the lunch is about the best thing at the pictures. But they seemed never to be coming. For some time I amused myself looking at the people; they were a shifting mass of faces and dresses, and I was greatly diverted. By and by I began to observe that the crowd when they came to a certain picture stood there, forming a regular line, as they did for Miss Thompson. It was awfully hot, and I had taken off my veil and pushed up my hat, for my forehead was burning. Suddenly I noticed that a great many people turned their backs upon the picture and looked at me and then faced round again to the canvas wall. In my character of Beauty I have been all my life pretty well accustomed to the sort of homage conveyed by what is called "hard staring," so that it must have been an undue amount of it which attracted my attention, but surely I had never seen any like this. Groups of two, three, six at a time would stand before me, calmly surveying me, and I could gather by their gestures, talking of me. But I didn't hear what they said. I became very anxious to see the picture which attracted such attention, but the block round it was too great. The next best thing was to ask for information. It was some time before I could pitch upon a person who seemed fitting for this purpose. At last a very quiet-looking lady came near me. She had a catalogue in her hand. I addressed her: "May I ask you to tell me the name of the picture at which every one is looking?" She turned to the book, but first glanced at me; then hurried on, and I saw her a few minutes afterward pointing me out to some of her friends. I felt extremely uncomfortable. I looked about anxiously for Charley and Matilda, but there was no sign of either. Then, I did a very foolish thing; I got up to go and look for them, principally to escape from the numberless eyes fixed upon me.

To my surprise the crowd made way at once, and, as I walked, followed me, pressing very closely upon me, but not discourteously. I could hear some of the remarks, which were of the most flattering description. Just then I saw in the distance a brother officer of Charley's, a certain Captain Winton. He was a hanger-on and toady of the great, and a most conceited, tiresome little creature. I disliked him, although I'm bound to say he never absolutely cut us.

He now stopped to speak to me; of course, he was politely indifferent as to the loss of my party. "I would help you to look for Charley," he said; "but the fact is the Duchess of Cranberry is here, and she is quite on the *qui vive*. Some one has told her that the original of the picture is actually in the room, and, of course, it would be everything to secure her for the 20th, and—"

Here I interrupted him rather rudely, but he is such a bore. "I wonder," I said—but here I was in my turn interrupted. Two gentlemen on one side, two on the other, tapped Captain Winton on each shoulder.

"Will you kindly introduce me?" said one. "And me?" said the other. "And me?" "And me?" Little Winton stared, but did as he was bid.

"Lord Snappington—Mrs. Redcar; Colonel Fotheringham—Mrs. Redcar; Sir John De Tabley—Mrs. Redcar; Major Beaulieu—Mrs. Redcar. Beaulieu, I think you know Charley Redcar? He was one of ours."

In right of this acquaintance, Major Beaulieu walked on my right hand; Lord Snappington fought hard to keep his place on my left, but the crowd, which persistently followed in my wake, would not let him. Hardly any conversation was possible. At the first convenient pause little Winton darted forward.

"My dear Mrs. Redcar, how sly you have been! And Charley, too, never breathed a word of this! Now, you must come at once to the Duchess; I have her positive orders." And, before I could take in what he meant, I was being introduced to a very large lady, with a nose and a most charming manner.

"I am so pleased to know you, Mrs. Redcar," she said; "I am obliged to hurry away, but you will come to me on the 20th, won't you? I haven't time to say half the pretty things I ought; but really, without flattery, it isn't equal! There, now, I'll not say another word. Stay; could you come to me this evening? It's shockingly informal, but you don't look formal. Eh! What?"—in answer to a whisper from little Winton, "Of course, Capt. Redcar, by all

means—that is if he will give me the pleasure. I have to run away—so sorry. My carriage, Capt. Winton, if you please. Good-bye." And with a pretty smile and bow she vanished. "It was all so sudden I felt quite stunned. 'I don't understand it,' I said. 'I don't know her or what she wants with me.'"

"That's the Duchess of Cranberry. She's a great friend of Masse's, and her wonderful party is to be on the 20th."

"But what does she want with me?" I repeated. They all smiled, and Winton, who had just come back, said "Capital!" He volunteered to go and look for Charley, and suggested to one of the gentlemen to see about my carriage.

"The duchess is delighted," he said, "and thanked me so much for the introduction. No wonder. It makes the whole thing complete. Didn't I do well about Charley? It wouldn't do at all for him to be in the background. But, listen, I have a hint for your private ear. I shouldn't be at all surprised if a certain person is there this evening."

"Where?"

"Oh! at the duchess', of course. I just give you the hint. Throw over any engagement, do you hear? And mind you bring Charley." And with a grave face he went.

For a minute or two I felt inclined to cry. I had no luncheon, and this extraordinary adventure puzzled me. I looked around at my escort of four gentlemen. "I should like to go home," I said.

Lord Snappington immediately offered me his arm. Major Beaulieu brought my parasol—the other two ran for my carriage. "I haven't any, indeed," I went on; "I think you take me for some one else."

At this they all laughed, and Lord Snappington said would I honour him by making use of his! He didn't wait for the rest of the afternoon, if I liked to drive. He was so pressing that I really couldn't refuse to go to Inverness Terrace in it, although I hardly expected the wonderful footman to know where it was.

I declare when I found myself in the carriage quite alone I rubbed my eyes and pinched my fingers. I could hardly help thinking that I had fallen asleep and dreamed all this, but just as I was pinching myself hard I saw Charley and Matilda standing on the pavement in Piccadilly, looking very hot and uncomfortable. I put my head out of the window and called to the grand coachman to stop.

The man looked at me very wickedly, but I didn't care. I jumped out, and never felt more pleased than when I got hold of Charley's arm and the fine carriage had driven away empty.

Anything like the amazement of Charley and Matilda, when they heard my adventure, I never saw. They couldn't make head nor tail of it any more than myself; only one thing was clear to me, that I must get home and have something to eat. I was so faint with excitement and hunger. We all made up our minds that it was a mistake of some kind. We went carefully through the catalogue, but there was nothing there. Charley proposed running into Mrs. Smithers at No. 10 (she set up to be artistic, but Matilda said no—not on any account—the thing was to keep our own counsel. Matilda was all for going to the duchess.) She said it didn't matter, mistake or no mistake. She had asked me to her house in my own proper person and under my own proper name, and there was no imposition or forcing myself in on my side. Charley said the same, and added that at all events it would be fun—so we went. Charley burst out laughing in the carriage—he said his godfather's wife would get a fit when she heard that we had been to Cranberry House. But I think he got nervous when we were actually inside. I know I felt ready to sink into the earth when we walked up the grand staircase through lines of powdered footmen. It seemed to me so utterly absurd. The first person I saw was Lord Snappington near the door. He seemed like an old friend; and presently Col. Beaulieu joined us. He seemed to know Charley very well, although Charley says they haven't done more than nod these ten years; but he was very friendly, and asked us to drive down on his coach to the Orleans next day. I was very pleased, for Charley had been wishing to go and—so had I.

After a time little Winton came up in a great fuss, and said the duchess was asking for me, and that I was to go into the boudoir. I didn't, of course, know where that was, but Lord Snappington gave me his arm and said he would take me there. As I walked along, I heard a great many people whispering together: "There she is, on Lord Snappington's arm." I was dying to know what it all meant, and I would have asked Lord Snappington then and there, only that Matilda's last words had been: "Mind you ask no questions. Just take everything as it comes." Still I think I would have said something, but just then we got into the boudoir, and there was the same lady I had seen in the morning, only looking much grander, and with the most lovely diamonds on her head. She had about twenty other ladies and gentlemen with her, and she was talking to a gentleman whom I recognized at once, and my knees knocked together with fright.

"Oh! here is Mrs. Redcar!" cried the duchess; "now we have her we shall be all right."

The certain person put a glass in his eye and looked at me.

"Fond of swinging, Mrs. Redcar?" much in the manner Charley would have said it. And

then every one began to laugh. I laughed too, although I had no idea why.

"Do you swing much?" the Personage went on, still surveying me through the glass earnestly.

I hadn't swung since I was a child, and I thought it a very odd question, but, before I had time to answer, the duchess struck in:

"My swinging-party comes off on the 20th, and I have given directions to have a rose-coloured swing put up for Mrs. Redcar."

There was a general chorus of approbation, and I really began to think I had got among a set of lunatics. Just then some music began in the next room, and there was a move toward it. The certain Person lingered a moment:

"Duchess! I shall certainly come to your swinging party on the 20th for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Redcar in the rose-coloured swing." He smiled pleasantly at me as he spoke, did this great man, and strolled lazily out of the boudoir.

When he was gone every one crowded round me. I'm sure I made twenty acquaintances and had twenty invitations in as many minutes.

All the rest of the evening was one whirl of pleasure. Charley enjoyed it quite as much as I did, and we both agreed that after all good company is nicer than and quite as cheap as any other.

In the middle of the night Charley awoke me by another loud fit of laughter. "I can't help it, Beauty," he said, "but I can't get over godfather's wife when she leans off our being on easy terms with the best in the land."

It was most surprising. There was certainly no doubt on that point.

The next morning we had just done breakfast when, to our surprise, Charley's godfather's wife drove up. Matilda had just time to give us a word of caution when she came in, all lace and ribbons, bangles and chains—so unlike the Duchess. She made straight for me. "My dear," she said, and kissed me on both cheeks; "how sly of you!" and then kissed me again.

Just then there came another knock at the door, and one of Charley's uncles (a very great manufacturer, with works at the East End) was announced. He was a good man, and I liked him, but his face was extra long this morning. He took Charley and me aside:

"Is this true?" he said, and he thrust a copy of the *Whitehall Review* into my hand, pointing to this paragraph:

"I am glad to tell my readers that the charming original of Monsieur Henry Masse's famous picture of 'Love in a Swing' is among us. She is not a Frenchwoman, but English born and bred—Mrs. Redcar, wife of Capt. Redcar, late of the Tenth regiment—and we may well be proud of our lovely countrywoman. This puts an end to the countless stories which have been floating about since the picture appeared. It is to the Duchess of Cranberry (Monsieur Masse's old friend) that we owe this addition to the ranks of the Beauties. Mrs. Redcar appears under the duchess' wing. She made her *début* at the Cranberry House soiree last night and was hugely admired."

So much for the truth of report. After all, then, there was no harm in it, and although at first I didn't like sailing under false colours, still Matilda persuaded me it would be foolish to make a fuss; I had only to hold my tongue and let the fashionable world and the fashionable newspapers tell as many lies as they pleased. I did so. I became the fashion. After the duchess' swinging party on the 20th of June, 1879, my position was assured. No one can be more fashionable than I am. Under Matilda's directions I am trying hard to push Charley on. If I succeed I will tell you all about it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS EVA SOTHEEN, only daughter of the eminent comedian, is about to make her *début* in the Provinces, as Moya, in "The Shaughraun."

MR. HENRY IRVING has in hand a two-act tragedy by Tennyson, the production of which will be delayed somewhat by the absence from London of Miss Ellen Terry, who is making a tour of the provinces.

MISS MINNIE HAWK was a few weeks ago at Wiesbaden, where she was invited to sing by the Queen of the Belgians. Thence she proceeded to Frankfurt-on-the-Main to fulfil a short engagement.

DR. HANS VON BULOW is not paralyzed. He has arranged to give seven Beethoven concerts at Meiningen from November 7 to December 19, when he will lead the nine symphonies, several overtures, and perform himself concertos and in trios.

MRS. OSGOOD, the American soprano, who has been visiting in Boston this summer, returns to England this month in time to sing at the first Saturday concert in the Crystal Palace and at the Leeds musical festival, for both of which she has been engaged.

MCKER RANKIN in "The Danites" has made a remarkable success in England. Indeed, it is said, that he has created a furore. His acting and his play still furnish the theme for theatrical conversation. The English all say that both the play and Rankin are so novel that they cannot help being interesting. The piece has certainly been the most successful American play ever produced in England.

ARBuckle who, as we have already told you, has increased his band by adding to it many of the skillful musicians from the watering-places, is now giving capital concerts every afternoon and evening at the American Institute Fair. It is pleasant to know that of these concerts he himself is a *magna pars*, for the auditors insist upon hearing his cornet. The name of Arbuckle's cornet has gone over the land. Yet Mr. Arbuckle is not a player of the stentorian sort. He plays with delicacy and poetic feeling. Other soloists are also heard at these concerts, and Mr. Arbuckle, in the selection of the programme and the orchestral conductorship, shows that as leader of the Ninth Regiment band he is the right man in the right place.

"NAY, I'LL STAY WITH THE LAD."

In Hutton seam, No. 3, they saw two bodies, father and son, clasped together. One of the explorers knew the man, and knew that after the explosion he had been asked by one of the men afterward rescued to go along with him to another part of the workings, and the father replied: "Nay, I'll stay with the lad." It was the belief of the explorers that these had both died, with one or two others near, from the after-damp. They were lying peacefully, having made pillows of their jackets and clothes.—Daily News.

