

# Canadian Illustrated News

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ALBRECHT DURER.

FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF IN 1493.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Aug. 14th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880				
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.		
Mon.	80°	60°	70°	Mon.	81°	66°	73° 5
Tue.	76°	62°	69°	Tue.	85°	66°	76°
Wed.	75°	63°	69°	Wed.	80°	66°	74°
Thur.	79°	58°	68° 5	Thur.	80°	69°	74° 5
Fri.	78°	65°	71° 5	Fri.	81°	65°	73°
Sat.	82°	68°	75°	Sat.	80°	64°	72°
Sun.	80°	60°	70°	Sun.	70°	67°	68° 5

NOTICE.

THE PRESENT NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

CONTAINS

POWDER and GOLD,

a story of the Franco-Prussian War, from the German of

LEVIN SCHUCKING.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 20th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

A FREE use of metaphor is an undoubted privilege of the journalist, to whom, above others, lie open the treasures of the English language. We ourselves make use of metaphor at times, though our friends complain on such occasions that we are too deep for them. But no scruples restrain the staff of a dear and valued contemporary from plunging into the very vortex of metaphor if we may so express it, albeit they occasionally find a difficulty in getting out again. Here is a gem from the journal in question. Mr. TRENHOLME succeeds admirably in never opening his mouth without putting his foot into it. Now really, don't you know as Mr. COX remarks in MADISON MORTON'S ever delightful farce, "It strikes me, Mrs. BOUNCER that that is a remarkable stretch either of your imagination, or the gentleman's legs." We have seen acrobats who could do more than Mr. TRENHOLME at a spurt, who could put their feet not only in their mouths, but round their necks, and in various other places where legs do not, strictly speaking, belong. But we never met one of these gentlemen who performed these antics habitually, and we confess we are burning to make the acquaintance of a man who puts his foot in his mouth, not only on occasions, but whenever he opens it.

MUCH dissatisfaction has been expressed in the English papers over the way in which the Volunteers were treated at the late review in Windsor Park, and the want of consideration which was shown in keeping them waiting so long under arms before the review began. We publish in another column an article from the London *World* well worthy the consideration of those who have charge of similar arrangements. It is by no means unusual to

see troops kept waiting for hours under a broiling sun, after having perhaps undergone a considerable amount of fatigue in reaching their destination. If it be an honour for the troops, as it undoubtedly is, to pass in review before their Sovereign, none the less should it be a pride and satisfaction to Her Majesty herself to receive the homage of her army; and that pride cannot be better shown than in the desire to consider the feelings and comfort of the men. *Verbum sap.*

COURT etiquette leads occasionally to somewhat embarrassing situations. When the Princess LOUISE was leaving Windsor the other day for London, she found the royal waiting-room occupied by His Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands. To avoid a breach of etiquette the Princess had to take a seat on the platform until the train backed into the station.

THE musical correspondent of the London *World*, in an exceedingly sensible article, calls attention to the fact to which Italian opera has been reduced. Originally the opera was really and truly Italian, the representation of works of Italian masters produced by an Italian company under a rule Italian conductors even. As such it had a *raison d'être* amongst a people who were willing to submit to a language they could not understand for the sake of the music which was attainable in no other way. Now however it is otherwise. Singers, composers, conductors are no longer exclusively, not even the majority of them, Italian. Of the two new works produced in London last season neither were composed by Italians; not one of the principal singers was Italian, and the works had to be translated into Italian for the benefit of a people who do not understand a syllable of the language. They do things better on the continent. In France they sing French, in Germany German, and it is time that English-speaking people gave up the absurdity to which they have so long accustomed themselves. An English opera is the proper institution for England; Mr. CARL ROSA'S persevering efforts have shown that, in spite of the enormous difficulties he has had to surmount, it is possible to produce English opera, if not profitable in the main, at least without loss, and it is time that a more general movement were made in the direction of a genuine English opera. Meanwhile there is a proposal for a revival of Italian opera in the hands of a great company controlling it for England and the States. Out of evil comes good, and one good at least this company will do, will be to reduce the present exorbitant demands of singers, who, in the competition which has existed of late years, have had prices all their own way. Whether the public will reap any material benefit is however yet to be seen.

THAT truth is stronger than fiction is to-day a truism, and the strange career of a Scotch ship has recently brought to light a history which has not its equal for romantic interest in Captain Marayat. The name of the vessel in question was originally the *Ferret*, and the gentleman by whom she was chartered apparently was not destitute of some of the points of the noble animal after which she was named. Representing himself through a broker as desirous of taking his invalid wife for a six months' yachting voyage he succeeded in obtaining possession of the vessel and supplying her generally with stores at the expense of several shiphandlers and others. Bills were given for these articles, but when they became due, the vessel was nowhere to be found. Enquiries were made by telegraph in all parts of the globe, but the *Ferret* refused to be ferretted out, and was finally given up for lost. So the world went on as usual until one fine day there entered the bay at Melbourne a vessel bearing the name of the *India*. The constable at Queenscliff, with a sagacity unusual in

his kind, appears to have recognized certain "pints" about the *India*, which reminded him of the description of the missing *Ferret*. Suspicion once aroused it was observed that the captain never left her; that the men were never allowed leave on shore; that the fires were always alive, and the ship ready to sail. When evidence enough was obtained, the vessel was surprised and seized; but the pretended owner and the master had decamped. Both were subsequently arrested, one in a remote tow ship where he was hiding, the other drunk in a lodging house in Melbourne. The extraordinary story of the crew is too long to relate in full, and may be recommended to any young writer of fiction in search of a subject for a three volume novel. According to their tale, as soon as they had successfully passed the Straits of Gibraltar, Smith, the pretended owner, who claimed to be a near relative of the First Lord of the Admiralty, had the steamer's funnel, previously white, painted black, and her boats changed from blue to white. The ship's course was at the same time reversed, buckets, casks and other portables bearing the name of the *Ferret* were thrown overboard, and everything had the appearance of piracy. Despatches were also put in the way of transmission, indicating that the *Ferret*, with all on board, had been lost. The crew, who had been strangely blind up to this time, began to grow anxious, and asked for an explanation. SMITH told them he was a political exile from the United States and that it was necessary for him to destroy traces of his existence, and that he had taken this method of doing so. He hoped the crew would help him through; if so, he would pay them handsomely; if not, he would blow their brains out. The crew were apparently satisfied with the one and other equally convincing arguments, and the owner with his wife and the purser, who was in the secret, managed to silence their scruples by arguments equally satisfactory, until the constable at Queenscliff arrested the lot. The name of the vessel had been changed three times amongst other things, and all parties concerned appear to have had an exceedingly cheerful time. The curious fact of the whole affair is, that we are left without any knowledge of the exact motives which prompted the amiable SMITH in his remarkable voyage. Was he one of those

Whose quick ingenious wit  
With legal maxims doth not fit:

and did he seek in the retirement of the ocean to live a peaceful life undisturbed by the insinuating detective or the brutal policeman. Or did he merely want board and lodging for an unlimited period at somebody else's expense. If the latter his wish is likely to be gratified, as the Government will probably undertake to find him all the necessaries of life, and provide him with a healthy retirement and a light though possibly not profitable (in his sense of the word) employment for many years to come.

ROYALTY'S PLAYTHINGS.

The theory of right divine has a vitality against which modern progress combats in vain. There are good honest folk who consider that Royalty, its doings, wishes, and so-called prerogatives are to be spoken of only with bated breath, and that when anointed princes and their remote relatives put down their feet, the trembling universe must yield. Royalty lives an artificial life. It is always wrapped up in cotton-wool. It hears little or nothing of the talk and gos-ip of the great outside world. Should adverse criticism reach its ears, it misinterprets the motives of those who have been roused to speak their minds, and attributes to Radical malevolence that which has been prompted by true public spirit. It claims to be quite above public opinion, and, like the sovereign whose lustre it reflects and from whom it receives its *raison d'être*, thinks that it can do no wrong. Surrounded by obsequious dependents, whose voices never rise above a whisper, and who seem, at least upon the surface, altogether dependent upon their master's good-will, it can never quite realize the real meaning of its duties or the exact limit of its powers. One fiction which has survived the chances and changes of recent years is the notion that Royalty has some sort of personal ownership of

the forces which protect the State. For ages the two services have been deemed the peculiar appanage of the reigning house. So long as the principle is not strained too far, it might be accepted without protest or demur. That young princes should nominally serve their country, and actually qualify for early rank and substantial appointments, has its advantages. The number of our Royal scions is legion already; and to provide for them, even at the expense of meritorious veterans, over whose heads they pass, is only to sacrifice the few for the many, and to relieve, to a certain extent, the great tax-paying community. Of Royal admirals and generals we have a fair share. No doubt within the next half dozen years many other Royal stripplings will be qualifying in the same exalted grades. The prospect is not terrifying, and the spectacle of a future King trudging behind a company, or in command of a man-of-war's boat's crew, is gratifying to our national pride, and not without its effect upon our neighbours as a proof of our practical common sense. If Royal interference with the army and navy, especially with the former, were limited to the premature preferment of a few high-born youths, Royalty might be suffered to follow its ancient lines. But the events of the last week or two make it abundantly plain that one or more prominent members of the Royal Family claim to exercise an intimate and more or less independent control over our troops. There has been much discussion concerning the unhappy casualties at the last Aldershot review. The Duke of Cambridge, when questioned, treated the affair very lightly, and implied that soldiers were meant to be killed. He made no attempt at personal apology, and many listening to his statements might have exonerated him from all responsibility in this unfortunate affair. Nevertheless, he was closely and primarily responsible. He himself repudiates the notion that the day was hot; Gloucester House was no doubt cool enough on that particular morning, and he probably suffered no particular discomfort from the high temperature either between Piccadilly and the station, or at Aldershot after he had mounted his horse and ridden upon the ground. He was apparently oblivious of the fact that the troops had been paraded entirely for his good pleasure, that they had already been many hours under arms when he arrived with the Prince of Wales, that they had come out with empty water-bottles, that the water-carts when summoned were quite unable to discover or overtake the regiments so cleverly handled and moved from place to place. The Duke cannot well be taxed with insensibility. On more than one occasion he has shown himself the soldier's friend. But he appears to have been quite convinced upon this occasion that the Aldershot division existed solely for his own amusement and behoof. A Royal review had been ordered, and a Royal review must take place. Had the day been different, and the Long Valley inundated with torrents of rain, he might have postponed it to save his own coat; but that the troops should suffer from heat which he did not himself feel was scarcely forced in upon his consciousness even after the unwarrantable exposure which terminated in several deaths. He thought, no doubt, that he held these troops in the hollow of his hand; that they were kept at Aldershot, not for public convenience and purposes of instruction, but to be turned out whenever he felt disposed to manoeuvre them, or whenever it might be thought desirable to make a show for the amusement of other Royalties or foreign visitors of high degree.

The Duke of Cambridge is hardly singular in these views. Something similar appears to have been uppermost in the minds of the august personage before whom the great Volunteer Review was held on Saturday last. That our citizen soldiers should have assembled in Windsor Park in such extraordinary numbers for any other reason than Her Majesty's glorification probably never occurred to Royalty. They were in splendid order; perfect in demeanour, precise in movement, and admirably disciplined; many, to be present, had travelled great distances within the previous twelve hours, and had suffered more or less personal inconvenience; but they were surely fully indemnified and rewarded by the great privilege of being permitted to parade where they did. Upon no other grounds can the treatment they received be explained. From fifty to sixty thousand men, after a toilsome morning, were kept waiting in review order for more than an hour. It will be, of course, difficult to fix the responsibility for this inconceivable delay. Several excuses will probably be given, an error in the programme, miscalculation of time for formation, peculiar facility with which the ground was cleared; but the fact remains that the lines stood nearly motionless for an hour within a stone's throw of the Castle-gates. The Volunteers must wait. They had not come there to prove to their fellow-countrymen how firmly and successfully the force had established itself on a military basis, but merely to receive some gracious mark of Royal approval. It is high time that the erroneous impression which made this treatment possible should be removed. The Volunteers are very properly sensible of the high honour conferred upon them in being permitted to march past the Queen, headed in many conspicuous cases by Princes of the blood. But they, like the rest of our military forces, exist for other purposes than to increase State pageantry or to give point to Court ceremonial; and this fact will never be thoroughly realized until the principle is more plainly enunciated that they belong really to the nation, and not to the Crown.—*The World.*

**INTELLIGENT PREPARATION.**

It is coming to be more and more generally admitted that different pursuits in life require different preparations. When the broad outlines of a solid education are laid, it is a great advantage to build upon them, if possible, with a distinct reference to the future occupation. In trying to steer clear of the stern and rigid rule of olden times, which peremptorily decided a young man's future for him, without reference to his taste or talent, we have perhaps drifted into the opposite extreme of leaving the whole subject entirely to his own predilection. Meanwhile there is frequently a great deal of time wasted in studies which, however good in themselves, or however essential to another person, are not such as will best qualify him for his life work. The very multiplicity of branches now taught, and the high degree to which they are carried, compel us to make a very limited selection, as the whole of life itself, however long or vigorous, would be utterly inadequate for even a moderate proficiency in them. Thus most of our higher institutions of learning are now offering different courses of study, and even within the various courses many electives are introduced, thus offering every opportunity for a distinctive preparation for life's duties. This, however, is but one step in this important work. Opportunities are like roads, excellent for the well-informed traveller, but, if used without discretion, likely to lead the wayfarer far away from his destination. How is the young and inexperienced person to know which of these many advantages to take, and which to decline, or how are his friends to advise him? Usually it is left to his own preference, which may have been formed by some trifling and irrelevant influence. Perhaps the attachment to or dislike of some particular preacher has produced a prejudice for or against some special study. Because he hated his Latin preceptor he is sure he can never learn languages, or because he is attached to his teacher of chemistry he is resolved to be a devotee of science, while all the time, perhaps, he may have within him good materials for a linguist, and poor ones for a scientist. Then as to his future work, except in rare instances, the youth is utterly at sea. The cases where a special aptitude for some business or profession is so marked as to be unmistakable are very rare. Whim, impulse, and transitory interest are continually mistaken for talent. Even an actual fondness for one kind of work is not always a sure indication of ability to pursue it. Still oftener it happens that even these faint indications are absent, and the youth rises into manhood, with absolutely no preference as to his future occupation, and drifts into something which chance throws in his way, or which promises an easy time and fair remuneration, but which may possibly be the very thing for which he is least fitted. Yet, could we but discern them, there are certain general indications in the child, which, if watched with care, might point out some definite aim, and suggest some definite preparation. For the most part, these are unnoticed, even by parental affection. Unless they are extraordinarily strong, they fade out for lack of development, and thus we have many men and women whose work is below even the average quality, yet who might have become distinguished in some specific manner had a respectful consideration been brought to bear upon their early indications. For example, a boy will perhaps show a strong and clear notion of locality. He quickly learns the lay of the country around him, keeps in mind the points of the compass, measures distances, knows the nearest road to any given place, and always enjoys his lessons in geography. No one thinks much about it, however, or connects it in any way with his future. He is only a boy, and his attention is directed to many other things. He goes through a prescribed course of study, longer or shorter as may be, but without any special emphasis, and, after that is over, he does not seem particularly adapted for anything. Some casual opening offers itself, which he enters, and he never rises above ordinary success. It has never occurred to his parents, himself, or anyone else, that he might have made an excellent surveyor had his thoughts been directed to the work, and his education managed with that in view. So in other occupations there are certain youths who have it in them to become good physicians, good lawyers, good merchants, good farmers, good mechanics, good teachers, or good artists, but who never fill the positions, because their inherent capacities are never discovered. Eminence in any pursuit is, of course, very rare, but excellence might far oftener be attained were the germs of ability discerned and cultured. The work of the world is spread out in countless directions, and the powers of humanity are able to perform it well and successfully, but the degree to which this will be accomplished must depend largely upon the fitting of each one to his proper sphere of labour. How is this to be accomplished? Certainly not by the old rule of arbitrary authority, ignoring all personal preferences, and as certainly not by the newer notion that throws all the responsibility of so weighty a decision on shoulders too young and frail to support it. What the young need is the help, suggestion, encouragement, and counsel of those older and wiser than themselves, who are yet interested in their welfare. What parents or older friends need is the wisdom, discernment and foresight, to give such aid intelligently and efficiently. It is not generally more affectionate anxiety that is needed, nor more money, nor more opportunity, but more respectful attention to peculiar

aptitudes, more clear-sighted discrimination between transient fancy and permanent ability, more knowledge of the best methods of development, more wisdom in educational plans and preparations for distinctive labour. There are two important studies which, if pursued diligently by competent persons, might in time reach the rank of professions, and meantime afford most valuable instruction, either in the form of books or lectures. One is the study of child nature, with a distinct reference to the discovery of inherent capacities or tendencies, with a view of directing them into appropriate channels. The other is the study how to treat these capacities when found; how to provide for each an education that shall be broad without being diffusive, that shall recognize the need of proportion and balance, without one losing sight of the particular direction in which the special forces of each youth may be conducted to the greatest usefulness. We hardly know which of these two is the most essential. At present both are in their infancy. It is largely a matter of chance now whether the qualities best fitted for any particular work ever find their way into that work, and thus it is that so much poor, shiftless, inefficient labour is palmed off upon the world. All this would disappear if we could learn how to interpret nature in her most delicate touches and to adapt her manifold gifts, so as to meet the ever-pressing wants of humanity.

