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ON THE RINK.

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BENEATH THE WAVE.

This interesting story is now proceeding in large instalments through our columns, and the interest of the plot deepens with every number. It should be remembered that we have gone to the expense of purchasing the sole copyright of this fine work for Canada, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of this fact by renewing their subscriptions and urging their friends to open subscriptions with the NEWS.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 1, 1879.

THE HERO OF CHATEAUGUAY.

Some weeks ago we published a cartoon representing the shade of DESALABERRY rising on a cloud and addressing the Hon. Mr. Masson in this wise: "Now that a French Canadian is at the head of the Militia Department, it is to be hoped that the ancient martial spirit of the French Canadians will be revived." This illustration struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of our French fellow countrymen, and the upshot of it was a movement tending to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the Hero of Chateauguay, at Chambly, and the opening of a subscription list for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. Writers in the papers distinctly traced the movement to the NEWS and to our French contemporary *L'Opinion Publique*, which reproduced the patriotic picture. Apart from any personal gratification in the matter, we must express our entire approval of the sentiment which prompts a public recognition of the services of a man who did as much for his country, in his own way, and in circumstances of extreme peril, as any whose names have received far more honour and commemoration. And in saying so much, we address ourselves to our English speaking friends, even more than to the French. The victory of Chateauguay may not have saved Canada from the grasp of the Americans in 1812, but it certainly proved the salvation of Montreal, and consequently of the whole of Lower Canada, and as such, deserves to rank among the most remarkable events of our military history. DESALABERRY received only scant and barren honours during his lifetime, and since his death, fifty years ago, his memory has been suffered to lie dormant. We feel, therefore, all the more gratified that this journal has been in any way instrumental in reviving the remembrance of his glory and claim on the national gratitude. We trust that the committee who have taken the matter in charge will push the subscription lists energetically, by placing them properly before the public, and that the English population will vie with the French in contributing their portion. The result will be primarily an act of national justice, and we make no doubt that it will have a favourable effect toward vivifying the military spirit throughout the country.

THE MASQUE OF WELCOME.

Anything distinctively Canadian in the way of dramatic or scenic literature is a novelty worthy of record. We learn from Ottawa that "The Masque of Welcome"—a composition of this class—was produced last Monday with the most successful results. The Governor-General and

the Princess and suite were present, and from the hearty manner in which they applauded the several solos and choruses, were evidently delighted with the entertainment. The words of the welcome are by Mr. F. A. DIXON, and the music by ARTHUR CLAPPE, band-master to the Governor-General's Foot Guards. The piece is allegorical in character, illustrating the history of Canada. The scene opened with a sequestered glade in the woods. At the back was a miniature waterfall, splashing over moss covered rocks, and on either side are trees, rearing their trunks amidst feathery ferns. A faint light, as of the Dawn, showed the form of an Indian Chief in war costume, during which the stage generally grew light. The chief (Mr. GOURDEAU), one of Canada's first tenors, then sang his plaint of farewell to the wood in the song "Sundown." The Dawn of Colonization, an Indian maiden representing Canada, in a most elaborate costume, now entered, and sang a simple song, at the close of which she was frightened away by a number of backwoodsmen and trappers, who sang a song in praise of pioneer life. A procession then entered, emblematic of the history of Canada, those participating being dressed in the costumes of the nations whose people have hewn down our forests and built up our cities. After these, were introduced the different provinces entering the Confederation. Quebec was represented by a lady habited as one of the old French noblesse, having embroidered on her robes the *fleur de lys* and lions of her escutcheon and wearing a mural crown. Ontario was represented by a lady dressed in white, with a cross of St. George and green maple leaves embroidered thereon, her head dress being autumnal maple leaves and corn, emblematic of her agricultural wealth. British Columbia was represented by a miner, Manitoba by a trapper and hunter, Nova Scotia by a fisherman, New Brunswick by a lady dressed in sea-green, and wearing water-lilies in her hair, and Prince Edward Island by a sailor. A detachment of the G.G.F.G., and a squad of the Dragoon Guards were present, and amidst martial music, marched on the stage at the closing scene, where Canada tendered her welcome to the Marquis and Princess. The whole effect was grand. The words and music throughout are suitable to the figurative personations. The following is the song sung by Canada as the welcome is given:—

Royal lady, on our welcome
Deign to look with kindly eyes;
Loyal, loving hearts are beating,
'Neath its simple, homely guise.
Leaving courtly phrase to others
We are simple, but we're true;
Canada has one heart only,
And that heart she gives to you.
Noble sir, we hail you gladly,
Loyal to the flag you bear,
For where England's flag is waving
This—"Let right be done!"—is there.
Canada would fain grow upward,
Strong and straight as her own pines,
With her name as clean, untarnished
As the sun that on her shines;
Loved and honoured through the nations,
True and faithful she would stand;
Never should her word be doubted,
Nor dishonour touch her hand.
Guard her so, and she shall bless you,
And her children yet unborn
In the after day shall honour
You, her Ruler, Lord of Lorne.

One hundred voices participated in the chorus, and at the conclusion, a bouquet was presented by a pretty little girl dressed in white, and attended by twelve sweet little children similarly attired. The Princess acknowledged the compliment by several graceful courtesies, amidst the deafening applause of the audience.

THE Exhibition of 1878 is not at an end yet, for it appears that the medallists have not yet received their rewards. The delay seems strange, but there are many strange things in France, and not a few happened in connection with this very exhibition. The gold medals are now being manufactured at the Hotel des Monnaies. Each of them is of a value varying from 800 to 1,800 francs, and each medal, the designs for which were supplied by M. Paul Baudry, has to pass fifteen times through the press. The silver and bronze medals will take a shorter time to make, and the operations will begin next week.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, Feby. 22nd, 1879.—When one remembers the tone of the debates on the Address in the old Parliament of Canada twenty years ago, and even some debates since Confederation, it is not easy to avoid the remark that the experience of a responsibility of five years in office by the Opposition has improved our Parliamentary manners. It was the misfortune of the party led by Mr. Mackenzie, when they entered office, that their only experience was twenty years of professions of their own purity in opposition; and when these came to be contrasted with the practice of actual responsibilities, there was no end of points for jeering and ridicule. The first words of Mr. Mackenzie, who unquestionably took up the role of leader in the debates which took place on the Speakership and the Address, showed clearly that he had learned something—that is, a great sense of responsibility, and the whole country is certainly to be congratulated on the improvement of tone which has taken place.

As respects the maiden efforts in Parliament of the mover and seconder of the Address, Mr. Brecken, from P. E. Island, did not come up to the expectations of his friends. It is, however, a difficult thing to make a speech which is simply the echo of the Governor's from the Throne, containing the programme. It is very like showing off a piece of dry goods in detail and does not offer favourable conditions for eloquence. But Mr. Tassé, the young and new French member for Ottawa, whom Mr. Mackenzie from the height of his power, during the elections, called "that Government clerk," did much better in his own language, and made a speech of singular spirit and eloquence in view of the difficulty of the position I have described. His efforts showed that a new star had arisen. It is not necessary, and if it were, your space would not permit, to make any attempt to summarise his remarks; but I may say that his reference to the opening that lies before us in our North-West, was, in Milton's phrase "up to the height of that great argument." He showed how vast were the forces which go to build up a very great empire, now awaiting development, of which pressing forward the Pacific Railway with vigour must be the first step. It was this thought which made me say in my first letter that some of the questions in the speech had more than mere local interests, and will, within two decennials, make their mark on modern civilization.

It deserves to be recorded that the Address was debated, passed, and ordered to be engrossed and presented at a single sitting; and when one contrasts this with the weeks of savagery on former similar occasions, one may fairly make a mark in white for the improvement in Parliamentary manners to which I before referred.

The ex-Speaker, Mr. Anglin, is greatly dissatisfied, although he was quite mild in his tone, at the appointments, which he made when it was plain to all men that his official position was in a moribund state, being interfered with. He appealed to ancient privileges of Parliament in support of his pretension, and ex-Speaker Cockburn and Mr. Wm. Macdougall seemed to coincide with him in principle, while not sympathizing with him in his object. Sir John made a business-like exposition of the facts without attempting to derogate from the rights which belonged by the usages of Parliament, and this much, at least, is clear, that all the precedents and declarations of Mr. Anglin's party are against the super-zeal which he exerted when he was officially dying, or when he was virtually officially dead. We shall see the merits of the case when the papers come down.

Mr. Dawson, of Algoma, has moved for papers respecting the award of the Ontario Boundary Commission. He contended a great error had been made in giving to Ontario, territories which were formerly held by the Hudson's Bay Co., and which from their particular nature and mineral wealth, should properly belong to the Dominion. This view excited some interest, but serious debate upon it was postponed until the papers come down.

Mr. Charlton brought up the question of our possible exposure to the plague from the introduction of Mennonite immigrants from the Sea of Azor. Mr. Pope, the Minister of Agriculture, very fully answered this by showing that these immigrants have to pass by rail through the German Empire to the port of Hamburg, and it is plain, from the public telegrams, that the German authorities are very keenly on the alert in this matter. They, therefore, will not probably allow any diseased or infected persons to pass through the German Empire. But if this should happen, we have our very perfect establishment at Grosse Isle with which to meet the difficulty, these immigrants entering by the St. Lawrence.

A good deal of feeling has been manifested in the Senate upon there being no French speaking member of the Cabinet having a seat in that House. I think these national questions are very unfortunate. Nobody can doubt that it might be convenient and advisable if circumstances favoured to have a French speaking Senator in the Cabinet. But as to the fact of French speaking representatives in the Cabinet, there is a very full proportion and in making selections of colleagues, the Prime Minister must judge of the exigencies. It is, moreover, absurd to suppose that the able French members of the Cabinet, Messrs. Langevin, Masson and

Baby, would consent to any injustice as regards their own nationality. The dignity of the Conscript Fathers will not be advanced by unreasonable whining.

Mr. Colby has introduced a Bill for the repeal of the Insolvency Act, and making some provisions for winding up of estates of insolvent debtors, and Mr. Jas. Macdonald, the Minister of Justice answered Mr. Gigault, that the Government would make their views on this subject known, when the discussion of Mr. Colby's Bill came on. The exceedingly trifling percentage paid to creditors on the many millions of insolvent liabilities, shows that this is a sore spot in the mercantile community, and one that affects both its honour and its welfare.

Mr. Mousseau has moved for the papers in the Governor Letellier matter; and it is understood that the French members will press for the removal of the Lieut.-Governor of your Province, with persistency. I shall not venture any prophecy on the result. The Government has given no sign of its intention.

There have been many rumours, but without foundation, respecting the introduction of the Budget. It is not yet announced when, but it may be expected to come soon. Mr. Cartwright has given notice of a motion for the return of Imports and Exports during the six months ending 1st January, 1879. There have been many persons in Ottawa making representations respecting industrial interests and of course the conflict of these is the difficulty Mr. Tilley has to face.

The Railway and Forwarding interests are pressing the Government very hard for a relaxation of the cattle prohibition proclamation, its effects being very disastrous for them, while the Government find it necessary to save Canadian cattle from contact with pleuro-pneumonia, and to prevent Canadian ports being scheduled by Canadian authorities. I believe the order would be relaxed as respects Western cattle, if the Western States for their own protection, could secure their own cattle from danger of contact with importations from the diseased States of the East, and common sense would seem to say they might do so easily; for at best, carrying cattle from the East to West would be something like taking coals to Newcastle.

We may have a Chinese question in the House during this session, from action which some of the British Columbian members propose to take. The Chinese do not seem to be loved on the Pacific slope of this continent.

On Wednesday night the great ball at Rideau Hall took place, and certainly it may be described by the adjective I have used in view of the numbers present. It is estimated that the number was not less than 1,000. Every part of Rideau Hall was filled—ball-room, corridors, parlors, drawing-room, bedrooms, the whole house being thrown open. Need I say there were many gorgeous ladies' dresses? In fact, they were bewildering in their number and variety. The Marquis and Princess made the greatest exertions to be kind to everybody, and went about everywhere with this object in view. But I am sorry to say there was a great deal of crowding and crushing, especially at the entrance to the supper rooms, and it must be added that the manners of a lot of fellows, with more greed than politeness, could not have failed to have given the occupants of Rideau Hall a very unfavourable impression. I am sure, however, they are too good to credit our whole society with such rudeness. The Governor-General danced the first quadrille with Lady Macdonald, and the Princess with Sir John. During the evening, Chief-Justice Ritchie, Hon. Mr. Masson, and Col. McLeod were honoured with the hand of the Princess, and the Marquis danced with Mrs. Tilley, Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Patrick, Miss Macpherson, and others. The crowded state of the rooms, however, was very unfavourable for dancing; and in many respects this ball was like an immense drawing-room, where everybody met everybody.

Col. Littleton, who so ably filled the difficult post of Secretary to Lord Dufferin, and subsequently to the Marquis of Lorne, left town en route for England on Thursday, and, it is understood, without intention of returning. He will carry home with him many warm wishes. The praise of his judiciousness, his tact, and his great personal liberality, is in all men's mouths.

It is true that the Governments of France and Spain have very favourably received Canadian overtures to place the Dominion under the "most favoured nation clause." The fact is of importance. We may export many things to France in exchange for light wines. And the opening of a trade with Cuba would give a great stimulus to our Maritime ports.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HERO OF CHATEAUGUAY.—See editorial for fuller particulars.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BOARD.—Descriptive matter will be found under a separate head in another column of the present issue.

PARIS UNDER THE SNOW.—This amusing series of sketches shows how little prepared the good people of Paris are for a heavy snow-fall. If they had a little of our Canadian experience they would soon learn to handle the white-wood shovel more deftly than they are represented as doing.

A LARGE WAPITI, weighing about 800 lbs., was killed by an Indian named Baptiste Cimon,

on the head waters of the Mississippi River, in Ontario, on the 14th of December last. This was one of the largest specimens of the *wapiti* ever seen in Canada. This gigantic deer was found all through Ontario at one time, but for many years no single specimen has been seen on this side of Manitoba and the Saskatchewan. The horns of this splendid animal measured six feet in width, and were seven feet in height from the skull to the highest point. It is to be stuffed and placed in the Government museum.

A GROUND SHARK, caught in St. John Bay, was on exhibition in the Portland Fish Market and attracted much attention. It was about six feet long and ten inches thick. The sharks are called the monsters of the deep. Their skin is covered with very small spines, of a boney hardness, and this, when dried, becomes a sort of natural file or sand paper, used for polishing ivory, &c. They have not gill covers, but have five slits or openings on each side of their cheeks, through which the water passes. They are, indeed, tyrants of the sea; the most ferocious of them is the White Shark, which has its vast mouth furnished with triangular movable teeth, which increase with age. In the young ones there is but a single row, but in full-grown sharks there are six. "They will swallow anything," says Professor Rymer Jones, "from a tin can and canvas to fat pork and anchovies." In the stomach of one taken in the harbour at Sydney, were found a ham, several legs of mutton, the hind quarter of a pig, the head and fore legs of a bull-dog with a rope around its neck, a quantity of horseflesh, a piece of sacking, and a ship's scraper. The Greenland shark does not attack men, but is a great enemy to whales, which it kills, gorging itself with the flesh and blubber.

DROWNED.—A son of Rev. G. O. Reid, of Berwick, Kings County, was drowned at that place by falling through the ice while skating.

MONTREAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.—We are indebted to Lieut. Cole, of this popular corps, for the sketch which we publish to-day. Last week we gave full particulars of the target practice on St. Helen's Island.

FOOTBALL MATCH ON SKATES.—A novelty at this time of year in the shape of a football match on skates was witnessed on Saturday evening at the Grand Allée Skating Rink, the combatants being nine each of the Crescent and Quebec clubs.

ESQUIMAULT EXPRESS.—Considerable attention was attracted to a novel and ingenious conveyance which passed through St. James street and up Beaver Hall Hill, en route to Prendergast's. It was an ordinary sized toboggan, drawn by a fast horse, the shafts being firmly riveted to the toboggan, and on it were seated two young gentlemen well known in the city. They "dubbed" their curious vehicle the "Esquimault Express," and certainly the rapid pace at which they sped along earned it the appellation. The mode of conveyance was said to be very comfortable, and must have proved exciting in the highest degree.