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad." Down in the deep, black seam, Huddled together, dying and dead, Far from the day-world overhead, Face to face, by a sudden fate, With a horror of night precipitate; Hidden away from the merciful sun, The death and the burial all in one, By their fifties cut off in vain, More than a battle counts its slain; Huddled together, man and horse, In the grip of the fire-damp's watchful force— Unsung heroes of simple mould, All unchanged from the race of old, To the oldest truths, with a martyr's cry, Out of the depths they testify: And never has rede been read, I deem, Nobler than that in the deep, black seam, Of Love and Courage the message sad— Only, "Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad." Down in the deep, black seam, They found him living, and strong, and sound, In spite of the terror underground; And they bade him come and live again In the light bright haunts of living men, And once more look the sun in the face, And gladden in earth's beloved embrace, But he looked at his young boy, dead or dying, In the midst of the shattered fragments lying— Dying or dead—but powerless to move At the help of man, or the voice of love, And sell lay dead where the child must die, And he let deliverance pass him by; He saw his duty set straight before In the love that liveth for evermore, And he put the proffered freedom behind, With never a thought of self in mind; And, to life or to death, ran the trackless stream, He stayed with him in the deep, black seam, And to prayer and warning one answer had, A brave one—"Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad." Down in the deep, black seam Once again was the story told, Old as Honour, as Poesy old; And the rugged miner, whose cares might be Something unknown to you or to me, Rather than leave his boy below, Alone in the grip of the lurking foe, Chose to die with him there and then, Rather than live with his fellow men, Smoothed the pillow the child beneath, Turned with him to the void of death, And, to all mankind, in its strong self-love, Taught the unself proclaimed above; And whate'er his sin, and whate'er his sorrow, Chose the night without earthly morrow— Went to his Maker straight and free, And pleaded his plea courageously; For his boy he lived, for his boy he died; And the two together, side by side, Before the divine, eternal Throne Had nothing to plead but their love alone— And these, perchance, from the answer prove That the greatest wisdom of all is love, Self! he rushed, while in places high, The many pass thought of others by— Let others starve, and let others bear The woes that beset us every where— So the great but free from the curse of death, So the great but gather the fruits of the earth, So property flourish, and riches thrive, And keep but the worldling's life alive, What is it to them that these grave things be? That these sights are given to who will see? While wealth may prosper, denial dream, Life's moral is told in the deep, black seam; And angels rejoice in that answer glad, And human—"Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

HERMAN MERRIVALE.

MR. CYNAMAN SQUOKES' DRIVE.

By JOSH MCKOSH.

Mr. Cynaman Squokes had long turned the matter over in his mind, and after a good deal of mental calculation and miscalculation, had decided the matter satisfactorily to himself. He had discussed the case with himself *pro* and *con*, he had argued it silently at breakfast, he had argued it silently at dinner, he had argued it silently at tea, but hitherto without success. The fact that these arguments were not given to the world is no proof that they were not most profound and exhaustive. Indeed, the trouble of deciding the question had long been so great that Mr. Cynaman Squokes, who was sometimes troubled with sleepless nights, had actually been able to argue himself to sleep every night for fully two weeks, and twice in church during the same time.

You will probably ask what was the subject which cost Mr. Squokes such trouble, and caused such a severe strain on his mental being. It was no less a question than how he should spend his twenty first birthday. Mr. Squokes was not like most young gentlemen at that age. He had not to put up with galling restrictions of parental control; far from it, he was alone, he was his own master, and a man of the world, at least so he used to think, and it quite gratified him to style himself so, in the famous arguments which have just been hinted at. To say that this reflection was unnatural would be to do Mr. Squokes a great wrong. No, it was quite natural that he should regard himself in that light. He was an orphan, and had been supporting himself for a considerable time, and if that fact was not excuse enough in itself, it might further be argued that he was a citizen of that great nation, among which the male portion of the population attain maturity at ten.

Mr. Squokes at length determined to celebrate his coming of age by a drive in the country. He had not, however, proposed to go on this expedition alone. He had decided upon taking a young lady of his acquaintance along with him. For this young lady, daughter of the green

grocer whom his landlady honored with her patronage, he entertained the most tender and sentimental passion, indeed, he had even fondly hoped that one day in the future he might have the inexpressible happiness of making her Mrs. Cynaman Squokes.

With a view, therefore, to her accompanying him on the drive he dropped a small, pink scented note into the post-office box, and then spent a day of feverish excitement haunted continually with the idea, that the delicious odour which penetrated even through the cream-laid envelope, might tempt the curiosity of some depraved post-office official, and thus frustrate his scheme. He was, however, greatly relieved the following day, to get, in his turn, a smaller, pinker, and, if possible, more highly scented note from Miss Quills, to intimate that she would be happy to accompany him.

Within ten minutes after the receipt of the small, pink, scented note, Mr. Squokes stood in the office of a large livery stable. The office was not overcrowded with furniture; a couple of chairs, a writing desk, a case of harness, a telephone, and a rack containing a number of whips, all variously knotted and bent, looking like so many tall rushes growing out of a buffalo robe on the floor. The walls were adorned with various representations of a former well-known artist of *Punch*, setting forth the hobbies and peculiarities of one Briggs, and the unhappy circumstances attending the pursuit of equestrian pleasures against the decided opinions and prejudices of his wife. These pictures did not in the least daunt our hero, who ordered, what he was pleased to term a single "trap" for the afternoon.

A little after three, then, Mr. Squokes, arrayed in a huge ulster, (for it is always much colder *driving*, you know), with heavy driving gloves, appeared with the charming Miss Quills, also in a heavy ulster and gloves, not quite so heavy as those of Mr. Squokes, and holding a very dainty parasol. Mr. Squokes' "trap," consisted of a neat double buggy with a cover, which was let down the day being fine. The "trap" aforesaid was brought out by a dirty faced boy, who held the horse's head waiting for the couple to get in. Mr. Squokes took a hurried glance at the whole thing with the air of a "man who knows," put on rather a dissatisfied expression of face, and remarked condescendingly, "Pretty fair." "Eh!" ejaculated the dirty faced boy at the horse's head. Mr. Squokes, without noticing the exclamation, enquired, "High stepper, aint he?" "You're just about right there," replied the dirty faced boy confidentially. "Ah!" slowly remarked Mr. Squokes, again assuming the air of "one who knows." During this short dialogue Miss Quills had placed herself comfortably on the left side of the buggy. Mr. Squokes now prepared to take his seat beside her. Seeing the young lady safely placed, the boy let go the horse's head, and handed the lines to Mr. Squokes. Any of my readers who have had experience of getting into a buggy will doubtless understand that it was now, when the boy had loosed his hold, and the animal was free, that a momentary shade of uneasiness crossed the mind of Mr. Squokes, for that gentleman knew that, however, quiet a horse may look, he cannot, or will not, let two people get quietly into the vehicle to which he is attached. No sooner had Mr. Squokes put his foot upon the step than the horse started off. "Whoa, Pet," soothingly remarked the foiled Squokes, as he sprang precipitately back, and looked under the carriage as if he had detected something wrong there in the act of getting up, and had just got down to fix it. "I'm all right, thank you," said Miss Quills, thinking she was addressed. "Name's not 'Pet,' it's 'Dasher,'" exclaimed the boy, glad to catch Mr. Squokes in any mistake, however slight. How do you know who I was speaking to?" thundered Mr. Squokes, and the boy, who was going to hold the horse again, slunk off and left the unfortunate gentleman to his fate. "Quiet, Dasher," began Mr. Squokes, again insinuating his foot upon the step, but the moment Mr. Squokes was caught on the wheel, which brushed itself clean through a whole half turn, against his coat, sliding him gradually off, but making him hop along with one foot on the step and the other on the ground, in the most undignified manner possible. The third time proved to be more lucky. Mr. Squokes, without warning of any kind, sprang up and succeeded in throwing himself into his seat, just as the horse bolted in earnest, bringing the back of the seat suddenly against the back of Mr. Squokes, throwing his head back, almost far enough to his neck, and bringing his jaws together like the spring of a fox-trap. Mr. Squokes a little chagrined, but not altogether cast down in spirit, seized the whip and flourished it about in a manner most calculated to reassure Miss Quills, if his somewhat singular mode of taking his seat had at all shaken her confidence in his driving abilities. After flourishing his whip in the most approved equestrian fashion, he proceeded to explain that, "It was all along with that infernal boy, teaching his horse tricks like ——" An involuntary expression by both Mr. Squokes and his fair companion, completed the condemnation of the dirty faced boy. It was caused by Mr. Squokes having thoughtlessly returned the whip to its place in the buggy, which noise the horse appeared to take as a precursor of his getting a taste of that most useful article, started off with such velocity as to throw both their heads back and dislocate—not Miss Quill's neck, but her hat. Of course, Mr. Squokes tenderly assisted her to readjust it, but steered clear of the whip

in future, explaining, however, that he would "let him out" coming home.

They had driven a considerable distance without any particular adventure, except that Mr. Squokes had assiduously scraped the wheels of his buggy against the wheels of every vehicle he passed. That he was able to do this so perfectly, and without letting any escape, was, doubtless, owing, as he explained, to his having been wont on former occasions to pass everything on the right; a practice, which although well understood in England, appeared to Mr. Squokes to be somewhat new in this country.

It was now growing dusk, and Miss Quills, who had been urging him to turn, expressed so decided an opinion that Mr. Squokes could put her off no longer, but compromised the matter by promising to turn after he had passed a farm house, now about half a mile further up the road. It would have been well for Mr. Squokes if he had listened to her voice and turned at once. But Mr. Squokes, notwithstanding his English system of passing conveyances, so unadapted to this country as it seemed, was enjoying the drive immensely, and had just determined to speak to Miss Quills seriously as to the possibility, or as he put it, the probability of her becoming Mrs. Cynaman Squokes; a matter which he confidently expected could be disposed of in the compass of the next half mile, if Miss Quills would give her undivided attention. Before beginning, however, he was startled by a slight rumbling noise. Mr. Squokes had never been on this road before, and did not know what to expect. In a moment the rumble was heard again, this time more clearly. "Oh, there's a railway crossing in front of us," exclaimed Miss Quills in some excitement, "What shall we do?" Mr. Squokes took a careful look along the road and at the distance of about forty yards descried a sign post, carefully placed by the railway company, at the distance of about a dozen feet from the track, and intended to warn the public that a railway crossed the road at that point. There was no time to do anything, the express train was coming. In a moment more they could see the dark engine rush from the woods across the space, its bright light sparkling clearly in the partial gloom. And now the rails begin to whisper to one another, soon they murmured half aloud, then they talked, chattered, roared, as the iron monster hammered, and pounded and thundered on the defenceless metal beneath it. You might see like a flash how the bright side-rod danced and quivered up and down the huge wheels, how it furiously chased the black counterpoises round and round, in a dizzy, flying, whirling race. For one moment you caught sight of the driver, like a statue, with a red glow on his swarthy face, his hand on the regulator, and his eye riveted to the road ahead. But in a second his face was blotted out, and the first two cars were gone before they could be seen. In the passenger cars one brief glance sees, snoring old gentlemen mixed up with babies and newspapers, all blotted out by the conductor, his lamp twinkling out of sight, as an old lady reading a novel is obliterated by a couple of people talking politics, and a newly married couple loling back among the books, cushions, lamps, porters, elegance and comfort of the Pullman car, whose wheels drum a sounding tattoo on the rails, as the whole train, winking its clear red eyes, fades rapidly away, burrowing under a dense cloud of black smoke, as it rushes down the ever narrowing couple of bright rails, which sing, and hum, and murmur and are quiet. Then only a faint rumble comes and dies, and comes again and dies away, to remind them of the varied mass of life that surged before them but a moment ago; and all is still.

All this happened far quicker than it can possibly be related, but it had a disastrous effect upon the horse driven by Mr. Cynaman Squokes. At first it backed up, then jerked forward, broke one of the traces, and began slowly to back towards the ditch. To add to their discomfort a heavy shower which had been threatening began to fall, the wind blowing the rain in their faces, and no doubt stupefying the horse in his retrograde motion. Miss Quills put up the small parasol with which she was provided, while Mr. Squokes sprang to the ground to rectify the damage, as far as possible, and to stop the animal at all costs. Mr. Squokes placed himself in front and pulled the horse forward by the bridle with both hands, exclaiming as coaxingly as he could, "Easy, Dasher, not that way." It is probable that owing to the resounding noise the rain was making on his hard felt hat, the horse was unable to catch his tremulous accents, for certain it is he continued to back most resolutely. Miss Quills, with her parasol down in front of her face, saw or heard nothing, and was only aroused to a sense of her danger by finding herself bumped violently to the other side of the buggy, as one of the hind wheels plunged heavily down into the ditch. Becoming suddenly alarmed she abandoned the parasol to the storm, and, taking up the whip, administered several sharp blows before "Dasher" started forward with his accustomed suddenness. When he did go, he passed fully half-way out of the shafts before the remaining trace becoming tight jerked the buggy up out of the ditch, quietly wafting Miss Quills to the earth on the opposite side, and breaking the hind wheel. As the buggy started forward Mr. Squokes, who was standing directly in front, received the end of the shaft on the breast, sending him flying into one of the angles of the snake-fence, where he lay wedged securely till he had recovered his scattered breath and senses sufficiently to extricate himself, while the horse

with the tattered remnants still attached, the broken wheel discharging spokes in all directions, very much like the last efforts of a defunct pin-wheel, fled up the road. This continued until "Dasher" was captured by some of the inmates of the very farm house which was to be the turning point in the drive, and also the termination of that memorable conversation he had just planned before the pissing of the train. Before either Mr. Squokes or Miss Quills could speak to each other, a very comfortable looking covered carriage halted in front of them, and a good natured voice from inside enquired if either were hurt. On learning that no serious damage was done, the driver, who of all people to find them in this plight, turned out to be a deadly rival of Mr. Squokes, insisted on taking Miss Quills in and driving her off, telling Mr. Squokes, by way of consolation, that he would thereby be better able to see about the best way of getting back to town with the wreck, which was at present standing opposite the farm house, half a mile further on. This was doubly bitter to Mr. Squokes, for his first confused idea on coming to himself had been that in their mutual misfortune he would be able to comfort Miss Quills—to wipe her weeping eyes in fact—and now to have her taken away by his rival and before his face. Oh, this was too bad! And what was worse, she seemed quite glad to go too. Bitterly did Mr. Squokes curse his folly in not turning before that confounded train came. Oh, well, there was no use in going on like that now, she had left him and glad to get away too. Mr. Squokes' face was wet, but not altogether by the rain—there may have been other reasons as well; for he was beginning to take a good clear dollar-and-cent view of the way in which he could best get home, and of how proprietors of livery stables are in the habit of regarding "cold buggy, steered in mud."