**FUTURE OF THE WELAND AND ERIE CANALS.**

Whether the facilities of the Welland Canal for passing ocean-built vessels really exist is a matter of doubt. Every boy intrusted with the sale of a horse knows that he will "eat his head off" if he is kept too long before closing a bargain. Every reasonably well-informed shipowner knows that good returns are seldom expected unless the vessel has as many tons capacity as there are miles in her voyage. This "rule-of-thumb law" applies to ocean steamers as well, very few of this craft for the Atlantic service now being constructed of less than 2500 tons measurement. On the chain of the great lakes this rule would require vessels of 1261 tons from Chicago to Montreal, and vessels of 1406 tons from Duluth to Montreal, these figures representing the distance of either route in miles. The present Welland passes vessels of only 600 tons, which thus eat their own heads off long before they reach Montreal, to say nothing of crossing the Atlantic. The only alternative left to the Canadian government, therefore, was to enlarge the Welland and St. Lawrence canals, in order to admit vessels of 1500 to 2000 tons capacity. But while the canals are still in process of enlarging, the ship-builders have constantly increased the size of their vessels, so that the lakes above Buffalo contain numerous craft that are both too long and too deep to enter the Welland when it is strained to its utmost. The larger the vessels, the more profitable they become, and consequently the immense hulls that carry the grain to Buffalo and the Erie Canal are in demand more and more, while the extra expense for the breaking of bulk at that port is more than offset by the thorough fanning of the grain and the diminished tendency to "heat."

Just at this point we are led to note a recent discussion in the Canadian Press in regard to the practicability of navigating the ocean and the lakes with the same bottoms. The result of the discussion is that the most experienced seamen declare ocean and lake bottoms to be two distinct things—a decision which the Canadian government has so far shared as to practically abandon, for the present, the attempt to send deeply laden vessels seaward, relying upon the radical reduction in tolls to force a competition with the canals of New York.

Still other railroad routes in Canada are to contest the carrying trade. The building of the Pacific Railway has been undertaken by a syndicate of English capitalists, and when once completed, it will be a formidable rival of the water routes. Indeed, the chief argument advanced for its construction are based upon the taking of the lion's share in transporting the grain of the Northwest—a claim which, if founded on fact, will close the new Welland Canal from the moment the railway is opened. Connecting at its eastern terminus—Lake Nipistug—with the Canadian railways, the Canada Pacific will find eastern outlets without the aid of the St. Lawrence canals; while, if the Coteau Bridge is built, Ottawa will become a railroad centre, whence diverging lines to the southward will send the traffic to American ports in spite of the proximity and terminal facilities offered by Montreal.

The great trunk lines of the United States have also asserted their right to a proportion of the carrying trade. Rolling stock has been marvellously increased, terminal facilities have been established or improved at every Atlantic port where transhipment is necessary, and the great Northwest—American and Canadian alike—the granary of the world, tapped by a Northern Pacific Railway, sends its products to the seaboard. America is the granary of the world, according to the following ratio: United States, 150; France, 105; Russia, 80; Germany, 45; Spain, 42; Italy, 39; Austria (with Hungary), 39; Great Britain, 38.

A few figures tell the story of transportation more briefly than words. The five great Atlantic ports—considering Montreal as such—are New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore,

and Montreal. Between the years 1873 and 1880, New York, with all its railways and its lake and canal navigation, has dropped from sixty per cent. to fifty-one per cent. of the whole amount of grain received at the above-named ports. Within the same period Montreal with better canals but poorer railroads, has varied greatly, but now drops to 7.5 per cent. On the other hand, the three remaining ports, supplied exclusively by rail, have steadily increased, as may be seen by the following table, the data for 1876 not included:

	1873	1874	1875	1877	1878	1879	1880
New York	53.4	57.8	53.7	59.7	59.7	49.1	51.1
Boston	6.2	5.5	7.4	8.2	7.4	9.9	10.9
Philadelphia	14.5	11.9	13.8	13.2	15.4	14.2	14.3
Baltimore	9.1	11.6	11.8	15.0	16.3	20.1	17.1
Montreal	10.9	7.1	8.2	8.2	5.2	6.7	7.5

Although New York has not succeeded in holding the proportion of the sum total of grain reaching the sea-board as compared with 1874 and 1877, yet it holds its own with Montreal. And when we consider the sources of supply, we find that during the last season of navigation (1880) the receipts of grain at New York were fifty-six and a half million bushels by rail, sixty-nine and a half million bushels by canal, and four million bushels by river and coastwise—the largest business ever done on the State waterways. The canal men take courage from these figures and predict a very prosperous season for 1881.

With the interests of the whole people guarded against further encroachments by the land routes, and with the early completion of enlarged waterways on both American and Canadian soil, the outlook for a cheaper transportation of breadstuffs bids fair to be bright. The greater the facilities for shipping grain, the better for all lake ports east of Toledo and Detroit; and the less temptation will the prairie farmer have to burn his corn for fuel because its worth to him is ten cents, while in Liverpool the expense of carrying has increased to one hundred and three cents. Competition is the life of trade; and no rail routes, present or prospective, no improved Erie, no enlarged Welland, and no Mississippi route, can hope to secure a monopoly of the carrying trade. In bringing about this result, as we have seen, the great waterways are performing—and will perform—a most important part.—FREDERICK G. MATHER, in *Harper's*

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

THE picture of Albrecht Durer, which occupies the place of honour this week, is from a recently-discovered portrait of himself taken in the year 1493. The picture is now in the possession of Herr Eugene Felix in Leipzig, and has attracted a great deal of interest as the only authentic portrait we possess of the great master, in addition to its value as a painting from his own brush.

THE beautiful silhouettes of animal life by F. Specht, several of which have been already published in the NEWS, have attracted general attention, and we make no apology for adding to the collection this week.

A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.—On one of the warmest of summer days in London, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a garden party at Marlborough House, which was honoured with the presence of Her Majesty the Queen. Her Majesty was accompanied by Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, and was attended by the Countess of Erroll, the Hon. Ethel Colclough, Lieutenant-General Lynedoch Gardiner, and Captain A. Bigge. His Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands, their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, with their Royal Highnesses Princesses Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret of Prussia, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck) and his Serene Highness the Duke of Teck were present at this entertainment. It affords the subject of a page engraving this week.

THE parade of the firemen on the Champ d'Mars last week is represented by a page drawing of our special artist. The men looked well, and their appearance satisfied all present that whatever fault may be found with the management of the Department, the firemen of Montreal are as fine a set of men to-day as ever, and ready to emulate the noble deeds of their predecessors in the Department.

THIS week we give two engravings of scenes in British Columbia. Mount Baker is the only volcanic mountain known in British North America, and has an interest of itself from this fact. The other engraving is a view taken on the Fraser River, B. C.

MR. A. D. PATTERSON'S PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR CROFT.—On another page we give an engraving (from a drawing by the artist) of Mr. Patterson's successful portrait of the late Professor of Chemistry of University College. The portrait bears the inscription:

Henry Holmes Croft, D.C.L., F.C.S.,  
Professor of Chemistry,  
1842—1880.

The Professor, who has now taken up his residence in Texas, was known all over Canada, and his evidence as to the presence of poison, in

murder cases, has on several occasions led to the conviction of the prisoner. His occupation, whilst testing for arsenic, might appropriately be termed "a question of life or death" (for the accused). With his classes he was very popular, and this portrait is a gift from the graduates to the university. Mr. Patterson's work in portraiture since his return to Canada has been such as to win for him, although a young man, a place in the first rank of our portrait painters, and we are glad to be able to present the public with a specimen of his work. Mr. Patterson undoubtedly has a future before him in art, and we hope that his recent success in Toronto may induce him to remain amongst us.

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

IN our intercourse with others we should endeavour to turn the conversation towards those subjects with which our companions are professionally acquainted; thus we shall agreeably please, as well as innocently flatter, in affording them the opportunity to shine.

You need not fear for the manhood of a good boy. If the lithe fellow looks into your eyes and speaks the honest truth, if he is respected by those who deserve respect, brave when he should be brave, and yet with no shame of being gentle, thank Heaven, and do all you can to keep him so; but have no fear. As vices strengthen, so do virtues. The good boy is more than likely to be a better man.

A PRETTY woman generally knows she is pretty, and counts upon the effect her beauty produces upon the other sex. Isn't it strange that she never knows when she is the other thing? We can all put up with a good deal of simpering nonsense from a pretty girl, but a homely damsel must deport herself with straight-laced decorum or she makes herself ridiculous. Perhaps it is unfair, but the world will have it so, and it stands an inexorable law.

THE talker who insists upon entering into tiresome details on every subject is generally considered a bore. In that way, some excellent people make themselves disagreeable to others. Many housekeepers have this fault. It is foolish of them to make their work the subject of conversation at all the meals, and at the occasions for social intercourse in the evening hour, for it irritates the husband and children, although all are too respectful to say so. Women would do well to examine themselves in regard to this point, and avoid a persistent habit of telling over how much they have done. On the other hand—for we like fair play—the husband should not forget that his wife is a faithful worker, and to give her an encouraging word now and then. If a man should make an appreciative remark, a wife would be foolish then to tire him with relating the details, while he would be careful not to express himself again. Bear and forbear, and a careful study of one another's necessities for sympathy is needed to make domestic happiness. The wife should not expect too much estimation of her labour from her husband; neither should he leave her to struggle alone with her side of difficulties of household life, especially where there is a family of children. He should ever be ready with advice and help.

**HUMOROUS.**

HOME is dear to every man's heart. He knows he can go there when all the other places are closed.

A SIGN on an academy, Aberdeen, reads: "Freeman and Huggs; Freeman teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls."

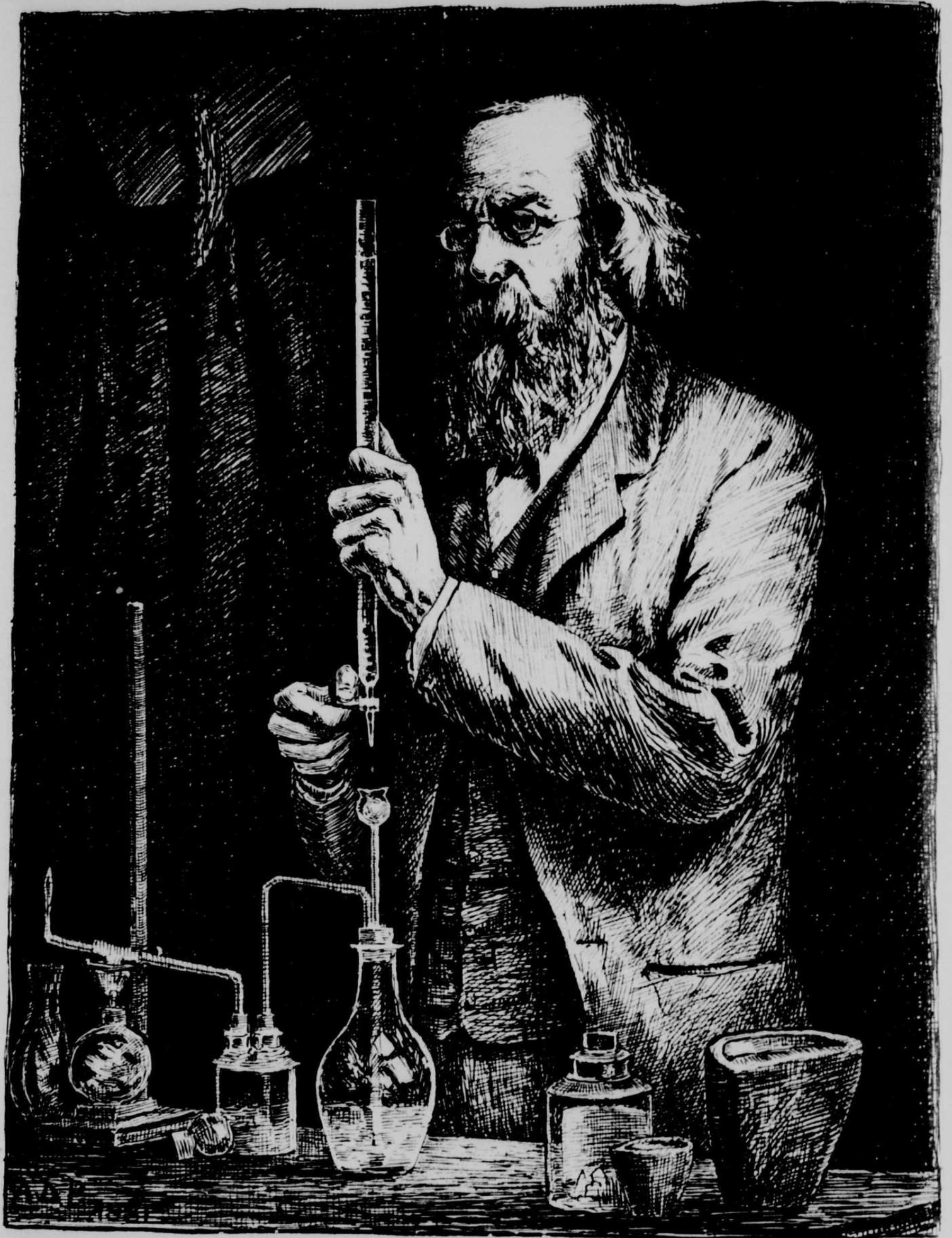
"I SHOULD oppose my mother's marrying again," said the son of a widow; "I'm willing she should have a beau now and then, but I'll not permit a step farther."

A LAWYER says that a convenient way of testing the affections of your intended is to marry another woman. "If she don't love you, you will find it out immediately."

THE train had just rolled into the station, and little Charley stood listening a moment to the sound of escaping steam. Then, turning to his father, he said, "Pa, the engine's all out of breath, ain't it?"

AN old lady residing in Dumfries was known often to employ her wet Sundays in arranging her wardrobe. "Preserve us!" she said on one occasion, "another guide Sunday. I dinna ken when I'll get these drawers red'd up."

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A trifling indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of confirmed dyspepsia, and there is no fact in medical science more positively ascertained or more authoritatively asserted than that dyspepsia is the parent of a host of bodily ills, not the least of which is contamination of the blood and the maladies of which that is the direct consequence. Their original cause is, however, thoroughly eradicated from the system by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a medicine which only requires regularity and persistence in its use to cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is contained in it, and though its action is thorough in cases of costiveness, it never produces gripping pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the bowels like a violent purgative. It invigorates the system through the medium of the increased digestive and assimilative activity which it promotes, and is also a most efficient remedy for kidney complaints, scrofulous and all diseases of the blood, female weakness, &c., &c. Price, \$1.00. Sample bottle, 10 cents. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.



"THE ARSENICAL TEST."—PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR CROFT, D.C.L., F.C.S.—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. D. PATTERSON, TORONTO.



*Specht*

SCENES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—SILHOUETTES BY F. SPECHT.

## ONE DAY OF GLADNESS.

One day of gladness makes amends  
For all the ill's misfortune sends,  
As one full-leaved and perfect flower  
Rewards us for each anxious hour.

Even as the sunshine floods the plain,  
And dries all traces of the rain,  
So joy upon our path appears,  
And leaves no vestiges of tears.

