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# FRIDAY Whistreated News

Vol. XXI.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

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



HAPPY THOUGHTS



The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$1.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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

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

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for Feb. 8th, 1880, and Corresponding week, 1879. Rows include Max., Min., and Mean for each day of the week.

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LETTER PRESS.—Lessons of the Tay Bridge Disaster—Progress of Evolution—"Comin' Thro' the Rye"—Clara Chillington (continued)—Wickey, a Scrap—A Montreal Valentine Story—Humorous—Musical and Dramatic—History of the Week—Varieties—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, February 14, 1880.

THE LESSONS OF THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

Canada is proverbially the land of high winds and should, therefore, learn a lesson from the mass of scientific literature which has accumulated on all hands within the few weeks that have elapsed since the terrible disaster to the Tay Bridge. We are first informed by a writer in the London Times that a few hours after the accident the most powerful steamers were unable to proceed against the wind, although it had considerably fallen. The London Meteorological Office reports that during the Sunday night of the catastrophe a small but very deep depression travelled swiftly across Scotland in a north-easterly direction, and by eight o'clock of the Monday morning its centre had reached the central part of Sweden. This distance represents 600 miles, and thus the velocity of the wind must have been 50 miles an hour, nearly double that of an ordinary cyclone. At Dundee itself Professor GRANT estimates that the hurricane blew at the rate of 90 or more miles an hour. The Engineer, perhaps, the highest technical authority in Britain, states that the pressure of the wind was 60 pounds to the square foot, that 17,004 square feet of expanded surface was exposed to the gale, and that the strain from the lateral effort tending to overturn the thirteen girders that gave way would be in round numbers 455 tons or say 35 tons on each of the thirteen girders. The same authority goes on to say that a pressure of 60 pounds per square foot corresponds to the impact of a wind blowing 110 miles an hour, a rate that is often exceeded in the gust of great cyclones, and the rule employed by meteorologists for calculating the wind pressure from the wind velocity, as observed on the anemometer dial, is confessedly not reliable, but empirical, and based on insufficient experiments. "In fact, the bridge must have been in imminent peril many times before."

The Americans have not been slow in making use of this information for their own country, as we assert that Canadians should do for theirs. It appears from figures supplied by the Signal Service Bureau of the United States that there have been recorded American windy days

exceeding the 90 miles per hour estimated by Professor GRANT, at Dundee, on the night of the destruction of Tay Bridge. In the Iowa and Illinois hurricane of May 22, 1873, the velocity of the gale was estimated at from 119 to 146 miles an hour, with corresponding pressure of from 71 to 107 pounds per square foot. In the Southern tornadoes of March 20, 1875, the wind blew at some points 151 miles an hour, representing a pressure of 114 pounds to the square foot. In the winds of Mount Carmel, Illinois, on June 4, 1877, 156 miles an hour were registered, and in that of Connecticut, August 9, 1879, 150 miles were recorded. In the August storm of 1879, the anemometer registered 138, when it was blown away, and a subsequent velocity of 165 an hour was estimated, making a pressure of over 130 pounds to the square foot. On Mount Washington, April 1, 1879, the tremendous rush of 182 miles an hour was reached.

These figures are not merely dry statistics for scientific men to study; they appeal to the intelligence of every traveller and resident on elevated points in Canada; they must also be taken into account in the construction of public works, such as the contemplated Coteau Bridge, for instance, and the erection of very high buildings in cities. We would also recommend the matter to the attention of the Signal Service Officials at Toronto, although we have no doubt that those gentlemen are quite alive to its extreme importance.

THE PROGRESS OF EVOLUTION.