Toronto.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 11.—The Sultan is said to have despatched an envoy on a secret mission to the European Courts.—A large body of Burmese troops encamped near the frontier are threatening to invade British territory.—France has declined to take the initiative on the Greek Question.—An anti-Land League movement is being organized among the Orangemen in the North of Ireland.—The Sultan decided yesterday to surrender Doleigno immediately and unconditionally, and the Montenegrins thereupon took possession.—Further despatches from Teheran confirm the reported pillage and massacres by the Kurds. The Persian Government has despatched a large body of troops to the scene of the trouble.—Telegrams from Afghanistan say that the north-western section of the country is in a state of ferment, and the insurrectionary spirit is spreading rapidly among the hill tribes.

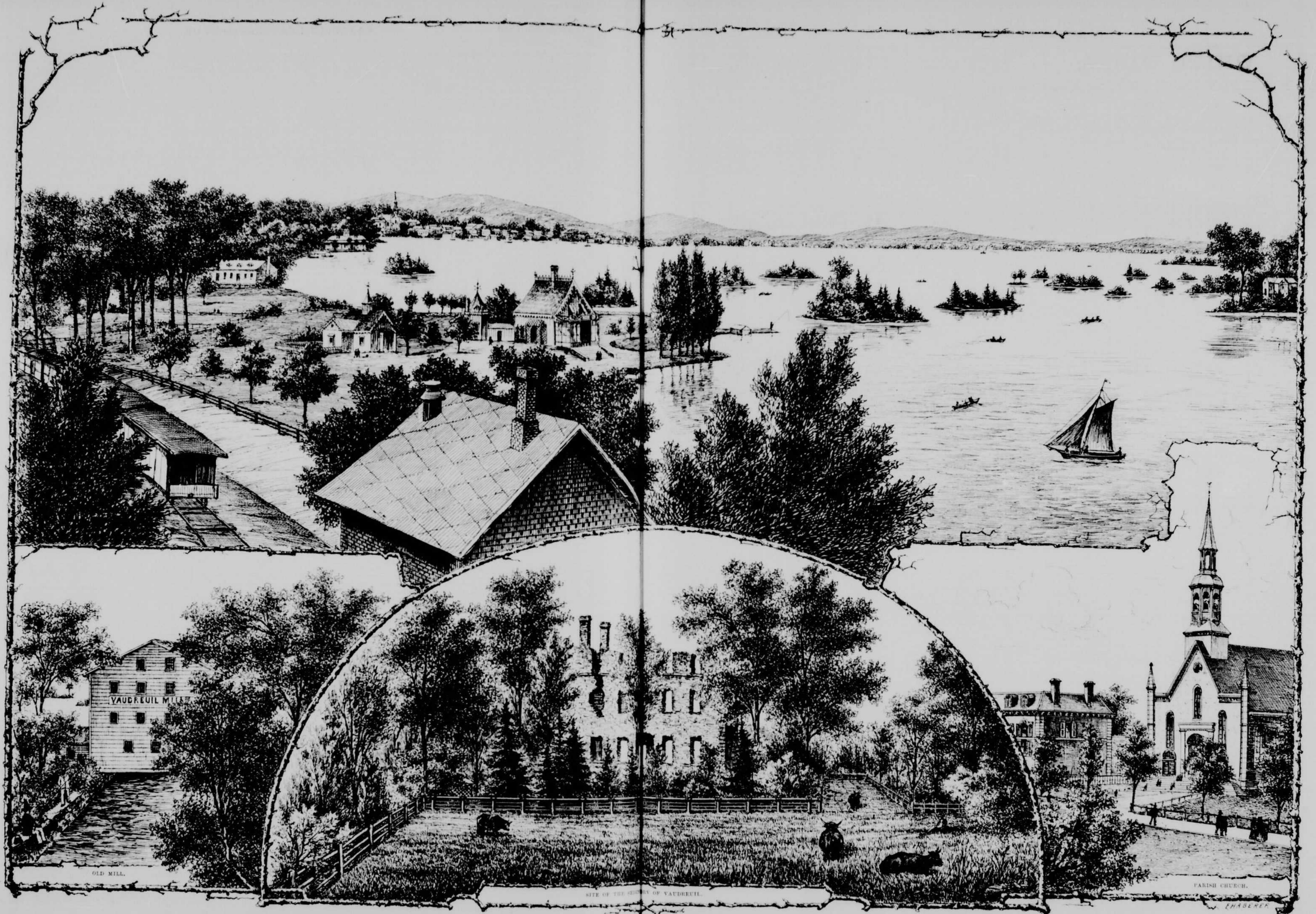
TUESDAY, Oct. 12.—Robert the Devil won the Chertwich stakes at Newmarket yesterday.—General Roca has been proclaimed President of the Argentine Confederation.—Queensland is in the midst of a political crisis. The position of the Ministry is in jeopardy.—Cape Town despatches say a large body of reinforcements is at present on the Basutoland frontier.—A Valparaiso despatch definitely states that Chili and Peru have accepted the mediation of the United States.—Extensive military preparations are being made in the west of Ireland, in view of apprehended disturbances.—The Powers threaten to blockade Smyrna and seize the customs dues of that port, which amount to some \$6,000 daily, should the Sultan continue to obstruct the designs of united Europe.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 13.—The Russian Czar is lying ill at Livadia.—Cardinal Nina's resignation has been accepted by the Pope.—Leading members of the Irish Land League are to be prosecuted.—The Greek Government has obtained an advance of 62 million francs from the Bank of Athens.—The Shah of Persia has asked the Porte to stop Kurd invasions of Persia from Turkish territory.—At a meeting of the French Cabinet, yesterday, it was unanimously decided to enforce the decrees against the unauthorized religious communities.—A Cape Town despatch says the Basutos surprised the villagers of Maseru on Sunday, pillaged the stores, set fire to the outlying buildings, and retired under cover of the darkness. Great excitement prevails in Cape Town, as Maseru is entirely isolated and the villagers are short of supplies.

THURSDAY, Oct. 14.—General Blanco advises the continuation of martial law in Cuba for some months longer yet.—The ceremony of consecrating the Cathedral of Cologne begins to-day and lasts three days.—Callixto Garcia was released from the Castle of Alicante yesterday, by order of the Spanish Government.—The French prefects recommended the enforcement of the decrees at once, so as not to prolong the agitation till the municipal elections take place.—Later despatches from Cape Town say the Basutos lost heavily in the engagement on Sunday night with Colonel Bull's force at Port Maseru.—At Newmarket yesterday Lord Palmerston's Muriel won the Oaks, Lord Rosebery's Savoyard the Annuley sweepstakes, Robert the Devil winning the Champion stakes, Sir John Astley's Microphone won the Autumn handicap.

FRIDAY, Oct. 15.—A London despatch says the masters of the Oldham collieries have refused to advance wages.—The second October meeting at Newmarket closed yesterday. The stake was the great Challenge stakes.—The Albanians are determined to resist the invasion of Dabizna.—The Times asserts that in the matter of the Greek boundary question, the European Powers will leave the Sultan to his own devices.—Hartman, the nihilist, says there are 300,000 organized Russians in Russia.—The determination of the Government to prosecute the leaders of the Land League has created a panic in that body.—The Czar's new yacht Zvezda left the Clyde yesterday.—A Cape Town despatch says Lieut. Carrington's force, besieging Mafeking, was all safe, up to the 13th instant. A relief party will start at once to raise the siege.

SATURDAY, Oct. 16.—The King and Queen of Greece have returned to their capital.—All the foreign consuls have withdrawn from Prizren in Albania.—The Turcomans have recommenced hostilities against General Skobeleff.—The Chilians at latest accounts, were threatening to bombard several Peruvian ports.—The Czar of Russia has offered the Czar with the co-regency of the empire on certain conditions.—A Bazar-risist gathering in Paris yesterday requested Prince Jerome to renounce his pretensions to the Imperial throne in favour of Victor Bonaparte.—Greece is sending a note to the Powers threatening to send her troops across the frontier if the claimed territory is not ceded within a certain time.



VAUDREUIL AND ITS ENVIRONS.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Beth," "In Silk Attire," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "Kilmenny," "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," "Madcap Violet," "The Three Feathers," "The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killeena," "MacLeod of Dare," "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TO ABSENT FRIENDS.

Next morning, however, every one perceived an extraordinary change in the appearance and manner of the girl. Mary Avon had come back to us again, with all the light and life of her face, and the contented gentleness of the soft black eyes. What had wrought the transformation? Certain confidential assurances in the silence of the night that Angus Sutherland, so far from not forgiving her, had insisted that she was not to blame at all! Or the natural reaction after a long strain of anxiety? Or merely the welcome fresh breeze of the morning, with the cheerful wooded shores, and the white houses shining in the sunlight! Anyhow, there was quite a new expression in her face; and we heard the low, sweet laugh again. It is true that, once or twice, as she walked up and down the deck with the Laird, her eyes grew pensive as she looked away along the hills on the southern shores of the loch. That was the direction in which Angus had left in the morning. And these hills were somewhat overcast; it seemed to be raining inland.

Moreover, there was something else to make our breakfast party a glad one. The two men who had rowed our young doctor across the loch at break of day had had the curiosity to pierce inland as far as the village of Clachan; and the scouts had brought back the most glowing accounts of the Promised Land which they had discovered. They had penetrated a fertile and deeply-wooded valley, and they had at length come upon a centre of the highest civilization. There was a post-office. There was a church, the clock of which struck the hours.

"Just fancy that!" exclaimed our hostess, "a clock that strikes the hours! and a telegraph office! We might send a telegram to ask whether the country has been invaded anywhere, or whether the Prime Minister has committed suicide."

"I would like to hear about the steam fire-engine," said the Laird, almost to himself.

"However, breeze or no breeze, seals or no seals," she says, with decision, "we must stay over a day here, to have the yacht thoroughly provisioned. We cannot go on skating on the edge of tinned meats. We must have a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables, and fresh milk, and eggs and butter; and then two or three joints are always so serviceable—cold, I mean, for luncheon; and if Fred cannot get any game, at least he must get us some fowls. What do you say, Mary? Shall we walk over to this place, and clear the way for Fred?"

"Oh no," says the other, lightly; "you and I are going with the seal-shooters. They never get near anything, so we cannot be in the way. I assure you, sir, we shall be as quiet as mice," she adds, addressing the Laird.

"Ye will come with us, and ye will speak just as much as ye please," said the Laird, dogmatically. "What signifies a seal? The creature is good for nothing. And the idea of you two going away by yourselves into the country! No, no. Come away, and get ready, Howard. If ye cannot shoot a seal with two laddies in the boat, ye will never do it without. And the sea-breezes, Miss Mary," he added, with an approving air, "are better for ye than the land-breezes. Oh, ay; ye are looking just fine this morning."

A short time thereafter he was on deck, looking around him at the pleasant trees and the blue waters, when Miss Avon joined him, fully equipped for the expedition; and just at this moment they began to hear a sound of music in the stillness of the morning air. And then they perceived a rude old rowing-boat, pulled by a small boy of twelve or so, coming nearer and nearer; while another small boy of about the same age was peacefully reclining in the stern, his head thrown back so that it met the full glare of the morning sun, while he played vigorously, but rather inaccurately, "The Campbells are Coming," on a tin whistle.

"Look at that!" said the Laird, with delight; "is not that perfect happiness? Look at his pique and laziness—having another boy to pull him about, while he shows off on the penny whistle. Dear me, I wish I was that young rascal!"

"He seems happy enough," she said with a sigh.

"That is because he does not know it," remarked the Laird, profoundly. "If you proved to him that he was happy, it would immediately vanish."

"You cannot be consciously happy, but you may be consciously unhappy—that is rather hard," said she, absently.

However, these two philosophers were withdrawn from this occult point by a summons from the Youth, who had already got the rifles and cartridges into the bow of the gig. And, indeed, as we rowed away from the yacht, in the direction of the rocks at the mouth of the loch, Miss

Avon seemed determined to prove that, consciously or unconsciously, she was happy enough. She would not even allow that Angus Sutherland could have felt any pang of regret at leaving the *White Dove* and his friends.

"Poor chap!" said the Laird, with some compassion, as he turned his head and looked away toward those gloomy hills; "it must have been a lonesome journey for him this morning. And he so fond of sailing, too. I'm thinking, when he saw what a nice breeze there was, he was rather sorry to go away. I should not wonder if it was with a heavy heart that he went on board the steamer."

"Oh no, sir! why should you think that?" said Mary Avon, quickly and anxiously. "If Dr. Sutherland had nothing to consider but yachting, he might have been sorry to go away. But think what lies before him; think what calls him! Look at the position he has won for himself already, and what is expected of him! And you would have him throw away his splendid opportunities in yachting? There is not a university in Europe where he is not known; there is not a man of science in Europe who does not expect great things of him; and—and how proud his father must be of him!"

She spoke eagerly and almost breathlessly; there was a pink flush on her cheek, but it was not from shamefacedness. She seemed desperately anxious to convince the Laird that our doctor ought to have left the yacht, and must have left the yacht, and could not do anything else but leave the yacht. Meanwhile her friend and hostess regarded her curiously.