Though sorrow to our side may slip,  
And give us close companionship,  
While round about deep shadows fall,  
One day of gladness brightens all.

With cheerful glow it reaches far  
Beyond the light of moon or star,  
Shining long after day is done,  
Brightly as Norway's midnight sun.

Though we with favoured ones abide  
Serenely on life's sunny side,  
One day more beautiful and blest  
Exceeds in splendour all the rest.

Or when the past is in review,  
And cares seem many, comforts few,  
How are the troubles that annoy  
Extinguished by a gleam of joy.

For all the sorrows of this life,  
For all the sufferings and strife,  
In bliss that earthly bliss transcends,  
The glad hereafter makes amends!

## POWDER AND GOLD.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE UHLANS.

We paused upon the summit of a range of hills, from whence the broad, well-paved highway—bordered on each side with fruit trees and small round beds of mignonette—sloped down into a deep, circular valley. It was a wide-spreading, many-coloured landscape, but dream-like and unsubstantial, as if it did not belong to the actual world—green fields, the moss-covered roofs of village houses, verdant copses, here and there the gleaming water of a river meandering through the valley in the distance; on the opposite shore fields and vineyards and softly rounded hills tinged with hues of deepest violet, while behind them rose the dark blue peaks of distant mountains, over which the evening sky poured a rosy light. And over all a deathlike stillness! Whenever I see a landscape for the first time outspread before me in the gathering twilight, it always seems like a portion of the primeval world, as yet untouched, undiscovered by man, and rouses all manner of vague dreams within me. It is merely the overmastering power of the impression made by Nature, which bids us forget human beings and their history in the vast expanse of the universe.

True, I had now very little time or opportunity for such reveries. We brought plenty of life and activity into the quiet landscape before us. With us war, keen, alert war, entered the peacefully slumbering valley; the impatient snorting of our chargers resounded along the silent, deserted road; bridles and stirrups rattled; sabres clanked against the flanks of our horses, whose hoofs rang on the pavement; while over our heads the black and white pennons of our lances fluttered in the evening breeze.

There were about a dozen men in our party, of which I, at that time sergeant, was in command. Always gay, vigorous fellows, but today excited to almost wild spirits by the glorious autumn weather, they did not grumble because, while the squadron of cavalry to which we belonged was comfortably quartered at a little city about half a mile away, we were compelled to ride a considerable distance further.

We were, so ran our orders, to occupy Chateau Giron. A stone bridge must be crossed which spanned the river, and on the opposite side of the bridge the road we had followed crossed another which led along the upper Oignon to Besançon, while our highway continued straight on to Mompelgard. Chateau Giron, overlooking the bridge arching the little river and the crossing of the two roads, was thus by no means an unimportant post. I had received orders to occupy the place and send out scouts along the opposite shore of the Oignon, while the main body of our army in our rear pushed on to Gray and Besançon. Our division was behind us, in the little city of Noroy, on which place we were to fall back if attacked by a superior force of Franc-tireurs.

That the neighbourhood was by no means free from these bands we obtained a proof that very evening. When we had ridden about fifteen minutes longer we suddenly saw, on reaching the top of a piece of rising ground, a troop of these blue-frocked militia in the valley below. They were too far away for us to see their uniforms distinctly, but the barrels of their muskets glittered in the last rays of the setting sun as they rushed at full speed down an avenue which led from the right-hand side of the highway to a lordly looking building. In the centre of the group was a cloth-covered waggon drawn by two horses, harnessed one before the other. We could see the men constantly urging the animals on to prevent them from slackening their pace. There were about ten or twelve in the party, headed by a horseman in whom one of our Uhlans, who rejoiced in the possession of a field glass, recognized the uniform of a gendarme.

From the anxiety they displayed to get the cart into a place of safety, we supposed it to

contain wounded men—or, perhaps, women and children living in the neighbourhood, who, terrified at the sight of the pennons on our lances, wished to reach some place where they would be protected from the German barbarians. The whole party disappeared among the outbuildings of the mansion.

This manor must be Chateau Giron, the very house we were ordered to occupy. If the flying band should enter and defend it, we had the prospect of a little skirmish before either men or animals could obtain repose. Still, it was not very probable that they would dare to face the dreaded Uhlans. Their flight through the avenue indicated the most abject fear.

We therefore quietly pursued our way, reached the avenue, and entered it. I sent two scouts forward, who, after reconnoitering the chateau, returned with the intelligence that there was no enemy to be seen, and all was apparently safe. Our party halted before the iron-barred door of the castle; a very sulky-looking man in a blue blouse opened it, revealing a turf-grown court, behind which rose the chateau. At the top of the flight of steps stood a group of persons curiously watching our approach, among whom I perceived the tall, slight figure of a young lady and the black robes of a priest.

At the right of the court-yard, in one corner, where a low wall with a small grated door connected the chateau with one of the adjoining buildings, stood a cart, which seemed as if it could be none other than the one we had seen surrounded by the flying Franc-tireurs; but of them no trace remained.

I rode forward to the steps of the castle; the priest, a man still in the prime of life, with sharp features, pale complexion, and that side-long glance from his dark eyes which rather warns against than inspires confidence, descended to meet me. At the same time I saw the lady turn away and enter the chateau, yet the movement bore no resemblance to flight; she walked across the short space occupied by the broad landing and disappeared within the open doorway as quietly as if our business was an everyday affair which she could easily entrust to other hands.

"What do you desire, gentlemen?" said the priest, pausing on the lowest step and speaking in excellent German, though with something of the Alsatian dialect.

"War, reverend sir," I answered, springing from the saddle, "brings various guests; here are twelve steeds and twelve riders, I myself am the fatal thirteenth; for the horses we want provender and stabling, for the riders food and quarters. I know not how long we shall remain, but hope that it may be long enough to show you what agreeable, unassuming people we are if kindly and cordially received."

The countenance of the priest visibly lengthened during this communication, and became if possible a shade paler. I also observed that the group of persons on the steps above me, apparently servants, betrayed considerable emotion, and whispered together as if terrified. There must have been several among them who understood German.

"Do you expect to be quartered here for several days?" asked the priest in a much lower tone than he had at first spoken.

"You need fear nothing on that account," I replied, "unless you have the company of Franc-tireurs, whom we saw yonder, concealed in the house. In that case, before we take up our quarters, there must be some slight disturbance of the quiet of the household, with which otherwise we should not dream of interfering."

"Oh, no," replied the priest; "that band fled before you, and ran through our gardens to reach the opposite bank of the Oignon; perhaps they have even made the bridge impassable, for their better protection."

"So, so," said I, fixing my eyes steadily upon his face. "Strange, then, that they did not follow the highway directly over the bridge, but chose the very roundabout course through this court-yard and castle."

The priest shrugged his shoulders.

"What did they have in that cart?"

"Their knapsacks, their ammunition—"

"And left them here for safekeeping?"

"Only the cart. They took the cart and two horses from here yesterday morning, and left them on the way back; the contents they divided and took with them."

"Your Franc-tireurs are remarkably honest people," said I; "in a hasty flight before us they do not hesitate to take a roundabout way to replace the cart in the possession of its owner, and are not satisfied to send it under the care of the driver, but accompany it themselves, for greater security, till they see it safely restored."

"It seems to me very natural that they should have taken the circuitous way," replied the priest; "if they had kept to the high road you would have soon overtaken them, while by running through our gardens and groves they were safe from the pursuit of horsemen."

The remark was true, and admitted of no reply. My comrades, who had dismounted long before and looked under the canvas covering of the cart, confirmed the statement that it had been unloaded; nothing was left but a few old muskets with flint locks, some horse blankets, fragments of bread and cheese, old newspapers, a canteen covered with green cloth, and a scarlet military cap.

There was certainly no prize here to trouble ourselves about any further, and we turned to inspect the stables in a low building on the right; over them, in the story above, were four or five rooms for grooms or servants; the man

who had opened the door showed them to us, and after we had ordered the farm horses to be led out and our own brought in, we took possession of them; and really no better little barracks than those in which we found quarters could be desired in case of an alarm—the horses below, the men above, and all close together. For myself and the faithful fellow soldier whom the officer calls his orderly, and the subaltern his "Putzkameraden," I asked permission to select better quarters within the main building, and as soon as we entered the house, found a beautiful, richly furnished reception-room on the ground floor, behind which was a guest-chamber with a curtained bed and a small ante-room adjoining, which I assigned to my companion that he might be close at hand. The priest, who accompanied me, seemed to be very much annoyed by this selection; perhaps he thought it extremely presuming that I should take possession of the room without any further ceremony; but I did not trouble myself about that, and informed him what further hospitality we required.

An hour later a good and substantial supper was served in the large servants' hall near the kitchen. A man waited upon us, for the women servants did not even show themselves for a moment; when we had about finished the meal, after the keenest edge of our appetites was blunted, and the weariness engendered by our long ride began to make itself doubly felt, the priest entered; he approached me, and bowed, and asked, in a low, well-modulated voice, whether we were satisfied, or if we desired anything more. So saying, he drew a chair forward and placed it beside mine at the upper end of the table as if to prepare for a longer conversation.

"We are always satisfied, reverend sir," I replied, "whenever we are received with the kindness manifested by your question. Will you allow me to offer you some wine?"

The priest accepted it, but declined the cigar I proffered.

"You are Uhlans?" said he, casting a searching glance at the honest, fair-complexioned German faces of my twelve comrades.

"You can see that by our uniforms."

"I have never been able to learn from what part of Germany the Uhlans come, nor," he continued with some hesitation, "what religion they profess."

A loud peal of laughter was the immediate response, although I made every effort to suppress it; but the reverend gentleman did not seem at all offended.

"The Uhlans," interrupted a wild young volunteer, who had graduated first in his class a few weeks before, and instantly entered the army, "the Uhlans are a lost branch of the ancient Huns, who retreated to the fastnesses of the Hartz mountains when Attila was defeated in 451; these indomitable bands took refuge with their national deities on the Blockberg, and there led a wild life—always in the saddle and on the backs of their horses, where they were born, married and died. A wonderful nation, says Tacitus in his Germania—great by its rough virtues. As for their religion, I regret to be forced to acknowledge, with a blush, that they were converted to Arianism under the Emperor Valens. They are all Arians, who, as you are probably aware, do not believe in the divinity of Jesus."

This explanation was given in the most quiet tone and matter-of-course manner imaginable, but was again received with shouts of laughter.

"If," continued this wag in cavalry uniform, without being in the slightest degree disturbed by it, "the circumstance that they, with heretical obstinacy, refuse to accept the decision of the Council of Nice does not render them unworthy of your interest allow me to add, as an additional peculiarity of this primitive people, that among their national characteristics they still retain a wonderful sagacity which converts their lances, apparently provided simply with a smooth point and black and white pennon, into a famous divining rod, which, however, does not remain stationary where a spring of water will gush forth, but where good wine is concealed in the deep vaults of cellars. My comrades will certify that we can do wonders with them in spite of our heresy."

"Farceur!" muttered the priest, "buffoon!" while the rest of the party again burst into peals of laughter.

"Do not take my comrade's jokes amiss," said I; "we sometimes meet in France with such singular ignorance of German customs, and strange ideas of our country, that it is natural to return such assaults with jests."

"I am sorry," replied the priest, "that my question concerning the origin of the Uhlans betrayed such ignorance as to excite the mirth of these gentlemen, but at least I have learned that this primitive nation possesses, besides its warlike capacities, remarkable book knowledge; we are not accustomed to hear our soldiers talk of Attila, Arianism, the Emperor Valens, and the Council of Nice! Are all your comrades equally learned?"

"I cannot answer for that," I replied, laughing; "it is not at all impossible, however, that one or more among us may be president of some university—always excepting myself. The only thing I ever gave to literature was a sufficiently tedious doctor's dissertation."

"Ah! You are a doctor! a doctor—and—a non-commissioned officer! How can that be?"

"He is doctor of laws, non-commissioned officer, baron, and referendary," interrupted the "buffoon," "a man who from the crown of his

head to the sole of his feet is thoroughly loyal—or in the canting, categorical style, 'in his conduct to his native land, king, and'—"

The remaining eleven knights of my round table probably understood very little of this flowery nonsense, which, however, did not restrain them from bursting into fresh shouts of laughter. I saw by the expression of the priest that he was hesitating whether to remain longer as the butt of these jests, or withdraw; but as I wished him to stay in order to obtain some information concerning our hosts, I hastily interrupted the "buffoon" by turning to the abbé with the question—"You are the chaplain, or perhaps a tutor, in this household?"

"You would naturally suppose me to be the chaplain," he replied; but if you desire an explanation of the reason I fill the position of master—"

"The owner of the chateau is absent?"

"He is dead; Herr Kuhn died three years ago."

"Was he a German?"

"A native of Alsace; he had—what do you call it, manufactures?—in the Department of the Upper Rhine. Chateau Giron belonged originally to his wife, who is a French lady."

"And does she live here? I think I saw her on the steps when we arrived."

"You are mistaken," said the priest; "Madame Kuhn is an invalid; she is lame and scarcely able to leave her chair, which is the reason that she was obliged to remain in this unprotected dwelling on the approach of the German troops."

"She will not suffer in consequence; the best protection that she could desire will be afforded her by our consideration for the presence of an invalid lady."

The priest responded by a slight bow.

"And the tall young girl whom I saw?"

"Is Mile. Kuhn, who has remained here to take care of her mother."

"Ah! that is very brave!"

"That she should do her duty?"

"That she should not fear us—but to be sure, why should she, since she is really a German lady?"

"Ah!" said the priest, smiling; "Mademoiselle Kuhn is a thorough Frenchwoman—was educated in a French convent, and is a very enthusiastic partisan of France, a very bitter opponent of the Germans."

"And you," I interrupted, "who speak German, and therefore must probably be somewhat acquainted with Germany, can you do nothing to make these ladies think more impartially?"

"Can women think impartially?"

"Do you emphasize impartially or think?"

"Both, perhaps," he replied, sipping his glass of wine.

"As Lessing says, 'A woman who thinks is as strange a creation as a man who paints;' but since in France men are accustomed to paint—if not their persons, their conduct and course of action, with fine-sounding phrases, the women might also begin to think."

"Of what advantage would that be?" said he. "They will always think as some personal feeling or experience of their heart sways them, and nothing will divert them from that idea or teach them to judge impartially."

"And is Fraulein Kuhn led by any experience of her heart to hold an unfavourable opinion of the Germans?"

His silence seemed to imply that the question was somewhat indiscreet; I therefore continued, more rapidly: "I see that there is nothing better for us Germans to do than to try and make moral conquests, should we remain here long enough."

"If you have that aim in view you will find no very impregnable outer fortifications," said the priest.

"So much the better," I interrupted, laughing. "for then our campaign can be conducted with the most absolute stillness, which of course you must desire for the invalid lady. But are you sure that your Franc-tireurs may not disturb this repose, perhaps to-night? Your sympathies are entirely with them, but for your own sake you should not desire to have this house the scene of a nocturnal surprise and struggle; even if we were crushed by a superior force, our troops would soon be here to avenge us, and the most terrible consequences would ensue for Chateau Giron—it would be destroyed, razed to the ground, and its inhabitants—"

"You may be perfectly at ease on that score," interrupted the priest, looking at me with an expression of evident terror. "We do not think that there are any Franc-tireurs in the neighbourhood, but should such parties appear, which could not happen without our knowledge, we should consider it a duty to you as our guests to warn you of their approach."

"I could ask no more than that," I replied, holding out my hand to the priest, who had risen to take leave.

He took it, and left the room, bowing to the descendants of the Uhlans, who had been talking loudly and noisily together during our conversation.

"You have struck up a great friendship with that suspicious-looking black-coat, Herr Bernold," said one of the Uhlans. "I would not trust him across the street."

"It is the old affinity between the ecclesiastic and the knight!" exclaimed the talkative student. "The nobleman uses the priest as the shepherd does the dog."

"And if you indulge in such improper language towards your commanding officer, my dear Glaurath, I will order you as a punishment

to spend the night in the cart the Franc-tireurs left behind them. Meantime you can accompany me on a reconnoitering excursion which I intend to make along the banks of the river before going to rest. The others can go to their quarters, but do not forget to look after the horses; they have probably eaten their provender by this time and must need to be watered."

CHAPTER II.

MADemoiselle Kuhn.

