

made less irksome to her than they are in general to persons so circumstanced,—in part through the happy influence of her own sweet nature, which always apportioned to itself some share of the happiness it witnessed; in part through her long-acquired habits of patience and self-sacrifice; and, in part also, because Walter Barnard was an especial favorite with her—and little wonder that he was so—the gay and happy young man, devoted as he was to Adrienne in all the absorbing interest of a first successful passion, had yet many a kind word and beaming smile to spare for the poor little cousin, who often but for him would have sat quite unnoticed at her tent-stitch, even in the family circle; and when she was the convenient *tiers* in the romantic rambles of himself and his lady-love, thanks to his unflinching good-nature, even then she did not feel herself utterly forgotten.

For even in spite of discouraging looks from la belle Adrienne, of which in truth he was not quick to discern the meaning, he would often linger to address a few words to the silent little girl, who had been tutored too well to speak unspoken to, or even to walk quite within ear-shot of her *soi-disant* companions. And when he had tenderly assisted Adrienne to pass over some stile or brooklet in their way, seldom it happened but that his hand was next at the service of Madelaine; and only those whose spirits have been long subdued by a sense of insignificance, impressed by the slighting regards or careless notice of cold friends or condescending patrons, can conceive the enthusiastic gratitude with which those trivial instances of kindness were treasured up in her heart's records. So it was, that la petite Madelaine, far from wearying of Walter's praises, when it pleased Adrienne to descant upon them in his absence, was apt to think her fair cousin did him scant justice, and that if she had been called on as his eulogist, oh! how far more eloquently could she speak! In short, la petite Madelaine, inexperienced as of course she was in such matters, saw with the acuteness of feeling, that Walter had obtained an interest only in the vanity and self-love, not in the heart of his fair mistress. "Poor Adrienne! she cannot help it, if she has no heart," was Madelaine's sage soliloquy. "Mais quel dommage pour ce bon Walter, qui en a tant!"

"Le bon Walter" might possibly have made the same discovery, had the unrestricted intercourse of the lovers been of long continuance; and he might have also ascertained another point, respecting which certain dubious glimmerings had begun at intervals to intrude themselves on his meditations *couleur de rose*—was it possible that the moral and intellectual perfections of his idol could be less than in perfect harmony with her outward loveliness? The doubt was sacrilegious, detestable, dismissed with generous indignation, but again and again some demon (or was it his good genius?) recalled a startling frown, an incautious word or tone, a harsh or fretful expression from the eye and voice of his beloved, addressed to la petite cousine or to himself, when in lightness of spirit, and frank-hearted kindness, he had laughed and talked with the latter, as with a young engaging sister. And then, except on one topic, his passion for la belle Adrienne, and her transcendent charms, of which, as yet, he was ever ready to pour out the heart's eloquent nonsense, somehow their conversations always languished. She had no eye for the natural beauties, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer; yawned or looked puzzled or impatient, when he stopped to gaze upon some glorious sunset, or violet-hued distance, melting into the roseate sky. And though she did not reject his offering of wild roses, or dewy honey-suckles, it was received with a half-contemptuous indifference, that invited no frequent renewal of the simple tribute; and from the date of a certain walk, when the lover's keen glance observed that the bunch of wild-flowers, carelessly dropt by Adrienne a few minutes after he had given them to her, was furtively picked up by la petite Madelaine as she followed in the narrow woodpath, and placed as furtively within the folds of her fichu—if Monsieur Walter, from that time forth, pulled a wild rose from the spray, or a violet from the bank, it was tendered with a smile to one whose hand at least was less careless than Adrienne's; and for her heart, that mattered not (farther than in brotherly kindness) to the reputed possessor of la belle St. Hilaire's. Yet, in long after days, when silver threads began to streak the soft fair hair of Madelaine du Résnel, and the thick black clustering curls of Walter Barnard were more than sprinkled with the same paly hue, he found in turning over the leaves of an old French romance, in which her name was inscribed, the dried, faded, scentless forms of what had been a few sweet wild-flowers. On the margin of the page, to which time had glued them, was a date, and a few written words. And the sight of those frail memorials, associated with those age-tinted characters, must have awakened tender and touching recollections in his heart who gazed upon them; for a watery film suffused his eyes as he raised them from the volume, and turned with a half-pensive smile to one who sat beside him, quietly busied with her knitting needles in providing for his winter comfort.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