"A man with such capacities as he has," continued the girl, warmly, "with such a great future before him, owes it to himself that he should not give way to mere sentiment. The world could not get on at all if people—I mean if the great people, from whom we expect much—were always to be consulting their feelings. Perhaps he was sorry to leave the yacht. He does like sailing; and—and I think he liked to be among friends. But what is that when he knows there is work in the world for him to do? If he was sorry at leaving the yacht, you may depend on it that that had passed away before he stepped on board the steamer. For what was that trifling sentiment compared with the consciousness that he had acted rightly?"

Something about the precision of these phrases—for the girl but rarely gave way to such a fit of earnest talking—seemed to suggest to the silent person who was watching her that this was not the first time the girl had thought of these things.

"Idle people," said this youthful controversialist, "can afford to indulge in sentiment, but not those who have to do great things in the world. And it is not as if—Dr. Sutherland,"—she always faltered the least bit just before pronouncing the name—"were only working for his own fame or his own wealth. It is for the good of mankind that he is working; and if he has to make this or that sacrifice, he knows that he is doing right. What other reward does a man need to have?"

"I am thinking of the poor old man in Banffshire," said her friend to her, thoughtfully. "If Angus goes away to Italy for some years, they may not see each other again."

At this the girl turned strangely pale, and remained silent; but she was unnoticed, for at this moment all attention was attracted toward the seals.

There they were, no doubt, and in large numbers. We could see the occasionally moving forms, scarcely distinguishable from the brown sea-weed, on the long projecting points of the low rocks; while here and there one of the animals could be made out, poising himself in a semicircle—head and tail in the air—like the letter O with the upper four-fifths cut off. But the problem was, how to get anywhere within shot. The rocks, or small islands, had no doubt certain eminences in the middle, but they were low and shallow all round. Obviously it was no use bearing straight down on them from our present position; so it was resolved to give them a wide berth, to pull away from the islands altogether, and then approach them from the south, if haply there might in this wise be some possibility of shelter. It was observed that Queen Titania, during these whispered and eager consultations, smiled gravely, and was silent. She had been in the Highlands before. Seals are foolish animals. We were half a mile away from them, and we were going still farther away. The rocking of the water made it impossible for us to try a hap-hazard shot, even if we had had a rifle that would have carried anything like eight hundred yards with precision. There was not the least reason for their being alarmed. But all the same, as we silently and slowly paddled away from them—actually away from them—the huge boat, one by one flopped and waddled, and dropped into the water with a splash. In about a minute or

so there was not a seal visible through our best binoculars. And Queen Titania calmly smiled.

But, as everybody knows, there are two sides to an island, as to everything else. So we boldly bore down on the shores nearest us, and resolved, on getting near, on a cautious and silent landing. After many a trial we found a creek where the stern of the gig could be backed into fairly deep water, along a ledge of rock, and then two of us got out. The ladies produced their knitting materials.

With much painful stooping and crawling we at length reached the middle ridge, and there laid down our rifles to have a preliminary peep round. That stealthy glance revealed the fact that, on the other side also, the seals had been alarmed, and had left the rocks; but still they were not far away. We could see here and there a black and glistening head moving among the lapping waters. Of course it would have been madness to have risked our all on a random shot at sea. Hit or miss, the chances were about equal we should not get the seal, so we quietly retired again behind the ridge, and sat down. We could see the gig and its occupants. It seemed to one of us at least that Queen Titania was still amused.

A dead silence; while we idly regard the washed-up stores of sea-shells around us, and patiently await the return of the seals to the rocks. Then a sudden noise that makes one's heart jump; a couple of terns have discovered us, and the irate birds go wheeling and shrieking overhead with screams that would have aroused the Sleeping Beauty and all her household. In their fright and wrath they come nearer and nearer; at times they remain motionless overhead; but ever continues the shrill and piercing shriek. The face of the Youth is awful to see. Again and again he puts up his rifle; and there is no doubt that, if he were to fire, he might accomplish the feat which is more frequently heard of in novels than elsewhere—shooting a bird on the wing with a rifle. But then he is loth to throw away his last chance. With a gesture of despair, he lowers his weapon, and glances toward the gig. Queen Titania has caught his eye, and he hers. She is laughing.

At length we venture to hazard everything. Furtively each rifle is protruded over the ledge of rock; and furtively each hand creeps up by the stock, the hand on the trigger-guard. The caution is unnecessary. There is not a sign of any living thing all around the shores. Even the two sea swallows, alarmed by our moving, have wheeled away into the distance; we are left in undisturbed possession of the island. Then the Youth clambers up to the top of the rocks, and looks around. A skart, perched on a far ledge, immediately takes flight, striking the water with his heavy wings before he can get well on his way; thereafter a dead silence.

"It was the tern that did that," says the Youth, moodily, as we return to the gig. "The seals must have known well enough."

"They generally do contrive to know somehow," is the answer of one who is not much disappointed, and who is still less surprised.

But this wicked woman is all a-laughing when we return to the gig!

"Come, children," says she, "we shall barely be back in time for lunch; and we shall be all the longer that Angus is not here to sing his 'Ho, ho, clansmen.' But the quicker the sooner, as the Highlander said. Jump in!"

"It was all owing to those sea-swallows," remarks the Youth, gloomily.

"Never mind," says she, with great equanimity. "Mary and I knew you would not shoot anything, or we should not have come. Let us hasten back to see what Fred has shot for us with his silver sixpences."

And so we tumble into the gig, and push away, and have a long swinging pull back to the *White Dove*.

There is still some measure of justice meted out upon the earth. The face of this fiend who has been laughing at us all the morning becomes a trifle more anxious when she draws near the yacht. For there is Master Fred idling up at the bow, instead of being below looking after the vast stores he has got on board, and, moreover, as we draw near, and as he comes along to the gangway, any one can perceive that our good Frederick D'or is not in a facetious frame of mind.

"Well, Fred, have you got a good supply at last?" she cries, taking hold of the rope, and putting her foot on the step.

Fred mumbles something in reply.

"What have you got?" she says, when she is on deck. "Any game?"

"No, mem."

"Oh, never mind; the fowls will do very well."

Fred is rather silent, until he explains that he could not get any fowls.

"No fowls! What butchers'-meat, then?" says she, somewhat indignantly.

"None."

"None? Nothing!" says she; and a low titter begins to prevail among the assembled crowd. "Have you not got a joint of any sort?"

Fred is almost unwilling to confess—he is ashamed, angry, disconcerted. At last he blurts out,

"I could get nothing at all, mem, but fowls."

At this there was a roar of laughter. What had become of all her fresh milk, and butter, and eggs; her mutton, and fowls, and cutlets; her grouse, and snipe, and hares? We did not care for our privation; we only rejoiced in her discomfiture.

"That is just like a Scotch village," says she, savagely; "spending all its money on a church bell, and not able to keep a decent shop open! Do you mean to say you could not get a carrot, or a cabbage, or a pennyworth of milk?"

"No, mem."

"John," she says, in a domineering way, "why don't you get the sails up! What is the use of staying in a place like this?"

John comes forward timidly, and stroking his great beard; he half believes in these furious rages of hers.

"Oh yes, mem, if ye please, mem, I will get the sail set; but—but the tide will be turning soon, mem, and the wind she will be against us as soon as we get out of the loch; and it will be a long, long time before we get to Crinan. I not well acquaint with this place, mem; if we were up in our own part of the Highlands, do you think the people would let the *White Dove* be so long without the fresh cabbage and the milk? No; I not think that, mem."

"But we are not in our own part of the Highlands," says she, querulously; "and do you think we are going to starve? However, I suppose Fred can give us a biscuit. Let us go below."

Our lunch was, in truth, simple enough; but perhaps it was this indirect appeal to Fred that determined that worthy to surprise us at dinner that evening. First of all, after we had returned from another ineffectual seal hunt, we found he had decorated the dinner-table in an elaborate manner. There was a clean cloth, shining with the starch in it. There was a great dish of scarlet rowans in the middle of the table; and the rowans had a border of white heather—gathered at Loch-na-Chill; the rowans were for lovely colour, the heather was for luck. Then, not content with that, he had put all our available silver on the table, including the candlesticks and the snuffer tray, though the sun had not yet sunk behind the Jura hills. But the banquet defies description. The vast basin of steaming kidney soup, the boiled lithe, the fried mackerel, the round of tongue, the corned beef, the tomatoes, the pickles, the sardines, the convolutions of pudding and apricot jam—what Fish-monger, or Dry-salter, or Gun-maker, could have wanted more! Nor was there any Ape-mantus at the feast; there was the smiling and benign countenance of the Laird, who again and again made facetious remarks about the kirk bell of Clachan. Then he said, more formally,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to ask ye to drink a toast."

"Oh, uncle!" said the Youth, deprecatingly; "we are not at a Commissioners' meeting at Strathgovan."

"And I will thank ye to fill your glasses," said the Laird, taking no heed of young England and his modern want of manners. "I have to ask ye, ladies and gentlemen, to drink the health of one who is an old and valued friend of some of us, who is admired and respected by us all. It would ill become us, now that he has been separated from us but by a day, that we should forget him in his absence. We have come in close contact with him; we have seen his fine qualities of temper and character; and I am sure no one present will contradict me when I say that, great as are his abilities, they are not more remarkable than his modesty, and his good-humour, and his simple, plain, frank ways. With a man of less solid judgment I might be afraid of certain dangerous tendencies of these times; but our friend has a Scotch head on his shoulders; he may be dazzled by their new-fangled speculations, but not convinced—not convinced. It is a rare thing—I will say it, though I am but a recent acquaintance, and do not know him as well as some now at this hospitable board—to find such powers of intellect united with such a quiet and unassuming manliness. Ladies and gentlemen, I give ye the health of Dr. Angus Sutherland. We regret that he has gone from us; but we know that duty calls, and we honour the man who stands to his guns. It may be that we may see him in these waters once more; it may be that we may not; but whatever may be in store for him, or for us, we know he will be worthy of the hopes we build on him, and we drink his health now in his absence, and wish him godspeed."

"Hear! hear!" cried the Youth, who was greatly amused by this burst of old-fashioned eloquence. But Mary Avon sat white and trembling, and quite forgot to put the glass to her lips. It was her hostess who spoke next, with a laugh.

"I think, sir," said she, "I might give you a hint, if you were to go up on deck and ask the men whether they would like to drink Angus' health, I don't think they would refuse."

"It is a most capital suggestion," said the Laird, rising to take down his wide-awake.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SUSPICIONS.

It was handsomely done on the part of the Laird, to pay that tribute to his vanquished and departed enemy. But next morning, as we were getting under way, he got a chance of speaking to his hostess alone, and he could not quite forego a little bit of boasting over his superior astuteness and prescience.

"What did I say, mem," he asked, with a confident chuckle, "when ye made a communication to me on the subject of our friend who has just left us? Did I not offer to make ye a wager, though I am but little of a gambler? A gold ring, a sixpence, and a silver thimble; did I not offer to wager ye these three articles

that your guesses were not quite correct! And what has become of Dr. Sutherland now?"

His hostess is not in this gay humour. She answers, with a touch of reserve:

"If I made any mistake, it was about Mary. And I had no right to suspect anything, for she never took me into her confidence; and I do not approve of elderly people prying into the affairs of young people."

"Pry!" says the Laird, loftily and graciously. "No, no; no prying. But judgment!—is there any harm in one keeping one's eyes open? And did I not tell ye, ma'am, to be of good heart—that everything would go properly and smoothly?"

"And has it?" she says, sharply, and looking up with a glance of indignation.

The Laird, however, is so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he does not notice this protest.

"She is a fine lass, that," he says, with decision. "Did ye ever hear a young girl speak such clear common-sense as she spoke about that very doctor? There is no affected sentiment—there is nothing of your Clarinda and Philander novel-writing—about that lass; did ye ever hear such good, sound, clear common-sense?"

"I heard her," says his hostess, shortly.

By this time we had weighed anchor and the *White Dove* was slowly sailing down the loch before a light northerly breeze. Then Mary Avon came on deck, followed by the attentive Youth. And while everybody on board was eagerly noticing things ahead—the seals on the rocks at the mouth of the loch, the windy gray sea beyond, and the blue mountains of Jura—Mary Avon alone looked backward to the low lines of hills we were leaving. She sat silent and apart.

The Laird stepped over to her.

"We have just been talking about the doctor," says he, cheerfully. "And we were saying there was plenty of good common-sense in what ye said yesterday about his duties and his prospects. Oh ay! But then, ye ken, Miss Mary, even the busiest and the wisest of men must have their holiday at times; and I have just been thinking that if we can get Dr. Sutherland to come with us next year, we will maybe surprise him by what ye can do wi' a steam-yacht. Why, during the time we have been lying here, we might have run across to Ireland and back in a steam-yacht. It is true, there would be less enjoyment for him in the sailing; but still there are compensations."

His hostess has overheard all this. She says, in her gentle way, but with a cold and cruel clearness:

"You know, sir, that is quite impossible. Angus will not be in Scotland for many a day to come."

The girl's face is hidden; apparently she is still gazing back on those slowly receding hills.

"Toots! toots!" says the Laird, briskly. "The lad is not a fool. He will make an occasion if he considers it desirable; there is no compulsion that he must remain in Ectaly. I think I would even lay a wager that we will have just the same party, and the doctor included, on that steam-yacht next year, and in this very place. Is it a wager, ma'am?"

"I am afraid you must leave us out," she remarks, "at all events. And as for Angus Sutherland, I shall be surprised if ever he sees West Loch Tarbert again."