The moon was pouring its rays over castle, court-yard and gardens. I turned towards the latter, which lay behind the chateau along the shore of the river; for I wished to walk down to its banks to ascertain whether our Franc-tireurs had fled to the opposite shore and thence escaped into the mountainous country on the other side, by means of a ferry or stationary bridge. If such were not the case they might still be concealed in the neighbourhood, and we must be on our guard despite the assurances of the priest.

The pleasure grounds which we entered were very beautiful, and so far as we could distinguish by the uncertain moonlight, extremely well cared for. A wide lawn, then a deep valley, with fountains whose spray dashed over the marble figures of Tritons and Nereids coldly gleaming in the moon's rays; beds of flowers growing in great luxuriance, and walks enclosed by low palings or neatly clipped hedges; the bluish light shimmered upon the long glass roof of a hot-house on the right-hand side of the grounds, while on the left a similar building was dimly visible in the dense shadow.

We had been talking in an undertone as we walked along between two yew hedges about four feet high, which led to a grove under whose lofty tree-tops and dark, drooping boughs wound a long avenue. Glauroth suddenly stopped, as if listening.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Hush!" he whispered; "I heard a noise as if some one were cocking a gun."

"Ah! in what direction?" He stepped hastily aside, and the next moment was standing by the hedge on the right hand, leaning far over it.

"Ha! just look here, Bernold!" he exclaimed.

I was already beside him. A man who must have been stooping under the hedge rose just as Glauroth caught him by the collar. He was dressed in a blouse, was apparently a servant, and unarmed. A short pipe, which he held in his hand, was the only weapon he carried.

"Who are you? What are you doing here? Why are you crouching under this hedge?" I shouted in French.

He stammered a reply which I did not understand, but I was sure I recognized him. It was the same sulky-looking man who had opened the grated door for us so reluctantly that very day.

"Where is your gun? You snapped the trigger of a musket."

"Pardon, monsieur, I never thought of doing such a thing, for I have no musket!" he exclaimed, raising his pipe. "I only did so," he added, lifting the cover with his thumb and clapping it down again.

"It is the same noise," said my young companion.

"And it was very stupid in me," added the groom reluctantly. "I only thought that the fire from my pipe, which I had just lighted, might shine through the hedge, and so I clapped down the cover."

"But why were you keeping watch here, and why did you crouch out of sight so timidly at our approach?"

"I am watching for the martens, which steal the fruit from us," said he. "I am not afraid of the gentlemen," he added, sulkily; "I only sat down because I was tired. It was natural enough not to wish to be seen; I had no desire to be exposed to such an examination as you have just made—here in our own gardens too!"

I interpreted this reply to my companion, Glauroth, who had learned just French enough in his classes to understand it when clearly printed in a book, but not if spoken before him. His opinion was the same as my own, that the man was hardly concealed there for the sake of the martens; for on such an eventful day as this must have been to all the inhabitants of the castle, they would have something else to think of than the disappearance of a few pears and apricots.

"You were waiting for the Franc-tireurs," I said, "and intended to guide them to the chateau that they might surprise us!"

He looked at me from under his gray eyebrows with an angry, malicious glance, and said: "You are mistaken, monsieur; the Franc-tireurs are a miserable rabble, with whom we have nothing to do. If they had really come"—he turned his head suddenly towards the entrance of the avenue as he spoke, and then continued, in a tone much louder than before, but again looking me in the face, "I should have shouted, *Où a vous reculer, en arrière, allez-vous en, the Prussians are here.*"

"And why do you say that so loud, sly-boots?" exclaimed Glauroth, again seizing him by the collar.

I turned in the direction towards which the man had glanced, the entrance of the avenue, and—was it illusion or reality?—thought I distinguished a dark figure moving among the

dense shadows, which gliding back the next instant was lost to view among them.

"We will take the man between us; he shall accompany us and guide us to the river," said Glauroth.

I assented to the proposal.

"Forward!" I exclaimed to our prisoner; "go down to the river with us."

"I will do no such thing," he answered, sulkily; "I—I have nothing to do with the grove, and I want to go to sleep."

"You will go with us, as we order you."

"And if I won't?"

"It is evident that he will not leave his post of observation here," cried my companion. "It would be a good thing if we—"

"Hush," said I, turning as I heard steps behind us—the same figure which had glided into the shadow of the grove was appearing; light steps grated on the gravel walk accompanied by the rustle of silk, and announced the approach of a lady, and in truth a young girl suddenly emerged from the leafy shadows into the bright moonlight.

We both stared in astonishment at the slight, graceful figure and delicate, regular features—we could distinctly see the beautiful oval of the face. A black lace veil was carelessly thrown over the head; the dress, too, was black, for the moon shone brightly on its folds.

She slightly raised her right arm as she approached, as if to impose silence, and said slowly in German, but with a strong French accent:

"Release the man, release him, he is our gardener; what do you want of him?"

The words were uttered with an evident tone of indignation.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said I, bowing; "we found him in a manner which was strongly calculated to arouse our suspicions; he concealed himself and refused to guide us."

"Both proceedings were very natural," she interrupted in one of those voices that are peculiarly attractive to me—pure as silver and yet extremely sweet, though now tremulous with emotion; "I had ordered him to stay there. I wished to know that some one was close at hand while I took a walk in the garden."

"In that case," I replied, "we must again ask your pardon for this disturbance; we could not expect—we should be very sorry if in your own grounds—for I presume that I am addressing the mistress of this beautiful mansion—we had annoyed"—

"Oh! you will surely pardon us," interrupted Glauroth with his intolerable talkativeness; "you have yourself been allured out of doors by this lovely moonlight; therefore we may be permitted to hope that you will make allowances for the German sentimentality which irresistibly drew us forth this dewy, odorous moonlight night, in which we might well have expected to meet the elfin queen but not the"— I felt that he was on the point of paying some ill-timed compliment, and hastily interrupted him with: "And as a token of your forgiveness, mademoiselle, allow us to accompany you through the gardens back to your chateau."

The proposal was in truth somewhat presuming, and the young lady made no reply, but turned as if to move on, thereby granting at least an implied consent that we should accompany her.

"You speak of German sentimentality," she said, "while bringing war and all its horrors upon us, now when the motive of the war has been removed. Is that German principle?"

She pronounced the word with an infinitely bitter, mocking intonation, which roused me to reply very earnestly: "Certainly, mademoiselle; never was a war more a matter of principle than the one we are now waging against France. Is the impetuous enthusiasm with which all Germany rushed to this war not a matter of principle? Is the wild longing of every German heart to reconquer our lost provinces and reunite them to the strong German trunk—the pure German race, their native land—not a matter of principle?"

"And is it not, above all, a matter of principle," interrupted Glauroth, "to wander through these lovely gardens in this magical moonlight, in a foreign land, beside a beautiful young lady?"

"At eve, through her father's gardens, Wandering the Alcide's daughter!"

She turned away with a haughty movement of the head by no means flattering to him, and said, pointedly addressing me: "You wish to conquer, that is the true reason. A civilized nation never desires conquest! But the conquerors always come from Germany—the Huns, the Goths, the Franks!"

"The Uhlans," interrupted the student, laughing, "the most uncivilized nation of them all!"

"And France," she continued without noticing the interruption, "has always had the sorrowful task of resisting the conquest-seeking nation, and had poured out her best blood in the effort. There is not a single century in our history in which we have had peace, in which we have not been constrained to wage bitter war against Germany. What an era in the world's progress Louis the Fourteenth's reign would have been if his best strength, his noblest plans had not been crippled by German wars! Yet I can scarcely suppose that you are sufficiently well acquainted with French history to—"

"Be able to follow your meaning, mademoiselle! Certainly not from this point of view; the idea of pitying poor Louis the Fourteenth because he was compelled to lay waste the country of his unruly, conquest-seeking

neighbour, devastate the beautiful valley of the Rhine, burn our castles and churches, wrest from us the imperial city of Strasbourg—in that idea I cannot follow you. Do you also pity poor Cardinal Richelieu because he was compelled to investigate and protract the unhallowed Thirty Years' War in Germany?"

"Oh, certainly! he did so with a very heavy heart. That he was no friend of the Protestants he certainly proved at La Rochelle; he dealt with them harshly enough there. How painful and difficult, then, it must have been for him, the champion of the church, to be compelled by policy, on account of the eternal menaces directed against us by Germany, to uphold the cause of the heretics in that country. Yes, monsieur, I pity Cardinal Richelieu, who was high-minded enough to take upon himself a crime against his religious conscience for the sake of his native land."

My companion burst into a low laugh. "It seems that history is read in a singularly one-sided manner here," said he.

"Apparently," I replied; "history everywhere represents matters like a lawyer pleading for his own client. The history of the world may perhaps be named the tribunal of the world; it is the great judgment hall, before which the lawyers of the world, the historians, make their reports for their own side. The sole judge is Time."

"We have reached the house," said the young lady, interrupting our learned conversation. "I thank you, gentlemen," and with a slight inclination of her head she hastily crossed the lawn and disappeared within a door on the ground floor, that had apparently been left unfastened.

"Really," said Glauroth, looking after her, "she seems to be a charming young lady, and our meeting with her by moonlight would have been a delightful adventure, if she were not, unfortunately, such a perfect blue-stocking!"

"From what do you draw that inference? On account of her extremely paradoxical representation of French history?"

"But just think of it! A French girl who can talk of the policy of Richelieu and Louis the Fourteenth!"

"Perhaps she has read it in Alexander Dumas' *Siecle de Louis Quatorze.*"

"It may be so; it certainly savors of some such profound and authentic source! At all events it was amusing to see things so strangely misrepresented."

"Amusing! It annoyed me greatly, deeply vexed me, and yet at the same time made me sad."

"What! such nonsense, such perfectly laughable ideas?"

"I find nothing laughable in them. A prejudice which there is no hope of removing, an error which there is no possibility of refuting, always excites within me a feeling of painful powerlessness which I cannot overcome. And then, does the truth really depend upon the original facts? With what motive, for what motive, for what reasons, by what right Louis the Fourteenth waged his unhallowed war against us, are things lying two centuries behind us. What does it matter to the world of to-day whether his motives were good or bad? The important, practical point that concerns our times is the explanation given to these old facts. If the whole French nation share the ideas of this young girl, they must see in us an hereditary enemy, just as we, from our interpretation of these ancient deeds, see a sworn foe in them; and thus the two noblest nations in Europe can never have a lasting peace."

"I see that the remarks of this Mademoiselle—Kuhn I think the priest called her—have given you plenty of food for reflection. Come, is the walk to the river still to be taken, or shall we—which for my part I should greatly prefer—resign ourselves to the luxury of once more stretching our weary limbs upon a nice soft bed?"

"I believe we can do so with perfect safety," I replied. "If this young lady could venture to take a solitary walk through the grove, she must have had good reasons for thinking a surprise from our enemies impossible."

I accompanied him to the adjoining building in order to assure myself that horses and men were well cared for, and then returned to the chateau, where my "Putzkamerad" awaited me in my quarters. I told him to place his weapons within reach, and he gladly retired to enjoy the peaceful sleep awaiting him.

I could not close my eyes for a long time. The peculiarly musical voice of the young lady still rang in my ears, and I could not rid myself of the strange impression her words had made. I thought of the ideas that must have been instilled into her mind in the cloister, and by such persons as this priest, who doubtless had had a large share in her education, to lead her to form such opinions. Of the views concerning us held by the priests, and the ardour with which they disseminated them and roused the people against us, I was well aware, but that did not remove the sting—if I may so express myself—with which the haughty bearing of the young girl had pierced my heart. It was perhaps only a miserable youthful vanity, which could not endure to be despised by the beautiful young girl whom he had met under such romantic circumstances.

(To be continued.)

PARIS is to have a street baptized "14th July"—omitted up to the present; also a Rue d'Athenes, in honour of the settlement of the Greek frontier question.

A CODE OF HONOUR.

The rules and regulations for the arranging and carrying out affairs of honour—the duel—during the latter part of the last century, and the beginning of the present, were exhaustive and precise. Certain infractions of social order were held to be unpardonable. A blow, for instance, could not be overlooked; and then there were certain acts set down as equivalent to a blow—such as giving the lie direct, and so on. In short—we speak now particularly of Ireland—when a man had been guilty of offering insult of any kind, it was at once determined, on reference to the rules, what the reparation must be. The sword and pistol were always in order, though the thirty-six articles of the Code, sometimes called "The Polite Commandments," were framed with a special aim to protect the quietly-disposed and weakly citizens from insult, as far as possible; and the resort to arms, under this code, was avoided where it could be properly done.

This introduction will enable us better to understand the pith of the following story.

Among the gay and festive of the fashionable society of Cork there was not one more prominent than was Barry Yelverton, the wealthy and eccentric nephew of Lord Avonmore. In the use of the sword and pistol he was a master. He could shoot a finger from a glove in the air, at twenty paces; hit the bull's-eye nineteen times in twenty at thirty paces, raising his pistol, and firing at the word; while at sword-play he was deemed well-nigh invincible.

One night, at the Mayor's ball, where a large and select company were gathered, Barry allowed himself to drink to a state of wild intoxication; and, while in this unfortunate condition, he managed to insult a number of orderly men. Some he jostled violently; to others he used grossly abusive language; and still others he insulted by treading cruelly on their toes. What more he might have done, or what the closing scene of the night might have been, had he been suffered to keep on, there is no telling; but at length two of his friends, assisting his valet, got him away from the scene.

On the following morning, when he was able to realize what he had done, he wrote a note to each of the men he had insulted, appointing a meeting for that afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at the riding-room of the regimental barracks; and these notes were despatched by trusty friends.

At the appointed hour three-and-twenty men were assembled, each of them having come in answer to regular summons; and in due time appeared Barry Yelverton, with swords and pistols borne by a servant, while in his own hand he carried a blackthorn staff.

Upon referring to a paper which he held, he found that to six of the gentlemen present he had given offence which the code made equivalent to a blow; so to each of these, in turn, he offered his blackthorn staff, bidding them to take satisfaction by striking him over the back, in retaliation, as severely as their needs of revenge, or redress, might dictate. To five others he had offered affront which might be wiped away by simply craving pardon; and to these he handed each a card, with the simple sentence thereon written, "I ask your pardon." To the remaining moiety he turned and said, with a polite bow, "To you, gentlemen, I can only offer such satisfaction as you may demand. Here are swords and pistols; I acknowledge your right, and I will give each his turn, as he shall elect."