DOG TRAINS.—The dog in Manitoba is considered of more value and importance than is usually attached to that animal in a more civilized country. "In order to reach places at a distance the dog train is our only and most reliable source of travelling at the present time. In general five dogs constitute a team, and they are valued at from fifty to one hundred dollars, the harness when manufactured by a saddler is worth twenty-five dollars per set, or five dollars for one single harness. A dog team when in good order with a driver and one passenger will average between sixty and seventy miles per day, and when loaded will haul six or seven hundred weight. Our streets just now present a noisy and a lively appearance, from the large number of dog teams at present in training with all their gay trappings and fixtures on, preparing for their different journeys, and with the shouting of the dog-punchers, or drivers, the barking of dogs, the jingling of bells, &c., creates quite an uproar in our usually quiet little town."

ON THE RINK.—Our front page represents a characteristic Canadian scene in winter. Three girls are moving on their silver sandals, two being experts, and the middle one evidently a beginner. The carriage of the bodies, and especially the attitude of the beauty on the right of the picture, are artistically depicted.

SKATING CARNIVAL.—Our picture represents a group of skaters, in fancy costumes, at the Victoria Rink, Montreal, on Thursday, the 20th inst. The carnival this year was very successful, the dresses being in exceedingly good taste, and several of them quite novel. We are glad to learn that the Victoria Skating Club was never more prosperous than it is this year, and certainly the entertainment of last Thursday gave proof of both good management and zeal on the part of the director and members.

FRENCH NATIONAL LOTTERY.—On the platform before the organ in the Trocadero building was a small numbered wheel, containing figures from 1 to 12, but with only one opening, to determine the series of the winning tickets for the grand prizes. Another wheel had twelve sides, each numbered from 1 to 12. In front of the platform was the bureau of the Commission. M. Marteau, the director of the drawings, read and explained the mechanism of the machine. The galleries applauded, anxious to see the entertainment begin. Three men stood behind the wheel. Upon two taps of an ivory hammer, two

of the men advanced, and one of them put the series wheel in motion; the others that of the mere numbers. The big prizes were first drawn, and No. 978,599 of the fourth series won the chief prize—a valuable set of plate by Odier, worth 5,000*l.*, while the second prize, a magnificent *parure* of diamonds, by Boucheron, worth 4,000*l.*, was secured by No. 167,257. Neither of the holders of these tickets was present, and there was no applause whatever. The drawing went on for several hours, the wheels revolving 75 times an hour, until the first 300 grand prizes were drawn. This was the number drawn daily till the whole of the "grand prizes," which number 1,277, and are worth over 140,000*l.*, were drawn. These settled, the minor prizes were drawn, but these took up less time, as there was no drawing whatever for any particular series—the number of the ticket presented by the large wheel alone sufficing for the whole of the twelve series. The total number of prizes amounted to more than 82,000, and represented a value of 350,000*l.* The first lot is said to have been won by a journeyman currier, and the fourth, a *rivière* of diamonds, by an insurance clerk. Only a few of the prizes were claimed by the actual spectators, one of whom, a lady, fainted with the excitement.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—We have already fully described the ceremonies attendant on the opening of Parliament. Our present sketch shows the arrival of His Excellency at the grand entrance of the Parliament Buildings, a quarter of an hour after the arrival of Her Royal Highness.

LOST IN A DRIFT.—In the snowstorm last week a carter and his two sons and two horses were nearly lost in snow-drifts on Little River Road, while returning to Quebec from Lorette; assistance was, however, sent them from a neighbouring house, when the man and boys were dug out and taken indoors, the storm being too severe to remove the horses till morning; they were found still alive, but are scarcely expected to be fit for work again.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BOARD.

WILLIAM HENRY GRIFFIN, Esq., Deputy Postmaster-General, and Chairman of the Civil Service Board.—*The Canadian Parliamentary Companion*, an acknowledged authority on the subjects of which it treats, records the following dates in the official life of the newly elected Chairman of the Civil Service Board: "He entered Imperial public service as a clerk in the Office of the Deputy Postmaster-General, 21st April, 1831; promoted to be Surveyor of Post Offices, east of Kingston, 1st May, 1835; appointed Secretary of P. O. Department on its transfer to Provincial control, 1851; Deputy Postmaster-General of Canada, 12th June, 1857; Deputy Postmaster-General of the Dominion, 30th May, 1868; appointed a Commissioner for the reorganization of the Civil Service, 1868; was also a member of the Civil Service Commission, 1862; was a member of Board of Audit from its first establishment, 1858, and of the Board of Customs, Excise and Stamps, from 1864; negotiated the Postal Convention with the United States, 1875; is President of the Civil Service Building and Savings Society, and Chairman of the Civil Service Board." The story of Mr. Griffin's life is the history of the rise and progress of the Canadian Post Office. Coming in early life with his father, Dr. George Griffin, of the 32nd Regiment, to Canada, and commencing his official career before he was twenty, and at a time when the Civil Service scarcely existed, he has grown up with the country, and has had no small share in the labour which has made Canada what it is to-day. There are comparatively few men now in public life who can remember the dissensions which culminated in the rebellion of 1837. Mr. Griffin was at that time actively engaged in endeavouring to reduce to a minimum the irregularities in the postal service, which the disturbed state of the country rendered to some extent unavoidable. In the steady progress which more peaceful times have facilitated, the wonderful development of a large institution like the Canadian Post Office is apt to escape notice, and one has to recall the slow, cumbersome stages of a quarter of a century ago, and then gaze upon the post-office car of the present day, to realize what a vast change in the facilities for interchange of correspondence has been brought about in the last twenty-five years. Mr. Griffin is now, we believe, the senior member of the permanent Civil Service. His name has been more than once mentioned in connection with some mark of distinction from the Imperial Government, and if nearly fifty years of faithful service can give a Civil servant a claim to such distinction, we know of no one in whose behalf such a claim could be more strongly urged than in that of the Deputy Postmaster-General of Canada. Sir Rowland Hill received a K.C.B. and pension of £2,000 a year for a service less than one-half that of Mr. Griffin.

EDOUARD JOSEPH LANGEVIN, Esq., Under Secretary of State, and Secretary to the Civil Service Board.—Although a much younger man, both in point of age and length of service, than the Chairman of the Civil Service Board, Mr. Under-Secretary Langevin has already won a high reputation as an able, laborious, and painstaking official. As Clerk of the Crown in Chancery of the late Province of Canada, and, later on, of the Dominion, and as Deputy Registrar-General of the Dominion (discharging the duties

of both offices at one and the same time, for a considerable period), he early gave promise of much official ability; but it was not until he was placed as the sub-head of one of the largest and most important of the Public Departments under the Dominion Government, that the public had an opportunity of judging fully of his solid business qualities and acquirements. The late M. Etienne Parent, the veteran publicist, who was Mr. Langevin's predecessor, as Deputy in the Department of State, and who was no mean judge of men, early recognized Mr. Langevin's worth as a public officer, and was the first to suggest his name to the Government as his successor—a suggestion twice made, and finally approved of and adopted—Mr. Langevin being gazetted as Under-Secretary of State in July, 1873. Since then Mr. Langevin has continued to win new laurels, from all sides, as was amply evidenced on the occasion of the presentation of an oil portrait from gentlemen of the Civil Service to Mr. Langevin, in June, 1877, when Mr. Secretary Scott (who presented the picture) paid a graceful tribute to the services and talents of his then Deputy Minister, and again on his leaving office, in October last. Space would not permit of our dwelling at any length on the fruits of Mr. Langevin's official career. Let it suffice that he has, in less than six years, established his Department on a firm and solid basis—second to none for good order and general efficiency. Mr. Langevin is a member of the well-known Quebec family of that name, of whom Bishop Langevin, Vicar-General Langevin, and Honourable Postmaster-General Langevin, C.B., have not been unworthy scions. He was born in the "ancient capital," October 1st, 1833; educated at the Quebec Seminary; adopted the profession of a notary public, and was duly admitted in 1858. During the Trent affair he raised and commanded a company of the *Voltigeurs de Quebec*, of which regiment he subsequently became major. He entered the Civil Service in January, 1865, as Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, and he is now at the top of the ladder, so far as that service is concerned, but we hope that the day is not far distant when the country may experience the benefit of his able business knowledge and sound judgment in some more exalted position. Mr. Langevin married, in 1877, Elizabeth, second daughter of Hon. Chief Justice Armstrong, of St. Lucia, West Indies.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, Feb. 17.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The debate on the address was opened by Mr. Brecken, of Prince Edward Island, who moved its reception, and commented, in the course of his remarks, on the various features of the Speech from the Throne. Mr. Tassé, the junior member for Ottawa, seconded the Address in a most eloquent French speech. We shall publish the portraits of these two gentlemen in our next issue. Mr. Mackenzie followed, and after the customary complimentary remarks on the preceding speeches, criticised several features of the Address, and referred to the meagre list of proposed legislation. The Premier concluded the debate in a brief speech, in which he expressed himself as pleased on the whole with the remarks of the leader of the Opposition. The Address was then passed *en bloc*, and the reply formally introduced and adopted.

TUESDAY, Feb. 18.

SENATE.—The Address was moved and seconded by Hon. Mr. Cornwall and Hon. Mr. DeBoucherville, respectively. The reply came from Hon. Mr. Scott, leader of the Opposition in the Upper House. Hon. Messrs. Armand and Bellerose then expressed their disappointment and dissatisfaction at the absence of a French speaking member of the Cabinet in the Senate.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Hon. Mr. Anglin moved for copies of correspondence between the Clerk and the late Speaker of the House respecting appointments to vacancies in the House of Commons. The Speaker, he said, was appointed by the House to act not only while Parliament was sitting, but in the interim, and until a new Parliament was elected, so that at no time could the House or the country be without a Speaker, except in event of death. He had looked into the matter very carefully, and had been convinced, as he was now, that he had the right, and that it was his duty, to have made those appointments.

Sir John A. Macdonald dissented from this view, and was supported by Hon. Mr. Cockburn, a former Speaker, who held that Mr. Anglin's attributions ceased with the defeat of his party in September. Hon. Mr. McDougall did not approve of Mr. Anglin's course, but asserted his entire adherence to the principle of the Speaker's rights not being encroached on by the Government.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 19.

Owing to the grand ball at Rideau Hall in the evening, the session was a short one, and occupied with questions of appointments and dismissals.

THURSDAY, Feb. 20.

The whole session was exclusively devoted to routine.

FRIDAY, Feb. 21.

SENATE.—Mere routine.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Clerk read the address of condolence to Her Majesty on the death of the Princess Alice, from the Senate.

Sir John Macdonald moved that the House do join with the Senate in the address, and that it be forwarded through His Excellency the Governor-General to Her Majesty.

Hon. Mr. Mackenzie seconded the motion.

Hon. Mr. Masson rose to speak in French to the motion, but had only uttered a few words, when he fell to the floor in a fainting fit. This caused considerable sensation in the House. The hon. gentleman was, by the aid of some of the medical members, soon sufficiently restored to be able to leave the chamber.

The rest of the sitting was taken up with routine work.

SATURDAY, Feb. 22.

Recess.

Baudry's paintings in the Grand Opera are being rapidly spoiled by the action of the gas. The damage will be still more evident after the paintings have been washed, an operation which will very soon become necessary.

WHO would believe that in this year of grace, 1879, an American lady could be detained in a Paris pension against her wish, simply because she has not the written permission of her husband, now in America, to leave the said pension? And yet this is absolutely true, and all the efforts of the American Minister, the Consul-General, and several other friends have thus far been unavailing.

THE Prefecture of the Seine has published the two first volumes of the descriptive catalogue of the objects and works of art belonging to the city of Paris which ornament the various municipal buildings in the capital. These two volumes form the beginning of two series—one relating to secular and the other to ecclesiastical buildings. From this catalogue it appears that the municipality have expended £120,000 since 1816 upon their churches, which are little more than a fifth of the total number in Paris.

HUMOROUS.

ACCORDING to Joseph Cook, Boston has eight miles of grog shops. No wonder her streets are so crooked.

YOUNG SWELL: "I should like to have my moustache dyed." Polite barber: "Certainly; did you bring it with you?"

A STUDENT inquiring for Prometheus Unbound at a certain bookstore recently was informed that they only kept the bound copies.

THOMPSON says you may talk of your water cures, your movement cures and your blue-glass cures; but there is nothing like the sinecure, after all.

WHEN a boy does something funny and you laugh at it, he will invariably keep doing it twenty or thirty times more till you have to knock him down with something.

"We don't know everything," remarked the professor, "and we don't find many that claim to, except now and then one or two in the sophomore class."

"WHAT is the usual definition of conscience?" asked a man of his pastor. "A man's rule for his neighbour's conduct is about the way it comes out practically," was the reply.

SOME one called him lazy and it roused him. "Lazy! You don't know what I say. I don't say lazy. I say I work as hard as I can. I guess I know what I was about. A man can be so lazy as he bleases off he wants to, ain't it?"

THERE is nothing so efficient in breaking up corner loafing as an saves trough well trimmed with melting icicles. The cultivation of the icicle should receive more general attention by residents of main streets.

STRANGE there are men occupying high positions in business and society in this city, not knowing how to read. This remark is suggested by seeing the number of intelligent-looking men utterly unable to decipher the mystic legend, "Please shut the door!"

AN exchange tells of a young man who swore off smoking, and was worth ten thousand dollars in five years. There's some mistake here. We know a young man who has sworn off fifty times in five years, and isn't worth a cent.

A NEW HAVEN policeman has been fined two days' pay for taking off his boots on going to sleep. If it was on his beat, it served him right. A policeman ought always to keep his boots on when he sleeps on his beat, lest he should take cold and deprive the force of a valuable officer.

So many people are shot where the doctors are unable to find the ball, that it is suggested that a thread be attached to bullets, with a spool in the rear of a cylinder of a revolver, so that the doctors can take hold of the thread and pull the bullet out. Many valuable lives would be saved that way.

A PERSON who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger? "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

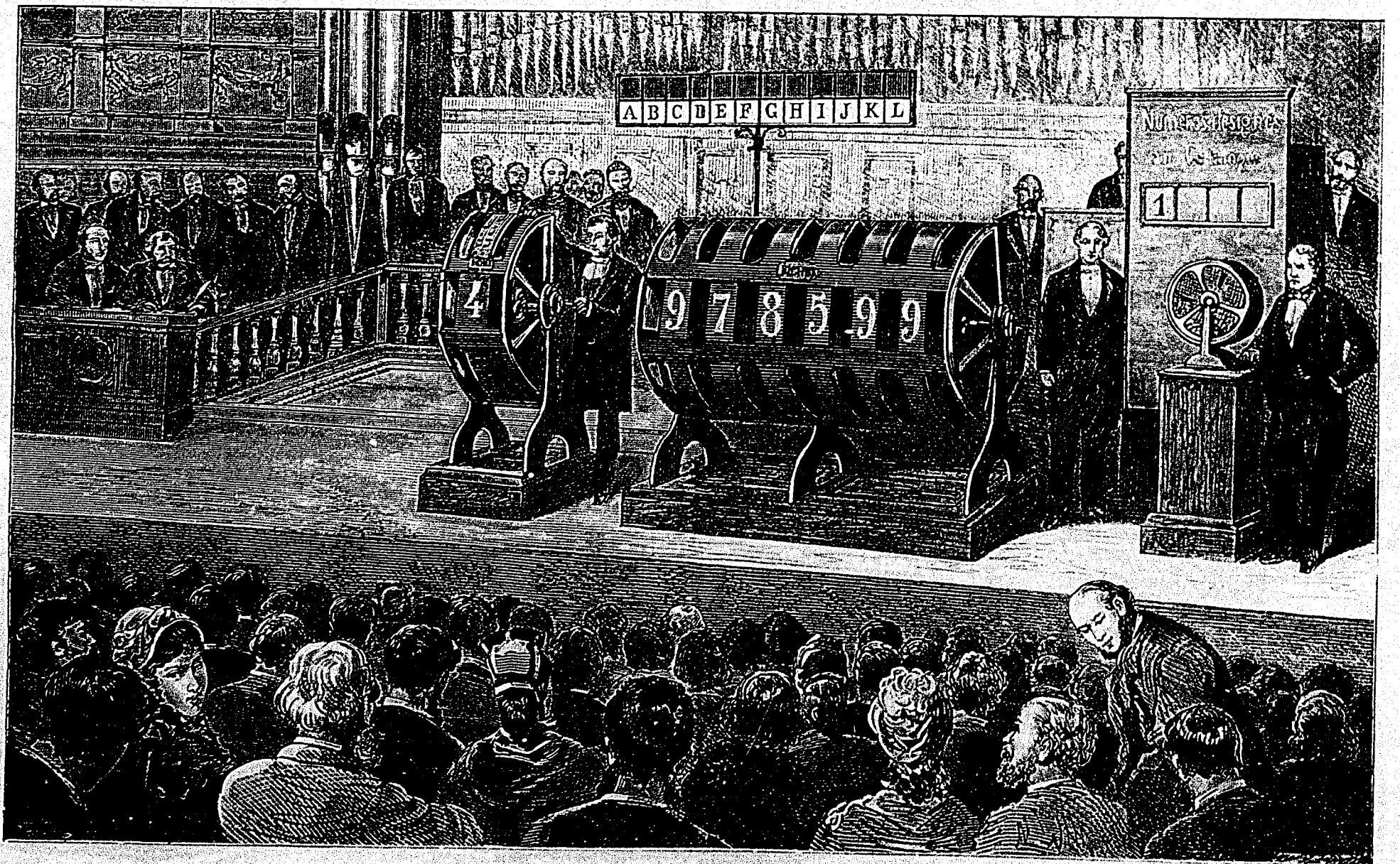
AN agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods was to deliver them at the residence of the purchaser. The Dutchman gave him the following directions: "You shoost goes behind de obur-h; den you turns up de right for a while till you come to a house with a big hog in the yard. Dot's me."