Why had not Mary Avon spoken? The Laird went a step nearer her, and put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Well, Miss Mary," said he, "what are we to do to show these people their folly and wickedness—eh? I think I will leave it to you."

"Oh no, sir." This, or something like this, she was understood to say, in a low voice. But at the same moment she rose quickly, crossed the deck, put a trembling hand on the companion-way, and went below. Just as she disappeared, she could not quite conceal her face, and there was a look on it that startled the Laird. Had the girl been stealthily crying all the time she had been looking back at those distant hills?

The Laird was greatly disturbed. He said nothing, for he would not have it understood that anything had happened; but any one could see by his pre-occupied manner that he was seriously troubled. He had directed a quick, sharp glance of surprise and inquiry at his hostess, but just then she was stepping aside to get out of the way of Captain John. The Laird sat down by himself, and remained in a profound silence. He seemed to pay no attention to what was going on.

But there was brisk work all over the yacht. For now we had got clear of the long promontory and its islands; and out here in the open there was a pretty heavy sea running, while the wind began to freshen up a bit. There was a squally look about the sea and sky; it was considered prudent to lower the topsail. Now and again there was a heavy shock at the bows, and then a dipping of heads to dodge the flying shreds of spray. In the midst of all this Miss Avon appeared again.

"I thought we should catch it," said she, in the blithest of tones; and she addressed herself particularly to the Laird. "And it is better to be prepared. But, oh, dear me! what a nuisance a water-proof is!"

And indeed the wind was blowing that hooded and caped garment all about her head, so that her dark hair was becoming considerably disheveled. The Youth came to her assistance; put a cushion and a shawl for her just beside her hostess, under the lee of the weather bul-

warks; then she snugly ensconced herself there, and seemed to be very merry and happy indeed.

"Don't you often wish you were a fish, when the weather is wet," she says, gayly, to her friend, "so that you might be perfectly indifferent?" And here she cries, "Oh!" again, because a drop or two of spray has come flying past the keel of the gig and just caught her on the crown of her water-proof.

Nothing can exceed her talk, her laughter, her cheerfulness. She nestles close to her friend; she is like a spoiled child; she makes fun of the Youth's attempts to steer. And the Laird is regarding her with a grave wonder—perhaps with some dark suspicion—when she lightly addresses herself to him again:

"But what about that strong man, sir? You were going to tell us the story yesterday, when you were interrupted."

It was a cunning device. How could a professed story-teller refuse to rise to the bait! The watchfulness disappeared from the face of the Laird; in its place a sort of anticipatory laughter began to shine.

"But it was Tom Galbraith heard of that man," said he, in a deprecating way. "Did I not tell ye? Oh, ay! it was Tom Galbraith heard of him when he was in Ross-shire; and it was he told me of the wonderful things that man could do, according to the natives. Did not I tell ye of his rolling an enormous stone up a hill, and of the stone being split into nine pieces, yet not any one man could roll up one of the nine pieces? But I was going to tell ye of his being in Prince's street, Edinburgh, and a coach and four was coming whirling along; the horses had run away, and no one could stop them. McKinlay was walking along the street, when the people called to him to look out, for the four horses were running mad; but the Ross-shire Samson was not afraid. No, no—"

Here a wisp of spray somewhat disconcerted the Laird; but only for a moment. He wiped the salt-water from the side of his neck, and continued, with suppressed laughter bubbling up in his eyes.

"The man that told Tom Galbraith," said he, "was a solemn believer, and spoke with reverence. 'McKinlay,' says he, 'he will turn to the street, and he will grab at the four horses and the coach, and he will took them up in his two hands—shist like a mice.'"

"Shist like a mice." The Laird preserved a stern silence. The humour of this story was so desperately occult that he would leave the coarse applause to us. Only there was an odd light in his eyes, and we knew that it was all he could do to prevent his bursting into a roar of laughter. But Mary Avon laughed—until John of Skye, who had not heard a word, grinned out of pure sympathy.

"He must have been the man," said Miss Avon, diffidently—for she did not like to encroach on the Laird's province—"whom Captain John told me about, who could drink whisky so strong that a drop of it would burn a white mark on a tarred rope."

But the Laird was not jealous. "Very good—very good!" he cried, with extreme delight. "Excellent—a real good one! 'Deed I'll tell that to Tom Galbraith.'"

And the high spirits and the facetiousness of these two children continued through lunch. That was rather a wild meal, considering that we were still sailing across the boisterous Sound of Jura, in the teeth of a fresh northerly breeze. However, nothing could exceed the devotion of the Youth, who got scarcely any luncheon at all in his efforts to control the antics of pickle jars, and to bolster up bottles. Then when everything was secure, there would be an ominous call overhead, "Stand by forward, boys!" followed by a period of frantic revolution and panic.

"Yes," continued the Laird, when we got on deck again; "a sense of humour is a great power in human affairs. A man in public life without it is like a ship without a helm; he is sure to go and do something redeedulous that a smaller man would have avoided altogether. Ay, my father's sense of humour was often said by people to be quite extraordinary—quite extraordinary. I make no pretensions that way myself."

Here the Laird waved his hand, as if to deprecate any courteous protest.

"No, no; I have no pretensions that way; but sometimes a bit joke comes in verra well when ye are dealing with solemn and pretentious asses. There is one man in Strathgovan—"

But here the Laird's contempt of this dull person could not find vent in words. He put up both hands, palm outward, and shook them, and shrugged his shoulders.

"A most desperately stupid ass, and as loquacious as a parrot. I mind fine when I was giving my earnest attention to the subject of our police system. I may tell ye, ma'am, that our burgh stretches over about a mile each way, and that it has a population of over 800 souls, and a vast quantity of valuable property. And up till that time we had but two policemen on duty at the same time during the night. It was my opinion that that number was quite inadequate, and I stated my opinion at a meeting of the Commissioners convened for that purpose. Well, would ye believe it, this meddlesome body, Johnny Guthrie, got up on his legs, and preached and preached away, and all that he had to tell us was that we could not add to the number of police without the consent of the Commissioners of Supply and the Home Secretary. Bless me! what bairn is there but

knows that? I'll be bound Miss Mary there, though she comes from England, would know as much about public affairs as that!"

"I—I am afraid not, sir," said she.

"No matter—no matter. Live and learn. When ye come to Strathgovan, we'll begin and teach ye. However, as I was sayin', this bletherin' poor crayture went on and on, and it was all about the one point, until I got up, and, 'Mr. Provost,' says I, 'there are some human beings it would be idle to answer. Their loquacity is a sort of function; they perspire through their tongue—like a doag.' You should have seen Johnny Guthrie's face after that!"

And here the Laird laughed and laughed again at Johnny Guthrie's discomfiture.

"But he was a poor bletherin' crayture," he continued, with a kind of compassion. "Providence made him what he is; but sometimes I think Johnny tries to make himself even more ride-klaus than Providence could fairly and honestly have intended. He attacked me most bitterly because I got a committee appointed to represent to the postmaster that we should have a later delivery at night. He attacked me most bitterly; and yet I think it was one of the greatest reforms ever introduced into our burgh."

"Oh, indeed, sir?" says his hostess, with earnest attention.

"Yes, indeed. The postmaster is a most civil, worthy, and respectable man, though it was a sore blow to him when his daughter took to going to the Episcopal Church in Glasgow. However, with his assistance, we now get the letters that used to be delivered in the forenoon delivered late the night before; and we have a mail made up at 10 p.m., which is a great convenience. And that man Johnny Guthrie gabbling away as if the French Revolution were coming back on us! I am a Conservative myself, as ye know, ma'am; but I say that we must march with the times. No standing still in these days. However, ye will get Johnny Guthrie everywhere; poor bletherin' craytures who have no capacity for taking a large view of public affairs—bats and blind-worms as it were. I suppose there is a use for them, as it has pleased Providence to create them; but it would puzzle an ordinary man to find it out."

With much of the like wise discourse did the Laird beguile our northward voyage; and apparently he had forgotten that little incident about Mary Avon in the morning. The girl was as much interested as any one; laughed at the "good one"; was ready to pour her contempt on the Johnny Guthrie who opposed the projects of the Laird's statesmanship. And in this manner we fought our way against the stiff northerly breeze, until evening found us off the mouth of Loch Crinan. Here we proposed to run in for the night, so that we should have daylight and a favourable tide to enable us to pass through the Dornis Mohr.

It was a beautiful, quiet evening in the sheltered bay; and after dinner we were all on deck, reading, smoking, and what not. The Laird and Mary Avon were playing chess together. The glow of the sunset was still in the western sky, and reflected on the smooth water around us, though Jura and Scarba were of a dark, soft, luminous rose-purple.

Chess is a silent game; the Laird was not surprised that his companion did not speak to him. And so absorbed was he with his knights and bishops that he did not notice that, in the absolute silence of this still evening, one of the men forward was idly whistling to himself the sad air of Lochaber:

"Lochaber no more. And Lochaber no more! We'll may be return to Lochaber no more!"

It was the old and familiar refrain; Hector of Moldart was probably not thinking of Lochaber at all.

But suddenly the Laird, staring down at the board, perceived some little tiny thing drop on the farther edge from him, and he quickly looked up. The girl was crying. Instantly he put out his great hand and took hers, and said, in a low voice, full of gentleness and a tender sympathy:

"Dear me, lassie, what is the matter?"

But Mary Avon hastily pulled out her handkerchief, and passed it across her eyes, and said, hurriedly:

"Oh, I beg your pardon! it is nothing. I—I was thinking of something else. And is it your move, or mine, sir?"

The Laird looked at her, but her eyes were cast down. He did not pay so much attention to the game after that.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

ECCENTRICITY.—Eccentricity is harmless, but it never can be commendable; it is one of the children of that prolific sibling—vanity. And whether it shows itself in singular manners or peculiarities of dress, it is clearly acted upon from the presumptuous supposition that the many are in the wrong, the individual in the right.

SYMPATHY.—The slightest thing we do sends a thrill vibrating along the endless chains of cause and effect to the utmost limit of time, through the whole grand machine of future existence. Man dies, but not one of his acts ever dies. Each is perpetuated and prolonged for ever by interminable results, affecting some beings in every age to come.

CORRECT SPEECH.—Correct speech is such an indisputable mark of a lady or gentleman that it cannot be too often repeated that the true

standard of pronunciation is one in which all marks of a particular place of birth and residence are lost, and in which nothing appears to indicate any habits of intercourse other than with the well-bred and well-informed wherever they may be found.

COURTESY.—Courtesy is due to others. It is helpful to others. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make at least one desperate effort to be respectable. Courtesy is an appeal to the nobler and better nature of others to which that nature responds. It is due to ourselves. It is the crowning grace of culture, the stamp of perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown.

FEELING.—Feelings are a most important and necessary part of human nature. Out of them spring the joy and the beauty of life. But they never can yield their best results unless they are under the control of reason. Pope says, "The ruling passion, be it what it will, the ruling passion conquers reason still." He who succumbs to this rule within his breast must part with reason, manliness, independence, and must forfeit the happiness, and the power of conferring the happiness, which comes from well-regulated social intercourse.

GOOD ADVICE.—It is generally thought that there is nothing easier than to give good advice. It is so abundant and so cheap, it is said, because it costs nothing. Now this may be applicable to much of the trite counsel and most of the well-worn maxims that live upon the lips, but do not come from the heart; it may be true concerning such exhortations as we have been in the habit of hearing from one generation and passing on to the next, without much reference to their applicability; but it is not true of anything which honestly bears the name of good advice. This is not plentiful or easy to give.

DON'T FRET.—One fretter or despairer can destroy the peace of a family, can destroy the harmony of neighbours, can unsettle the councils of cities, and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets or desponds is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evil; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere presence of such a being is indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold, icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm.

SILENCE.—You have trouble, your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but, when coals are scattered, you can't pick them up. Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are cured without a scar; but, once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient; and, when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew till it was over!"