We need hardly add that the affair ended in a hearty laugh and a jolly time. The wounded honours were all healed, and Barry had established himself firmly in the good opinion of those whom he had offended.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

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

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

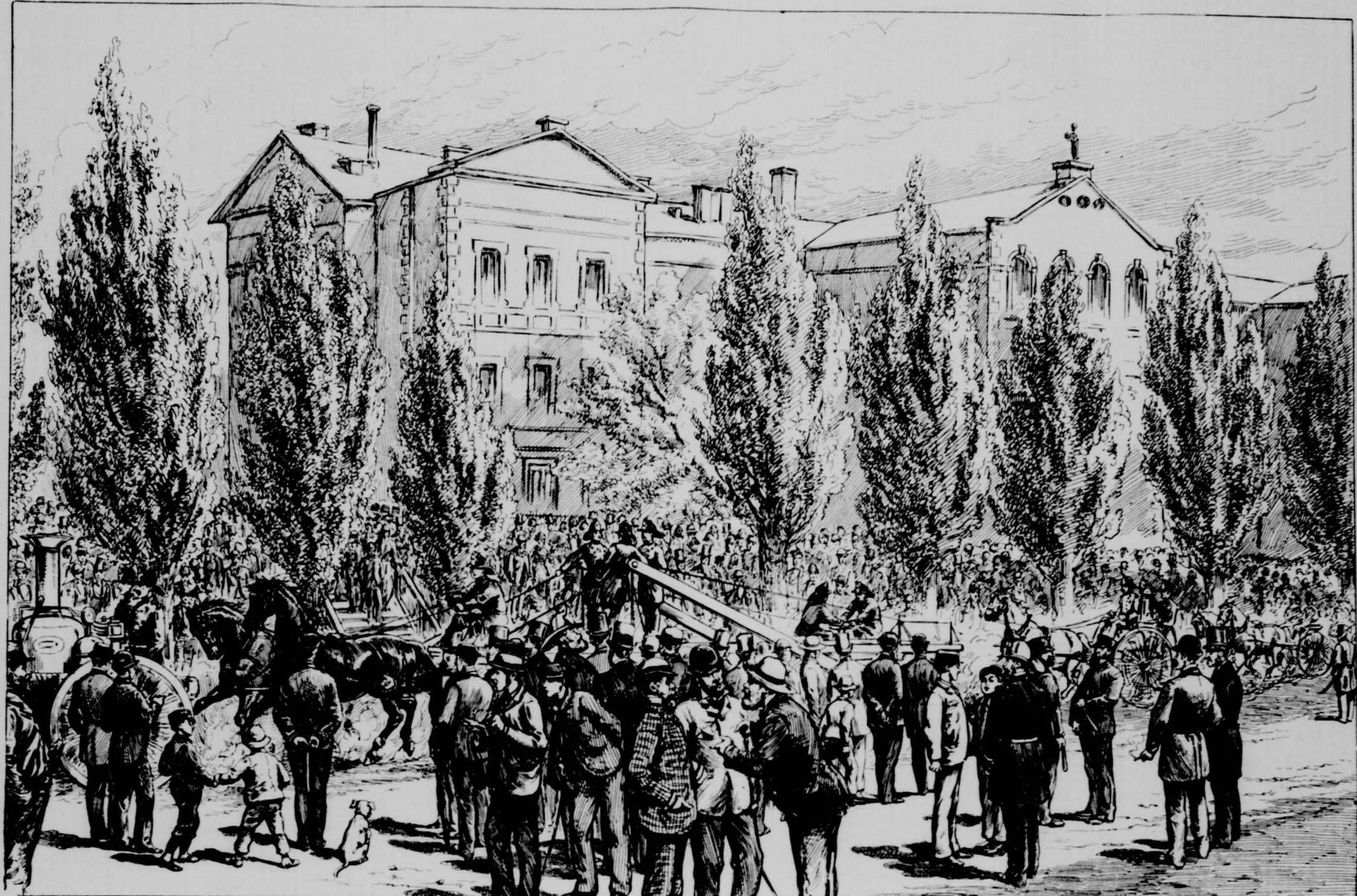
The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

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

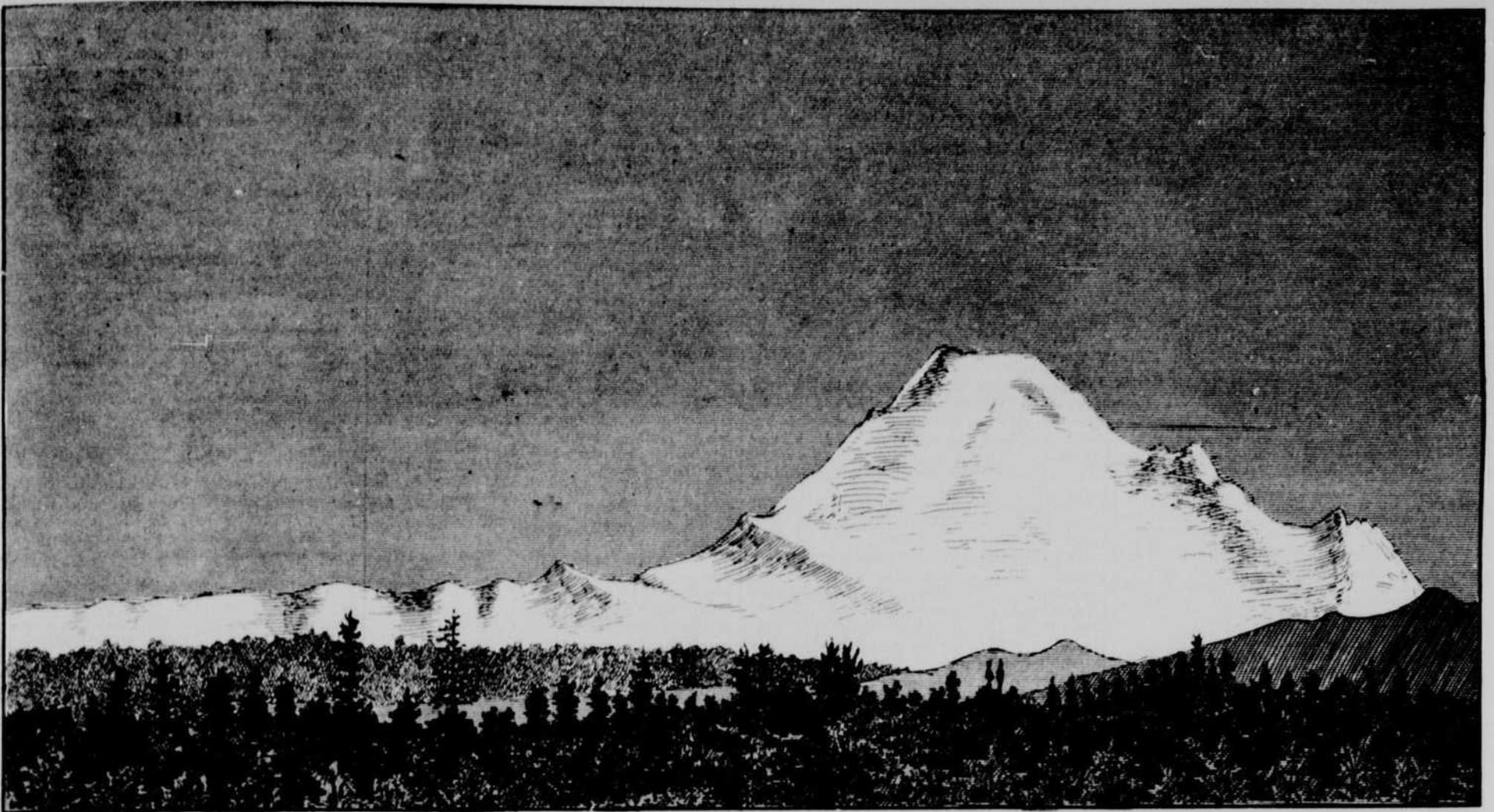
The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

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

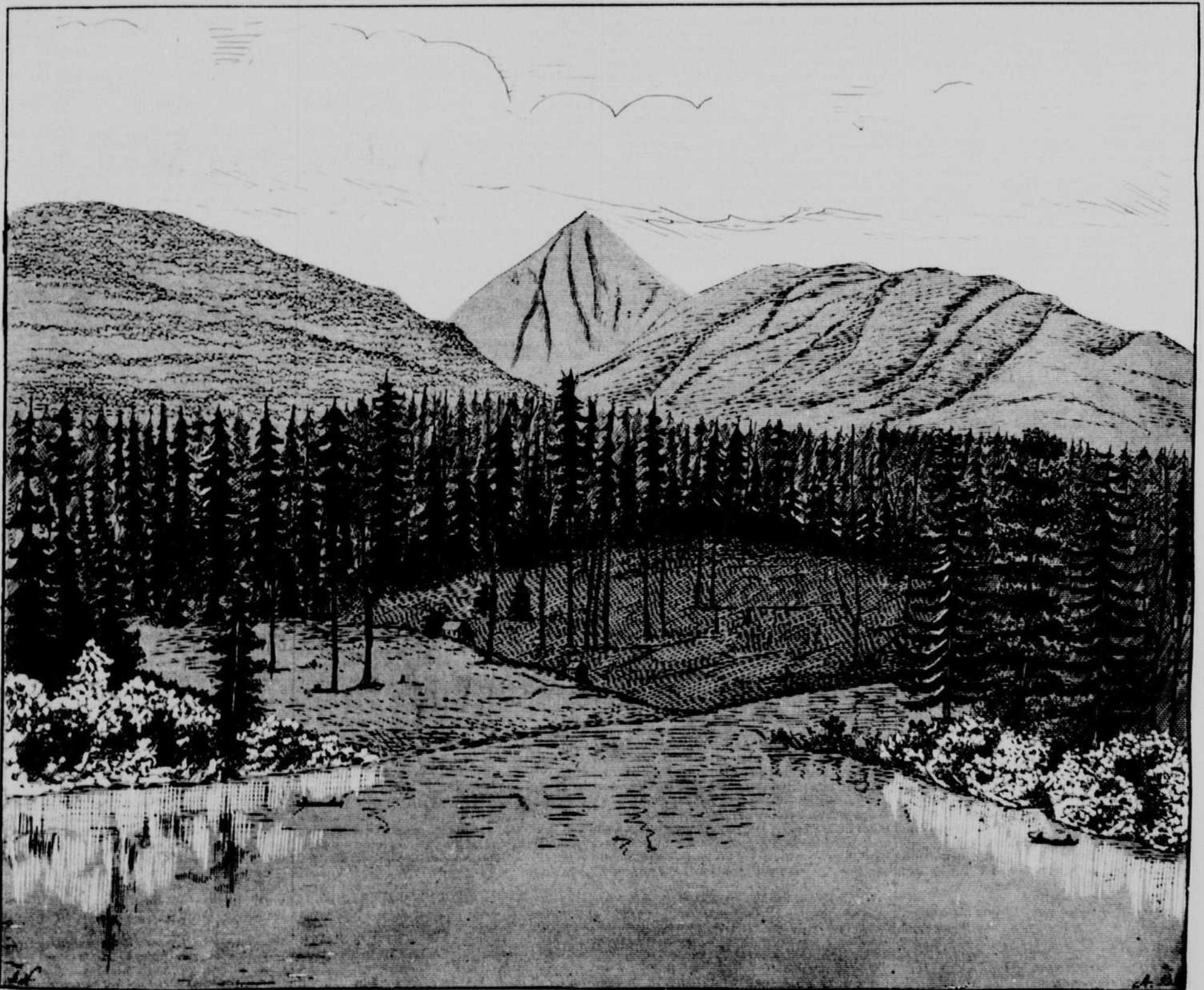
Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.



MONTREAL.—PARADE OF THE FIRE BRIGADE IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.



MOUNT BAKER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY S. MACLURE.



VIEW ON THE FRASER RIVER, B.C.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS A. NEWTON.

## PROTAPLASTIC.

The things that I shall here relate  
Are true, but I can't fix their date.  
Upon a time it once befel  
(Exactly when I cannot tell),  
Before the moon was yet begun,  
And earth was only partly done,  
When Jupiter was still unknown,  
And Saturn did not have a zone,  
The sun had scarce begun to glare,  
And comets skurried through the air,  
Colliding with portentous crack  
No sign of any zodiac.  
When Africa and Spain still met,  
And Britain was no island yet;  
When on the site where London stands  
There roamed the very strangest bands  
Of animals with oddest frills—  
Like those in Barnum's Circus bills—  
When Greenland's bears sufficed to kill,  
And icebergs flourished in Brazil;  
When reptiles having wings and feet,  
With bodies long as Chestnut Street,  
Were trying to inhale the breeze  
Beneath the giant mushroom trees;  
When monstrous ferns around, in sight,  
Were changing into anthracite—  
In short, ten billion years ago—  
What month it was I do not know.

Two monkeys walked out, arm in arm,  
Around the North Pole, where 'twas warm,  
And every thing was in a stew,  
From geysers and volcanoes too,  
Not common monkeys, like you see  
Enjoy the organ's melody,  
But splendid creatures, like the two  
Chimpanzees that were in our Zoo,  
But though they both were well and hale,  
No trace had either of a tail.  
They neither fought, nor scratched, nor bit,  
They simply talked with sense and wit  
Upon a most important thing,  
And then they called upon their king—  
A huge baboon—of course a male,  
With monstrous arms and curly tail,  
And having sunk upon their knees,  
Or hinder elbows—if you please—  
The elder opened his mouth and said:  
"Oh, King! long after we are dead  
An upright race will rule the earth,  
But who'll from us derive their birth,  
The best of us, to keep alive  
(The fittest only will survive),  
Must do the things that suit the time,  
And do them at the proper time.  
My mate and I our tails have lopped,  
Because that fashion will be stopped,  
As going naked will be rough,  
They'll wrap their bodies up in stuff,  
We now propose to shave our hair,  
Because these monkeys will be bare—  
I mean this new and falling race  
Will all be bare—at least in face.  
And so to you, O gracious King,  
Our humble prayers now we bring—  
That you will order every ape,  
And monkey too, what'er his shape,  
To do as we, and not to fall  
To shave his body, lop his tail;  
To help—in getting up this MAN—  
The natural selection plan."  
The King waxed very wroth and grim;  
He deemed the insult meant for him,  
He glanced at both his tail and coat—  
For he was hairy as a goat—  
And drawing in a furious breath,  
He threatened them with instant death  
Unless at once they'd quit his sight;  
And all the court said: "Served them right!"  
But what revenge time will bring!  
The progeny of court and king  
The forests of the tropics fill,  
But all of them are monkeys still.  
The exiled monkey and his madman  
Became the ancestors of Adam,  
The line of Eve I can't connect—  
Her ancestry seems indirect—  
For though she came from Adam's side,  
Yet all the monkeys might have died,  
I therefore leave the women out—  
A matter which is still in doubt—  
But on this point I'm firm as rock:  
That men are all of monkey stock.

HAMISH.

## ACROSS THE GULF.

The Rev. William Imlay found a seat for his mother in the Desbrosses Street ferry-boat and placed her neat satchel and umbrella beside her. "I think," he said, "I will go forward into the fresh air at the bow."

"Take care of the draughts, William." He folded his big yellow silk neckerchief more closely about his throat, lifted his hat, and left her. The other women were bothering their escorts as to the chances of catching the train for Philadelphia, but Mrs. Imlay was calm. Neither she nor William had ever been late for a train or a meal; a glance at her would tell you that. Smooth gray hair, inquisitive black eyes, close-fitting black travelling-dress, white cuffs, jet brooch and buttons,—there she was, a neat, compact package of fulfilled duties. She would be smiling, efficient, and confident by a sick bed, or in her pantry, or leading a prayer-meeting; and you could not but fancy that if Death tapped at the little lady's door the call would not flurry her at all, as it does disorderly people, but would fit nicely into her methodic life, and she would trip on into heaven still smiling, efficient, and confident.

Mr. Imlay came back presently, a faint curiosity kindling his handsome features: "Mother, the famous actress is on board,—Mlle. Clemence. That is she, coming this way. I thought you would like to see her."

"So I should, William," hastily putting on her spectacles. "The tall woman in the seal-skin ulster! Dear! dear! That ulster would cost as much as your salary for two years! Satan's wages are high nowadays."

"Yes." "Poor thing! poor thing!" said his mother. This was one of the women, she thought, of whom Solomon wrote, who stand in wait to drag men down into hell. Still, she could not forget that she was a woman and when a child had perhaps been innocent.

"She is very handsome," said Mr. Imlay. His mother moved uneasily. Of course, she saw the creature's beauty; but she ought to

have been nothing to William but a lost soul. "Something in her features reminds me of Miss Lowry," he said, deliberately bridging his nose with his eye-glasses.

"Oh, William! Clara Lowry is one of the loveliest of Christian characters! And yet—Really, there is something about the chin—For pity's sake, never tell Clara of it!"

"Of course not." The boat thumped into the pier, and the crowd poured through the station into the waiting train. Mrs. Imlay, on her son's arm, peered curiously about for the seal-skin ulster. The sight of this woman had strangely fluttered her. It was a glimpse into that brilliant wicked hell below the decorous world in which she lived, to which pertained all of Satan's doings,—cards, fashion, dancing, and, above all, theatres. "Where did she go, William?" she asked, as he seated her in a car.

"Into a parlour-car behind. There were two or three gentlemen with her. Leading people. Congressmen."

"Oh, I suppose so," with a shudder. "Sit down, dear. Well, I'm really glad to have seen her. One ought to be reminded that there are such depths, here, just about us. I do wonder what she was thinking of then!" It was the very question she had asked about the sea-lion in the Park yesterday.

"She made a very pretty picture, at any rate," said Mr. Imlay. "Remarkably good nose."

"You think a great deal too much of her nose. I mean—I beg your pardon, my dear. But one hardly expects a clergyman to regard such creatures from the stand-point of their noses."

Mr. Imlay lifted his brow with mild complacency. "They are entirely outside of our world," he explained. "A person in my position must either try to convert them or else simply regard them aesthetically as part of the world's furniture. I could not convert Mlle. Clemence on the boat, so I regard her quite as I would a tree or a bit of china. I approve their shape or colour, and I approve her nose. Do I make myself clear?"

"Oh, quite,—quite so, William," hastily rejoined Mrs. Imlay as soon as the gentle dogmatic ripple stopped. She had not heard him; she was always sure William would say the right thing. She was counting the cost of that dress,—ulster, gold-mounted satchel—why, the boots even, could not be bought under twenty dollars! What would Clara Lowry say when told about it! "I always gain new ideas when I leave home, William," she said. "Travel is so—so broadening."

"I wish you would go oftener with me, mother," he replied, affectionately wrapping her shawl about her and rising. "Now, if you will excuse me, I will go and look for Brother For-dyce; he is somewhere on the train."

Mr. Imlay could not find his fellow-minister, but he sat down in a rear car. He wished to think over his sermon, for it would be late before he reached Baltimore. He smiled to himself again at his mother's idea of travel. A trip to New York! She was shut in too much to her little round; church, the sewing-circle, Ann the cook,—there was her world.

Mr. Imlay had gone twice to the great Church Conventions; he had been as far south as Louisville, and as far west as Chicago; so that he could justly claim to know the world and life. He wanted to know more. His own mild dogmatizing, his mother's amiable gossip, the squabbles between the choir and congregation, even the discussion about the new organ, grew stale and cramping to him. If he could get outside, into the creeds, the passions, the action, out there, he fancied he could understand Christ and His errand better. Still, there was great peril in such ventures. As now, for instance, when he buttoned up his coat to hide his white cravat and began to talk to a gentleman in a mulberry velvet waistcoat about beet-sugar, he felt that he was boldly treading on dangerous ground. To hide the cravat, to give up the precedence of his holy calling, to talk as one ordinary man with another,—was not this compounding with Mammon!

But he soon became keenly interested in his beet-sugar friend and his companions. He gathered that they were a family or party of friends on their way to celebrate somebody's birthday. All of them, even to the grandmother, had the air of happy folk out on a frolic. There were a couple of lads who swaggered like old sportsmen, though neither blood nor powder had ever soiled their guns or embroidered game-bags. There were young girls with rosy faces under furry caps, chattering and giggling, peeping at each other's skates. There was a dumping of a baby, which the nurse carried about perpetually from one set of cousins to another. There was a white-whiskered old gentleman on the next seat to him, who scolded because the stove-door was shut, or because the ventilators were open, or because the banana-boy dropped books on his knee. Mr. Imlay could not at first understand the patience of the whole party toward this disagreeable old fellow; they were as gentle with him as with the baby; but presently he saw that he was blind.

He finally turned his ill-humour on Mr. Imlay's companion. "Beet-sugar now, Sperry!" he snapped. "Last year it was tea-plants; and the year before, silk-worms. If it was only your own money that was wasted, less matter. But you must always have somebody to ride your hobbies. Here's Mrs. Finn, now! To my knowledge, she gave up two acres once to your tea-plants."

A little woman wearing black and a widow's

cap looked up and laughed: "And, to my knowledge, Uncle Shannon, many a cup of tea you had from them."

"Poor stuff, Emily, poor stuff! You're a shrewd farmer; but you'll never make tea pay. Nor any of John Sperry's whims. Mushrooms! That was another craze of his."

Mr. Sperry patted the old man on the back, and winked apologetically to Mr. Imlay as for an ill-mannered child: "Yes, mushrooms. There's no better paying crop. I set Frazier and them in San Diego, and Cobb in Honolulu, and old Rice in Australia. I may say I have girdled the earth with mushrooms." Then, in a deprecating whisper to the clergyman: "One of the best-tempered men alive until—touching his own eyes significantly. Mr. Imlay nodded, smiled, and rose to go with a regretful glance about the car. How many good Christian people there were in the world to whom one must give a touch and go-by!

When he reached the door, only the engine was in front of him. The rest of the cars, and his mother in them, had vanished.

"Just divided the train at Newark," curtly explained the conductor. "Other section's twenty minutes ahead."

But I have a lady in my charge."

"Can't help that, sir. You ought to have looked out for the lady."

Mr. Imlay stared at the man, opened his mouth irresolutely, and feebly pulled at his whiskers.

"What is it? What is it?" cried the blind man. "Some new trick of that infernal corporation?"

Mr. Sperry came up, pulling down his waistcoat with a business air, and suggested a telegram; the girls looked sympathetic; Mrs. Finn timidly ventured an anxious word or two.

"It's really of no consequence," said Mr. Imlay with awkward dignity. "My mother has her ticket and check."

But secretly he was greatly pleased. He had suddenly become of importance. By virtue of his misfortune he was adopted by this demonstrative family as one of themselves.

While he talked to the conductor his seat had been taken by a boy and a tall, distinguished-looking girl. The blind man put his hand on her head: "Is this you, Janey? Did you get on at Newark? Why don't you make room for me?"

"I'll go in the smoking-car," the boy said, jumping up.

"No, Bob. You'll stay just here." The young lady drew her father into the seat, and took Bob on her lap, looking laughingly into his eyes as with her firm white fingers she poked a cigar out of his pocket.

Bob chuckled sheepishly, but soon recovered himself: "Father, I'm going to take Jane out rabbit-hunting to-morrow. I'll lend her my boots for the deep-snow."

Mr. Shannon gave an impatient grunt: "Your sister will have no time for such capers, sir. All my clothes need mending." He settled himself with his head on her shoulder and was soon asleep, while Bob sat, giggling and scowling, on her knees.

Sperry saw that Mr. Imlay was watching the group. "Pitiful sight, sir," he whispered. "D'ye know that since Mr. Shannon lost his sight that girl has supported both him and the boy? carries them both right along. They're helpless as two babies."

"How does she do it? She is very young."

"Earns barely ten dollars a week. She's with Kneedles. His plan is to work your people to death like cart-horses and fling the carcasses out. Oh, I suppose everybody's heard of Dan Kneedles! We're all going to Mrs. Finn's farm to celebrate her birthday, and I wrote to Dan to beg Janey for a day or two. Well, sir, I had to pay him her full week's salary! But she knows nothing of that."

Kneedles! Mr. Imlay had a feminine relish for gossip. Was there not a Kneedles female college near Newark? The young lady was dressed like an ill-paid teacher. She coughed, too, now and then, and had a hectic flush; but there was something steadfast and durable about her, from the firm wrist which held Bob quiet, to the dark, slow-moving eyes.

While he was looking at her, there was a rasping crash: girl, old man, seats, roof, tilted, disappeared. Mr. Imlay clutched wildly at Sperry, missed him, and was hurled forward. When he came to his senses he was in absolute darkness, his right leg clinched tightly; beside him he felt broken planks and something soft and movable like a human body. A wind of heat blew over his leg. The train had fallen from a trestle bridge, and he was fastened in a car that was on fire. He had read of people fastened in just that way. They had been roasted to death.

"Great God! This thing is happening to me! Me!" thought Mr. Imlay. He had been so coddled and petted by his mother from the days of his swaddling-clothes up into his clerical coat and neck-tie, that blank amazement was his principal emotion at finding himself in a ditch of mud to the chin, with a fire close at his legs. At a distance on the snowy field, he saw black figures moving; he heard shouts and cries. He shouted, but his voice piped thin like a woman's. The body beside him—whether man's or woman's he did not know—struggled.

"Are they coming to us?" said a voice sounding oddly calm to his frenzy. He replied only by fresh shrieks. "Oh, they'll come," cheerfully. "I saw Bob help father out. They'll come back for me."

It was the teacher, then! He did not care who it was. He shrieked on. "The fire is

gaining," he said at last, exhausted, "and my leg is wedged in tight."

She began to tug wildly at the leg; it did not stir. Then steps came near, and a dozen men crowded up, peering in at the window.

The fire sent a sharp lash of flame across Mr. Imlay's foot. "Help, help! Take me out!" he yelled.

"There's a woman in there," cried somebody outside.

"Janey! Janey Shannon!" shouted Sperry.

"I'm here! All right! I'm not hurt!" Her cheerful tone maddened Mr. Imlay.

"For God's sake, save me!" he cried; "I'm roasting to death!"

"Here, Janey!" Mr. Sperry smashed in the window. "Now, men, out with the lady!"

But she pushed Mr. Imlay forward: "His leg is fast. He's burning! Get this beam off his leg!" she cried, tugging at it herself.

Mr. Sperry had an axe; the men grappled the beam; it shook and moved. Mr. Imlay dragged at his leg. "Oh, it's broken!" he moaned.

A flap of fierce flame struck between him and the window, shutting him into this horrible death. He hurled himself forward like a mail-man, thrusting back the woman: "Save me. Me!"

He heard himself. It was a woman that he was pushing back into the fire,—he, William Imlay. "Take her out," he said, in a voice that was almost cool, helping to push her out himself. He was unconscious when they got him through the window.

When he opened his eyes it was with a nausea of pain. He lay in a large, gayly-furnished chamber. A red-haired little man was at work at his leg. Miss Shannon stood beside him, holding bandages, while Mr. Sperry, a kerosene lamp in one hand, with the fat fingers of the other patted him consolingly: "Tut, tut! come to yourself, eh! Nearly through with your leg. Bad sprain. No bones broken."

"Where am I?" "At Emily Finn's. You ought to thank the good God you're anywhere." He stooped for a second, then went on cheerfully: "Two of us were killed,—the baby and Tom; the little chap with the gun, you know? Well, well! they were fitter to go than us old sinners, I reckon. Bob had his head out. So we brought you and him here."

"It's very kind of Mrs. Finn," glancing about for her in his writhings of pain with dignified politeness.

"Bah! What else would you have the woman do! She's in the kitchen, making you a hot toddy. Nothing like hot toddy after a shock."

"Steady with that light," snapped the doctor. "Now, to Jane, drop the lotion."

The lotion fell cool on the cracked skin. Jane watched each drop anxiously. The bed was soft; a delicious sense of repose, of being cared for, stole over him. The one lesson of his life, so far, had been that he ought to be cared for.

The doctor, before he left, gave his directions to Jane. Sperry began to blow up the wood-fire upon the hearth. Mr. Imlay asked for a drink of water, and Jane brought it to him. Her gown was still soaked with the mud of the ditch, but her head and throat seemed to him purer and finer from the dirty folds out of which they rose. Instead of taking the drink, he stared at her. "You tried to make them pull me out first," he said. "I heard you."

"Did I?" smiling. "It's all a blur to me. Nobody knew what they did."

"You, at any rate, did the right thing." She had forgotten his part in the affair, then! Should he keep quiet and let it go at that! He took the water and drank it. But he could not be quiet. Something within him (not the immaculate William Imlay) was crying out in an agony of shame and degradation. As he gave her back the glass he looked her full in the face: "I acted like a hound down there. I think I must have been mad. I wish you could forget it."

She fairly stammered in her hurry to stop him. "Hush! hush! Don't blame yourself. The fire, had you fastened in,—it was enough to craze anybody."

What a noble creature she was! He would never forget how she had tugged at that beam. If Jane had been forty, and lean and scrawny, probably he might have forgotten it.

Mr. Sperry caught an inkling of what they were saying. After Jane was gone he came up: "Most unselfish soul alive. She'd have done just the same for you if you had been a tramp or a dorky. What would you like for supper?"

"I want no supper," said Mr. Imlay curtly, turning over.

Would she have done the same for a tramp or a dorky? He did not believe it.

It was not the pain in his leg that kept him awake that night, nor even the shame of having acted like a brute before these good Christian people, though that was sore too. It was the sudden sight of the brute within him, which he saw for the first time in his life. He tried to put it out of sight, to recall that Reverend William Imlay whom he had known so long, walking up the aisle of the Third Church, irreproachable, from the Greek features, set in neat English whiskers, to the sermon he preached. Well, what was this man Imlay! He preached generosity, self-sacrifice, high thinking and living to others, and went home to be pampered by his mother and Ann, to find the day spoiled if his toast was too dry or his shirt-collar too limp—was he nothing but a cheat and a hypocrite.

hen! Had he never learned Christ! The poor gentleman took himself by the throat that night, and was as miserable as any of us would be if we could push aside our respectability and circumstance and face the naked self inside with all of its possible meannesses and antics.

Usually, when he woke in the morning, the consciousness of himself, impregnable in respectability, good taste, and piety, was an armor of proof to him: other people touched him as through a brass plate; but to-day he was cowed and beaten,—a worm, and no man. These strangers about him seemed to him to have abnormal good qualities,—tenderness and generosity. He was full of gratitude and admiration. He did not notice Mr. Sperry's red neck-tie and blazing diamond scarf-pin when he helped him to dress and wheeled his lounge into the wide low-ceiled parlour. When, too, Mrs. Finn flew to heap his pillows and to pat and purr over his ankle, it did not occur to him that her soft crimson gown and airy manner would not have been seen on any widow of fifty in the Third Church.

The lounge was drawn up to the wood-fire; a great tiger-skin lay in front of it; the breakfast-table, gay with amber napery and red porcelain, stood in the middle of the room; outside, the snow lay in lonely unbroken stretches for miles. While Mrs. Finn buzzed about him, Jane patiently waited on her father and Bob, who were both cross and grumpy, teasing, joking with them, forcing them to laugh. Mr. Imlay could not take his eyes from her when she was in the room. This strange woman seemed more womanly to him than any he had ever seen. His interest in her, he told himself, was wholly due to her having tried to save his life. Still, he did observe the soft curves of her figure as she stooped over the coffee-urn, and her dark questioning eyes.

Mr. Imlay presently sent a telegram to his mother. "Tell her," he said, "what has happened, and that I am safe in the care of kind Christian friends."

Mr. Sperry wrote it, and then read it to Mrs. Finn outside in the hall; "Add a message from me," she said quickly. "Invite her to come to us at once; she must be very anxious."

"No, Emily. It would not do. I saw the old lady. She would not get on with the profession at all. She would think her boy was Samson in the hands of Delilah and the Philistines."

Mrs. Finn tossed her chin and laughed, the colour rising in her cheeks.

"Of course she would," persisted Sperry. "Suppose she had seen you rehearsing your old Juliet at him over his toast just now? Lord, Em! d'ye mind when you first went on as Juliet, twenty years ago, in Richmond?"

"Yes, indeed! Shives was Romeo. He went into Bigg's Minstrel Combination just after I married John Finn. Do you know this young man reminds me of Shives?"

"You could make just such a fool of him, for all your forty years, if you put your mind to it. How that donkey used to go dangling round the country after you! And this young man—"

"That will do, Uncle George. I'm too old for that sort of talk," gravely.

"Well, I was only going to say you had better let Janey entertain him. She'll never damage any man's heart. She stands and sings with her eyes on the footlights, as solid as the gallery-posts."

Mrs. Finn accordingly sent Jane in to read to Mr. Imlay, and called in the farmer, to talk over the early crops with him. But the angry heat still burned in her face. Delilah, indeed! George Sperry's jokes were always coarse. Mrs. Finn (or, as she was known in "the profession," Belle de Vere) might have had certain too salient points in her history thirty years ago, but in the mean time she had been a faithful, hard-working wife to John Finn. She was now a shrewd farmer and manager, anxiously scraping the dollars together to give her big boys a start in life. When she had opened her house, with her heart full of pity, to take in this wounded minister of the gospel, why could not his mother come into it without fear of soiling her skirts! Delilah! Mrs. Finn's heart was bitter within her against George Sperry as she sat talking to John about ebery-troghs.

Jane went in unwillingly to entertain Mr. Imlay. She had her work to do. She carried in a big basketful of Bob's clothes to patch, and, giving her patient a magazine, soon forgot that he was there. The girl had neither the culture nor the ready tongue of Emily Finn. Beyond a child's schooling, she had been taught only to sing, dance, and the business of the stage. She knew nobody but her father and half a dozen other players, and them only in a business way. The young girl's brain was not very nimble nor strong, and the task of bringing clothes and food for three persons out of ten dollars a week had thus far taxed it to the extent of its powers.

Mr. Imlay watched her over his book. What wretched old clothes she mended! How anxious she was about them! Her one good winter dress was wet last night, and she wore a faded gown which she had long outgrown. It better showed the white arms and the shapely feet, but it touched Mr. Imlay's heart with pity. He had a nice taste in clothes. What patience and tenderness were in this poor teacher's lovely face! How it kindled at sight of her father and the boy! Mr. Imlay wondered how long she would have to carry that heavy burden. If he could secure her a position somewhere, higher than in Kneedles's school?