To classical student: "You ask 'if Atlas supported the world, what supported Atlas?' The question, dear sir, has often been asked, but never, so far as we are aware, satisfactorily answered. We have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife and got his support from her father."

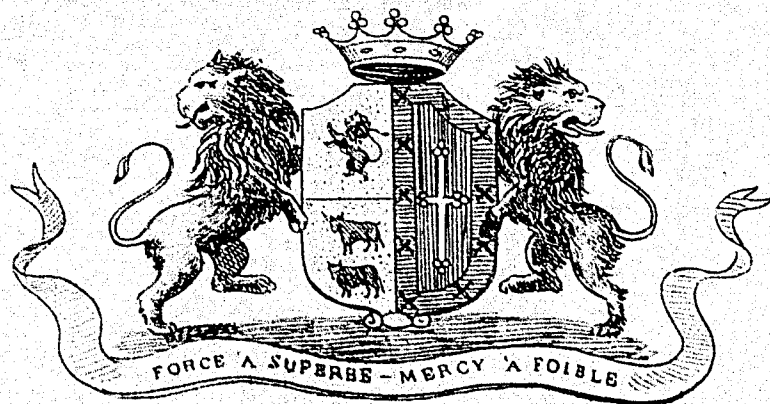
TELL us not in mournful numbers that this life is but a dream, when a girl that weighs one hundred gets outside a quart of cream—and then wants more.—*Elmira Gazette*. Life is real, life is earnest, and the girls know what they need, but on cream they are the dullest set to show their grit and greed. No enoche.—*New York News*. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; but never let us go a wooing girls that want a second plate. How's that?—*Newsboy*. Lives of such girls all remind us, as we float adown the stream, that the boys who come behind us will have to pay for lots of cream. N-o-x-t-l-e.—*Yonker's Gazette*. Be not like dumb driven cattle, be a hero in the strife; never with her mother battle, save the ice-cream for your wife. Proceed!



MONTREAL.—FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK.



PARIS.—DRAWING OF THE GRAND LOTTERY PRIZES.



THE HERO OF CHATEAUGUAY.
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH, AND THE HUNDRETH OF HIS BIRTH, CELEBRATED AT CHAMBLY, 25th FEB., 1879.

BALLAD OF THE WORN-OUT SHOE.

This is the tale of the worn-out shoe—
A tale ever old and a tale ever new.

This shoe belonged to a little girl
With a sparkling eye and a golden curl,
And she was wont with a smile to come
With this worn-out shoe to John Stevenson.

Stevenson, John, was a cobbler bold,
And he boarded this shoe like beaten gold;
And when she came—she did 'tis true—
It was "Please wait for a day or two."

Oh, de, John, as you peg and sew,
To treat a fair young lady so!
For she went away and she came again
And the story was ever and always the same.

John worked away with a studious face,
And pondered much on the handsome grace
Of the fair little girl, and had no heart
To mend the shoe, so the two could part.

So John took his time on the worn-out shoe,
(It ever was mended, 'twixt me and you)
And counted the moments until she came,
And softly spoke to himself her name.

And often and often she came, so that
She used to stay for a while and chat.
And once a customer swore on a keg
He'd seen John teaching her how to peg.

Be this as it may I can but tell
That John into love most deeply fell;
But he had more courage to take his life
Than to ask the lady to be his wife.

For she was raised in the finest schools,
And he was raised to his cobbler's tools;
But still she came with her beautiful face,
And made him a man in his leathery place.

And he fixed a store for her sake alone,
And he fixed himself with a brush and comb,
And he learned to sell and he learned to buy,
For the sake of the girl with the laughing eye.

John, the cobbler, was now no more—
Mr. "John Stevenson" graced the door—
But the lady never the store came near,
And John was sad and the place was drear.

"What ails the lady?" thought John at last,
As he saw her face as it hurried past;
"Perhaps she has found whom she soon will wed,"
And then John Stevenson bowed his head.

Long were the days till she came again,
And when she came she was wet with rain;
"If you please," she said, "Mr. Stevenson,
I will take my shoe if you have it done."

He sadly took down the worn little shoe,
And brushed the dust on his waistcoat new,
And mumbled it tenderly, and looked down
On the golden hair just turning brown.

And John, he thought, as he stood there then,
If they should part and not meet again,
He would feel worse in his splendid store
Than when a cobbler two years before.

As he stood there thinking, the worn-out shoe
Fell on the counter between the two,
And she took it up in her little hand,
"Dear me it is almost too poor to mend."

"True," said John, "let me give you a pair
That are strong and stout and certain to wear."
"No, no!" she said, in a frightened way,
"I cannot buy any shoes to-day."

And then, as she lifted her hands he saw
That her gown was faded, her finger raw;
That her little lip quivered with fright or fear,
And in her eye there glistened a tear.

This was too much for John Stevenson,
And down on the counter the shoes he flung,
And into his arms he folded the girl
With the faded gown and the golden curl.

"No! no," she cried, as she struggled wild,
"I'm poor, Mr. Stevenson, poor as a child.
We lost all we had—we are rich no more—
And now I must earn what I scorned before."

Then John, with the grace of a knight of old,
Asked for the story—the story was told—
The story of Fortune all over the town,
Of his going up and of her going down.

And while she spoke, with an absent air
She covered the shoe with her hand so fair,
And he, in a manner slow and still,
Placed his on hers—ah, that magic thrill!

And then, when the story was done and told,
John, with a manner quite manly and bold,
Declared he would give her her shoes for life
In exchange for the shoe, and herself—as wife.

And then John found what he never had lost,
And bought the shoe at a willing cost,
And lifted his face with a happy glow,
From the golden hair on his vest below.

Up on a shelf there is stored away
An old worn shoe to this very day,
Amid the stocks that are great and fine,
It stands like the ghost of an olden time.

Its toes are out and its heels are down,
The tongues are lost and the leather is brown,
But often still (between me and you),
Two hands rest lightly upon that shoe.

MILLICENT'S DOWER.

The night was gloomy, and filled with wild
gusts of wind that raved about the turrets of the
castellated mansion and sang in the wide and
dreary halls. It could have no better place than
Berkeley House in which to waken ghostly
sounds, full of deep bay-windows and corners
that seemed made for the delectation of un-
earthly beings.

The old mansion was a relic from the early
colonial days, and was said to represent the
character of its master, who was noted for his
eccentricities, even in those days of witches and
goblins grim.

Disappointed in some cherished ambition or
love affair, Simon Berkeley came to America
when great forests still shadowed the shores of
New England, and, travelling along the sea-
coast, found a hill that looked southward and
overlooked broad sweeps of sea, and there built
him a home.

Huge elms rose close to the massive stone
walls, and where time and disuse had crum-
bled the casements the branches of these had
forced their way into the silent rooms, and, when
the wind shook them, shivered as though fear
held them in a firm grasp.

Below there were old orchards, wherein the
warm sunlight made golden-edged shadows in
the long summer days, but which were now full
of storm-songs that came ringing up the hill
with a strange weirdness borne from the sea, for
this was just below them, and its foamy waves
came in on the rocky ledge that held them in
check, beating them with a fierce fury that sent
the spray high in air.

The building had a great hall that ran through
its main part, and from this two wings ran away
to the east and west, these containing the apart-
ments that were intended for family use. They
were solid and of a peculiar construction, those
in the west wing having broad, deep windows,
while narrow and strongly-barred casements
gave the east wing a dungeon look, that carried
one back to the dark ages.

Simon Berkeley married shortly after his
house was finished, his bride being a woman as
strange and eccentric as himself. The result of
this marriage was a daughter, who, in direct con-
tradiction to received tenets, was as beautiful
and bright as a June morning, and possessed a
soul as lovely as her body.

The mother died shortly after the birth of this
child, and, with two old servants to supply their
needs, the stern and pitiless man shut himself
and his daughter up on the estate he had pur-
chased, and their manner of existence became a
mystery.

There were many stories told concerning Old
Simon, as he was called. People said that he
was so hard and cold that if he stood near a
blooming plant, the flowers would shiver and
close as though a storm was beating them.
There were rumours concerning harsh words
spoken to the woman he had married, and more
than one whisper said that her death was caused
by cruel blows from his hands.

But she passed away and was forgotten, and
old Simon lived on in the great house, with his
daughter and the two servants for company.

The girl was named Millicent, and was very
beautiful. This was all the few neighbours
knew. They caught occasional glimpses of her
golden hair, as she played in the garden lying
south of the building, and sometimes heard a
merry voice rippling into song among the great
elms that rose about the mossy stone walls.

Years passed, and the girl grew to woman-
hood. Then a young man came to the place, a
stranger to all living there. Some said he was a
lawyer, some thought him an artist; but where
his home was no one knew, nor did he tell. It
was soon noticed that he frequented the vicinity
of Berkeley House, and once he was seen talk-
ing to Millicent Berkeley in the wood that lay
back of her home.

Then he suddenly disappeared, and no one
ever saw him again; but the next autumn some
boys, seeking nuts, found the skeleton of a man
deep in the silence of the woods back of the great
stone mansion, and there were some shreds of
mouldering garments lying near, which were
recognized as being familiar in colour to those he
had worn.

How he had come to his death no one knew,
though Simon Berkeley's name became strangely
linked with the affair, and many said that he
knew more of it than he cared to tell.

With the disappearance of this stranger Millicent
Berkeley ceased to be seen, and whither she
had gone no one knew.

A few years after this a young child was seen
playing in the garden where Millicent had
played when young, and this new comer had
golden hair and a musical voice that were
strangely like hers.

Ten years after the disappearance of Millicent
Simon Berkeley was found dead, sitting at his
writing-desk, his gray hair falling about the
lifeless hands on which his head rested.

His will gave the estate to the boy who had
been seen about the grounds, and whom he called
Wardour Berkeley.

From Simon Berkeley's death to the time of
which this story tells the building had remained
in the possession of the Berkeleys, son succeed-
ing father as generation followed generation.

The estate, however, had dwindled from its
once grand proportions, though a large tract of
land still remained, heavily encumbered by a
mortgage, the result of the second Wardour Ber-
keley's profligacy. The old house and the or-
chards and gardens about it were free, the will
of old Simon having made them heirlooms in the
family; but the house, though originally strong
and massive, was growing ruined from want of
care—the care that money alone can give.

There were stories that it was haunted, several
people affirming that they had seen unearthly
forms pacing the terrace in front of its broad
hall, or moving before its ruined windows.

The general description made these a stern old
man, and a beautiful, golden-haired woman;
but, strangely as it may seem, though many
people residing in the neighbourhood testified to
having seen these, they were never visible to the
inhabitants of the house.

At this time the owner of the old house was
named Millicent Berkeley, a girl as beautiful

and bright as the one whose strange disappear-
ance, two centuries or more before, was still a
mystery. She was the daughter of the last
Wardour Berkeley, a man who had let his pas-
sions rule till they sank a noble genius in the
ruin of a drivelling drunkard, and the great
cause of wonder was how one so pure and so sweet
and womanly could come from such a father.

His wastefulness had left the lands belong-
ing to the old estate burdened with heavy claims,
so that when he died the half-ruined house was
all that the daughter could call her own.

His funeral drew together many of the distant
connections of the family—off-shoots that had
carried the name to far-away places—and among
these came one Simon Berkeley, a young man
just graduated from college, proud, handsome,
courageous, talented, generous, ambitious and
warm-hearted, but poor.

He had used up what little money he inher-
ited in obtaining an education, and now stood
ready to enter life's fight and bravely battle up
to victory.

He had never mingled much with women, for
he had lost his mother when a babe, and no sis-
ters had been given him; and knowing that his
success in the future depended on himself alone,
he had kept steadily at his studies, and carried
off the highest honours of his class.

Then came the funeral of Wardour Berkeley,
and Simon met Millicent.

She was like a revelation to him, so lovely
and so lovable that his soul went out to her in
a great cry for love; and when the obsequies
were over and the other members of the family
were gone, he lingered on at the old house,
striving by all the many powers he possessed to
make Millicent happy.

That he succeeded can easily be imagined,
for Millicent had led a lonely life, and her sun-
lit days had been very few.

The days of his stay grew into weeks, and
these lengthened out to months. But he was
not idle all this time; he could not afford to
be. He read law for hours, filling his mind
with a store of knowledge to help him in the
future.

Autumn came and with it the settlement of
the estate, this showing Millicent that she was
almost penniless, for she could not sell the
house or land near it, and neither were produc-
tive of an income.

At this time of trial her cousin was of great
service, and they were drawn closer together.

They were walking in the orchard one bright
October afternoon, when the beauty of nature,
clad in her varied splendor and rich with warm
floods of sunlight, filled their souls with that
subtle sympathy that awakens love.

It would have been impossible for any man
of a generous nature to refrain from doing what
Simon Berkeley then did.

In their walk they came to a terrace that
overlooked the sunlit sea-reaches, where the
white sails shone and glittered as they filled and
swayed in the wind. They had been talking
of Millicent's business, and she was troubled
when they reached this point.

They stood silent a little time, and then the
fair girl suddenly stretching out her hands im-
ploringly to the ocean, said:

"Oh, that we might have the power to fly
from trouble as easily as those ships glide
through the sea!"

How could any soul stand unmoved at such a
time? It would have taken a hard and storm-
tossed man to withstand the pleading in her
voice, and Simon Berkeley was not a person of
this kind. He took the outstretched hands re-
verently in his, and looking into the clear,
sweet eyes, said: "My darling, will you not
let me try to keep this trouble away, my love?
—for I love you."

She could not doubt this, there was such a
great light in the deep, gray eyes looking into
hers; and as she saw this, a sweet rest came to
her soul, and, with a low, glad cry, she nestled
in the clasp of the arms so willing to take her.
So they stood for a long time, holding that holy
converse that love brings, and then again
walked slowly through the orchard aisles.

"I should like to keep the old acres," said
Millicent; "so many of our family have called
them theirs, and lived and loved among them,
that it seems like a sacrilege to let them go."

"They shall not go," answered Simon; "we
will save them; for I can work now, and to him
who works with a brave soul all things are
easy."

He was hopeful and strong, for love and sun-
shine are the great powers that give the soul
hope and gladness.

"Yes, I feel that we can and will keep
them," she said, "for we can help each other."

"And I must not stay here much longer,
dear, for when the work is ready and the hands
willing there should be no lingering by the
way."

"I know, and yet it is hard to let you go,
just as I seem to have gained you," and her
little hands clung close to his arm.

Love's sweet words are said in lonely places,
and to those that love rule, the world is full of
light and glory.

"You must not go before my birthday," Mil-
licent said at last, after an hour of rich plea-
sure spent in talking over the plans that were
to be perfected and performed in the future.

"I can wait till then," he answered, and so
it was settled.

Millicent's birthday came—a dark day, full
of great masses of sober gray clouds. The
wind rose when the sun set, and its notes
sang loudly in the old elms, and went sweeping
inland, laden with the wind melodies of the sea.

The old house seemed full of strange sounds,
and the two young people soon became aware
of a weird power that pervaded the building.
They could see nothing, and no sounds reached
them save those made by the wind.

They were sitting near a ruddy and crack-
ling wood fire, which blazed on the hearth,
and sent its rose-coloured light out into the
gathering shadows.