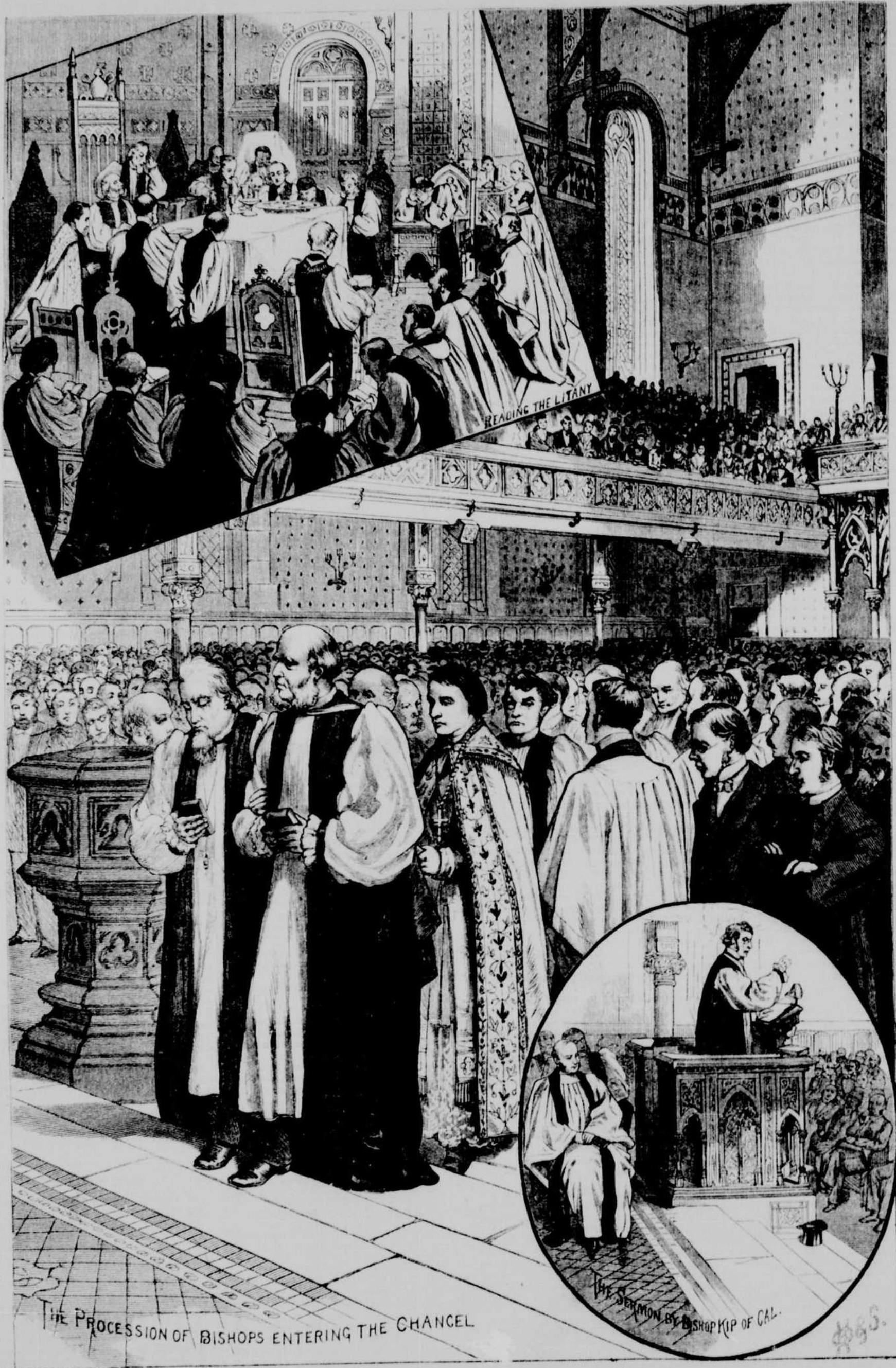
THE IDLE MAN AND THE BUSY ONE.—To do increases the capacity of doing; and it is far less difficult for a man who is in an habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself into motion for the same end. This is owing to a principle of our moral nature, which is called the *vis inertiae*—literally, the strength of inactivity. To set a common child's hoop rolling requires a smarter stroke at starting than to keep it in motion afterwards. There is a reluctance in all things to be set moving; but, when that is over, everything proceeds smoothly enough. Just so it is with the idle man. In losing the habit, he loses the power of doing; but a man who is busy about some regular employment for a proper length of time every day can very easily do something else during the remaining hours; indeed the recreation of the weary man is apt to be busier than the perpetual leisure of the idle.

NEW NOTICE.

PIMPLY ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE can be driven out of the system by ACUE PILLS. They contain no arsenic or any poisonous drug; nor do they debilitate, but strengthen and tone up, aid digestion, and purify the blood. Box with full particulars mailed to any part of Canada or United States for \$1. Sample packets 25 cents (stamps). Address, W. HEARN, Druggist, Ottawa, Canada.

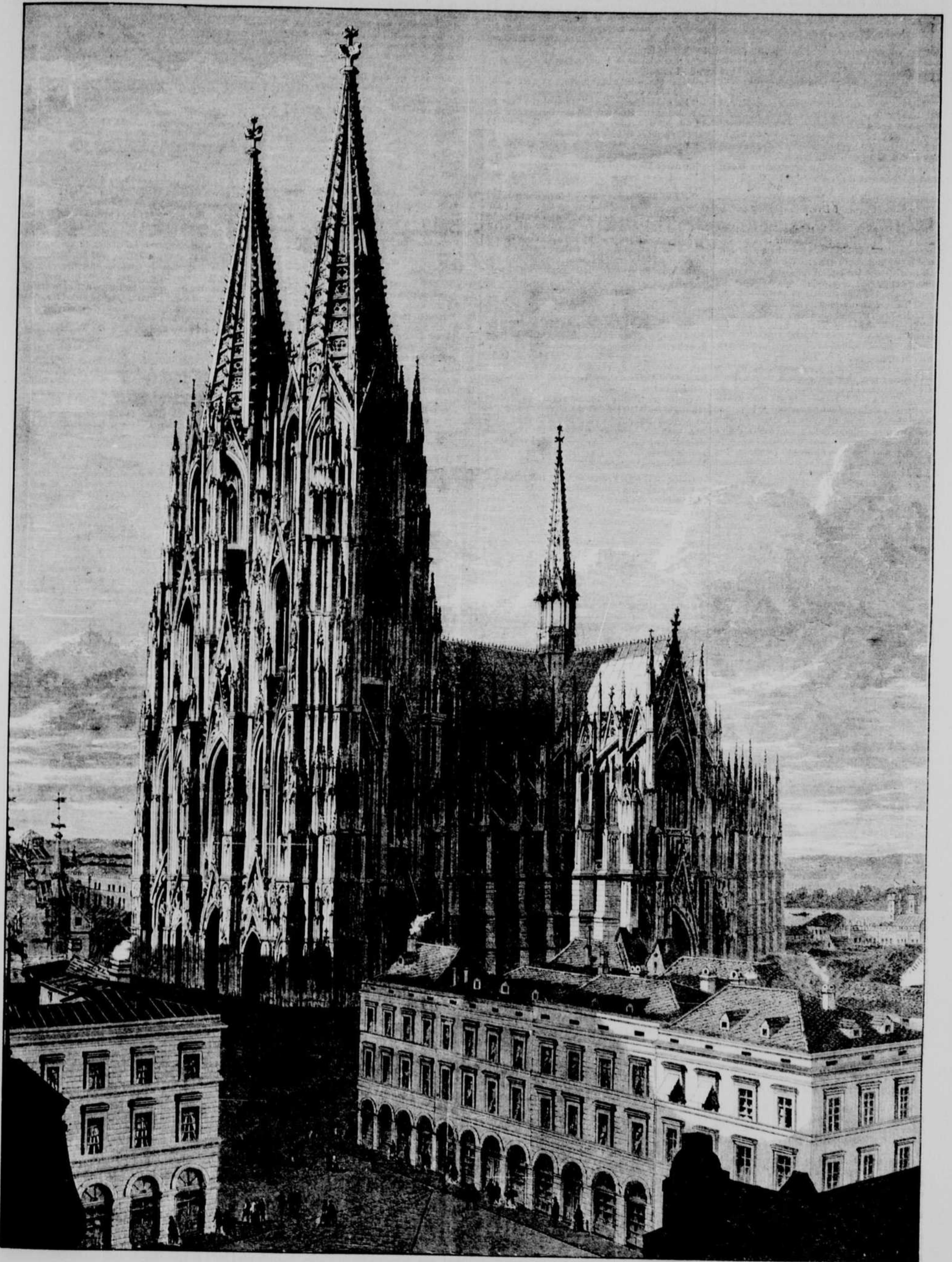
CURE OF DRINKING.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; and I know of a number of others who have been cured of drinking by it." From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.



THE PROCESSION OF BISHOPS ENTERING THE CHANCEL

OPENING SERVICES OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRIENNIAL CONVENTION IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL AS COMPLETED AFTER 400 YEARS.

CAN WOMEN DRIVE?

AN OLD LIVERYMAN TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE SEX.

"Isn't it rather singular that women never learn how to drive a horse properly?" remarks some irate man as he inspects a tired animal and finds the bridle over its ears and the bits half down its throat.

"But women can drive," cries a champion of the sex. "Don't they drive seven or eight miles to market with vegetables or loads of hay? Don't they take their babies out to ride whenever they can get hold of a horse? Why, there never was a woman who couldn't drive, and some of them can handle a horse much better than their husbands can."

"Can women drive? and do you let them handle your best horses?" were the questions put to a good-natured livery-keeper by an interested party.

"Drive!" he answered. "I should think they could; but as to letting them our best horses, that is another matter. We have horses in our stables few men could drive. We keep what we call safe horses for ladies' use—the kind that will go anywhere if you just guide them—old family nags, sensible enough to trot along and mind their own business, and not fret if they are pulled two ways at once."

"Do you object to letting horses out for women to drive?"

"No indeed; we have from twelve to fifteen ladies a week come to us for horses, and we give them good ones, too; but, somehow, women fret horses when they drive them, so we don't care to give them high-spirited animals. Now, look at that sorrel," pointing to one from which the harness had just been removed. "I let that horse this morning to a bit of a woman with wrists no bigger than my two fingers. I didn't want to let it go, because it's such an ugly puller, I told her it had a mouth like iron, but she said she wanted to take an old aunt that was visiting her out to see the town, and she drove off quietly enough. But half an hour after I saw her coming down Woodward avenue like a streak of lightning, everybody running to get out of the way, and the old aunt hanging on for dear life. She just had the lines wound around those little wrists, and braced her feet on the dash board, and when she came to a corner whisked round it on one wheel. The rig came in all right, but that horse won't get its breath for a week."

"Do they often meet with accidents and have a smash-up?"

"No, it is curious, but a woman will take a team through a dozen hairbreadth escapes and bring it back all right. We have any amount of trouble with men, who take our best rigs, get on a spree, and break things all to pieces. A woman is either more cautious, or she will call upon every man in sight to help her out of the scrape. They are more apt to lose their heads in a crowd or collision, but there is most always some special providence at hand to help them. If you notice, the most disastrous runaways happen when some man has the rein."

Further talk developed the fact that women were not considerate in their management of horses. They forget to blanket them in winter and to tie them in the shade in the summer. They sometimes use the reins as hitching straps, and have a settled dislike to learning proper names for harness. Not one in a hundred could tell the difference between the surcingle and the martingale, or had the least idea to which end of the animal the crupper belonged; and if compelled to divest a horse of its trappings would undo every buckle in the service, and take the collar off over the animal's head, to all of which the intelligent beast would submit, as if charmed by being steadily talked to during the process in the witching tones of a woman's voice.

All of this may be a libel on the sex, but it is certainly true that when an old family horse, with a ten-minute gait, comes see-sawing down the street with a comically reckless air of running away, a woman's head looks out from under the buggy top, a woman's hand guides the steed in its eccentric orbit, and a woman's voice shouts in distinct tones, "Wh-o-o-a-a," at the same moment that the reins are jerked and the whip applied, while pedestrians scud to the sidewalk in terror. However, liable a woman is to run over a cow or a street car, she will always stop or turn out for a baby. This is one of the instincts of her maternal heart to which even "get up! gl-a-n-g" is sacrificed.

MORE WIFE THAN COUNTRY.

The other night, soon after a ward meeting had opened, one of the electors present began edging for the door as if he meant to leave the place. He was soon stopped by a friend, who said,

"Don't leave us now; I want you to hear what that speaker is saying. Hear that! He says that we must triumph, or the country is doomed."

"Yes, I know, but I have got to edge along towards home," was the reply.

"Home! great heavens, how can you talk of going home until he has finished that speech? There he goes again! He asks if you want to see grass growing in the streets of our cities,—our fertile farms returned to the wilderness,—our families crowding the poor-houses until there is no longer room to receive another."

"No, I don't know as I would, but I guess I'll sort of work my way out."

"Wait fifteen minutes—ten—five—wait until he finishes. There it is again! He asks whether you are a freeman or a slave. He wants to know if you have forgotten the patriotic principles defended by the blood of your grandsires, if you have forgotten the sound of liberty bell."

"I don't know as I have, but I must go—really I must."

"Hear that—hear that! He says your country will bless you."

"I can't say as to that," replied the man as he crowded along; "but I'm dead sure that the old woman will if I don't get home in time to put this codfish to soak for breakfast!"

"Great guns! but do you prefer codfish to liberty?" exclaimed the other.

"I don't know as I do, but I get more of it."

"And you will see this country ruined—see her go to destruction."

"I'd be kinder sorry to see her go down hill," slowly observed the delinquent as he reached the door. "but if you had a wife who could begin jawing at 10 o'clock and not lose a minute until daylight, and then end up with a grand smash of crockery and a fit of hysterics, you'd kinder stand off as I do and let this glorious old Republic squeeze through some mighty fine knot-holes."

VARIETIES.

THE KING OF SAXONY, who is a Catholic Sovereign, postponed the date of a visit to Italy in order to be present at the ceremony of opening the Cologne Cathedral on the 15th of October, which the Empress refers to, in a letter to a meeting of the Red Cross Society at Frankfurt, as "a symbol of German unity." The Catholics of the district lately met and agreed to observe "a dignified reserve" on the occasion, and also to present the Emperor, personally or by writing, with an address whereof the contents should not previously be divulged. Everything points to the ceremony having more of a secular than of a religious character.

GERMAN SOCIETY.—In Germany, "Society" consists exclusively of those of noble birth. No one without the magic "von" before his name can hope for any social success. The "vons" either ignore the existence of the vonless, or regard them much as an English lady of fashion would look upon her grocer. They may be wealthy, witty, and wise; all this does not make up for the absence of nobility, and the poorest and stupidest "von" in this land of caste feels himself, and is felt by all, to be immeasurably their superior. It is this sense of social inferiority that, no doubt, prevents them from asserting themselves. They read books, drink beer and coffee, knit stockings, make money, and pass through existence, the world forgetting, and by the world forgot.