To Prevent Jams and Preserves from Moulding.—As soon as the confection is put into the pot, while hot, cover over with a white paper which has been wet in a solution of salicylic acid, and then tie over with oiled paper. The solution of salicylic acid is made by dissolving one grain of acid in one ounce of alcohol. The oiled paper is made by oiling thin paper with linseed oil and exposing to the sun for a day.

Test for Milk.—The following test, given by the *Michigan Med. News*, for watered milk is said to be reliable, and certainly its simplicity commends it: Dip a well polished knitting needle into the suspected fluid and withdraw it immediately in a perpendicular position. Should the sample contain no water, some of the fluid will cling to the needle; should water be present, however, even in a very small quantity, this adhesiveness will be lost and the needle will be withdrawn clear.

Refrigerator.—To preserve meat and fruits in a refrigerator, ventilation is necessary, and that it be well cleaned at least once a week. None but clean ice should be used.

How to press Ferns.—It is sometimes difficult to preserve ferns with the color. Dissolve one grain salicylic acid in one ounce diluted alcohol, draw the

plant slowly through this liquid and wave in the air to dry it, then press lightly between folds of blotting paper repeatedly, then press with heavy weights. Ferns droop so quickly that it is necessary to take a wet cloth or tin box to bring ferns in fresh, or take a few quires of blotting paper between two boards strapped together to the woods and press temperately together till they are brought home.

To Preserve Meat.—Meat washed over with salicylic acid in proportions of one-half dram to the quart of water will preserve it for several days. It will not restore meat or fish when tainted in the least, but will prevent fresh meat, sausages, butter and fish from changing.

MUSICAL.

Ever since the great London Exhibition in 1851 it has been found advantageous for the inhabitants of different places to meet together occasionally and measure their strength in friendly rivalry, comparing their progress in arts, agriculture and manufactures. Accordingly we hailed with pleasure the announcement that we were to have a band contest in Montreal; for there is scarcely a branch of musical art in which our city, unmusical as it is, needs more improvement.

The contest lasted two days, and a grand concert and distribution of prizes was announced for Monday evening, being the festival of St. John the Baptist. We attended this concert, hoping to hear only those of the bands whose playing was at least endurable by people with average strength of nerve, but we were inflicted with overtures and selections by a number of fourth and fifth-rate bands, every one of whom played more or less out of tune, and seemed to try and make more noise than the band which preceded it. After wondering for a time whether Messrs. Lavallee & Co., had suddenly become deaf, or were trying to make us feel some of the tortures which in their judicial capacity they were forced to undergo, we were gratified to find that even they could not endure it any longer, for they omitted several bands named in the programme, and called on the Governor-General's Guards. These gentlemen, to the number of about thirty, mounted the platform. We rubbed our eyes and stared—then listened attentively, as oboe, clarinet, cornet, and trombone were sounded in succession and tuned previous to the performance of the selection. What a relief! thirty instruments were about to be heard at one time IN THE SAME KEY!! That in itself was a novelty, and so we waited patiently for the opening notes. They performed a selection of Scotch airs very creditably, and retired amid applause. The composition of this band is excellent, and they were the only ones there present who dared to play reed passages in four parts, the Saxophones being particularly good.

Then followed the "B" Battery Band, who played with taste and expression, but in the opening movement the brass and reeds were not in tune, which marred the effect of an otherwise good performance. After this we were favored with "Maritana" by the City Band. This piece they have made "their own" by playing it night and day for so many years that every one is heartily sick of it. The walls of the drill-shed, having so frequently echoed "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," were at last able to "stand it" no longer, and came down; whether like a soldier or not, we leave it for those in the neighbourhood to decide. The selection was played in tune, and with great precision, but the tone was in many places coarse, and the band so badly balanced as to counteract the effect made by their prompt and steady playing; the basses and baritones in the lighter passages blew till their instruments fairly brayed, and quality was altogether sacrificed to noise. The cornet and clarinet solos were good, but in the louder parts the reeds could not be heard at all.