As the darkness increased, the feeling that
affected them grew more intense, and made
their conversation sink to lowly murmured
words.

They had wandered through the deserted
rooms talking of the old house and the people
who had lived in it. Millicent said they had
left no room unvisited, and after this survey
they ate their supper, and then settled them-
selves by the fire for a long chat, as Simon was
to leave for Boston the next day, there to try
his strength in the battle and turmoil of life.

As they sat thus, Millicent's low voice
making sweet echoes for the fierce storm-songs
of the wind, this strange feeling came and
grew so intense that they thought some one
was with them.

Millicent was first to speak of it.
"Do you not feel oddly?" said she. "There
seem to be others besides ourselves in the
room, and yet I can see no one."

"I have the same impression, and yet, as
you say, can see nothing. The house must
be haunted."

"There are stories to that effect current
among the neighbours, and I surely believe we
have some one in the room with us, though
I have no faith in either ghosts or spirits."

"Nor have I; so we will talk of other
things, and perhaps this feeling will then
pass away," and he changed their conversation
to their approaching separation, and the condi-
tion of the old house.

"Oh, I do so wish that we had money
enough to redeem the land and restore the
building, for it is the home of the Berkeleys,"
said Millicent; "then we could come here
every summer, and make it a haven of rest,
and you know the railroad brings it very near
the city."

"I know that it does," and, stooping abrupt-
ly, Simon Berkeley sprang to his feet.

"Do you know there is some one in this
room?" he said; "I felt their garments brush-
ing past me."

Millicent rose and came to him.
"I feel the same presence, what can it mean?"
she cried.

"I do not know; I can see no one; but this
feeling grows stronger all the while, and it
seems to be like one beckoning me to follow."

"I have the same impression. What shall
we do?"

"Let us see where it will lead us," and he
took up the lamp that stood on the table.

She clung to his arm, and together they
went slowly to the door, and out into the
passage leading to the great hall.

The wind was raging fiercely outside, and
sent wild sounds echoing through the old house.
The elms swayed about the stone walls, and
circling gusts of air came from the passages by
which they walked, and made the lamp's flame
flicker, and made weird shadows in the gloom
that circled close about their way.

Slowly but steadily they went on across the
great hall and along a passage leading to the
eastern wing. They had traversed the same
route during the day, and the way was familiar.
Through the musty apartments they went, the
mouldering tapestries of colonial days flutter-
ing in the storm-filled air that came rushing
through the broken casements.

Slowly onward they went, led by the strange
power whose influence they felt, but which
they could not see, and at last came to the
great room that finished the suite. The door
leading to this they had left closed when they
visited it in the morning, but now it was
thrown wide open. They distinctly remem-
bered closing it, and looked at each other in
astonishment.

"The servants never come here, and we
fastened this door," said Millicent.

"Yes, but we are being led, you know."

"I know it, and will go on to the end."

They passed through the open doorway, and
Simon held the lamp high aloft.

As the light flashed along the walls, a cry of
surprise escaped them.

The wind had torn away the faded hangings
with which the room was decorated, and its
force seemed to have opened a heavy, narrow
panel door, whose fastening-bolt had rusted
loose. This door was fitted to match the wall,
and opened on a flight of steps leading up. So
closely had it been set that no one unacquainted
with its locality would have thought that it
existed.

Simon led the way up the steps, and soon
they came to a small chamber with a thin slit
in the wall to admit light and air. A cur-
tained recess was at one end, and as Simon
Berkeley drew the tattered damask aside a
shudder of horror thrilled them.

There, amid the mouldering fragments of rich
cloth and linen, lay a skeleton, the fleshless skull
enveloped in a mass of shining, golden hair.

"My God! who can this be?" gasped Simon.

"I do not know; but see, here is writing on
the wall," said Millicent, whose glance had
turned from the ghastly picture.

Simon followed her look, and saw, cut by
some sharp-pointed instrument, several long
lines of writing. The letters were the quaint
characters of the olden times, and dampness

had caused the broken surface to gather a dark green mould, while the rest of the wall was yellow, thus making the letters stand out in bold relief.

The writing, when deciphered, read as follows:

"I, Millicent, the daughter of Simon Berkeley, founder of this house, feeling that death is near, write these words:

"I am the first person born in the Berkeley mansion, and in it I lived, seeing no one but the two old servants and my father for nineteen years. I never saw my mother to remember her, for she died when I was a babe. I was never allowed to go beyond the orchard wall, and did not do so until I was nineteen years old. Then one day I rambled into the wood north of the house, and there met a young man.

"He said that his name was Harold Mortimer, and that he was a distant relative of our family, my father being at enmity with his people. He had come to see him, to try and make peace, but had been coldly repulsed. During his visit he had seen me, and he determined to speak to me.

"He was very handsome, and very kind, and we met frequently after this. Then he told me of love, and spoke of going away, and I found that his presence was dearer to me than life, and that I loved him. We knew that my father would never consent to our marriage, and plighted our troth in secret. We could get no one to marry us, he being a stranger, and there was no minister near, so I took my mother's bible to the woods, and with our hands clasped on the sacred book, we knelt and swore to be husband and wife from that time, till God should part us by death.

"I had a happy week, meeting my husband every day, and then my father found us together. He said some hard and cruel words, and I fainted. When I grew conscious again I was in this room, and here I have remained ever since. Where my husband is I do not know, though from some strange visions that have come to me, I think that he is dead. Were he alive he would find me, for love can unlock all prisons.

"Nine months after I was brought here my baby came, and for one year I was happy. My father was the only person I saw. He attended me when sick, never speaking to me, but bringing food and clothing. At the end of the year he took my baby away, and I have never seen it since.

"That is more than eight years ago. I have kept the time by marks on the wall. My father has visited me every day until five days back, and I have had no food since then. He has never spoken to me, though I have prayed for his forgiveness, and he has seen that I was growing weaker all the time.

"I feel that I am dying of hunger and thirst, and am too weak to call for help with any hope of being heard. I do not know why he should so cruelly let me perish here; but if I die, I shall see my husband and my baby. May God bless them and my father, and forgive me if I have sinned.

"MILICENT."

Simon Berkeley had died five days before this was written. When his daughter died cannot be told. Doubtless God ended her sufferings very quickly after she wrote out the record of her sad story.

The hard old man, who had kept her a prisoner, had not intended that she should die thus, but death chilled his heart ere he could reveal her secret prison.

Beneath the writing stood a heavy oaken chest. The iron of the lock was rusted away, and when Simon had finished reading the first Millicent's story, he stooped and opened this. It contained caskets and little sacks falling to pieces from age, and these held gold and jewels, the fashion and coinage being centuries old.

When these lay revealed, the strange feeling that had led them on slowly faded away, and the wind that had raged outside the building began to die away.

"It is the dowry of the dead Millicent, and she has given it to you," said Simon. "There is more than enough to redeem the land, and make Berkeley House the grand old home it once was."

She clung closer to him. "It will help you, too, for we have no need to wait to be married now," she said, "and we will be so happy that the sad soul who lived so lonely here may grow glad from our joy."

As she spoke, she took up a tress of the golden hair lying on the bed.

"This shall be an heirloom that must never leave the house," she continued, as they turned away and went slowly back to the room they had left to begin their search.

The wind had changed when they reached the apartment. The storm clouds were rolling eastward over the wild sea, their great masses edged with a rich silver light. The moon was sailing high in the heavens, and a sweet restfulness pervaded the room.

On Christmas day they were married, and when spring came workmen repaired the old house, the encumbrances on the land were cleared away, and the Berkeley mansion was once again the manor of as fine an estate as the country possessed.

One wonder that perplexed the people of the neighbourhood was the appearance of a heavy granite shaft in the Berkeley burial-place, on which was cut this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of
HAROLD AND MILICENT MORTIMER.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

SEVERAL articles in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March are noticeable alike for their timely interest and their fine illustrations. "A Day with Hudson's Bay Dog-sledges" gives a vivid picture of winter travel over frozen wastes. The "Pottery and Porcelain at the Paris Exposition" are described with thorough knowledge and discrimination by Jenny J. Young, author of "The Ceramic Art," whose paper is embellished with cuts of some of the choicest specimens of the different schools. The mournful career of Richard Realf is recounted by his friend Rossiter Johnson, and a portrait of the handsome and unfortunate poet strengthens this appeal to the reader's sympathies. Edward King concludes his sketches of Hungarian and Austrian scenes with a sparkling and well-illustrated description of Vienna. "Live Wood in our Whipping-Post," by Howard M. Jenkins, may be commended to the attention of all who are interested in the subject of criminal legislation. Under the title of "My Village in the South," Miss Annie Porter begins what promises to be a very entertaining series of pictures of Southern life. "Monsieur Pampalon's Repentance," an amusing story of French manners; "Joseph's Adventure," which is a glimpse of the ruder and more adventurous life of California; "Women's Husbands," of which the opening tale is concluded in this number; "Through Winding Ways," and many shorter contributions preserve the usual variety and piquancy of the Magazine.

ST. NICHOLAS for March opens with a capital Arctic story, by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, vividly describing "An Adventure on an Iceberg; the illustration forms the frontispiece of the number. Mr. Horace E. Scudder relates a story of "The Obstinate Weather-cock," and its dealings with an Unterrified Colorado Beetle. For this story Mr. Alfred Kappes furnishes two pictures. Julian Hawthorne's continued fairy-tale, "Rumpty-Dudget's Tower," illustrated by Alfred Fredericks, is completed in this number; and the serials by Susan Coolidge and Frank R. Stockton have bright, fresh and fully illustrated instalments. Sarah Winter Kellogg briefly recounts a tale of the curious blessing in disguise which a Western school-boy "Wanted"; Kate Foote tells of some "Pets from Persia," — beautiful white cats; and Mary Bolles Branch records the episode of "Nannie's Little Muff." "An American Mardi-Gras" describes the Carnivals of New Orleans and Memphis, and is accompanied by numerous and striking pictures of their queer masks and grotesque scenes. An illustrated article on "Oriental Bottles and Wells" gives an insight into the habits and customs of Arabia and the East. There are a brief and simple artpaper, making plain the meaning of the term "Renaissance," and a description of experiments with the electric light and "A Wonderful Candle." Of the poems in the number, J. W. De Forest contributes the "Plaything Sky," which has two pictures; Palmer Cox gives a funny dispute between "The Wasp and the Bee," with an illustration by himself; Mrs. E. T. Corbett, with the aid of comical silhouettes by Hopkins, describes the confusion caused among astronomical persons by "Dick's Supper"; and in some verses entitled "Calling the Flowers," Mary Mapes Dodge gives voice to the spring-time feelings of boys and girls. The four large-type pages given to the "Very Little Folk," and the space occupied by "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Letter-Box" and the "Riddle-Box," are crammed full of dainty prose pieces, pictures, stirring items, letters and puzzles.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March is in every way a remarkable number. It gives a new poem by Longfellow, "The Chamber over the Gate," one of the most graceful, sympathetic, and every way charming poems he has ever written; and Whittier contributes some beautiful memorial verses on Bayard Taylor, and a spirited poem, "The Landmarks," in which he pleads with all his old-time fire and earnestness for the preservation of the "Old South." In "The Ballad of Christopher Aske" Rose Terry Cooke tells a story of the Catholic Rebellion of 1536, and there is besides a charming little poem by Lucy Pleasants, "Faint Heart." The closing instalment of the delightful "Lady of the Aroostook" will be eagerly read. Mr. Howells has never done better work than in these last chapters, which bring the story to a conclusion which must satisfy the most exacting reader, though all will regret that the end has come so soon. H. B. K. has another collection of "Ghost Stories," and Katharine Carrington's "Rosamond and the Conductor," original in conception and clever in execution, is the short story of the number. Mark Twain's account of "The Great Revolution in Pitcairn" is irresistibly humorous, and yet the humour but partially conceals a somewhat serious intent on the writer's part. The concluding portion of W. W. Story's pleasant account of "A Roman Holiday Twenty Years Ago" is given, and Richard Grant White continues to discuss "Americanisms." There is a brilliant unsigned article on "Presidential Electioneering in the Senate," and important papers are given on "The Natural History of Politics" by N. S. Shaler, and "Our Land Policy" by George W. Julian. The Contributors' Club is even more bright, varied, and entertaining than usual. The reviews of Recent Literature are, as always, admirable.

SCRIBNER for March contains the first of the illustrated papers on the drama which were lately announced by the publishers. The subject is

Modjeska, incidents of whose life and career on the stage are related in a biographical-critical manner and with greater fullness than in any sketch heretofore printed. The text is accompanied by three portraits of Modjeska, one as Juliet and the other as Cleopatra, the latter an impersonation which has not yet been seen in this country. Other illustrated papers are: "A College Camp at Lake George," with illustrations, both humorous and serious; "The Old Mill at Newport," by R.G. Hatfield, an architect who makes a new and complete study of this problematical structure, which he claims was built for another purpose, the writer's array of plausible arguments being reinforced by reference to plans and drawings; "A Buffalo Hunt in Northern Mexico," with drawings by the younger Innes, Kelly and Bolles; "The Passes of the Sierra," by John Muir; "Lawn-Planting for Small Places," practical suggestions by an authority on landscape gardening. The serials, Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's" and Mrs. Boyesen's "Falconberg," are also illustrated. The latter will be succeeded in the May number by a novelette by Miss Trafton entitled "Achsah." An important contribution to financial literature is Professor Sumner's paper on "The Commercial Crisis of 1837," which is brief but full and clear, and includes an account of the disastrous "Pennsylvania experiment." A paper on "The late George Rapp and the Harmonists" will reveal to many for the first time the peculiarities of this interesting and now moribund colony of Millenarians, who, under the dogmatic government of Father Rapp, adopted celibacy and relinquished their right to vote. "Some Western School-masters," by Edward Eggleston, is similar in character to the recent papers on the clergy by the same writer. "A Glance into the 'Sumner Alcove,' Harvard Library," reveals some of the most unique bequests of Mr. Sumner. Prominent in the number are a paper on taste in manners and art, with the caption "De Gustibus," and another of the droll Rudder Grange stories, by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "Pomona's Bridal Trip." The poetry includes tributes to Bayard Taylor by Sidney Lanier, C. P. Cranch, Paul H. Hayne, and Marie Mason; and other poems by G. P. Lathrop, Emma Lazarus, Amanda T. Jones and Maurice F. Egan. In his department of "Topics of the time," Dr. Holland writes of the late Blair S. Ribner and Bayard Taylor, and discusses "Social Drinking." "Home and Society" contains something about the "Duties of a Man-servant" and "A New Aid to Housekeeping." "Culture and Progress" has the usual quantity of book-reviews. "The World's Work" follows up the subject of the "Electric Light," of which it is keeping record, and records a number of improvements and new appliances. "Bric-à-Brac" completes the number with verses and sketches in a vein of sentiment or light satire.

THE GLEANER.

THE name of Mr. Gladstone has been added to the list of candidates for the throne of Bulgaria.

THE new President of the French Republic, M. Grevy, will have an allowance of \$50,000 for household expenses, in addition to his salary of \$100,000.

THE freedom of Berlin having been presented to a Prussian officer in a gold snuff-box, a French writer said there was ample room in the snuff-box for all the freedom there was in Berlin.

POPE LEO XIII. is gradually removing the restrictions placed by its predecessor on the study of art in the Vatican galleries. Under Pius IX. it was difficult to get at the master-pieces, especially the Apollo Belvedere and the group of Laocoon.

A NATIVE of Marseilles has purchased the right of extracting chlorate of potash from the Dead Sea, which he expects to be able to offer in London at 72s. a ton, whereas the present price of that article is 104s.

STORIES of Shere Ali are to be heard by the score, but people don't seem to be aware that this name is as common in the East as Smith or Robertson in the North. It was a Shere Ali who assassinated Lord Mayo.

"THE DOG OF ALGIBLADES," which happens to be nearly the only object of art rescued from the flames at Lord Feversham's mansion in Yorkshire, is believed to be the work of the Athenian sculptor Myron, about 400 years before the Christian era.

MR. ALMA TRADEMA has just finished a picture representing a Roman bath, in the centre of which a sculptured group of a youth and a dolphin in dark green bronze rises aloft, while a jet of water issues freely from the nostrils of the dolphin and pours fast on the naked back of a lady, who, with two companions, is disporting in the bassin; one of the trio holds a strigil and a sponge, another uses a strigil on her own arm. Those who have seen it speak of it in the highest terms.

SPEED is becoming everything nowadays. Mr. de Hars, American Consul at Alexandria, has recently made the *tour du monde* in sixty-three days. Starting from Alexandria, he reached New York, *via* Brindisi, Paris, London and Liverpool in twenty days. From New York to San Francisco, Yokohama, and Hong Kong occupied the same period. Ten days were taken up in the voyage to Ceylon, and twelve days in the voyage from Galle to Suez, whence a journey of a few hours was sufficient to complete the circle to Alexandria. It would be interesting

to know how Mr. de Hars's temperature stood during the short time he was thus rushing through the air over land and sea.

THE concession for a railway up Vesuvius has been granted for thirty years, and it now seems that the plan is about to be carried out. The railway will be constructed on a metallic frame-work about a metre above the ground, and the train will consist of eight cars attached to a steel cable. Each car is to be furnished with two automatic breaks. The cable will be double, in case of accidents. The actual tension on it will be 3,000 kilos., but it will be made to support a tension of 33,000 kilos. A small station with a restaurant will be constructed on the old cone and another at the foot of the mountain. The ground has been chosen where there is least danger from an eruption, and all the material is movable, so that it can easily be taken up and stored up in the observatory in case of eruption. It is expected that the railway will be completed before the summer of the present year.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A GERMAN version of Mr. Byron's "Our Boys" has been produced at Munich.

In 1839 Beaconsfield wrote "Count Alazooz," a tragedy, but never had it played. "Try me," says one of its characters, "this Cyprus wine: an English Prince did give it me returning from the Holy Sepulchre." These utterances seemed to partake of prophecy.

ON February 24, the veteran English actor, Mr. Chippendale, who has been sixty-eight years before the public, will retire from the stage. A farewell benefit will be tendered him on this occasion, at the London Lyceum Theatre, when he will receive the gross receipts of the evening.

W. S. GILBERT, the English dramatist, has three plays by his pen running at the New York theatres, namely, "H. M. S. Pinafore," at the Fifth Avenue and the Standard, "Engage!" at the Park, and "The Sorcerer," at the Broadway.

A PAPER at Bridgeport, Conn., having provoked a libel suit by its criticism of a dramatic performance, the manager proposes to file a duplicate of the performance in evidence, giving a representation for the benefit of the court and jurors precisely like that of which the critic fell foul.

THEY have an educated seal in the Westminster Aquarium which plays the guitar, beats a tambourine, climbs a flight of steps and takes a "header" from the top, smokes a pipe, fires a revolver and draws a boat to which it is harnessed, entering eagerly into the fun.

A DRAMATIC version of M. Emile Zola's somewhat notorious novel, "L'Assommoir," has been produced at the Paris Ambigu Theatre. On the first night the most intense excitement reigned, and the famous "Hernani" conflicts were recalled to mind. The piece is condemned by the critics, but it seems to be a great popular success. In this strange work the coarse life of the lower orders is depicted without any disguise or taming down.

FRANK FRAYNE, who calls himself a "shooting star" actor, has devised a way of endangering two lives at once in his stage rifle feats. He shoots an apple off his wife's head, and the bullet hits mechanism attached to the trigger of a second rifle, from which is shot a bullet piecing an apple suspended close over his own head. Mrs. Frayne has only one thumb. The other was popped off by her husband last winter.

MR. GLADSTONE is a pianist of no mean merit, and has a sweet and powerful voice, which he loves to exercise. When he was Prime Minister it was his habit, and is still, on quieting the stormy arena of debate, to soothe his vexed spirit on one of Erard's grandes. No matter at what hour of the morning he arrived home, he was never too tired to sit down at the piano and with some aim to strain shake off the toil of party strife as he warbled to it. He prefers sacred and ballad music, Scotch airs and Moore's melodies being his special affections.

JUST before Wilhelmj's recent visit to Columbus, Ohio, a lady died who was a passionate lover of music, and had been impatiently anticipating the pleasure of hearing him play. The day of his arrival was the day of her death. A message was sent to Wilhelmj stating the circumstances, and that night he knew well the reason why so many reserved seats were unoccupied. The next morning he, with an accompanist, visited the house and requested the privilege of playing a requiem, as was the custom in his own home in Germany. It was, of course, granted by the sorrowing family.

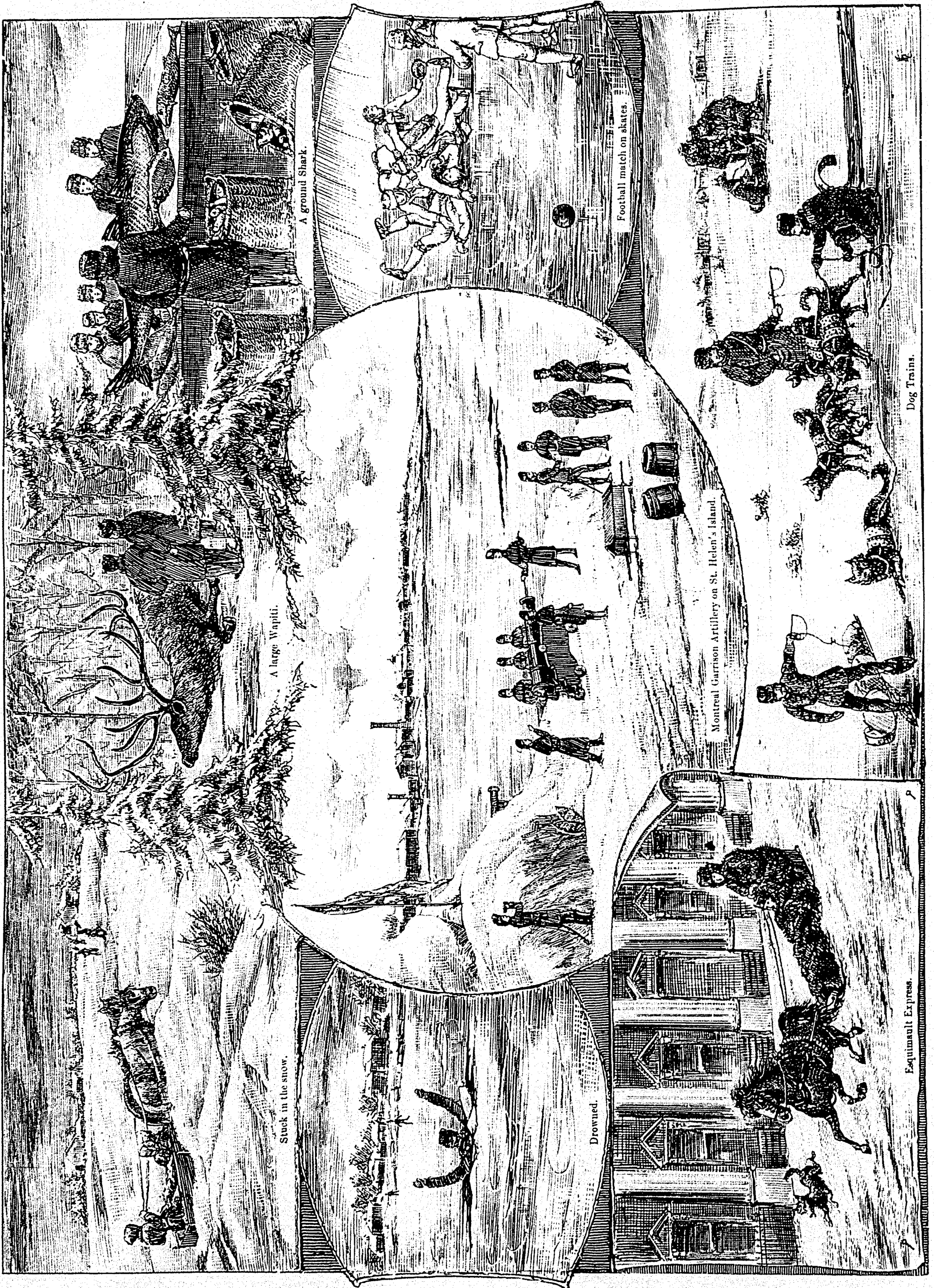
THE arrangements for the programme of the inaugural festival of the Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-on-Avon are nearly completed. The Council has met with a cordial response from several of the most eminent Shakespearean actors. Mrs. Theodore Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) has consented to take the part of "Beatrice" on the opening night. Mr. Barry Sullivan will play "Benedict," and has offered to assist during the whole of the festival. In all likelihood two of Shakespeare's plays only will be produced, in order that they may be represented as perfectly as possible. These will be repeated two or three times. Tickets of admission for the reserved seats will be allotted by a carefully regulated ballot.

THE London *World* calls for a translation of Von Hartmann's curious pamphlet on the subject of the Veronese lovers, called "Romeo and Julia," in which he declares that he can see nothing to admire in the ideal of love as presented in the Romeo and Juliet of Shakespeare. He blames "Juliet" for having fallen in love with "Romeo" at first sight, and declares her to be an undutiful daughter for having consented to marry her lover without her mother's permission. "Romeo," he considers a more despicable character than "Juliet," and he points out that if "Romeo" had lived under the Prussian law he would have been heavily fined and subjected to a term of several months' imprisonment for having taken from her parents' custody a girl who was not yet sixteen years of age.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.



A large Wapiti.

A ground Shark.

Football match on skates.

Stuck in the snow.

Drowned.

Montreal Garrison Artillery on St. Helen's Island.

Dog Trains.

Esquimault Express.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

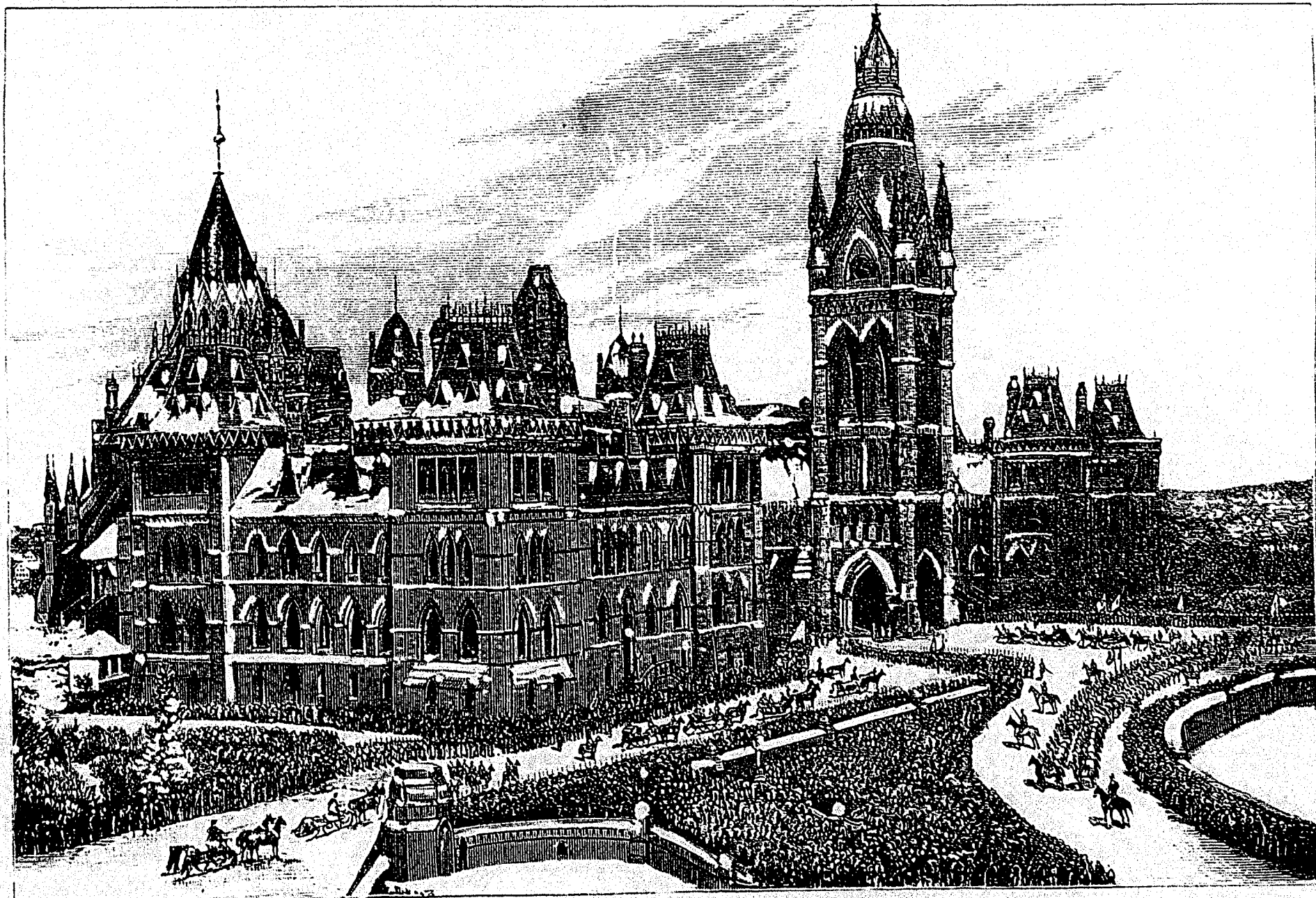
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OTTAWA.—THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT. ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY AT THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

IN MEMORIAM

F. E., DIED AT CANON CITY, COLORADO, 29TH DEC., 1878.

Far, far from home, from parents and from kin,
Thy years of manhood only just begun,
And hast thou passed from earth, from pain and sin?
Bone of our bone—Oh, God! my son! my son!

In every moment of the busy day,
Through all the watches of the silent night,
Some weary spirit leaves its mortal clay,
Some suffering soul takes its mysterious flight.

What agonizing tortures wrench the heart,
As dear and loved ones near the bound'ry dread,
Where wives and husbands, mothers, children part!
No living humankind but mourn their dead.

Oh! what a never-ceasing sound of sighs,
In wavy circles beat the far off shore,
What myriad supplicating up-turned eyes,
In tearful agony "Our God" implore!

Far, far from home, from parents and from kin,
Thy years of manhood only just begun,
And hast thou passed from earth, from pain and sin?
Bone of our bone—Oh, God! my son! my son!

And must it be that we shall never greet
Thy looked return, or clasp thee by the hand?
With joy elastic list thy hurrying feet,
Speeding to meet once more the old home band?

Ah! with one last dying thought of mother!
One partly-uttered prayer—the heart is chill!
One loving look to a despairing brother!
One pressure of the hand—and—all is still!

Where tower the Rocky Mountains' snowy steep—
Dust unto dust—the soul to Him who gave—
He "neath the dome of "God's cathedral" sleeps—
There the wild cactus marks his lonely grave.

Far, far from home, from parents and from kin,
Thy years of manhood only just begun,
And hast thou passed from earth, from pain and sin?
Bone of our bone—Oh, God! my son! my son!

Hark! hark! An echo from the summit's height!
A wave returning from the far-off shore,
An arch of promise and of wondrous light
Beams from the distant grove—Grieve, grieve no more!

"I am the resurrection and the life,"
Spans broad and crystallizes across the sky;
Heal o'er your lacerated heart, my wife!
Our son but calmly sleepeth—did not die!

'Tis only we from home that are astray,
From father! brother! and our countless kin!
We're marching on, our son but points the way;
There sorrow never comes, nor pain, nor sin.

Love! Love to God, to Christ, to fellow-men,
How joyous then our earth-bound course to run!
A little struggling pang, a sigh, and then—
We'll meet our God, the Saviour, and our son!

Montreal, Jan. 23, 1879.

H. E.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The next day Sir George again sought Hayward.

"Well?" he said, as he entered the young man's room, and Hayward understood the unspoken question that was asked by Sir George's gloomy and inquiring eyes.

"I have read Lady Hamilton's letters," he said, after a moment's silence.

"Yes?" said Sir George, still looking at Hayward, who was pale and nervous.

"And I believe," continued Hayward, trying to speak steadily, "that it has been as you suggested. Lady Hamilton has trifled with Mr. Hannaway's feelings. All her later letters are evidently but jesting replies to his earnest ones. It has been with this unfortunate man—as it has been with others."

As Hayward with hesitation and pain said these words, Sir George gave a sort of sigh of relief. Then he sat down by the table and covered his face with his hand. His heart was sore within him, and full of bitterness. He was thinking what his wealth had brought him. Not love, nor peace, nor happiness, but shame and bitter pain. What! had he to listen to such words as he just had heard, and yet be thankful! His wife had been but jesting—jesting away her fair fame—scoffing, perhaps, at the dead man as in the earlier letters, which he, her husband, had read, she had scoffed and jested at him!

For a few moments Sir George did not speak, as one after another the most bitter and galling reflections passed through his mind. Hayward also during this interval was silent, and felt full of embarrassment and pain. Then suddenly Sir George held out his hand, and said in a broken voice:

"Hayward, you saved my life—make it, at least, endurable. Let me feel I have one friend—one friend in whom I can trust."

Hayward was deeply affected at this appeal, and at the gloomy misery so visibly impressed on Sir George's face.

"I have always felt most grateful to you, Sir George," he said, putting his hand into Sir George's cold, trembling one, as he spoke, "but

the difference of our position prevented me—"

And Hayward paused. "Then forget that difference," said Sir George, rising. "Forget that I was born a rich man, and you a poor one, for that is the only difference between us."

"Very well," said Hayward, and he smiled.

"And be my friend," continued Sir George. "Stand between me and my own gloomy thoughts—stand between me and the woman who mocked and scoffed at me when she pretended to seem most fond."

"And you trust me?" said Hayward, looking straight at Sir George with his grey and honest eyes.

"I trust you completely," answered Sir George, and Hayward's face suddenly flushed when he heard the words.

"I will deserve that trust," he said in a low tone; and after this Isabel's name was neither mentioned nor alluded to again between them.

But Sir George made Hayward a distinct offer before their interview ended. This was to occupy the post held by the late Mr. Hannaway as manager of the Massam property. A liberal salary had always accompanied this appointment, and this Sir George now offered to Hayward. Combe Lodge as a residence, and a thousand a year, seemed to Hayward absolute wealth after the pinching poverty he had endured, and this was how Sir George proposed to remunerate his services.

"Let me see if I can manage the work first," said Hayward; and it was finally agreed between them that Hayward should accompany Sir George back to Massam, and that he should at once relinquish his employment with Mr. Newcome, the printer.

That gentleman received the information that his "reader" was about to quit his services with apparent equanimity.

"Humph!" he said, when Hayward told him of Sir George's offer, "I thought it would end so. It's all very fine, young gentleman, to ride a high horse, but one generally rides in the end to one's own advantage. So! I suppose you will become a country gentleman next?" And Mr. Newcome sneered, for it was his nature to sneer.

"Well, if I do, will you come and visit me?" answered Hayward, good-naturedly.

"I'll be proud," said Newcome, trying to suppress the sneer which still curled upon his thin lips; for though his soul loved not to hear of any advancement or success happening to others, he yet was always ready to take advantage of it.

"I always said," he continued, "that this Sir George Hamilton would do something substantial for you some of these days. And you must say," he added, after a moment's pause, "that I have kept to you through ill and good fortune. There was Moxam ready to eat my head off for not giving you up after the row you had with his young hopeful. But I flatter myself that I am not quite such a fool as Moxam."

Mr. Newcome said these last words proudly, for he had a very high opinion of his own mental capacity. He had, indeed, foreseen that the friendship and regard of a man in the position of Sir George Hamilton was almost sure to end in some permanent advantage to Hayward. Thus, ever since he had known of the connection between them, he had done his best to be civil to his "reader." This was not always easy to a man of his nature, and he therefore felt now that he ought to receive some reward for his self-denial.

"You have been very kind to me, sir," said Hayward, in answer to the printer's speech, that he hoped he was not quite such a fool as Moxam, "and I shall never forget it. Mr. Moxam was also kind to me in his way," added Hayward, smiling, "and you must tell him of Sir George's offer. I hope now he will forgive me about Mr. Joe." And Hayward laughed.

Newcome smiled too (but sourly) and shrugged his shoulders.

"He'll forgive you fast enough now, I dare say," he said. "Moxam is a fellow who weighs and estimates every man only in a monetary point of view. But that cannot be said of me." And Mr. Newcome no doubt felt at that moment that as regards Hayward it could not, and he was pleased with himself that it was so.

After Hayward parted with Mr. Newcome he returned to his lodgings, and there wrote the letter to Hilda which caused such anxiety and even alarm in her heart. Then he rejoined Sir George at the hotel at which he was staying, as it had been arranged between them, and together in a late train they returned to Massam.

They were not unexpected there. Sir George had sent a special messenger down to the Park, after his interview with Hayward in the morning, and in a few brief, stern words had told Isabel that all trust and love for her was gone out of his heart forever. "For the sake of the child that is to be born to us," he had written, "I shall bring no public shame upon you this time. But remember, if you remain under my roof you must respect it. I will not permit the woman who bears my mother's honoured name to stain it more deeply than you have already done."

These were harsh words, and were penned in a harsh and unforgiving mood. The very depth of Sir George's love for his wife made him more bitter to her now when he knew how utterly she had deceived him.

He would never forgive her, he told himself, and stern, bitter, and determined he returned to his now wretched home.

Isabel received the letter that he sent by special messenger without any great surprise. She, in fact, had guessed the truth when Sir George did not return to Massam on the day of Mr.

Hannaway's death. She knew now, also, of his visit to the dead man's house after the fatal accident. Sir George had gone there probably, she thought, to hide some secrets of his own that the lawyer had been cognizant of, and thus had discovered hers.

"Fool!" she said aloud bitterly, as she read her husband's letter, thinking of the unfortunate man whose life had ended so tragically. "So he must have kept my letters! What madness induced him to do such a thing!" And Isabel began pacing up and down the room, wondering how much Sir George knew; thinking what it would be best to say to him, so as to turn his bitter wrath away.

She heard the carriage arrive which brought her husband and Hayward from the station, and sat in her dressing-room with a beating heart, expecting momentarily to hear Sir George's footsteps approach. But they never came.

"Sir George had ordered dinner to be served in the library for himself and the gentleman," she was informed presently by her maid, on making inquiries.

"What gentleman?" asked Lady Hamilton, with quickened breath.

He was a Mr. Hayward, her maid told her, and Isabel breathed more freely when she heard the name.

"So it is Hayward," she thought, and she went up to her glass, and smiled as she did so.

She could easily win back Hayward, she was thinking, and through him probably Sir George. She remembered the scene in the picture gallery at that moment, and Hayward's face of despair. Perhaps Sir George had brought this young man down to fill Mr. Hannaway's place? she guessed—"and in that case—"

And Isabel smiled again, for she believed that she could mould Hayward entirely to her will.

She waited until she knew dinner had been removed, and then sent a few lines down to the library addressed to Sir George.

"They tell me you have returned," she wrote, "and yet you have not come to say one word to me. What has changed you thus? Surely not a few foolish letters that I wrote when I first came here to that vain and unfortunate man, who was killed on Tuesday? I was (as you know) so angry about Papa's foolish marriage that I would have done anything to prevent it, and I remember writing to Mr. Hannaway to try to induce him to assist me in doing so, as I knew that you were too proud and high-minded to interfere. I can think of nothing else. Do remember that I am ill, and also very unhappy to have displeased you so deeply."

"ISABEL."

It was a clever letter. Isabel wished to know how many of her letters Sir George had read, and how deeply he believed her to have compromised herself with Mr. Hannaway. In his letter to her (the one sent by special messenger that morning) he had only written in general terms. "What I learnt in that unfortunate man's house," Sir George had told his wife, "has changed my feelings to you for ever. I no longer trust or love you—but for the sake of the child that is to be born to us, I will bring no public shame upon you *this time*. But remember, if you remain under my roof you must respect it. I will not permit the woman who bears my mother's honoured name to stain it more deeply than you have already done."

Isabel had read and re-read these words. What did he know? she had thought. What secrets had the dead man left behind him, and how far had they served to blacken her character, and destroy her husband's love?

But Sir George did not leave her long in doubt on these points. Scarcely had she sent her letter down to him, when she heard a slow and heavy footstep approaching the door of her dressing-room; which she had not left during the day, as she either was, or pretended to be, ill. There was something ominous in that slow and measured footfall. It was not the step of a man who comes with pleasant greetings or forgiving words. As Isabel heard it her heart sank a little, but she was defiant by nature, and when Sir George, gloomy and stern-eyed, entered her dressing-room, she at once came forward to receive him.

"You have come to speak to me at last, then?" she said, and she held out her hand to her husband.

But Sir George made no responding sign of amity. He stood there, silent and accusing, and Isabel's eyes fell beneath his fixed and indignant gaze.

"Why do you look at me thus?" she said.

"What have I done?" "What have you done?" he answered, with extraordinary bitterness of voice and manner. "Ask, rather, what you have not done—you who have lied and deceived, as surely no other woman ever lied or deceived before!"

"You are making mountains out of mole-hills," retorted Isabel. "Is all this about a few foolish letters?"

For a moment Sir George was silent, and Isabel, eager to propitiate him, came forward and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I told you I was sorry I wrote them," she said. "You know how it was? I was so angry about papa's foolish marriage that I was ready to do anything." And as she spoke she looked up appealingly with her lovely face at Sir George. But with a shudder he pushed her hand away.

"Don't touch me," he said, averting his eyes. "Don't come near me—don't lie to me any more. It is enough. I know it all—you fooled me from the beginning!"

"Why should you think so?" asked Isabel, with an inward consciousness that he was speaking the truth.

"I read your letters," said Sir George bitterly "the letters you wrote to the man who is now lying dead! The letters in which my bride" (and his lip curled) "confided to a stranger how weary she was of my presence! Yes," he continued, with increasing passion, "the white hand that clasped mine so tenderly wrote at the same time how weary it was of that duty! The rosy lips that were pressed to mine, complained of the bartered kiss!"

"You use choice terms, I must say!" said Isabel, with some of her old defiance of manner.

"I have a choice subject," said Sir George, now looking with bitter scorn at his wife, who had drawn herself to her full height, and stood there facing him.

"If you mean to insult me—," began Isabel.

"Be silent!" interrupted Sir George, passionately, "and listen to me. You lied to me and deceived me from the first, but let that pass. It is of the future I would speak. You married me for my money and my name, and you shall retain them on certain conditions, but only on these conditions."

"And what may these conditions be?" asked Isabel, contemptuously.

"That you remember your honour and mine," answered Sir George, darkly. "The dead man can tell no tales, but if you give any other man the same licence to do so you shall leave my house."

"Well, it would not kill me to do so," said Isabel, yet more contemptuously.

"No," said Sir George, with gloomy emphasis, looking sternly at the beautiful woman before him, "for you are one of those who know not shame. But," he added, "remember you are warned. My honoured mother died here, and no dishonoured wife shall live under my roof."

"I can find other roofs, then," retorted Isabel defiantly. "And what about your secrets?" she went on, tauntingly. "You are fond of prying into mine, it seems. What if I were equally curious?"

For a moment Sir George's eyes fell before hers as she said this. Then he raised them.

"I shall have to answer for my own ill-deeds," he said, "but not to you. But enough of this," he added. "I came here to-night to let you know the truth, and not idle words. Henceforward you are nothing to me, but in name—but beware how you tarnish that name. Let no whisper reach my ears, or everything is ended between us." And as Sir George said these last words he quitted the room before the passionate reply that rose on Isabel's lips could find utterance.

Nothing could exceed her indignation when she found herself alone. That he dare speak to her thus, she thought—that any man dare!

She bit her white lips, and walked hastily up and down the room thinking how she could revenge herself. The insulting words Sir George used, and the thorough disbelief and contempt he had expressed for her, enraged Isabel's vain soul almost to madness. She stamped her foot on the floor, and clenched her hands. She would make him pay for this she determined. Then suddenly an idea struck her. Her old victim, Hayward, was in the house—she would make him jealous of Hayward. This thought seemed to cool her anger. Again she went up to the long cheval glass, and stood looking at her beauty there, well pleased at the fair reflection. God had made her very beautiful. The lovely features pre-doomed to fade and change, were now in full perfection. Time had not touched them, and the strangely truthful tale that time tells, as years pass on, of how those years are spent, had not yet begun to be written upon that smooth and pleasant countenance. But it would be written. The wily man is wily to look upon, and the honest man honest. After youth is past, little by little the soul beneath peeps out. The noble thoughts and the mean ones each have their separate signs. God marks on the mortal part of us, the semblance of the immortal. Almost invariably we carry our characters about with us, written in lines not difficult to understand.

But this time had not yet come to Isabel. The tell-tale lines were yet unsketched, the blooming skin uninjured by the subtle tracery.

So she looked at herself in the long glass, well pleased. Then, after contemplating herself with satisfaction for a few minutes, she turned away, sitting down at her writing-table, which stood near, and after thinking a minute or two she took up her pen and began writing a letter.

In the meanwhile Sir George had rejoined Hayward in the library, with all the marks of agitation and anger still visible on his face.

He did not speak for the first few minutes after he entered the room, but kept pacing restlessly, passing and re-passing Hayward, with his heavy, uneven steps. Presently, however, he stopped.

"Well," he said, "it is all over. I have broken with her—I have told her how vile a thing she is!"

Hayward moved uneasily at these words. He, too, was agitated, and strange emotions were burning within him. A violent, deep-seated feeling is too easily overcome, and though sense and reason may guard the heart, there are undercurrents strong and deep, that sometimes dash precipitately up against monitors.

Coming back to Massam had powerfully affected Hayward, and he could not help feeling greatly disturbed. He was going to meet Isabel again—Isabel whom he knew now to be so worthless and so false! And yet—strange human heart—it moved him deeply to hear her called so vile by Sir George.

"This man—Mr. Hannaway," he said, hesitatingly addressing Sir George, "may have deceived Lady Hamilton."

"No," answered Sir George. Then he added, with gloomy pathos, "I loved her, Hayward—too well, too well. I sacrificed for her what honour and every sacred feeling bound me to respect! And yet—yet, when I loved her best—when she seemed most tender, most fond, she was scoffing and gibing at me! No," he continued, beginning once more his restless paces of the room, "make no excuse for her. A woman who could act as she has done is unworthy of a single thought."

Yet he was always thinking of her; thinking of her with rage, shame, and jealousy burning in his heart. "I will put her away," he told himself, "I hate her," he told himself, and yet he could not help thinking of her. Sir George's feelings for Isabel had been one of those deep and enduring passions which make or mar a man's whole future life.

In very sombre and gloomy fashion the two men, who had both loved this woman so much, parted for the night. Sir George, however, made a sort of effort to speak of other things before they did so; proposing that immediately after Mr. Hannaway's funeral (which was to take place on the following day) Hayward should enter into possession of Combe Lodge.

"I shall probably be able to purchase the furniture at a valuation," added Sir George, "so that you can go into the house at once. His will will be read to-morrow, and we will then learn who are his executors. He has left no relations, I am told."

Then, after a few more words on business, Sir George and Hayward parted, Hayward being ushered by the stately butler himself, at Sir George's request, to the luxuriously-furnished bed-room allotted for his use.

On the toilet table of this room a letter was lying, addressed to him. At the sight of this letter Hayward's face flushed, and then grew pale. He knew the handwriting on the dainty envelope, knew the monogram with which it was closed. Then he opened it, and read the words that Isabel had written but a short while ago. They were as follows:—

"MY DEAR MR. HAYWARD,—I am told that you arrived here last evening with Sir George, and I would have asked to see you at once (so anxious am I to explain some of my former conduct to you), but I am too ill to leave my room to-day to do so. Will you, however, go into the morning room here to-morrow at eleven o'clock and I will join you there? You must not judge me harshly. I have paid heavily enough for resisting the dictates of my heart."

"I. H."

In his dreams that night Hayward stood upon a precipice. He struggled, the loose stones slipping beneath his feet, and the dry grass giving way beneath his strained and frenzied clutch. He slipped—and slipped. Below was a great blackness; above, the stars, serene and luminous, looked down from the blue vault on his terrible pain. Then he felt himself falling—falling! With a last effort he flung out his arms, but his hands closed upon the empty air, and as they did so he awoke. Awoke, with his face wet with dew, and his hands still clasped. As he opened them, and strove to recall his scattered senses, something fell from his grasp. It was Isabel's letter—the letter in which she had asked him to meet her, so that she might tell him how she had resisted the dictates of her heart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OLD LOVERS.

The morning-room at Massam was a pleasant room. If the sun were out it came shining into the wide windows, and glinting on the rare and beautiful flowers in the conservatory into which it opened. It had been re-fitted since the late Lady Hamilton's time, and the rose-coloured satin covering of the furniture, and the flower and bird-decked paper on the walls all owed their existence to Isabel's fanciful taste.