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

SHORTCOMINGS.—The sins and the follies which trouble both our own selves and others ought to be bravely done battle with and checked, or overcome. If we have a quick temper, we must hold it in. If we are of a suspicious nature, we must refuse it exercise, and must cultivate confidence in others. If we are close-fisted, we must open our hands. If we are too forward, we must study to keep in the background. If we are unsocial, we must strive religiously to make ourselves agreeable. If we are shiftless and unsystematic, we must train ourselves to do things in time and in their order. If we are over-sensitive, or uncharitable, or resentful, we must recognize and battle with this fault. Whatever beam there is in our eye—as we can find it out of ourselves, or by the help of friends—that is the thing for us to remove and get rid of, until it is under foot instead of in the eye.

THE SULTAN AND THE INFANTA.—The Porte made great manifestations of sympathy with Spain the other day on the occasion of the news of the *accouchement* of Queen Marie Christine. As soon as the news was received, the Sultan telegraphed to his "dearly beloved friend," Alphonse XII, felicitating his majesty upon the happy event. That same evening a dinner was given at the palace in honor of the Marquis de Vila Mantilla, the Spanish Ambassador and his wife. All the ships of war in the Bosphorus also were gaily decorated during the day, the Spanish colours floating in the place of honour at the masthead. Further, the Sultan has decided to send a special envoy to Madrid to assist at the celebration of the baptism of the young princess, and upon this occasion the Sultan will send the order of decorations (in diamonds) of the first class, especially founded for ladies upon whom his majesty desires to confer extraordinary favour.

ROYAL LOVES.—The Emperor and Empress of

Germany see each other as little as possible. But each year they meet at Baden, when the Emperor celebrates the birthday of Augusta. Considering what the relations of the worthy pair are to each other, the festivities which took place a year or two ago on their "golden wedding" were as absurd, says London *Truth*, as were the gushing articles which appeared on that occasion in the English newspapers, in which the occasion was improved in order to point the moral of the blessings of domestic felicity. It is somewhat curious how few monarchs do get on with their wives. Emperors and empresses, and kings and queens seldom adore each other. Between the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Italy, it would be difficult to award the palm as the worst husband, but it would be still more difficult to find—so far as their wives are concerned—four worse husbands in Europe or America.

PLON-PLON.—Prince Napoleon, who now and then "goes under," as the Americans call it, is apt to be found again in all sorts of odd places. The last heard of him was at Billach, where he had just arrived under the title of Count Moccieri. The prince was accompanied by a young lady and by young Georges Lachaud, the son of the great advocate of the Paris Bar. He only stayed for a short time at Billach and never left his carriage, and, it seems, was much annoyed at the crowd of idlers who gathered round the vehicle while the horses were being put to. The strict incognito he had been at so much pains to maintain was completely destroyed by his great resemblance to the portrait of Napoleon I. which, painted in fresco, adorns the walls of the little inn where the prince changed horses. History repeats herself in small things as in great. Was not Louis Seize recognized at Varennes by his effigy upon the crown piece he flung to the innkeeper as the great lumbering coach he occupied drove from the inn door?

THE FALLEN EMPRESS.—A letter in the *Voltair* states that the Empress Eugenie will shortly leave England to take up her final residence at Arenenberg, where she possesses a beautiful mansion on the banks of the Lake of Constance. The ex-Empress has not been well since her return from Zululand, and has recently been compelled to remain in bed, much affected by severe attacks of fever. Her once beautiful eyes are now dim and fatigued, surrounded by a dark circle; her face is furrowed with the lines of sorrow and tears; hardly fifty-five years of age, the former Empress of the French looks as if she were over sixty-five. Speaking some time ago to Pere Goddard, the chaplain of Camden House, she told him that she would not remain much longer in England, which had been so fatal to her affections, nor die at Chislehurst; that she wanted to breathe her last in a more sunny country, and that as soon as she was strong enough she would leave Chislehurst, taking with her the remains of her beloved husband and son.

SARAH BERNHARDT seems to have taught his Excellency the German Minister Plenipotentiary at Copenhagen that newspaper fame is but a poor recompense for private misery. The real facts of the case, says *Truth*, were these:—Baron Mangus long a fervent admirer of the divine Sarah, found himself deeply in love with her when she came to the Danish Capital. He sent her many bouquets; and although not at first invited to the banquet in her honor, he schemed for and ultimately received an invitation. At what he thought the telling moment, he proposed "La belle France," and advanced to clink glasses. Sarah had some difficulty, it seemed, in finding her glass; but at last she stood erect, and, amid profound silence, responded with "La France entiere." There was great cheering. The Baron hesitated. Sarah, seeing this, called out loudly to him, "La France entiere!"—*n'est ce pas, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur?* She advanced, too, with her glass. The poor Baron was abashed; he clinked glasses and left the room, the most miserable man in Denmark.

ANOTHER relic of Old London is fast disappearing under the improving hand of the modern builder. Leadenhall market, once the head quarters of the hide and skin trade, but of late years known as the chief game and poultry market in the metropolis, has in great part been razed to the ground, and a few months more will see its quaint passages and wynds, through which many an agile thief has eluded his pursuers, replaced by broad avenues and spacious shops. The dog-fancying business which has long been the glory of Leadenhall will, it is expected, transfer itself to less reputable quarters in St. Martin's Lane. Hitherto the hapless Londoner whose favorite dog had by some mysterious means disappeared, might safely count in nine cases out of ten upon recovering him—often, however, altered beyond recognition by clipping or cropping of ears and tail—if only he were willing to pay a reasonable sum and ask no questions. The new Leadenhall will be too respectable for such a trade to thrive within its borders, and some of the most heterogeneous collections of animal life to be witnessed anywhere will be broken up.

QUOTH THE RAVEN.—In his latest work Mark Twain tells us that, when he was abroad, he wandered into the beautiful Heidelberg woods, and was standing in meditation beneath the pine trees. A raven croaked. He looked up and saw the bird observing him, and felt as a man feels who finds that a stranger has been secretly watching him. "I eyed the raven and

the raven eyed me. Nothing was said during some seconds. Then the bird stepped a little way along his limb to get a better point of observation, lifted his wings, stuck his head far down below his shoulders towards me, and croaked again—a croak with a distinctly insulting expression about it. If he had spoken in English, he could not have said any more plainly than he did say in raven, 'Well, what do you want here?' This was bad enough, especially as Mr. Twain's refusal to bandy words with a raven only encouraged the adversary to the use of what was evidently the most horrible language. But when, not content with this, the raven called to another raven, and the two together discussed Mr. Mark Twain with the most complete freedom, he felt that there was nothing for it but flight.

A SINGULAR TEXT.—Many doubtless remember the style which obtained among ladies some years since, of gathering their hair together and piling it in a stationary mound on the upper portion of the head by the aid of sundry little steel instruments. While this fashion was in vogue, an orthodox clergyman of a certain village, regarding it as an abomination, was determined to use his influence against it and "preach it down." Accordingly, one Sabbath morning, he mounted his pulpit, and gave out as his text, "Top-knot come down;" and in short the congregation were much "exercised," because the worthy pastor had preached from a text not to be found in the Scriptures. On Tuesday they called him before a convocation of the saints for the purpose of making a formal charge against him from his cure. The charge was made, and he was asked if he had aught to say in reply. He mildly remarked that the text was to be found in the Bible; and that if they would hand him one he would point out its location and read it to them. A Bible was given him, and he turned slowly to the place and read, "And let those upon the house—top-knot come down!" A vote of adjournment was then passed.

FANS.—The ever popular and elegant lace fans hold their sway among their newer rivals, and are shown in the finest qualities of point d'Alençon, point à l'aiguille, and Valenciennes. Less extravagant in price, but of equal beauty, are the fans in point appliqué, the newer articles for this season showing larger figures and a bolder design than heretofore. These lace fans are all mounted in cream-tinted mother-of-pearl, either plain or carved in open-work. Hand-painted fans, finely executed in water-colours on kid, are mounted on sticks of mother-of-pearl, adorned with elaborate carvings and gilding, the value of the fan being proportionate to the fineness of the painting and the delicacy of the carving. For a fan by a noted artist almost any price may be paid, as witness the following sums that were given during the past year: For a fan by Edward de Beaumont, 3,000 francs; for Maurice Leloir's "Hussar Gathering a Water-Lily" (a reproduction of the aquarelle purchased by Mr. Schans), 2,000 francs; for Lambert's "Cats," 7,000 francs; and for the "Temptation of St. Anthony," by Louis Leloir, 15,000 francs. These, however, are less to be considered as fans to be carried than as works of art to be hung up in a gallery.

ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.—In the days when it was believed that Hebrew was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden, it was not to be wondered at that the alphabet should be regarded as a Divine invention and a direct revelation made to Adam. In the discussions which arose after the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, a certain Dr. Warr denounced as blasphemous the attempt to trace the human origin of the alphabet. But there are one or two reasons which may justify us in asking fresh attention to the subject on the part of any persons whose opinions were formed twenty years ago. In the first place, the doctrine of Evolution, now accepted by so many naturalists, and found so fruitful of results when applied to other domains, suggests to us a new method of inquiry. Nothing springs into being full-fledged; everything full formed has a growth, and has had a history, the record of which it retains some traces of. Connected with this, yet still separable from it, is the fact that recent ethnological research has traced the parentage of civilized nations to savage tribes, and of the arts and inventions of civilized life to a rude and crude original; so that the origin of the alphabet can no longer be thought of as specially divine. And a third reason is the discovery, in the year 1868, of the famous Moabite Stone, a monumental inscription in the so-called Phœnician character, dating from nearly nine hundred years before Christ, and bringing us nearer, by at least a century and a half, to the earliest forms of our alphabetic letters. The operation of these causes may account for the difference of view between T. J. H., who wrote the article on Alphabets in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," edition 1853, and J. P., who wrote the corresponding article—I mean an article which does not correspond—in the edition of 1875.

NOT A BEVERAGE.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them." Rochester *Evening Express* on Hop Bitters.

LITERARY.

HEINE'S niece, the Princess della Rocca, is about to publish in Italian a volume of "Souvenirs of the Private Life of Heinrich Heine."

It is stated that M. Maurel, the operatic singer, may shortly make his appearance as an author, giving an account of his adventures in England and various European countries.

DR. E. LOWENTHAL will edit a new fortnightly magazine, which is to be started this month in Paris. The magazine will be called "Die Weltbühne," and will be in German.

VICTOR HUGO will publish, on the 15th of this month, a new poem entitled "L'Amc," and of about the same length as his "Pape," "Pitc Supreme," and "Religion et Religions."

"YOUNG IRELAND," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, to be published shortly, is a memoir of the few stormy years in Ireland during which O'Connell was tried and convicted of conspiracy, and Smith O'Brien tried and convicted of high treason.

We are promised a highly interesting book by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled, "The Life of Her Majesty the Queen." The gifted authoress is probably above all others best able to do justice to a biography which will doubtless be of supreme interest.

It is said that Lord Beaconsfield intends to begin the preparation this winter of a final edition of his works, which will be at once select and de luxe. There will be prefaced to this edition an introduction, which will be to some extent a chapter of autobiography.

THE inscription on the Whyte-Melville Memorial Fountain in St. Andrews says: "His writings delighted, his conversation charmed, and instructed, his life was an example to all who enjoyed his friendship, and who now mourn his untimely end."

THE completion of the one hundredth year of its existence, in its present abode, of the Berlin Library was being feted at the end of last month. The library itself is 221 years old, having been founded in 1659. It contains now 700,000 volumes and more than 15,000 manuscripts.

WHILE England is the country of the largest papers, it is said that the smallest paper appears in Canada, viz., the "Madoc Star," a weekly publication, the size of which is 3 inches by 2 1/2 inches. The annual subscription is 2s. The first page contains foreign news; the second, mining news; and the third and fourth, local news.

MR. CARLYLE has now so far recovered from his recent indisposition as to be able to superintend the preparation of the materials for the history of his life. The book will be in the main the joint work of Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle's married niece, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, but will be interspersed with characteristic chapters of autobiography.

MADAME DE REMUSAT'S Memoirs are to be completed by the publication of a collection of the letters of her husband, who as Prefet du Palais under Napoleon had daily intercourse with the Emperor and came into contact with all the principal members of the Imperial Court. The letters, like the memoirs, are edited by M. Paul de Remusat, the grandson of the writer.

"MEN Worth Remembering." A series of popular biographies, under the above general title, is announced by Messrs. Hoddler & Stoughton, to be published at brief intervals in half-crown volumes. The series will include William Wilberforce, Richard Baxter, Philip Doddridge, John Wycliffe, Thomas Chalmers, Henry Martyn, &c., and will be written by Dr. Stoughton, the Dean of Salisbury, Dr. Stanford, Canon Fleming, Dr. Donald Fraser, Canon Bell, &c. The series will be published simultaneously in America.

THE GLEANER.

THE latest introduced decoration for felt hats is an imitation of a tiger's paw in striped and spotted pink with gilt claws. It is neither graceful nor becoming, but has the attraction of novelty.

THE newest gold bracelet imitates a stick of wood, and is anything but pretty. The beautifully-wrought serpent bracelet need not fear this rival, for it neither looks rich nor sets off a well-shaped arm.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, faithful to his hobby—or his mania—writing dramas, pamphlets, and bulky volumes on the miseries of spouses, mistresses, and paramours, has brought out another work, "The Woman who Kills and the Woman who Votes," which, it is said, he wrote in a fortnight.

A VALUABLE addition to the Bibliothèque Nationale has just been completed, which consists of a photographic gallery and studio, in which all the rare and costly designs and other objects that it would not be possible to replace are to be reproduced in photography, to prevent their entire loss by fire or any other calamity. The room is 54 feet by 21, is essentially fire-proof, and lighted by a most ingenious method.