This band received a perfect ovation, and seemed to suit the taste of the masses; the better class of the audience, however, seemed more partial to those which preceded it.

Next in order was the "A" Battery Band from Kingston, who also played with great precision, and, for a purely brass band gave great satisfaction. The piece they played we did not like; it was the most "comprehensive" selection we ever heard, and comprised "The Pilgrim of Love," "Ten Little Niggers," Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique!" (Shade of Beethoven, it is well you were deaf when you died) and other things equally incongruous. They also essayed some vocal music, making a frantic effort to sing "Old Towler" with one treble and four or five baritones, ending the whole by playing in excellent style "Largo al factotum" from Rossini's "Il Barbiere," which made a capital finale.

The other bands which took part in the concert were those of the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, and the 7th Battalion of London. The first of these numbers 45 performers, who played admirably, but the latter is more to our liking, as it is not so noisy, and the clarionets are vastly superior. They gave the overture to "Zampa," the difficult clarinet passages being played quite smoothly, and the tone throughout being delightfully pure. This band, is to our mind, the best of those who took part in the competition; it is not so complete in its formation as the Guards or 13th Battalion Bands, but, with the addition of one or two bassoons or sarrusophones, would be one of which any British regiment might feel proud.

The distribution of prizes took place after the concert, when (to the amazement of almost the entire musical community) the judges awarded to the City Band the first prize in the independent class, and also the first prize in the military class! whilst the Guards were presented with a silver butter-dish. The City Band also received, in addition \$600 to the two prizes and the banners accompanying them. A special prize as the "best brass band in the Dominion," although the Kingston band was the only brass band competing, the City Band being a sort of mongrel, and neither a pure brass, nor a pure military band.

This decision, unaccountable as it may seem to those who heard the bands perform, we think can be explained, not by attributing any unfairness to the judges in their final decision, but by examining the basis on which that decision was arrived at.

In the first place, we think it was absurd to place brass and reed bands to compete in the same class,—as well might they have instituted a comparison between a fife-and-drum band and a full orchestra; and, secondly, the number of points allowed for the different qualities which constitute excellence is open to criticism. For example, we are given the following as the plan of operation:—

"Quality of tone estimated at from 1 to 10 points; style, 1 to 20; tempo, 1 to 10; attack, 1 to 10; reading, 1 to 10; and instrumentalism, 1 to 10 each. Each judge gave an independent return on slips of paper, and they were all handed in and aggregated. For instance, the five judges would all mark on a piece of paper the number of points, in their idea, gained for quality of tone by a certain band, and the aggregate result was compared with the results of the other bands, obtained in a similar way. Prizes were thus awarded according to this aggregate of individual opinions."

It will be seen, then, that while twenty points are allowed for style, only ten are allowed for quality of tone, the great desideratum in all musical performances. Tempo and attack (which are subdivisions of style) are made separate features and allotted ten points each, making forty in all for style, against ten for any other qualification. Taste and expression do not count at all, whilst phrasing is not even mentioned. The balance of the parts seems to be no object, and the fact that the bass of the City Band can pretty nearly drown the combined forces of all the others goes for nothing. Their attack was good, and their style bold and noisy, and so they got thirty points in each piece, or ninety in all, to start with, notwithstanding the fact that the saxhorns and baritones swept the two pair clarionets out of existence. Had a proper scale been adopted we would have had a very different result; as it is, we regret very much that so many excellent bands should be allowed to leave us with the impression that we not only are without a decent band in our city, but that when one is induced to visit us we refuse to listen to it, preferring "Scenes that are brightest" brayed on saxhorns to the overtures of Rossini, Mozart and Weber, artistically performed by a well-balanced band.

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