It is a remarkable circumstance that while there has not appeared until now any pronounced literary movement in Canada, a distinct circle of writers exists who take an active interest in the "advanced philosophy" of which DARWIN, HERBERT SPENCER, HUXLEY and TYNDALL are the hierarchs. These writers are few in number, but both ripe in scholarship and ready in the advocacy of their particular views. The Canadian Monthly seems to have been their accredited organ, and it is to the pages of this clever periodical that readers must look for the opinions of Canadian evolutionists. Of late, however, we have noticed a lull in the discussion attributable probably to the rumour that TYNDALL had abandoned his favourite theories and was not disposed to follow out to their logical results, the utterances of his famous Belfast address. If this were the fact, it would be an event of the highest scientific importance, but we are hardly prepared to give it entire credence. Indeed, there is sufficient evidence adduced in a late number of the Fortnightly Review to throw quite a different light on this interesting matter. It is there stated that the theory of evolution is not a thing complete in itself, but one which grows asymptotically, as it were, toward certainty. When DARWIN startled the world with his system nine or ten years ago, such acute and ardent disciples as HELMHOLTZ and HOOKER distinctly admitted its fragmentary character and the necessity of gradual development as a necessary condition of its ultimate acceptance. But other writers have since contended that this progress has been made. "Fissures in continuity which then existed, and which left little hope of ever being spanned, have been bridged over, so that the further the theory is tested the more fully does it harmonize with progressive experience and discovery." How far this statement is strictly true is certainly a question with thinkers, but there is no use denying that the theory of evolution has acted as a fascination on thousands of cultured minds in Europe and America, and that the best energies of scientific men have been bent toward its development. It is true that TYNDALL himself, the most brilliant, original and intrepid of the Darwinian school, has been less active in this particular field than might have been expected from his exceptional opportunities of observation and daring in putting them forth, but it must be borne in mind that the Professor has been deeply occupied of

late in different branches of scientific research, giving more attention to individual experiments than to the higher work of collocation and synthesis. Whatever any of us may think of TYNDALL—and he has been one of the most abused men of the day outside of politics—no one will deny his honesty of purpose. He is not an enemy of religion natural or revealed, but a sincere searcher after truth, and while he does not shrink from accepting and promulgating the result of the discoveries which he claims to have made, there is no symptom of intolerance in his teachings. He is essentially a progressive philosopher, but not a restrictive one, and while strictly maintaining that he and his colleagues have succeeded in throwing new light upon natural and mental phenomena, does not profess to have got at all the truth, or pretend that others are necessarily altogether in error. One thing appears very certain to us—that his comparative silence of late does not arise from any lack of interest in his system or doubt of its ultimate scientific demonstration, but from a halt in his career of investigation, either through the cause just assigned by us, or one of these dark solutions of continuity which occur in the history of every great discovery. We make no doubt that we shall hear from TYNDALL again. We make bold to affirm further that if he should recede from his views or even doubt their intrinsic worth, he will be the first to announce that fact to the world.

"COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

There is nothing like your verbal critic to mar the sanctity of aesthetic tradition. Scholars of that class, not content with destroying the old classic and mediæval legends of our youthful credulity, and spoiling the simplicity of our faith in the literal interpretation of the Holy Book, are now swooping down upon the domain of literature, with the fell intention of submitting every dear old line of verse to the fire of their prosaic positivism. It is a delightful relief when we find them getting snubbed for their pains, as in the following case which has just come under our notice. A critic, having seen an illustration representing a lad and lass meeting and kissing in a field of grain, and thus interpreting the beautiful song of Burns, declares that it is all a mistake, and that the word "rye" refers solely and simply to a small shallow stream near Ayr, in Scotland, which, having neither bridge nor ferry, was forded by people going to and from the market, custom allowing a lad to steal a kiss from any lass of his acquaintance whom he met mid-stream. In confirmation of this view, the reader is referred to Burns' original ballad, in which the first verse speaks of the lass wetting her clothes in the stream:

"Jennie is a' wet, pair bodie; Jeany's seldom dry. She draggit a' her petticoats, Comin' thro' the rye."

When this sapient interpretation appeared in dogmatic print, a shrewd Boston lawyer cut out the slip and enclosed it with inquiries to the postmaster at Ayr, who submitted them to Rev. Dr. P. H. Waddell, of Glasgow, a high authority in Burns literature. The answer came categorically—first, that the Doctor never heard of any brook or burn in Ayrshire called the Rye; secondly, that if the words had referred to a river they would most probably have been "o'er the rye," and not "thro' the rye;" thirdly, no woman in her senses, crossing a stream, would "draggit her petticoats;" but in passing through a field of rye could hardly help doing so, after rain and dew; fourthly, it was very common long ago, and still is, to have small beaten foot-paths through corn and rye fields; fifthly, the typography of the word "rye" sets the whole controversy at rest. The word is spelt throughout with a small r, instead of a capital, which Burns would certainly have used had he meant a river, because the poet was addicted to the use of capitals, even where they were not required, and would scarcely have omitted it in the same word throughout the entire song if

it had been essential to the meaning of that word. Thanks are due to the learned professor for thus demolishing an iconoclast and preserving to us one of the prettiest pictures in our literature, that of bonnie Jennie

"Comin' thro' the rye."