EX-EMPERESS EUGENIE has just bought the Farnborough estate, in Hampshire, close to the borders of the county of Surrey, for fifty thousand pounds. The estate was the property of the late Mr. Thomas Longman, the well-known publisher, and consists of about two hundred and fifty-seven acres, with very fine trees and grounds. The Empress will not go into possession of it until January. She intends to build on the property a memorial chapel to receive the bodies of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial. The Empress lease of Camden Place, Chislehurst, expires in March next.

It is said that Alexandre Dumas, père, owed the first idea of the plot of "The Corsican Brothers" to a romantic incident in the history of those distinguished Frenchmen, Charles and Louis Blanc, veritable Corsican twins, "between whom," says the London World, "from earliest childhood, existed that mysterious sympathy which, wonderful though it undoubtedly is, demands reasonable credence. One of these notable Corsicans was engaged to fight a duel; and the brother, diving peril to his other self, travelled a long distance, without having received warning in any outward form."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 295. J. B., Hartford, Conn., U.S.—Have sent you a postal. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 294. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problems Nos. 297 and 298.

It seems from a letter written by Mr. Shaw, of Montreal, and published in the chess column of the Toronto Globe of the 9th inst., that no other difficulty has occurred among Canadian Chessplayers, but this time it is not in connection with a telegraphic match, but has arisen between two players in a tourney carried on by correspondence. We do not now intend to enter into the particular points of dispute in this matter, especially as we have only heard one side of the question. There will, no doubt, be an answer to the statements of Mr. Shaw, and then after the whole of the circumstances have been made public, we may feel inclined to give an opinion, if necessary.

Inasmuch, however, as the meaning of the regulation limiting a player to fifty moves in order to finish a game of chess is mentioned in the affair, we consider ourselves at liberty to give our view on this point, as there seems to be no great difficulty in arriving at what we think has been so plainly laid down by chess authorities.

Before having recourse to these authorities, we may say that we have always held the fifty move limit to refer to end games, or to the repetition of certain checks, or the same line, or course of play in any contest. We cannot find room here to give the rule from Staunton's Chess Praxis, but must ask the reader to look over it carefully, and, also, read the observations which the author has made on the rule in a subsequent part of the work. It is there stated that "the theory of the regulation is to fix a limit within which every end game can be forced if capable of being won at all."

In an excellent article on Chess in Knight's Cyclopaedia of Arts and Sciences, in speaking of the fifty move limit, the writer says, "If a player remain at the end of the game," &c., &c., thus evidently restricting the rule to the close of a contest, and the same form of expression is found in Staunton's Hand-book.

In a treatise on the game of chess which was published by Sarraff many years ago, the fifty move rule reads as follows:—"At the end of a game, when a player remains with a Rook and Bishop against a Rook, &c., &c., if he cannot checkmate his adversary in fifty moves, the game will be considered a drawn game." We give here what we consider strong testimony in favour of our views on the subject and we must say that we have always seen in actual play the rule enforced in end games, or in order to avoid useless repetitions, but if there is any other theory, we suppose we shall now have an opportunity of seeing it expounded, and should it prove to be more correct than the one we uphold, we shall have much pleasure in being set right in the matter.

We learn from a paragraph in Turf, Field and Farm that the picture of the Wiesbaden Chess Congress which appeared in the Illustrirte Zeitung of Leipzig, has been most eagerly sought for by the Chessplayers of New York.

It should be borne in mind that an excellent copy of this engraving is to be found in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS which appeared on the 15th of last month. It is scarcely necessary to say that it would be a valuable addition to the scrap book of every Canadian Chessplayer.

A match to be conducted by telegraph, is arranged between the Clubs of Liverpool and Calcutta, all the difficulties suggestive of expense having been surmounted by a signal code framed to meet every conceivable emergency, and invented by an ingenious Liverpoolian. There was one word omitted from the code for which the inventor declined to provide an equivalent. It was "resigns," and when reproached with the omission, he owned he had not thought of it. This looks promising. The Liverpool Chess Club, we are pleased to record, is in a highly flourishing condition. The members are provided with a spacious room, and a library superior in completeness to that of any other chess club in England, of which we have had any experience; it consists of 136 volumes, and comprises complete sets of the Illustrated London News, the old Chessplayers' Chronicle, (Staunton's, Brien's and Lowenthal's) the Westminster Papers, Palamede, an original Ray Lopez, all modern works on the game, besides innumerable cuttings from newspaper chess columns.—Illustrated London News.

PROBLEM No. 299. By S. H. Thomas. BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 428TH. (From Land and Water.)

Being one of eight blindfold and simultaneous games played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne some time ago in London, England.

- White. (Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. Kt takes P 5. B to K 3 (a) 6. Kt to Q 2 7. B to K 2 8. B takes Kt 9. Castles 10. R to K sq 11. Kt to K 4 12. B to K B 3 13. Kt to Kt 5 14. Q takes Kt 15. B takes P 16. B to Q 5 17. Q to Q B 4 (f) 18. Kt takes B 19. B takes P 20. R takes R (ch) 21. Q takes P (ch) Black. (Mr. Hughes-Hughes.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P takes P 4. Q to R 5 5. Q takes K P 6. Q to K 2 (b) 7. Kt takes Kt 8. P to Q 3 9. B to K 3 10. Q to Q 2 (c) 11. Kt to K 2 12. Kt to B 4 (d) 13. Kt takes B 14. P to K R 4 (e) 15. R to Q Kt sq 16. R to R 3 17. K to K 2 18. P takes Kt 19. R takes B 20. Q takes R Black resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) A novelty, and one that has a virtuous aspect. (b) Black being reduced to this without having committed any slip, White's fifth move is fully justified. (c) A better move is not apparent. (d) Kt to B third is preferable.

- (e) Evidently perplexed, and naturally so. 14 P to Q B fourth is his best, as he has to select among ill. (f) Calmly strong. Black has no good reply to it.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 297.

- White. 1. K to K B 7 2. Mates acc. Black. 2. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 295.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Q 5 (ch) 2. Kt to K B 7 (ch) 3. Kt takes R (ch, by dis) 4. Kt to K R 7 (ch) 5. Kt to K R 6 (dou. ch) 6. Q to K Kt 8 (ch) 7. Kt mates BLACK. 1. K to R sq 2. K to Kt sq 3. K to R sq 4. K to R sq 5. K to R sq 6. R takes Q

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 296.

- White. K at K 2 Kt at K B 4 Kt at Q 4 Pawns at K Kt 5, and Q B 5 Black. K at K 4 Pawns at K R 2, K B 4, Q 4, Q Kt 2

White to play and mate in two moves.

HICKS' GLASS SIGNS, For Patent Medicines, &c. SHOW CARDS AND PRICE MARKS FOR ALL MERCHANTS. 238 McGill Street, Montreal.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible. SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS, 55 College Street.

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE Canadian Illustrated News MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SNIFFIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES NEW YORK.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY. MONTREAL. Incorporated by Letters Patent. Capital \$100,000. General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange, DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving. Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager

LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract of Meat OF MEAT FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES. CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED) CAPITAL \$200,000, GENERAL Engravers, Lithographers, Printers AND PUBLISHERS, 3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:— 12 POWER PRESSES 1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE, 1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE, 4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES, 2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES, Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EMBOSSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business. All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in the BEST STYLE AND AT MODERATE PRICES. PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings a SPECIALITY. The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN. A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department. Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally. G. B. BURLAND, MANAGER.

The Scientific Canadian MECHANICS' MAGAZINE AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD A MONTHLY JOURNAL Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics. THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION. PUBLISHED BY THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal. G. B. BURLAND General Manager. J. N. BOXER, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Editor. TERMS: One copy, one year, including postage... \$2.00 One copy, six months, including postage... 1.10 Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE. The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarter-page of illustration, including quarter column description, \$10. 10 per cent. off on cash payments. INVENTIONS and MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates. REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal-orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.



The "AIMEE" and "LOTTA."—The newest styles out in Ladies' Walking Hats, price \$1.50 and \$1.75, two cases to hand. Also the "Cigarette" and "Tourist" at reduced prices. Tan O'Shaners and Scotch Caps, a full line in stock.

R. W. COWAN & CO.'S,

CORNER OF

Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.

ROBERT MILLER,

ROOKBINDER

AND

WHOLESALE STATIONER,

15 Victoria Square, Montreal.

RAND McNALLY'S MAP OF ONTARIO, WITH Index, accurately locating on the Map Counties, Islands, Lakes, Rivers, Post Offices, Railroad Stations, and all Towns &c. Paper, 40c; cloth, 60c, mailed. CLOUGHER BROS., Booksellers, Toronto.

SEND 10c to the Queen City Card House, Toronto, Ont., for 25 Pretty Bird and Floral Cards, 25 new Transparent, 25 White Bristol, or 5 neat assorted Cards, with name. 12 Turn down cards, gilt beveled edge, very handsome, 20c. Outfit 10c.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.

Advertising Agents,

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application. Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

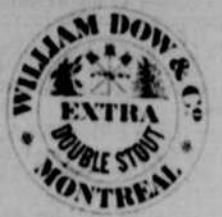
50 TORTOISE, Scroll, Wreath, Chromo, Motto and Floral Cards, 10c. U. S. Card Co., Northford, Ct.



THE COUNTRY ROUND DULCIGNO

MAP OF THE ALBANIAN AND MONTENEGRIN FRONTIER.

WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS and MALTSTERS, MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards, (No 2 50 Alike.) With Name, 10c. 35 Flirtation Cards, 10c. Game of Authors, 15c. Autograph Album, 20c. All 50c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

50 Elegant, all new, Chromo and Scroll Cards, no two alike. Name nicely printed 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

1000 AGENTS WANTED for Visiting Cards, Books, and Novelties. Outfit 3c. Big Profits. 50 gilt edge cards, in case, 35c. Detectives' Club, 30c. Bird Call, 15c. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.



JOHNSTONE'S FLUID BEEF

is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

JOHN McARTHUR & SON, OIL & COLOR MERCHANTS.

PROPRIETORS OF THE CELEBRATED

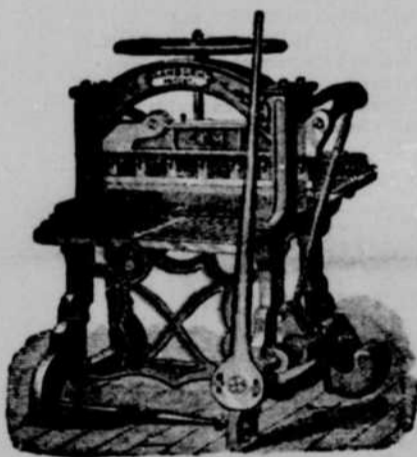


WHITE LEAD. MONTREAL.

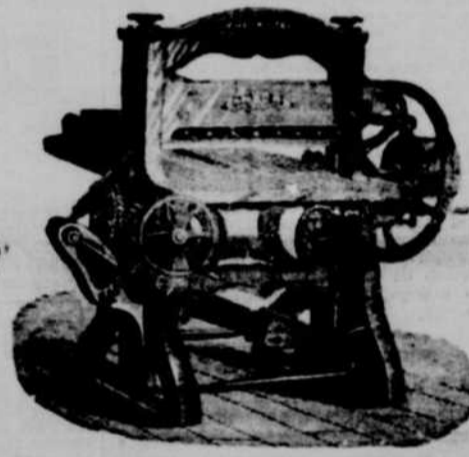
250 MOTTOES and 100 Illustrated Escort & Traveler Cards, all for 15c. West & Co., Westville, Conn.

40 Elegant Cards, All Chromo, Motto and Glass Name in Gold and Jet, 15c. West & Co., Westville, Conn.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau 119 SPRUCE STREET, WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.



THE GEM. 30 inch. 32 inch.



THE STAR. 30 inch. 32 inch. 34 inch. 38 inch. 44 inch. 48 inch.

BOOK BINDERS' MACHINERY PRINTERS' and PAPER BOX MAKERS' NEW YORK, 28 Beekman St. CHICAGO, 77 Monroe St. GEO. H. SANBORN, Standard Machinery Co.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Wednesday, June 23, 1880.

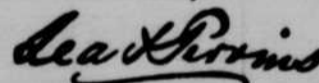
Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.....	1.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull.....	10.30 a.m.	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.....	1.08 a.m.	8.20 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
		Night Passenger	
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	4.40 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	Mixed	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....		6.45 a.m.	
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9.00 a.m.	

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec. Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. All Trains Run by Montreal Time. GENERAL OFFICE, 13 Place d'Armes Square. TICKET OFFICE, 13 Place D'Armes, and 202 St. James Street, Montreal. Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL Quebec. L. A. SENEGAL, Gen'l Supt.

MR. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW (Times Building), NEW YORK, is authorized to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.

In consequence of spurious imitations of LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of 52-13-12 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE MARK. NORTON'S MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

HENRY R. GRAY'S DENTAL PEARLINE!

A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder. Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per bottle, with patent Sprinkler. For sale at all Drug Stores.

W. S. WALKER. IMPORTER OF Diamonds, Fine Watches & Jewelry, ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE, No. 201 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

PROVERBS.	PROVERBS.
"For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters."	"\$300 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."
"Read of procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy and happy."	"Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens and cures continually from the first dose."
"Ladies, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."	"Fair skin, rosy cheeks and the sweetest breath in Hop Bitters."
"The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters."	"Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured by Hop Bitters."
"Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies need Hop Bitters daily."	"Sore stomach, sick headache and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses."
"Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health, perfect wretches from intemperance."	"Take Hop Bitters three times a day and you will have no doctor bills to pay."

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Gray's SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS.