

her companion. The butcher apparently divines her fears.

"Quite empty, miss," he says, reassuringly; "there ain't no jint!" Then he takes a stirrup-cup from the fair hand of an easy-mannered barmaid, strips off the nose-bag, climbs in without a chair, shakes the reins, crying "Tel!" and they are off.

For the first few minutes, Joan is entirely occupied by the novelty of her sensations. She wonders how she will turn a somersault backward over the backless bench. It seems to her only a question of time. And then how it shakes! The treatment that a physis-bottle experiences appears to her gentle in comparison of that to which she is subjected. She feels as if all her vital organs were getting hopelessly mixed and entangled together. Joan has hitherto only seen life from the boxes or stalls. She is now beginning to learn how engaging it can look from the upper galleries. It is a fair, meek night, not very light, for not all the million little stars can make up for the absence of the one great moon; but yet a very gentle twilight, by which lovers might kiss, and friends softly talk. The station is a mile distant from Helmsley town; by-and-by they are jolting and clattering over the streets; cabs and carriages pass them; lamp-posts hold up their yellow lights to out-twinkle the white stars; people are walking along the *trottoir*; dirty girls, idle soldiers, staring into such shops as are still open; policemen. Then out of the town again, along a road that is neither a road nor yet a street—a melancholy hybrid—dreary as only the outskirts of a town can be. Just-begun houses—half-finished houses, with the poles of their scaffoldings gamutly cutting the sky; heaps of bricks. She shudders with a feeling of disheartened repulsion, saying to herself in heart-sickness, "Is it possible that it can be here?" But Fate is not quite so unkind. Farther still, till the country begins to be almost country again; till the fields grow grass instead of bricks; till the trees are trees with leafy crowns instead of naked scaffolding-poles. A large building in all the harshness of utter squareness is lifting itself before their eyes; so darkly outlined against the pensive night. Her companion pulls up.

"This is the hospital, miss."

Again she shudders. What a ghastly and ominous finger-post to point her to her destination!

"That is your road, miss" (pointing with his whip). There is no chair to help her this time; so she scrambles down as best she can.

"No obligation at all, miss! I wish you good-night."

The old gray is in a hurry, apparently; for he is off before she can make up her mind as to whether his master would be insulted by being offered a tip or no. She is left standing alone in the middle of the road. It is very still—very silent. There is not a passer-by; no smallest sound hits the ear. There is no light save what the stars give, and a dull red glimmer from two or three of the windows of the great lazaret-house beside her. What if she had been misled by a wrong information? What if Portland Villa do not lie in this direction at all? What will she do then? She will have to beg for a night's lodging at the hospital.

With a heart beating hard and quick from fear, and sick and weary with inaction, she hustles, as quickly as the weight that she has to carry will let her, toward the indicated goal. Four mean little detached houses (even by this flattering starlight she can see that they are mean) lie ahead of her; each seated in its garden-plot; each with its own small carriage-drive and stone-posted entrance gates. She reaches the first, and reverently reads the name that, painted in black letters, adorns the gate-posts: "Sardana-patus Villa!" On the next: "De Cressy Villa!" The third: "Campidoglio Villa!" There is only one more. For a moment she dares not look. Too much hangs on the issue of that glance. For a moment she looks in the other direction; then gathering up her courage, turns her eyes upon the fatal posts: "Portland Villa!"

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is decidedly the most important part of the ordinary woman's destiny. She can do very well without marrying, if she only thinks so; but, if she marries, her whole future depends on her choice of a husband; for "to marry" means to most to follow the fortunes of the man chosen, abide by the laws he lays down for his household, dwell where he decides, and take from his hands as much or as little as he is able or willing to bestow. Tastes make little difference in destiny after the wedding-ring is on.

HARD WORK.—Men who use their muscles imagine that men who depend upon their brains are strangers to hard work. Never was there a greater mistake. Every successful merchant does more real hard work in the first ten years of his business career than a farmer or blacksmith ever dreamed of. Make up your mind to work early and late, if necessary; that you may thoroughly master the details of the business upon which you purpose to enter. The habit of persistent rapid work once formed, you have gained a momentum that will carry you very satisfactorily through many a pinch in business where a less persistent worker would find it vastly easier to lie down and fail.

FROST AND LOVE.—Frost kills vegetation, but it enlivens human beings. It stirs the blood, it makes the cheeks rosy. Somehow it seems to warm up our whole nature. Now is the season for courtships, and proposals, and engagements—as if we were bound to spite old Nature by the warming of the affections in proportion as she grows colder. Well, this is natural. The girls look prettier in their winter costumes, with their cheeks painted by the cold north winds. Their manners grow more winning and cordial. Contraries rule throughout the world. We rebuff the cold of winter by the glow of the affections. There are said to be stoves which save half the fuel; but love does more than that—it gives a tenfold value to everything, and cheers as well as warms. All hail, then, to winter and frost—so only that love waxes correspondingly strong.

"COMPANY."—What a ceremonious affair we make of entertaining company! Too many of us lose all sense of being at home the moment a stranger crosses our threshold; and he instantly feels himself to be a mere visitor—nothing more—and acts accordingly. The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw up his chair to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive or familiar, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah, how few of them!—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by one's presence—what joy it is to cross their threshold! What harbours of refuge they are to weary wanderers! What sweet reminiscences they bring to the lonely and homeless!

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The manager of the Academy of Music has changed his mind, and is now resolved to hold on to its fortunes. He does more. Not only does he not divorce the muse, but he takes unto himself a wife out of the fairest and ablest of muse's representatives. Miss Fanny Reeves will soon be Mrs. McDowell. This is all very nice, and while we congratulate the happy couple, as in all gallantry and good fellowship we are called upon to do, we may add our felicitations to the public, who are gainers by the arrangement. We thus preserve the acting of Miss Reeves, and the management of Mr. McDowell.

Several schemes have been set forth to maintain the Academy and keep its management free from loss. Among these, we are pleased to find a renewal of the suggestions which we ourselves made, almost at the inauguration of the theatre. So far back as November 27, 1876—only twelve days after the opening of the theatre—we wrote as follows:—"We should remind these gentlemen, who insisted upon building the Academy on its present site, instead of in a more central place and eligible position, that they have taken the dramatic reputation of Montreal into their own hands, and are therefore bound to sustain it. If this theatre should fail, we have no hopes of a successor to it in the next ten years. It is the middle classes that patronize and encourage the drama, as a rule, but in the present instance our upper classes have stepped in and must persevere. One way, and a very effective way of doing this, would be to buy seats for the season, as is done in Europe, and thus secure the management a certain sum to rely upon through all contingencies. We have spoken neither to Mr. McDowell, nor to any else on the subject, but we calculate that it is necessary to his success that he should play to average nightly houses of \$400. He might drag through with \$300, but not in a way to encourage him or his company. To enable him to secure this average, he should have the spontaneous help of the Directors and their wealthy friends in the way just indicated."

Another suggestion that we then made, and now repeat, is the drawing of the centre and eastern portions of the city. Mr. McDowell should play to the gallery, which is the mainstay of all theatres. The gallery of the Academy can alone furnish from \$100 to \$150 on a good night. And decent, moral plays so constructed with scenic effects, or so dashed with smart dialogue and amusing incident, as to please the gallery, where there is no other criticism but nature, will also please the rest of the house.

The introduction of stars has long been felt as a necessity, and we are glad that it has at length been decided upon. With such a company as ours to rely on as support, the appearance of stars will be sure to give a new impulse to the theatre.

REVIEW.

INFELICE, by Augusta J. Evans Wilson, can hardly be styled a novel, as what is generally understood by novel is something more than "a fictitious tale." It is rather a fictitious tale told in such language as to be acceptable to the general run of readers, while **INFELICE** is rather of the pedantic, the most learned language being placed in the mouths of fashionable girls of seventeen or twenty-three, that is seldom heard outside the classroom. The tale is very interesting and contains some powerful

chapters, especially those in which the heroine is represented on the stage playing her role to the bitter truthfulness of her history.

The plot is simple. A young girl wooed and won, is separated from her husband through the machinations of his father, who denies the marriage and deceives him into a wealthy alliance. The betrayed, believing in the guilt of her husband, devotes her life to revenge, and obtaining the acknowledgment of her rights and those of her child, she educates herself, goes on the stage under an assumed name, and obtaining celebrity and wealth, so conducts herself as not only to be courted by her husband, but actually obtains an offer of marriage from his father, neither of whom recognize her. To consummate her revenge she dramatizes her own history, and brings it out in Paris, playing her own role before the horrified father and son. The former dies of apoplexy, and in the end the son and husband is forgiven, the second wife and child being opportunely drowned at sea. The characters are well drawn and sustained throughout, but are rather too superlative, each type being of the highest or lowest degree. The book is well printed and bound, and is almost entirely free from typographical errors. It is well worth reading, and is not of the sort that can be lightly skimmed, but rather requires studying. The publishers are Belford Brothers, Toronto, and the work is on sale at Dawson's.

AMHERST.

Some four or five weeks ago, we published a sketch of the beautiful town of Amherst, in Nova Scotia, from a Mr. Hill, Civil Engineer, and presumed resident of the place. We have since received two communications, a courteous one from Ottawa, and another from Halifax, complaining that the view gave in no wise a correct idea of the town. In answer to these criticisms, Mr. Hill, on whom we, of course, implicitly relied, writes us a long letter emphatically insisting upon the absolute correctness of the sketch from the point of view selected. This reply relieves us of all responsibility. We do our best to represent faithfully points of interest in Canada, but cannot always, from personal knowledge, guarantee their fidelity.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHY is a man who marries an heiress a lover of music?—Because he marries for-tune.

AN Irish lover remarks, "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wid ye!"

A YOUNG lady sends us a poem, entitled, "I cannot make him smile." She ought to have shown him the poem.

WHEN a young lady and gentleman have a controversy about kissing, they generally put their heads together.

IMPLICIT submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in a wife to the will of her husband is what she promised at the altar, and what the good will reverse her for.

"I DON'T believe in fashionable churches," said a lady recently; "but after all, considering that we are all to go to the same heaven, perhaps it's better to keep up the social distinctions as long as we can."

WE are glad to see that the ladies are again forming reading clubs for the winter. The reading club is an organization that discusses the character of Shakespeare's *Portia* for fifteen minutes, and the best manner of cutting a basque on the bias for an hour and a half, and rarely fails to be of great profit.

A FARMER and his wife called at a Detroit photographic gallery last month, to have some photographs taken of the latter, and while the operator was getting ready, the husband gave the wife a little advice as how she was to act. "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spoil the job. Think about early days—how your father got in goat, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you. Just fasten your mind on that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.

THE following was written and sent by a distinguished clergyman to his mother recently. The message was on the back of a postal card.

"Dear Mother:—
From sweet Isaiah's sacred song, ninth chapter, and verse six.
First thirteen words please take, and then the following affix;
From Genesis, the thirty-fifth, verse seven—
teenth, no more;
Then add verse twenty-six of Kings, book second, chapter four;
The last two verses, chapter first, first book of Sam-uel,
And you will learn what on this day your loving son befall."

WHAT'S A BOY LIKE?

Like a wasp, like a sprite;
Like a goose, like an eel;
Like a top, like a kite;
Like an owl, like a wheel;

Like the wind, like a snail;
Like a knife, like a crow;
Like a thorn, like a flail;
Like a hawk, like a doe;
Like the sea, like a weed;
Like a watch, like the sun;
Like a cloud, like a seed;
Like a book, like a gun;
Like a smile, like a tree;
Like a lamb, like the moon;
Like a bud, like a bee;
Like a burr, like a tune;
Like a colt, like a whip;
Like a mouse, like a mill;
Like a bell, like a ship;
Like a jay, like a rill;
Like a shower, like a cat;
Like a frog, like a joy;
Like a ball, like a bat;
Most of all—like a boy!

DIED OF A LAWSUIT.

THE DIARY OF AN EXHAUSTED LITIGANT.

A tattered memorandum book was recently found on the steps of a very humble dwelling "out west." Some of the entries are as follows:

"My father had a slight misunderstanding with a neighbor about a division fence, which he had inherited from my grandfather. After several disputes he consulted a lawyer, who had a good many children, but little practice. This was fatal. A suit was commenced.

"Several years ago my lawyer said I must get ready for the trial. I did so, and went to court at every term. But it was postponed on every pretence which human ingenuity could invent.

"1871. March term—Counsel for defendant moved for continuance, because he was engaged in the Court of Common Pleas. Court granted the motion, but intimated with great dignity that such an excuse would never avail with him again.

"September term—Counsel trying a case in an adjoining county. Judge hesitated, but yielded.

December term—Defendant ill. Proved by the certificate of a respectable physician.

"1872. March term—Counsel has made an engagement to meet a client from New York, who could not conveniently leave his business again. Continued, the judge suggesting that New York clients might find Counsel nearer home.

"1873. September term—Carried the title deeds to my lawyer. Surveyor examined the premises; said the defendant had encroached upon me. But another surveyor, (partner and pupil of the first one,) said that my deed spoke of a hackmatack stump in the line of the fence, a foot in diameter; whereas the only tree anywhere in the fence was a pepperridge tree not more than seven inches and a half across; case postponed to employ other surveyors.

"December term—Counsel agreed that Court might visit premises in dispute. Judge refused to go, provided that nobody went with them to explain and confuse. Next morning a heavy snow fell, and boundaries were covered. Case continued.

1874. September term—motion to postpone, on the ground that the defendant's attorney wished to be absent hunting for a few days. Motion prevailed. I remonstrated, but my Counsel said the lawyers were very accommodating gentlemen, and the courtesies of the bar required it.

"1875. March term—One of the jurors taken sick. Motion to go on with the trial with eleven jurors. Defendant's Counsel objected with great strength of voice, and demanded a full jury trial, pure and simple. I think he called it the 'palladium of our liberties.' Case postponed.

"September term—Received a bill for retainers, term fees, clerk's fees, and expenses. One item was for the amount of a retainer which my lawyer had declined from the defendant. Offered him the farm, provided he gained the case. He said this would not be deemed honorable practice, but he would take it and give me credit as far as it went.

"Took the cars for the west coming mostly on freight trains and after night-fall.

"Mem.—Don't forget inscription for my tombstone—'Here lies one who died of a lawsuit bequeathed by his father.'"

FASHION NOTES.

A NEW style of stationery exhibits a coloured rebus instead of the usual monogram, and this, after a little study, is found to read, "Expect a reply from you."

THE newest fan has a black chalk etching on pale pink silk, the mounting is of smoke pearl, with two incrustations of coral pink pearl between the sticks, so that a rosy flash shall play from the hand when the fan is in motion.

THREE-CORNERED kerchiefs are to be worn outside mantles, and made of white lawn edged with either Maltese, Valenciennes, or Mechlin. They are so shaped that they fit into the shoulders with a short point at the back, while the long ends fall straight down the front.

THE new winter stockings are worsted with silk, and the stripes go across the leg and not down it; but plain silk and spun silk stockings will be much worn, because the boots that extend midway to the knee, and are barred across the instep, are decidedly in favour. These bars or straps are straight, and have a button in the centre, and sometimes this button is of cut steel.