Presently he began to talk to her, and naturally of the subject most interesting to him,—

himself and his sermons. "I had intended to preach on St. John's life to-morrow," he said, "and I think I had a new view of it."

Jane dropped her sewing; her eyes turned on him with a timid surprise and excitement which flattered him greatly. It was the first time she had ever met a clergyman, and that he should actually talk to her of his sermon amazed and delighted her. If she could only get Bob in to hear! She was so anxious to make a good boy of Bob. Though Jane knew nothing of clergymen or church doctrines, and had sometimes heard a good deal of ugly talk in the wings, she was a decent, pure girl, and had naturally a devout soul. She knew that her mother had been an Episcopalian, and, wherever the troupe might be on Sundays, she would steal off to a chapel and there join in the prayers, and in the afternoon would read to Bob out of an old prayer-book and show him their mother's name in the fly-leaf.

"How are they getting along?" asked Mrs. Finn presently of Mr. Sperry, who had paid a flying visit to their patient.

"Oh, capitally! He is explaining apostolic succession, and Jane listens breathlessly as if it was to Kean in 'Shylock.'"

So it came about that for a week Mr. Imlay and Bob were left to Jane's care. Mrs. Finn, who was to play the Queen in "Hamlet" next week, was busy trimming her robes with imitation ermine, and Mr. Sperry, who was the heavy villain in a stock company in New York, came and went every day.

During one of these visits Mr. Imlay began to talk to him of Jane with his usual awkward dignity: "It may seem intrusive in me, sir. But Miss Shannon has been most kind and considerate of me. Some steps should be taken to relieve her of this crushing weight of responsibility. I regret to speak of details, Mr. Sperry. But her salary in that school is absurdly small, and I observe—I observe that—her self-sacrifice amounts to actual suffering. Why, her gowns really seem inadequate to protect her from the cold."

"Well, what can be done?" said Mr. Sperry, with a puzzled, searching glance at him. "One could hardly offer Janey clothes."

"Certainly not!" Mr. Imlay's face burned hotly. "But if some permanent relief could be devised— There is a Home for the Blind in Philadelphia, to which, by a little influence, her father could be admitted. I think I could manage that. Robert could be placed at school. Then the child could breathe."

"Why, you're a regular brick!" Mr. Sperry gave him a tremendous clap on the back.

"I beg your pardon!" Mr. Imlay drew himself up stiffly.

"I beg yours. But men of your cloth are not often such hearty good fellows, and you really took me by surprise. Well, suppose the old gentleman and Bob out of the way, what do you want done with Janey? Ten dollars a week is not much; but, you see, it's a certainty with Kneedles."

Mr. Imlay was silent. The question raised a sudden unexpected storm of emotion within him which frightened him. What did he want done with Janey? What on earth was Janey to him?

Mr. Sperry, after pouring out a flood of opinions, postponed the subject and hurried away to catch his train. Miss Shannon was in the outer room, sewing. "I say, little girl," he said, halting, "there's no good of your telling your patient in there that you or we belong to the profession. Heh? It might make him uncomfortable."

"Very well. I don't want to make him uncomfortable," said Jane indifferently, measuring her work.

"Kneedles will let you stay until Wednesday. On full salary."

"Then I can finish these shirts," smiling and pleased. "I have not had such a chance to sew for years."

Mrs. Finn followed him out. "I'll buy her off from Kneedles till Wednesday," he explained anxiously. "She has made an influential friend in there. Perhaps—" nodding significantly.

"There is nothing in that," said Emily Finn decisively. "She does not care a straw for him. Her head is full of her shirts."

Mr. Imlay was curt and dry with his nurse all day. What was this Jane Shannon to him? He read over again a letter which had arrived from Miss Clara Lowry. Mr. Imlay was not engaged to Miss Lowry, but all the Third Church expected him to marry her. There really was no reason why he should not marry her. She was handsome, refined, dignified; his mother was fond of her; there was no better blood in the State than that of the Lowrys; she had a settled income. She was already energetic in the church; she managed all the fairs, taught the men's Bible-class. He tried to think of her as his wife, sitting by his study-table, planning out his sermon,—which, indeed, Clara was quite competent to do. What had Janey's rosy, eager face to do in the picture? Why did he seem to feel continually her firm, light touch on his ankle? He was angry at her and himself. He dressed his foot himself that afternoon, and then, the moment she came in, he asked her to adjust the bandages. Imagine the high-bred decorous Miss Lowry dressing a man's bare foot. But this warm-hearted, tender girl would do it, if he need be, for a tramp or a dandy, as Sperry had said.

He turned his back on Jane and pretended to be asleep, and then furtively watched her as she sat by the window, in the fast-fading light, stooping over her work. How thin her oval

cheek was! and her breath, too, came quick and short. He did not like that. She had said once that her mother had died of consumption. If she had an easy life, she might be saved. If she could go a little farther south with some one who would watch and care for her—

If— Mr. Imlay flushed hotly from head to foot. He started up on the sofa. It seemed to him as if all the world must have heard his thought.

In the mean time, it had grown so dark that Jane had dropped her work and was singing to herself some pathetic ditty about a dead child. Mr. Imlay had not heard her sing before; he listened with astonishment. Presently he forgot to be astonished; his throat choked; the tears crept down his cheeks. Deep, wordless meanings were in the voice. Surely the girl's soul spoke in it, and spoke to his. How rapt was the look in her eyes as she sang!

Jane was amused when she saw his tears, but good-naturedly sang on. She was used to see people cry when she sang that ballad,—the fine ladies in the boxes and the boys in the gallery. For herself she did not like the song; she had such trouble with the high C. As for the rapt expression, she was wondering just then whether Bob could possibly pull through the winter with that overcoat.

As the poor young fellow on the sofa listened, passion and hopes such as he had never known surged up within him. It was not the dead baby that wrenched his heart and drew the hopeless longing tears to his eyes. It was the girl yonder sitting in the yellow light; it was the something in her which had been lost out of his own life. He must have it! No matter what the Third Church or his mother or Miss Lowry thought, he must have it.

He called to her. She rose and came quickly up to him. "Jane!" he said. He was hoarse; he coughed to control his voice. He was quite right in what he was going to do! It would not do for him to be swept away by any flood of passion, but Jane was the only real thing to him in the world. Even if you reasoned about it, there was a fibre, a gentleness, about her; her hard work, her unselfishness, even her fun and laughter, made Miss Lowry seem like a chilly shadow. He took her hand. "Jane," he said again, looking up into her face.

"What is it? Can I give you anything, Mr. Imlay?"

"You can give me—" he began passionately, then he coughed—"a cup of tea. No,—water."

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE sale of Lord Beaconsfield's furniture realized 2,400l. Most of the things were bought on commission for the noble Earl's friends.

It is said that the chapel of Lincoln's-inn, which is stated to have been designed by Inigo Jones, is about to be altered and enlarged under the superintendence of Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., Q.C.

THE Prince of Wales recently sold his yacht *Formosa* to Mr. Bischoffsheim, and has since become the purchaser of the handsome schooner yacht *Aline*, late the property of Lord Hastings, which is now being fitted out.

NICELY attired lads have recently been sent along the platforms at Derby, carrying a glass tray loaded with glasses with milk in them, the whole adorned with a tasteful bouquet of flowers. The idea is worthy of imitation where there are plenty of cows.

THE prevailing toilette for gentlemen is plain white surah, a large peasant's flowing cravat, a Prince of Wales' soft hat, and a white umbrella lined with green silk. Ladies are all in fancy mottled surahs, save where painted flower patterns can be afforded.

VERY hot weather or very cold seems to be almost equally fatal in England. Last week the mortality in London went up to the very high figure of 25.5 per thousand. The difference between the ill-effect of heat and that of cold is that the former mainly affects the very young, the latter the very old.

THE lessees of the Alexandra Palace announce that they have engaged a staff of nurses for the bank holiday on Monday, so that mothers may deposit their babies in the cloak-room, taking a ticket for them the same as for a waterproof or an umbrella. It is to be hoped that the attendants will exercise great care, and not deliver the wrong baby to any applicant with a ticket. The consequences of such a mishap are too dreadful to contemplate.

A CHARACTERISTIC story of Dean Stanley and Lord Beaconsfield is told us by the chaplain of one of the Inns of Court. The liberal Dean's aversion to dogmatic propositions is well-known, and in one of his sermons he gave full expression of his feelings. Lord Beaconsfield, who happened to be among the congregation, approached the preacher after the service, and said with a quiet smile, "Your arguments are all very well, Mr. Dean, but you must remember—No dogma, no Dean."

CARDINAL Newman is reviving an old contro-

versy. Are we to pronounce our Latin as our fathers and grandfathers did, and as our ancestors did from the days of Queen Elizabeth down, or are we to adopt the pronunciation of all the other scholars in Europe? The argument of following the steps of our forefathers is very powerful, but on the other hand it is absurd to find ourselves in a minority of one against the scholars of the world. At the Birmingham Oratory the Continental style is adopted, and it has at least this to recommend it,—that all classicists can understand it.

Most people have heard the late Dean of Westminster preach, and will remember his unemotional manner and total absence of gestures. Therefore he was surprised once at creating a visible sensation, and on returning home asked his wife whether she had noticed with what strange and marvellous intensity the congregation had gazed upon him as he preached his sermon. "How could they help it, my dear," she replied, "when one of your gloves was on the top of your head the whole time." The Dean's glove had fallen on his head when he took off his hat, and his unemotional position in the pulpit caused it to remain quietly there.

WHEN the scheme for the amalgamation of the opera is carried out, Her Majesty's Theatre will possibly be taken over by the Post Office and turned into a huge receiving house for the West End. Before that result is brought about, however, the theatre is to have another season devoted to American minstrelsy, under the direction of that enterprising Yankee, Mr. Haverly. Last time, Haverly's Minstrels were white men, corked to the requisite shade of blackness, but on the present occasion we are promised real niggers—male and female. The novelty of the entertainment ought to attract, even though the negro business is now just a little bit overdone.

VARIETIES.

PROVING HIS SEAMANSHIP.—A little French steamboat was coasting between Nice and Marseilles. One of the passengers said anxiously to his neighbour, "The captain keeps too close in. I don't believe he knows the reefs." At the same instant came a bump. The boat struck with a violent shock. The captain turned with a triumphant air to his passenger. "You think I don't know the reefs, eh? Well, this is the 'Mariner's Terror!' What have you to say now?"

THE late William M. Hunt used to go to Magnolia every year, and his quaint studio still stands there. He was greatly troubled, the *Boston Courier* says, by visitors who came about him while he was painting, asking him questions, and interrupting him in his work. So one day he appeared with a huge placard, which he placed in plain sight, bearing the inscription: "This man is deaf and dumb," meaning, of course, that he did not care to be talked to. The man who painted it, being somewhat deficient in his orthographical attainments, had omitted the letter b in the word "dumb;" but this only made the sign more attractive to Mr. Hunt, who wouldn't have it corrected for all the world.

NOTHING could have been kinder, in its way, than the act of Sir Walter Scott, writing out sermons for a young aspirant to the Scottish ministry, whose state of nerves made him unable to grapple with the task and satisfy his Presbytery. Similar, though in a quite different sphere, was the kindness shown by Vinet, at Lausanne, to a peasant woman who invaded his solitude one Sunday morning. Overcome by toil and illness, Vinet had been obliged to forbid the visits of strangers, and his family were guarding him with all possible care. The woman was an intelligent and devout peasant, who had never succeeded in getting rest for her spirit; but having fallen in with one of Vinet's books, she was persuaded that if she could only see him, he would be able to give her the needed guidance. With much difficulty she got admission to his room. We can fancy the anxious relatives enjoining her to detain him as short a time as possible. But Vinet, when he heard her story, was profoundly interested, and spent the whole day with her, up to the hour of the last stage coach. The account which the woman gave to her own pastor, on returning home, was interesting.

"Well," said the pastor, "have you been able to see him?"

"Yes," she replied; "and at last I have found one who has humbled me."

"Humble you! Mr. Vinet is not the man to humble anyone."

"Yes, humbled me, and humbled me profoundly. In contact with his humility and goodness I felt all my pride give way."

Then she told how thoroughly he comprehended her case, how patiently he spent the whole day with her, and all in such a homely way that she felt as if he was her brother. A few days after, Vinet sent her a book newly published, as if she had been one of his chosen friends.

NATURE MAKES NO MISTAKES.—Nature's own remedy for bowel complaints, cholera morbus, cholera, cramps, vomiting, sea-sickness, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all diseases of a like nature belonging to the summer season, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which can be obtained of all dealers in medicine.



While out of window gazes "Pa"  
Henry has kissed Amelia.



And Ponto thinks—a sly dog he—  
To improve the opportunity.



While apple women stand agog  
Small boys appropriate the prog.



The innkeeper may gaze his fill  
His guest forgot to pay his bill.



While aunty gazes thro' her glass  
There's time for *billets doux* to pass.



This rider's so intent upon it  
His steed digests a new spring bonnet.



Country folk are mad, 'tis plain  
To trample thus upon my train.



While both the cooks stare out o' winder  
The fowl gets frizzled to a cinder.



"It falls," "it falls," they tumbling cry  
The last misfortune—see them lie.

A PREP AT A BALLOON, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.



GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN THE GROUNDS OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

NORAH'S VOW.

"Will thou be true, my darling—true, sweetheart, to me. For I'm going to fight for fortune, dear, in a land beyond the sea? 'Twill make my toil seem lighter, and my saddest moments gay. If you'll be faithful, darling, to the one that's far away."

A LAWYER OUTLAWED.

Connected with the Cumberland Bar there used to be a lawyer named Peavy—a large, heavily framed, dark-complexioned-looking man. He was a noted horse jockey—professed to be an expert horseman, and prided himself on owning the best hunters in the county.

"But—do you know that he is sound?" "No, sir, I cannot say that I know it." "Ah! there you have it. Now, sir, if you were going to sell a bullock for a bull, and should so warrant him, would you intend to deceive? That is, do you know the difference between a bullock and a bull?"

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

LOUIS LYONS has found the terrible weather too much for even his robust constitution, and has gone to Switzerland to remain until the electoral campaign opens in September.

MADAME BLANC, widow of the late proprietor of the Monaco gambling-rooms, died in Savoy recently, aged little more than fifty, leaving an enormous fortune.

THE American custom of making a summer excursion to Europe is becoming more general year after year, but this season the travel has been greater even than in the year of the Paris Exhibition.

A FRENCH caricaturist, who usually employs his talents in ridiculing his own fellow-countrymen, has, according to the Figaro, got himself into sad trouble by attempting to poke fun at the Italians.

THE Gazette des Tribunaux is amusing: it contains this report of a case which has the making of a comedy in it. A lady, an amateur artist, had sent to be framed the portrait of a young lady of her acquaintance.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS cures scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, piles and all humors of the blood. Cures dyspepsia, liver complaints, headache, nervousness, female weakness and general debility.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. E. D. W., Sherbrooke.—Received and acknowledged with thanks. Next issue.

Correspondence Tournaments of an ordinary character are apt no doubt, to lose much of their public interest a short time after their inception. At first, a long list of the names of players who have obtained a certain standing in local chess circles is calculated to attract attention, and very likely the results of the first few games may attract notice, but soon events of a newer and more striking nature present themselves, and the moves on either side may be of importance to each contestant, but it is too much, we suppose, to anticipate that any interest should be manifested by others, not directly engaged in the contest.

The International Tourney, however, representing, to some extent, as it did when it began, the best players on both sides of the Atlantic, might have put forward a claim to something beyond a mere momentary notice, but it seems to have shared the fate of similar contests, and at the present time to be cast aside, as if undeserving of a few enquiries as to what will be the ultimate result of the struggle.

A correspondent to a New York paper recently draws attention to the matter with reference to what is being done in the Tourney, and he is told in reply that he "asks a question that a great many would be glad to know about." If such is the case, it is strange that Chess Magazines and Chess Columns should have manifested such little interest in it during the past two years.

With regard to the other remarks made on the subject, in answer to the correspondent's inquiry, we have little to say. It will be time to exult over success when the match has been finished, and the results made known by the publication of a report showing the individual scores of the whole of the contestants.

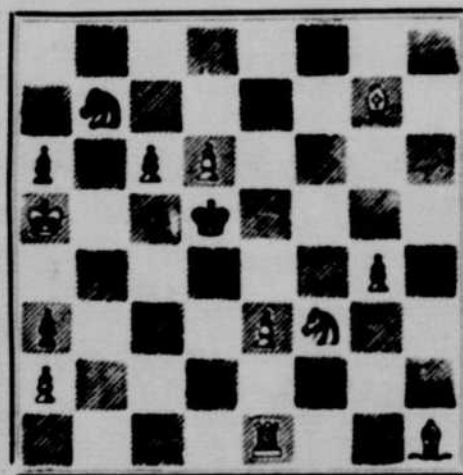
The observations on the subject in a late number of the Chess-player's Chronicle, were much to the point, and the invitation which was given to the whole of the players on the British side to send in full particulars as to their games lost and won, will, we feel confident, meet with immediate attention, and the same information, so doubt, may be obtained from the players on the other side. In this way, there will be no difficulty in bringing the affair to a satisfactory conclusion.

How many games in the match are yet to be finished, we have no means of learning, but supposing that there is little chance of their being brought to a termination, the regulators of the Tourney were instructed to meet emergencies of that nature, and we are confident that there is good feeling enough between the chessplayers of the two countries to lead to an arrangement in every respect agreeable to both parties in the Tourney.

PROBLEM No. 340.

By A. Townsend.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 40TH.

(From the Field.)

CHESS IN LONDON.

The third game in the match between Messrs. Zukertort and Blackburne.

(Sicilian Defence.)

- White.—(Mr. Z.) 1. P to K4 2. Q Kt to B3 3. P to B4 4. P to K Kt3 5. B to Kt2 6. K Kt to K2 7. P to Q3 8. Castles 9. P to K5 10. R takes B 11. P to Q4 12. Kt takes P 13. Q to B3 14. R to Q sq 15. P to K R3 16. B to K3 17. R to Q1 18. R to Q2 19. Q R to Q sq 20. Q takes Q 21. Kt to B3 22. B takes Kt 23. K to B sq 24. P to R3 25. P to Q Kt4 26. Kt to Q Kt5 27. P to B4 28. K to B2 29. Kt to Q6 ch 30. P takes R 31. Kt to Q4 32. Kt to Kt3 33. R to Q B sq 34. P to Kt5 35. P takes P 36. P to Q R4 37. P takes P 38. R to Q2 to B2 39. R to B7 40. Kt to Q2 41. P takes P ch 42. R to K Kt ch 43. K takes R 44. Kt to B4 45. K to B2 46. K to B3 47. P takes Kt 48. Kt takes P 49. K to B4 50. R takes P

- 51. R to K7 ch 52. Kt to B8 ch 53. R to K5 ch 54. R takes P 55. P to Kt6 56. R to K R5 57. R takes P 58. R to R7 59. K to K5 60. K to Q6 61. K to B7 62. K to Kt8 63. P to Kt7 51. K takes P 52. K to B4 53. K to Q5 54. P to R6 55. P to R7 56. R to Kt8 57. Kt to B4 58. R to Kt3 ch 59. K to Kt4 60. R to Kt8 61. K to R8 62. R to Q8 63. Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 340.

- White. Black. 1. R to K3 1. R to K4 or knight 2. Q to Kt6 2. Anything. 3. Q or B mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 339.

- White. Black. 1. P to K4 1. Any. 2. Mates acc.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 339.

- White. Black. K at K2 K at K5 Q at K8 Pawn at K3 Kt at K R4 and 4 Kt at K R5 Pawn at K Kt2 White to play and mate in two moves.

ARE YOU GOING TO TRAVEL? Don't forget a supply of that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is a superior remedy for sea-sickness, and a positive cure for all bowel complaints induced by bad water, change of diet, or of climate. Whether at home or abroad, it should be kept at hand in case of emergency.

\$1,000,000. \$1,000,000.

CITY OF MONTREAL 4 PER CENT. Coupon Bonds or Registered Stock. REDEEMABLE IN 40 YEARS.



To meet the requirements of the settlement with the Provincial Government of the Municipal Loan Fund Debt, and to provide means for the payment on May, 1882, of Bonds to the extent of \$350,000 which were issued in connection with the Loan by the City to the St. Lawrence & Atlantic Railway Company and assumed but not paid by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, the

Corporation of the City of Montreal

hereby invite applications for the above-named securities, endorsed "Tender for bonds," and addressed to the undersigned, to the extent of \$400,000 presently required, for submission to the Finance Committee on

Thursday, 11th August, 1881.

No offers will be entertained under 95 per cent. of the par value, and allotments will be made in the order of application and according to rate offered.

It is proposed to issue Coupon Bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, and, if desired, they can be converted into the

REGISTERED STOCK OF THE CITY,

Which has become so favourite an

INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS.

Interest will be payable half-yearly on the first days of May and November in each year, and a

SINKING FUND

will be made by yearly provision to the extent of ONE PER CENT. on the amount of the issue for investment, with accumulation in the securities themselves either by purchases at or under par or by annual drawings, as provided for in the recent amendments to the City Charter.

Holders of Bonds to be redeemed on 1st May next can arrange for immediate conversion of the same into the securities now proposed to be issued.

This Loan furnishes an opportunity seldom afforded for the safe investment and regular payment of interest on savings, and is recommended to those who prefer perfect safety and moderate return on investment and who cannot afford the risk of nominally better interest but doubtful security.

Any further information required as to this proposed issue of the City's securities can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

JAMES F. D. BLACK,

City Treasurer.

City Treasurer's Office, Montreal, July 11th, 1881.

1881.



1881.

CANADA'S GRAND

**EXHIBITION**

TO BE HELD IN

**MONTREAL, P.Q.,**

— FROM —

**14th to 23rd SEPTEMBER!**

Under the Patronage of His Honour the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec.

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This Exhibition promises to surpass any that has heretofore been held in the Dominion.

IT IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PRINCIPAL DEPARTMENTS:

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With a view of affording increased accommodation, the Exhibition Grounds have been extended, and the Buildings enlarged.

Ample provision is made for the display of Machinery in motion, and for the Exhibiting of Processes of Manufacture.

Many New and Interesting Features will be introduced in connection with the Exhibition.

Arrangements are being made for a GRAND EXPOSITION OF FRENCH INDUSTRIES, to be sent direct from Paris to Montreal, for this Exhibition.

It is expected that contributions will also be sent from other Foreign Countries.

The magnificent and world-renowned SS. *Parisian* will be in the Port during the time of the Exhibition.

**GRAND DAIRY EXHIBIT!**

Among the numerous other attractions,

**SPECIAL PRIZES**

On a magnificent scale, are offered by the Exhibition Committee and the Produce Merchants of Montreal, for exhibits of Butter and Cheese!

**PRACTICAL WORKING DAIRY!**

The Committee have made arrangements for a Butter and Cheese Factory in full operation during the entire Exhibition.

This promises to be one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition.

**GRAND DISPLAY OF HORSES AND CATTLE!**

Horses and Cattle will be shown in the Ring, between 2 and 5 p.m. each day, commencing Friday, 16th September.

**Special Attractions!**

Arrangements have been effected to supplement the Exhibition proper, by Special Attractions of an extraordinary character, embracing:—

**TORPEDO WARFARE IN THE HARBOUR!**

Demonstrating by a series of thrilling experiments on the River, the destructive effects of Torpedo Warfare, in this instance, against vessels of a large size provided for the purpose.

**GRAND MILITARY DISPLAYS!**

**TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS AND FIREWORKS!**

In the Evenings, specially designed on a scale of surpassing magnificence, eclipsing anything heretofore witnessed in Canada. Also,

**ELECTRIC LIGHT EXHIBITION!**

**HORSE JUMPING!**

**GRAND ATHLETIC TOURNAMENTS**

— AND —

**FIREMEN'S COMPETITION, &c., &c.**

A Programme of all the Attractions will be issued at a Later Date!

INCREASED FACILITIES WILL BE PROVIDED FOR REACHING THE GROUNDS.

Arrangements have been made with the Railway and Steamboat Companies to run Cheap Excursions and to issue Return Tickets at

**REDUCED RATES!**

Intending Exhibitors should send in their Entries without delay.

For Prize List, Entry Forms, or any other information, apply to the undersigned,

**S. C. STEVENSON,**

Sec. Industrial Dept.,

181 ST. JAMES STREET.

**GEO. LECLERC,**

Sec. Agr'l. Dept.,

63 ST. GABRIEL STREET.

**Dominion Lands Regulations.**

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

OTTAWA, 25th May, 1881.

WHEREAS circumstances have rendered it expedient to effect certain changes in the policy of the Government respecting the administration of Dominion Lands, PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given:—

1. The Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, are hereby rescinded, and the following Regulations for the disposal of agricultural lands are substituted therefor:
2. The even-numbered sections within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt—that is to say, lying within 24 miles on each side of the line of the said Railway, excepting those which may be required for wood-lots in connection with settlers on prairie lands within the said belt, or which may be otherwise specially dealt with by the Governor in Council—shall be held exclusively for homesteads and pre-emptions. The odd-numbered sections within the said Belt are Canadian Pacific Railway Lands, and can only be acquired from the Company.
3. The pre-emptions entered within the said Belt of 24 miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway, up to and including the 31st day of December next, shall be disposed of at the rate of \$2.50 per acre; four-tenths of the purchase money, with interest on the latter at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry, the remainder to be paid in six equal instalments annually from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned on such portions of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.
4. From and after the 31st day of December next, the price shall remain the same—that is, \$2.50 per acre—for pre-emptions within the said Belt, or within the corresponding Belt of any branch line of the said Railway, but shall be paid in one sum at the end of three years, or at such earlier period as the claimant may have acquired a title to his homestead quarter-section.
5. Dominion Lands, the property of the Government, within 24 miles of any projected line of Railway, recognized by the Minister of Railways, and of which he has given notice in the "Official Gazette" as being a projected line of railway, shall be dealt with, as to price and terms, as follows:—The pre-emptions shall be sold at the same price and on the same terms as fixed in the next preceding paragraph, and the odd-numbered sections shall be sold at \$2.50 per acre, payable in cash.
6. In all Townships open for sale and settlement within Manitoba or the North-West Territories, outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the even-numbered sections, except in the cases provided for in clause two of these Regulations, shall be held exclusively for homestead and pre-emption, and the odd-numbered sections for sale as public lands.
7. The lands described as public lands shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, cash, excepting in special cases where the Minister of the Interior, under the provisions of section 4 of the amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last Session of Parliament, may deem it expedient to withdraw certain farming lands from ordinary sale and settlement, and put them up for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in which event such lands shall be put up at an upset price of \$2 per acre.
8. Pre-emptions outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway belt shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, to be paid in one sum at the end of three years from the date of entry, or at such earlier period as the claimant may acquire a title to his homestead quarter-section.
9. Exceptions shall be made to the provisions of clause 7, in so far as relates to lands in the Province of Manitoba or the North-West Territories, lying to the north of the Belt containing the Pacific Railway lands, wherein a person being an actual settler on an odd-numbered section shall have the privilege of purchasing to the extent of 320 acres of such section, but no more, at the price of \$1.25 per acre, cash; but no patent shall issue for such land until after three years of actual residence upon the same.
10. The price and terms of payment of odd-numbered sections and pre-emptions, above set forth, shall not apply to persons who have settled in any one of the several Belts described in the said Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, hereby rescinded, but who have not obtained entries for their lands, and who may establish a right to purchase such odd-numbered sections or pre-emptions, as the case may be, at the price and on the terms respectively fixed for the same by the said Regulations.

**TIMBER FOR SETTLERS.**

11. The system of wood lots in prairie townships shall be continued—that is to say, homestead settlers having no timber on their own lands, shall be permitted to purchase wood lots in area not exceeding 20 acres each, at a uniform rate of \$5 per acre, to be paid in cash.
12. The provision in the next preceding paragraph shall apply also to settlers on prairie sections bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in cases where the only wood lands available have been laid out on even-numbered sections, provided the Railway Company agree to fee-purchase where the only timber in the locality may be found on their lands.
13. With a view to encouraging settlement by cheapening the cost of building material, the Government reserves the right to grant licenses from time to time, under and in accordance with the provisions of the "Dominion Lands Act," to cut merchantable timber on any lands owned by it within surveyed townships; and settlement upon, or sale of any lands covered by such license, shall, for the time being, be subject to the operation of the same.

**SALES OF LANDS TO INDIVIDUALS OR CORPORATIONS FOR COLONIZATION.**

14. In any case where a company or individual applies for lands to colonize, and is willing to expend capital to contribute towards the construction of facilities for communication between such lands and existing settlements, and the Government is satisfied of the good faith and ability of such company or individual to carry out such undertaking, the odd-numbered sections in the case of lands outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, or of the Belt or any branch line or lines of the same, may be sold to such company or individual at half-price, or \$1 per acre, in cash. In case the land applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the same principle shall apply so far as one-half of each even-numbered section is concerned—that is to say, the one-half of each even-numbered section may be sold to the company or individual at the price of \$1.25 per acre to be paid in cash. The company or individual will further be protected up to the extent of \$500, with six per cent. interest thereon till paid, in the case of advances made to place families on homesteads, under the provisions of section 10 of the amendments to the Dominion Lands Act hereinbefore mentioned.
15. In every such transaction, it shall be absolutely conditional:—
  - (a) That the company or individual, as the case may be, shall, in the case of lands outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, within three years of the date of the agreement with the Government, place two settlers on each of the odd-numbered sections, and also two on homesteads on each of the even-numbered sections embraced in the scheme of colonization.
  - (b) That should the land applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the company or individual shall, within three years of the date of agreement with the Government, place two settlers on the half of each even-numbered section purchased under the provision contained in paragraph 14, above, and also one settler upon each of the two quarter sections remaining available for homesteads in such section.
  - (c) That on the promoters failing within the period fixed, to place the prescribed number of settlers, the Governor in Council may cancel the sale and the privilege of colonization, and resume possession of the lands not settled, or charge the full price of \$2 per acre, or \$2.50 per acre, as the case may be, for such lands, as may be deemed expedient.
  - (d) That it be distinctly understood that this policy shall only apply to schemes for colonization of the public lands by emigrants from Great Britain or the European Continent.

**PASTURAGE LANDS.**

16. The policy set forth as follows shall govern applications for lands for grazing purposes, and previous to entertaining any application, the Minister of the Interior shall satisfy himself of the good faith and ability of the applicant to carry out the undertaking involved in such application.
17. From time to time, as may be deemed expedient, leases of such Townships, or portions of Townships, as may be available for grazing purposes, shall be put up at auction at an upset price to be fixed by the Minister of the Interior, and sold to the highest bidder—the premium for such leases to be paid in cash at the time of the sale.
18. Such leases shall be for a period of twenty-one years, and in accordance otherwise with the provisions of section eight of the Amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last Session of Parliament, hereinbefore mentioned.
19. In all cases, the area included in a lease shall be in proportion to the quantity of live stock kept thereon, at the rate of ten acres of land to one head of stock; and the failure in any case of the lessee to place the requisite stock upon the land within three years from the granting of the lease, or in subsequently maintaining the proper ratio of stock to the area of the leasehold, shall justify the Governor in Council in cancelling such lease, or in diminishing proportionally the area contained therein.
20. On placing the required proportion of stock within the limits of the leasehold, the lessee shall have the privilege of purchasing, and receiving a patent for a quantity of land covered by such lease, on which to construct the buildings necessary in connection therewith, not to exceed five per cent. of the leasehold, which latter shall in no single case exceed 100,000 acres.
21. The rental for a leasehold shall in all cases be at the rate of \$10 per annum for each thousand acres included therein, and the price of the land which may be purchased for the cattle station referred to in the next preceding paragraph, shall be \$1.25 per acre, payable in cash.

**PAYMENTS FOR LANDS.**

22. Payments for public lands and also for pre-emptions may be in cash, or in scrip, or in police or military bounty warrants, at the option of the purchaser.
23. The above provisions shall not apply to lands valuable for town plots, or to coal or other mineral lands, or to stone or marble quarries, or lands having water power thereon; and further shall not, of course, affect sections 11 and 29 in each Township, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, which are Hudson's Bay Company's lands.

LINDSAY RUSSELL, Surveyor-General.

J. S. DENNIS, Deputy Minister of the Interior.



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SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.  
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NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6:30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Danville, West Farnham, and Cowansville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.  
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