A pleasant room! Yet with no pleasant countenance Hayward entered it at the appointed hour at which the wife of his friend and patron had asked him to meet her there. He was pale, almost haggard. His midnight dream haunted him, but other feelings also were in his heart. Sir George had trusted him. To Hayward this was enough. He was a man wayward and passionate perhaps in some things, but his honour was as yet as untarnished gold. It was Isabel's dishonour, the falsehood and treachery of her life that filled him with such shame for himself and her. What! his heart was beating fast, and his pulses throbbing, because he was again about to meet such a woman as this! He scorned himself for his own weakness; he recalled, as he stood there, Horace Jervis's serene and earnest face, and Hilda Marston's sweet and patient one.

"These two are my good angels," he told himself, and as he made the reflection, he turned round, and behind him stood Isabel, Lady Hamilton.

The words that he had meant to say to her—the cold, reserved words—died on his lips. Thoroughly and completely unnerved he stood before the beautiful woman who had caused him such misery and shame. With Isabel, however, it was very different.

"Mr. Hayward," she said, holding out her

little hand, and speaking in the softest of tones, "it is long since we met."

Mechanically Hayward placed his cold trembling hand in hers.

"You are changed," continued Isabel, fixing her eyes upon his face, "greatly changed since I have seen you! Ah, yes—I heard of your trouble from Sir George. You have lost your poor mother? And—"

"Gone through a great deal since then," interrupted Hayward with a harsh little laugh, as Isabel paused. Her pretended sympathy for him about his mother jarred upon his ears. A feeling of indignation took possession of his heart, and the memory of the wrongs that he had experienced at her hands, seemed at that moment very grievous to his soul.

"It is about this that I wish to speak to you," said Isabel eagerly. "I fear you think you have cause—Nay, I know you have cause to blame me for giving you some pain. But, Mr. Hayward, if you knew all—"

"Lady Hamilton," again interrupted Hayward almost sternly, "we had better forget the past. I understand it all perfectly now, and it needs no explanation. You were amusing yourself, and I was in earnest, that is all."

"It is unkind of you to say such things," answered Isabel quickly. "If I had only been amusing myself, as you call it, what reason should I have for seeking you now? No—I was not amusing myself—I suffered a foolish feeling to creep into my heart—after I had promised to marry Sir George."

The old wily one, who had tempted the woman at the beginning, never made a more insidious speech than this. It wore the garb of truth as it were, just as his did. The apples were good for food, and were pleasant to the eyes, and for anything that Hayward knew Isabel had learnt to care for him (as she said) after she had promised to marry Sir George.

Hayward cast down his eyes as he heard the words.

The passionate feelings that had once swept reason away, came surging over his heart. What! she had cared for him, he was thinking—perhaps still cared for him.

At this moment, the subtle influence of her great beauty, the blinding sense of her graciousness and trustfulness, might have resumed its sway, when suddenly—quite suddenly, there flashed back into Hayward's mind the remembrance of her letters to Mr. Hannaway. This changed his mood. Isabel, watching him, saw the softened look grow hard, the quivering lips grow firm.

"I—I still think, Lady Hamilton," said Hayward, speaking quietly but steadily, after the last reflection had occurred to him, "that we had better drop this discussion."

"But why?" asked Isabel.

"For many reasons," replied Hayward. "For one thing it can do no good; for another, you are now Lady Hamilton."

Isabel shrugged her fine shoulders.

"Yes," she said, "I am Lady Hamilton. I have the title and money for which I sacrificed you."

Hayward absolutely gave a start as she ended this sentence. Then the strong feelings of his heart—the half-dead passion, the bitter indignation, the shame and contempt with which he had read the letters that she had penned to the dead man, rushed over him, and he forgot alike respect and reserve.

"What do you want with me?" he said, his face growing pale and his eyes kindling. "Why are you cajoling and flattering me now, like you flattered poor Hannaway? I won't be your slave. I won't write anonymous letters for you, or scheme and lie at your word as he did. I may as well tell you the truth, Lady Hamilton—I know too much."

Isabel's eyes literally flashed with fury as Hayward said this.

"What!" she said, passionately, "has that coward, then, made you his confidant? Have you also been prying and reading my letters, as the grand gentleman" (and her lip curled) "who did me the honour to marry me has done? Tell me the truth, sir," she went on furiously, "tell me everything you know!"

By this time Hayward had grown calmer.

"I did wrong," he said, biting his lips, and trying to curb his feelings, "to say what I have done. But you roused me almost to madness, Lady Hamilton."

"What do you know?" repeated Isabel.

"Sufficient," answered Hayward, with some sternness. "Yes," he continued, his conflicting passions again almost overwhelming him, "there was a time when to please you I would have laid down my life! When I believed you to be as good as you are beautiful, pure as you are fair. You rejected my love, but still I loved you. I left here broken-hearted, weary of my life, all through you, but still I did not blame you. I had been mad, I told myself—mad! All the time when cruel trouble was on me—when my mother lay dying—all the time your image never left me. But now—now, when I know you to be so false, when by Sir George's wish I read the letters you had written to Mr. Hannaway, what can you expect? I did not seek this interview. I did not wish for any explanation to pass between us, but since you urged it, let it be so."

"You read my letters to Mr. Hannaway?" said Isabel, slowly. "All my letters?" She was beginning to think that she had indeed played a losing game.

"I read all that Sir George placed in my hand," answered Hayward. "The beginning and end of a long correspondence,"

Isabel was silent for a few moments after receiving this communication. In fact she did not know what to say. Was her power over Hayward entirely gone? she was wondering. The very anger and passion of his language perhaps might have told her that it was not. But these wretched letters were hard nuts to crack. She knew that she had flattered Mr. Hannaway in them; that she had fooled him, and it was difficult in the face of them to begin to attempt to fool and flatter another man.

At last she spoke.

"You know about my father's foolish marriage, of course?" she said. "I ought to tell you as some explanation of these letters that you read, and which I most bitterly regret that I ever wrote, that I was intensely averse to my father marrying Lucinda Featherstone. I hinted something of this feeling to Mr. Hannaway, and he then told me many particulars about the Featherstone family, that I felt it was only right my father should know. But I remembered an old man's—in fact, a dotard's folly! If I were to tell him these things, would he believe me? I thought. So in an hour of madness I listened to Mr. Hannaway. 'Write an anonymous letter,' he said. 'I will post it,' he urged. Thus I fell to a certain extent into his power. My father came here, and made some ridiculous scenes. Mr. Hannaway and I had to meet him, and of course deceive him as to our share in the transaction. Do you understand now? It was thus I became intimate with Mr. Hannaway. He never was anything to me but a tool—I never, on my solemn word of honour, regarded him in any other light."

To some extent Hayward believed this story; indeed, as we know, to some extent, Isabel was speaking the truth. But there remained in his mind certain tender expressions; certain tender allusions in the letters to Mr. Hannaway, that it did not get rid of. But it is hard to keep on accusing a person who admits his or her wrong. Isabel had practically done this, and now Hayward's anger began to cool.

"We can do no good, Lady Hamilton, as I told you before," he said, "by talking of these things. I should not have mentioned them, and I now ask you to forgive me for using language to you that I should not have done. But you understand what I must have felt?"

"I understand," answered Isabel, "and I forgive you. I forgive you," she continued, "because I believe your feelings for me were real, and because I know I acted wrongly by you. But," she added, "I have had bitter cause to repent."

"To repent what?" asked Hayward, as she paused.

"That I married Sir George Hamilton," answered Isabel, steadily, and she watched Hayward's face as she spoke.

He flushed, but only for a moment.

"Sir George Hamilton," he replied, also steadily, "has honoured me with his friendship. He has trusted me, and he soothed my dear mother's last hours by his generosity. You can understand, therefore, Lady Hamilton, that I can listen to no word against him; that whatever cause of anger you have with him, that I can only regret it."

Isabel's lip again curled at this.

"Has he offered you Mr. Hannaway's place?" she said.

Hayward at once understood the taunt, but if she had wished to regain her power over him, she lost more at that moment than she had any idea of.

"Yes," answered Hayward, with a certain hardness of tone that Isabel heard, "so you see I am quite bound to his interests."

"I wish you joy," said Isabel, almost scoffingly. "When do you begin your new duties?"

"It is not quite decided," said Hayward. "But if your ladyship will permit me," he added, "I shall now take my leave. I promised to meet Sir George in the library."

"Perhaps you will consider it part of your new duties to repeat this conversation there?" asked Isabel, not without some anxiety in her voice, though she strove to say it half-scoffingly, half-jestingly.

"Lady Hamilton, why will you not believe me to be a gentleman?" answered Hayward, with a ring of pride in his tone that made Isabel for a moment respect him.

"I do believe you are one," she said, and she held out her hand to him. "Remember, I have trusted you," she added. But Hayward made no reply. With a bow he left the room, and Isabel felt anything but satisfied after he was gone with the result of their meeting.

In the meantime, while this interview was actually going on, the dead man who had been lying at Combe Lodge had been carried to his grave. Sir George did not go to the ceremony. He was expected to do so, but he gave no explanation for his absence. The late Mr. Hannaway's nearest relative had been summoned, and this gentleman (who was a cousin) had felt no small anxiety about the lawyer's will. But after the funeral was over, it became known that he had left none. He had been cut off in the prime of life, many days in all likelihood lying before him, and he died and made no sign. His cousin who had come to the funeral, and a sister of this cousin's were his nearest relations, and they therefore inherited his wealth.

Combe Lodge was Sir George Hamilton's property, and Mr. Hannaway's relations were willing to accept a sum of money for the furniture and effects it contained.

Thus Hayward's new home was quite ready for him. Sir George told him this during the

day, and some final arrangements were then made between them.

At dinner Isabel appeared, and the husband and wife met once more. Sir George was cold, but not discourteous, in his manner to her. Before Hayward, he told her that he had offered, and that Hayward had accepted, the appointment held by the late Mr. Hannaway.

Isabel made no remark on receiving this piece of information. She still felt most bitterly indignant with Sir George—he had humiliated her so deeply. But she did not choose that her household and her friends should suppose that she was on bad terms with her husband, and she was, therefore, outwardly civil to him. But Sir George made her understand, and she quite understood, that in future their lives were in reality to be apart.

During the next few days Hayward remained at the Park, but he saw very little of Lady Hamilton. Once or twice she gave him an opportunity of speaking to her alone, but he did not avail himself of it. He shrank, in fact, from any more of those dangerous interviews, which Isabel loved so well. She was a woman ever playing with fire. The excitement, the danger of making men madly in love with her, pleased her better than the "dull routine," as she called it, of an honourable life.

Besides this, Hayward was very much engaged. Mr. Hannaway's sudden death had left many things to arrange. Not that the late lawyer had neglected his business, but to manage the details of a great estate required both time and attention.

So for hours Hayward and Sir George used to sit in the library at Massam, immersed in leases and title deeds. Sir George seemed to take a sort of interest in Hayward's work, and afforded him all the assistance in his power. Then, about a week after Mr. Hannaway's funeral, Hayward formally removed to Combe Lodge, and took up his residence in the comfortable, almost luxuriously furnished home, where the astute and clever lawyer had lived so long.

Sometimes the memory of the late tenant seemed to haunt Hayward when he first went there. He had a feeling that he was not alone in the silent rooms where the dead man's busy brain had schemed and thought. Other invisible presences, too, haunted him. A beautiful face that had tempted and then betrayed the late occupant of these rooms, and which in turn was ready to tempt and then betray Hayward, came shadow-like there too often for his peace.

But he reasoned against this delusion, and at last wisely determined to counteract it. There was another woman's face—a sweet, patient, tender face—that he sometimes thought of also. He had not forgotten his friend Hilda Marston. He had not loved this girl, nor had he permitted himself to love her. He had had no means nor prospect of keeping a wife during their acquaintance in London, and therefore he had never entertained the idea. But it was different now. He had a settled home and a settled income, and he told himself it would be well if he were married. This new tie would separate him more completely from Isabel. He was separated. In his inmost heart he acknowledged her utter unworthiness, but still she was a snare in his path. Gentle looks and confidential glances were now freely bestowed upon him when he went to Massam Park. Sir George's isolation from his wife made Hayward's duty more difficult to him. So the young man argued, and gradually he made up his mind to ask Hilda to be his wife.

He had written to her twice while he had been in Yorkshire. In his first letter he had told her of Mr. Hannaway's tragic death, but, of course, he made no mention of the discovery resulting from it. Hilda had answered his letter, but she in turn made no allusion to her new relationship with Horace Jervis. She would tell him when he came back, she told herself. The girl was, in fact, uneasy and dissatisfied with herself. She had accepted a man she did not love, and though she was doing her best to follow her old friend, Miss May's, advice, and begin to do so, she yet had by no means accomplished this duty.

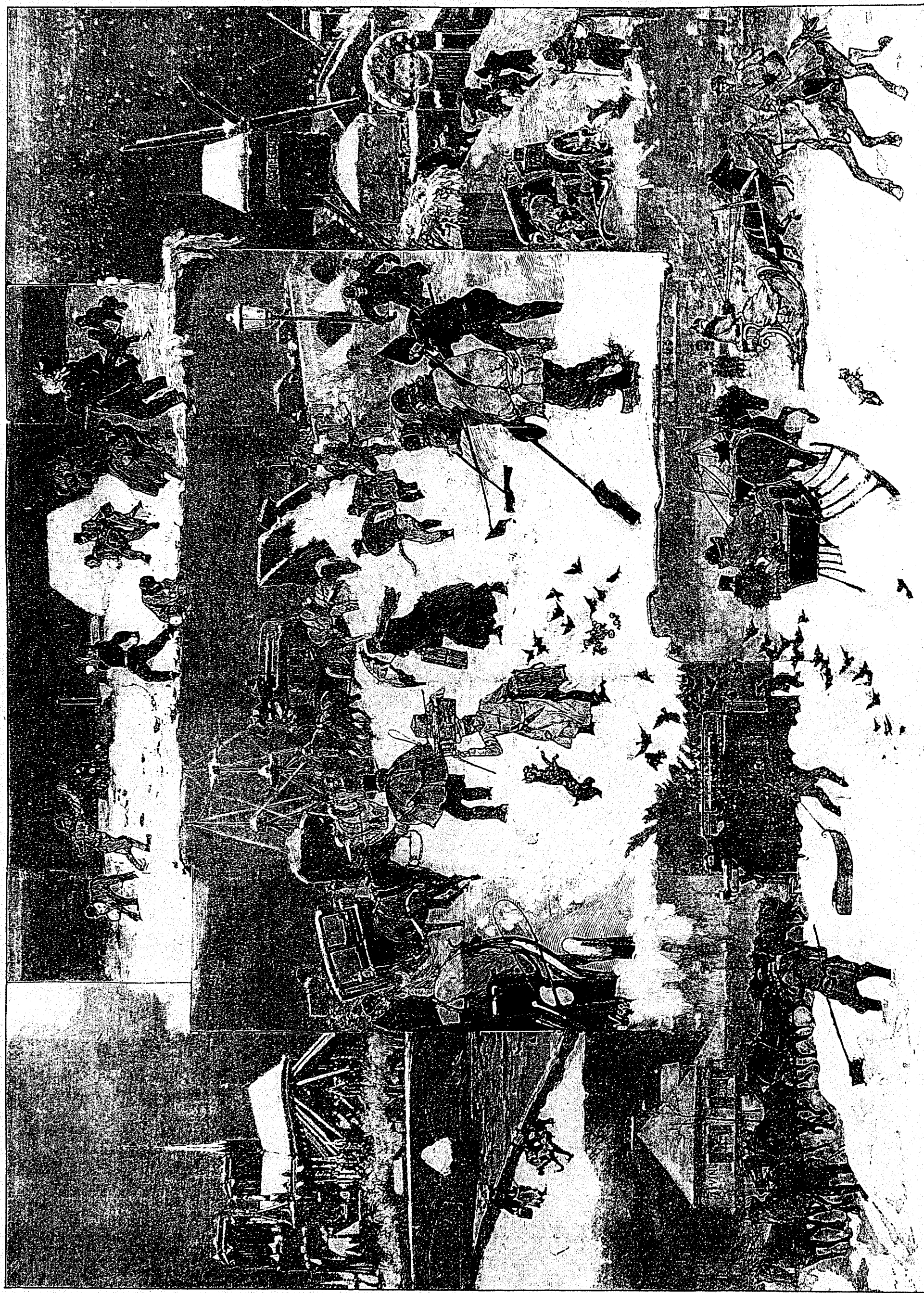
One morning after Hayward had been nearly three weeks at Massam, she received a third letter from him. He was coming up to town for a day or two, he told her. He would call upon her at a certain hour that he named on the following afternoon. There was nothing peculiar in this, and yet this letter strangely agitated Hilda. She was going to see Philip Hayward again; she would have to tell him now that she was engaged to Horace Jervis.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

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PARIS UNDER THE SNOW.



THE PEASANT'S GALLANTRY. BY MATTHIAS SCHMIDT.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

GAME 342ND.

Played between Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal, and Mr. J. G. Foster, of Halifax, N. S.

- WHITE.—Mr. J. Henderson. BLACK.—Mr. J. G. Foster. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. B to Q B 4 5. P to Q B 3 6. P takes P 7. B to Q 2 8. B takes B 9. B takes B P (ch) 10. Q to Kt 3 (ch) 11. Kt to K 5 (ch) 12. Q takes Kt 13. Q to Kt 3 (a) 14. Castles 15. P to K B 4 16. Q takes Q Kt P 17. P to Q Kt 3 (b) 18. Q to Q B 6 19. Kt to R 3 20. Q to B 2 21. P takes P 22. Q to Kt 2 23. Q R to Q B sq 24. Q takes R 25. Kt takes Kt 26. Kt to B 2 27. Kt to K 3 28. Kt takes P 29. Kt to K 3 30. Q to Q sq 31. Q to Q 4 32. R to B 2 33. Kt to B sq 34. P to K R 3 35. P to B 5 36. Q to K B 4 37. Kt to Kt 3 38. Q takes Q (ch) 39. Kt to K 4 40. P to B 6 41. P takes P 42. R takes R 43. Kt to Kt 3

NOTES. (a) The only move. (b) A necessary move here. (c) Allowing White an advantage which he at once sees and acts upon.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 212.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to Q B 5 1. Any move 2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 210.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. R takes P 1. K takes Kt 2. R mates.

- PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 211. WHITE. BLACK. K at K R 2 K at Q B 4 R at Q 8 Q at K B 2 H at K Kt 3 Kt at Q Kt 6 B at Q sq Pawns at Q B 3 Pawns at K 4 and 5. Q Kt 4 and Q Kt 5 K R 3, Q 3 and Q R 5

White to play and mate in three moves.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the Government of Quebec will apply during the present session of the Dominion Parliament, to have vested in it all the rights and powers held by the Montreal, Ottawa & Western Railway Company with respect to bridging the Ottawa River, at or near the City of Ottawa, and for power to obtain and hold in the Province of Ontario the lands necessary for purposes in connection with the Provincial Railway system of the Province of Quebec.

- 60 CHROMO, MOTTO, Gilt-Edge & Lilly cards, with name, 10c Globe Print. Co., Northford, Ct. 50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name in gold, in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.



PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given, in conformity with the Act 41 and 42 Vict., ch. 5, that two months after the last publication of this notice, which will appear twice in the Quebec Official Gazette, the Commissioner of Crown Lands will cancel the sales and locations of the public lands mentioned in the following list, viz.: Township Egan. (Eagle River Range.) Lots Nos. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. F. LANGELIER, C. C. L. Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, 6th February, 1879.

- 25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y. \$77 A Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.



PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS. NOTICE.

(Adjs. 1627, 1628, 1629.) In conformity with the 9th section of the Act 36 Victoria, Chapter 8, notice is hereby given that the locations and sales of the undermentioned lands have been cancelled under the authority of the Act 32 Victoria, Chapter 11 and amendments thereto, viz.:

- Township Armagh. (1st N. E. range.) Lot No. 15, to P. Couture. (2nd range N. W.) " 24, to Philbert Morin. (1st N. O. range) " 60, to Chs. Kemner. " 61, to Jean Kemmer. " 72, to Nicholas Bernard. N. E. 1/2 of lot No. 68, to God. Gagnon. (2nd range N. E.) Lot No. 15, to Simeon Lamontagne. (1st range S. E.) Lots Nos. 38, 39 and 40, to Norbert Labbe. Lot No. 42, to Cleop. Buteau. " 19, to Narc. Boulanger. (2nd range S. E.) " 31, to Jos. Allaire. (Range W. Riv. du Pin) " 6, to Thomas Lamontagne. " 7, to Francois Labrecque. Township Montminy. (5th range S. W.) " 20, to Denis Letourneau. Lot No. 1, to Paul Talbot. " 2, to Octave Talbot. " 3, to Phileas Talbot. (4th range S. W.) Lot No. 9, to Etienne Cote. (2nd range N. E.) S. W. 1/2 of lot No. 4, to Thomas Fournier. (3rd range N. E.) N. W. 1/2 of lots Nos. 1 and 2, to Ph. Beaulieu. (1st range N. E.) Lot No. 9, to Theo. Cloutier. (4th range N. E.) Lot No. 15, to Phileas Bernier, transferred to J. Gaumont. (2nd range S. W.) Lot No. 4, to Francois Guilmet. Township Lafontaine. (7th range) Lot No. 3, to Ol. Bourgault. (4th range) Lot No. 19, to Jacob Theriault. Township Casgrain. (3rd range) Lot No 6, to Tert. Legros. (Range A) Lot No. 8, to Louis Ouellette, transferred to Alex. Cloutier. Township Dionne. (1st range) Lot No. 5, to Pierre Charois. (6th range) Lot No. 3, to Amable Gagnon. Township Leverrier. (7th range) Lot No. 54, to Jerome Jalbert. Township Fournier. (3rd range) S. W. 1/2 of lot No. 8, to Gaiien Ayot. Township Mailoux. (5th range) Lot No. 36, to Thos. Dallaire. (3rd range) Lot No. 2, to Louis Couture. Township Woodbridge. (4th range) Lot No. 30, to Pierre Oct. Dionne. (5th range) Lot No. 17, to Amable Dionne. Township Begon. (Range B) Lot No. 42, to Hon. Roy & Co. (Range A) Lot No. 49, to Antoine Belzil. (5th range) Lot No. 20, to Paul Boucher. Township Viger. (5th range) S. W. 1/2 of lot No. 27, to Ant. Beaulieu. Lot No. 45, to Jos. Theriault. N. E. 1/2 of lot No. 31, to Charles Bertrand. (6th range) Lot No. 38, to Theod. Dumont. " 15, to Georges Jalbert. (8th range) Lot No. 7, to J. A. Castonguay. (2nd range) Lot No. 22, to Ad. Dionne. Lot No. 27, to Ant. Dionne. Township Pohenegamook. (10th range) Lot No. 21, to Jos. Desjardins. (11th range) Lot No. 20, to Ignace Desjardins. Township Armand. (Range A) Lot No. 91, to Thadee Dionne. Part of lot No. 95, to Israel Viel. Rest of Lot No. 95, to Jos. Viel. Township Whitworth. (North range) Lot No. 17, to Ant. Dionne, senior. Township Demers. (4th range)

- Lot No. 37, to Pierre Jean. S. W. 1/2 of lot No. 35, to Anselme Cote. N. E. 1/2 of lot No. 34, to Anselme Cote. Township Gaspe Bay North. (1st range) N. W. 1/2 of lot No. 51, to Abraham LeMesurier. Township Douglas. (3rd range) Lot No. 11, to Jos. McAuley. Township Newport. (6th range) Lot No. 28, to Archibald Kerr, jr. F. LANGELIER, Commissioner of C. L. Quebec, 11th February, 1879.



PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given, in conformity with the Act 41 and 42 Vict., ch. 5, that two months after the last publication of this notice, which will appear twice in the Quebec Official Gazette, the Commissioners of Crown Lands will cancel the sales and locations of the public lands mentioned in the following list:

- Township Perce. (1st range, Anse a Beaufile) Lot C. (1st range, south from Corner Beach) Lot No. 5. (3rd range) Lot No. 17. (Range East, Perce road) Lots Nos. 8 & 10. Township Matane. (2nd range) N. E. 1.5 of S. W. 1/4 (15 1/2 acres) of lot No. 14. Township Rolette. (1st range) Lots 6, 7, 21, 22, 43 and 44. (2nd range) Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 21, 22, 32, 33, 34 and 45. (3rd range) Lots 1, 35, 36, 46. (4th range) Lots 17, 18, 37, 38, 39 and 40. (5th range) Lots 1, 2, 3, 14, 15, 16, 17, 38, 39, 40 and 46. (6th range) Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. Township Talon. (1st range) Lots 7, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 35 and 38. (2nd range) Lots 4, 14, 15, 20, 21, 22, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38. (3rd range) Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 35, 37. (4th range) Lots 20, 21, 22, 23, 36, 37 and 38. (5th range) Lots 16, 17, 19, 20, 36, 37 and 38. (6th range) Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 37, 38 and 39. Township Panet. (3rd range) Lots 24 and 25. (4th range) Lots 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 32. (5th range) Lots 17, 18 and 31. (6th range) Lots 20, 32 and 33. (7th range) Lots 3, 5, 6, 7, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45 and 46. (8th range) Lots 6, 7, 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 37, 38, 39, 40 and 42. (9th range) Lots 41 and 42. F. LANGELIER, Commissioner C. L. Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, 5th February, 1879.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY Advise

The preparation known as DURHAM CORN FLOUR, is, with milk, recommended for children's diet. This particular brand is found to possess qualities that make its use most desirable.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS Report

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WILLIAM JOHNSON, 28 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal, Sole Agent for United States and Canada.

Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY. Eastern Division.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th.

Trains will be run on this Division as follows:— Leave Hochelaga. Arrive in Quebec. EXPRESS.....3.00 p.m.....10.10 p.m. MIXED.....7.10 a.m.....5.50 p.m.

RETURNING. Leave Quebec. Arrive in Montreal. EXPRESS.....12.45 p.m.....7.30 p.m. MIXED.....6.15 p.m.....10.10 a.m.

Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Leve & Alden, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations. J. T. PRINCE, Gen'l Pass. Agent. Feby. 7th, 1879.



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

QUEBEC, 23rd January, 1879.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased by Order in Council, dated the 20th January inst., to add the following clause to the Timber Regulations:

All persons are hereby strictly forbidden, unless they may have previously obtained a special authorization to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands or from his Agents, to settle, squat, clear or chop on Lots in Unsurveyed Territory, or on Surveyed Lands not yet open for sale, or to cut down any merchantable trees which may be found thereon, comprised within the limits of this Province, and forming portions of the locations granted in virtue of licenses for the cutting of timber thereon; said timber being the exclusive property of the holders of said licenses, who have the exclusive right to enter actions against any person or persons who may be found violating this order.

F. LANGELIER, Commissioner of C. L.

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For Invalids, Travellers, and Persons of Delicate Health. ESSENCE OF BEEF. ESSENCE OF MUTTON. ESSENCE OF CHICKEN.

These Essences consist solely of the Juices of the Finest Meats extracted by gentle heat without the addition of water or any substance, and are ready for use direct from the can, without further preparation, and will be retained by the stomach in the most severe cases of illness. An excellent stimulant in cases of Diphtheria, Hemorrhage, and all cases of depressed system, and low vital power; almost a specific in cases of sea sickness and dyspepsia, and the ailments of infants in summer have been cured by this excellent Essence. Wholesale by LYMANS, CLARE & CO., and H. SUGDEN EVANS, and by all Druggists and Grocers.



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Shortest and Most DIRECT ROUTE to OTTAWA. Until further notice, Trains will leave Hochelaga Depot as follows:

	A.M.	P.M.
Express Trains for Hull at	9:30 and 5:00	
Arrive at Hull at	2:00 p.m.	9:15
Express Trains from Hull at	9:10	4:45
Arrive at Hochelaga at	1:40 p.m.	9:00
Trains for St. Jerome at	4:30 p.m.	
Trains from St. Jerome at	7:20 a.m.	

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later. GENERAL OFFICES—111 Place d'Armes Square. TICKET OFFICE—20 St. James Street.

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Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

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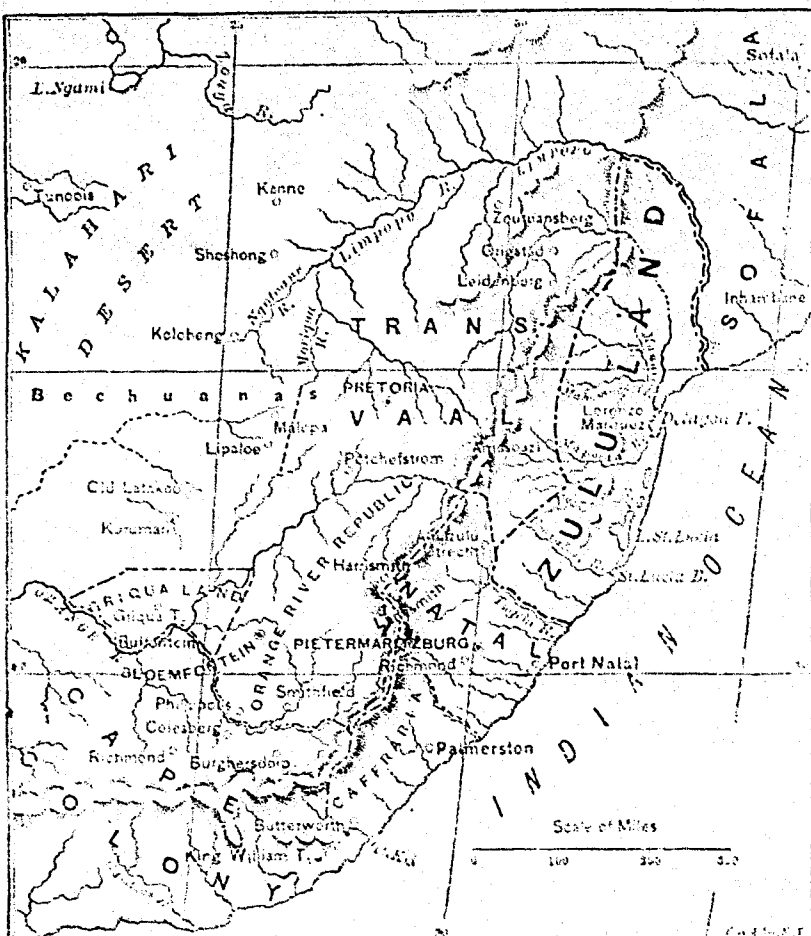
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25 Beautiful all Chromo Cards, 10c. or 65 Snowflake, Rep. Damaak, assorted 10c. (large size). Agent's Outfit 10c. Send Canada \$, 1 and 2c P. O. Stamps in payment. L. C. COE & CO., BRISTOL CO. K.

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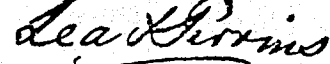
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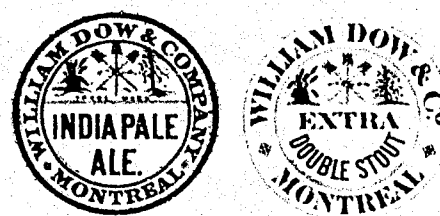
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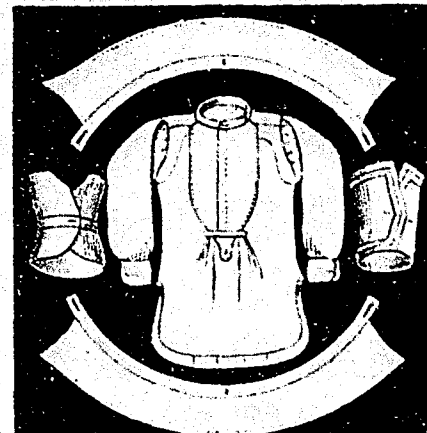
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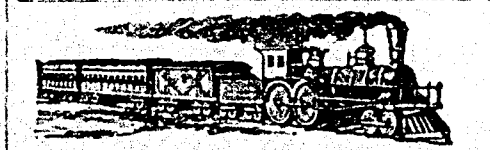
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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1878-79.

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Leave Point Levee	5:00 A.M.
" River in Loup	2:00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner)	3:00 "
" Rimonski	4:40 "
" Campbellton (Supper)	10:00 "
" Dalhousie	10:21 "
" Bathurst	12:21 A.M.
" Newmarket	2:30 "
" Moncton	4:00 "
" St. John	9:15 "
" Halifax	1:30 P.M.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains. These Trains connect at Point Levee with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9:45 o'clock p.m.

Pullman Car leaving Point Levee on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.

For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON,

Agent,

177 St. James Street,

G. J. BRIDGES,

General Supt. of Gov't Ry's

Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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