In a recent issue of our paper we referred to the musical treat which Mr. BARNES had in store for music-loving Montreal, and we are glad to be able to announce that the subscription lists being almost filled, the first of the series of concerts will shortly take place. Among the artists who will take a part in the performance, are Messrs. A. DESKVE and quartett, Messrs. VILBON, Professor COUTURE, CHAS. REICHLING and LEBLANC, all favourably known to our concert-going audiences, as well as that talented young pianist, Miss Z. HOLMES.

It will no doubt interest our Montreal dilettanti to hear how our vocalists are regarded abroad. Mrs. THROWER, who sang in Ottawa quite lately, was greeted with a double encore, one of them emanating from His Excellency the Governor-General. We need not add to the praise of Montreal's favourite vocalist, as her triumph in the Messiah is still fresh in the ears of those who enjoyed hearing her. Mrs. BARNES has been charming Philadelphia, one of whose critics say she is the best artist, as to quality of voice, that has been seen in the United States in English Comic Opera.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY, February 3.—M. De St. Vallier has returned to Paris. Austria is to extend her present system of fortifications. General Skoboleff is to take command of the Tekke Turcoman expedition. The Casarin arrived in St. Petersburg yesterday, greatly fatigued after her journey. Favourable reports have arrived from Afghanistan as to the improved position of the British forces. The Spanish Government contemplates placing a loan on the European markets to cover the Cuban deficit.

WEDNESDAY, February 4.—A very destructive storm is reported to have taken place at the Philippine Islands, resulting in much damage to shipping. Fort Buford despatches say the Indians have been raiding stock. The same despatch says great apprehension is felt of a general uprising along the Yellowstone. The Home Rule League, at a meeting in Dublin, expunged resolutions of the Parnellites censuring certain members of Parliament. The treasurers of the League have resigned.

THURSDAY, February 5.—A London cable says the Prince of Wales is to visit St. Petersburg shortly. Governor Davis delivered his annual message to the Maine Legislature yesterday. Spain has promised to furnish Cuba with 20,000 troops to preserve her territorial integrity. It is proposed to devote the money annually expended on the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, in New York—computed at \$100,000—to Irish relief. The Imperial Parliament was opened yesterday by the Queen in person. The Obstructionists lost no time in opening the campaign, compelling an early adjournment of the debate on the reply to the speech.

FRIDAY, February 6.—Cuba and Porto Rico are to be made equivalent to Provinces of Spain. The Grand Duke Michael, of Russia, has asked for the command of the Merv expedition. The Great Council of the Swiss Canton of Appenzel has voted to re-introduce capital punishment. It is reported that James Keene, of wheat-corn fame, intends sending a ship load of grain to Ireland as his contribution to the sufferers. The election at Liverpool for the Imperial House of Commons, yesterday, resulted in the return of Mr. Whiteley, the Conservative candidate, by 2,221 votes. Serious trouble occurred at Athlery, in Galway, between the tenantry and a number of process servers. The latter were beaten off, several shots being fired in the melee.

SATURDAY, February 7.—Mount Vesuvius is in a state of eruption. Further desperate fighting is reported from Herat. Cattle plague and death of food are said to be causing fearful distress in Cyprus. Mohammed Jan has captured a train of supplies on the way to the British forces at Cabul. A Paris despatch says accounts from Milan state that Alboni's reception at La Scala was a signal failure. The Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria has been betrothed to Princess Mathilde, daughter of Prince George, brother of the King of Saxony. The Rappel, speaking of German armaments, says France only wants two or three good generals, being well enough off for soldiers and arms. The Blue Book just issued on Afghan affairs leaves no shadow of doubt that the hand of Russia has been the prime mover of the whole opposition which the British have encountered in Afghanistan during the present Eastern campaign.

OBITUARY.—Lieutenant-Governor Chandler, of New Brunswick, who was taken ill with a severe attack of bronchitis, on Wednesday night, died at Fredericton, on the 5th inst., shortly after 3 p.m., in his eightieth year.

Bernard Devlin, ex-M.P., in Colorado, aged 55. A portrait and memoir of the deceased will appear in our next issue.

THE King of Italy has conferred upon Mr. Samuel Smiles the rank of Chevalier of Saints Maurice and Lazare, "as a token of His Majesty's appreciation of your valuable works," and the insignia of the Order have been forwarded to Mr. Smiles, along with a complimentary letter from Count Visconti, Minister of the Household. The well-known works of Mr. Smiles have been translated into Italian, and have proved of much service by setting before the Italian youth examples of self-help, industry, and thrift. Of the book called "Self-Help," 50,000 copies have been sold, in its complete form, in Italy, and it has also been condensed into a little volume—sold at the bookstalls, along the streets for 15 centesimi—under the title of "Ajuraw ehe Dio l'ajuta."



A GEOLOGICAL MADRIGAL.

BY BRET HARTE.

(After Shenstone.)

I have found out a gift for my fair, I know where the fossils abound, Where the footprints of Ares declare...

I will show you the sinuous track By the slow-moving unshell made, Or the Trilobite that, further back, In the old Potsdam sandstone was laid...

You wished—I remember it well, And I loved you the more for that wish— For a perfect Cystididian shell And a whole helioplathic fish...

Then come, love, and never say nay, But calm all your maidenly fears, We'll note, love, in one summer's day, The record of millions of years...

THE RAILWAY ACROSS THE ICE.

INAUGURATION DAY.

The thirty-first day of January, 1880, will henceforth be known as Inauguration Day. Such was the name conferred on it by the promoters of the trip from Hochelaga to Longueuil, which took place on that eventful morning...

The Hon. J. A. Chapleau, and a few others, then crossed by boat to Ile Ronde and were explained the proposed scheme of keeping the channel of the river open during the whole winter...

And in the nights of winter, When the cold north winds blow, And the loud calls of habitants, Are heard amid the snow...

Speaking seriously this undertaking is one of the most remarkable of the day, reflecting the highest credit on the energy of the managers and the skill of the engineers. It will prove of great advantage to our carrying trade generally...

A FEW GEMS FROM AMERICAN POETS.

Poetry abides in the beautiful mansions of imagination, crowned with turrets which glitter in the rays of resplendent thought. It lifts the soul above the dross of every-day life to a kind of as it were celestial sphere. There is a sublimity in its surroundings, a fascination in its garb...

Oh passion can glow 'mid a palace's splendour; The cage does not alter the song of the bird, And the curtain of silk has known whispers as tender As ever the blossoming Hawthorn has heard.

No fear lest the steps of the soft-slipped Graces Should fright the young Loves from their warm little nest, For the heart of a queen, under jewels and laces, Beats time with the pulse in the peasant girl's breast.

Yes, the song of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes ripples along through smiles and tears. His rosy fields of seventy years bloom now with the freshness of a dewy morn. Emerson says "Nature is full of freaks and now puts an old head on young shoulders, and then a young heart beating under four score winters."

"Hope, only Hope of all that clings Around us never spreads her wings; Love though he break his earthly chain Still whispers he will come again; But Faith that soars to seek the sky Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly, And find beyond the smoke and flame, The cloudless azure whence they came!"

C. E. R.

Dr. Holmes is not only one of the wittiest, but also one of the wisest of our writers. His works, particularly his prose works, present a succession of the most brilliant and original thoughts which fill the mind of the reader with ever-recurring wonder and delight.

"But changing hands it reached at length a Puritan divine Who used to follow Timothy and take a little wine, But hated punch and preclacy; and so it was perhaps, He went to Leyden where he found conventicles and schuaps."

Dr. Holmes had much to do with the christening of that very able literary magazine The Atlantic Monthly. He was one of the first contributors to its pages, and since its establishment in 1857, his genius has sparkled in the columns of many a number.

I come not here your morning hour to sadden, A limping pilgrim leaning on his staff— I who have never deemed it sin to gladden This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

How beautifully Mr. Stinter, of New York portrayed the versatile genius of Dr. Holmes in song where he said in his poem

That song has flecked with rosy gold The sails that fade o'er Fancy's sea; Returned our storied days of old; Presaged our glorious life to be; And many a sorrowing heart consoled In grief untold.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table is now three score and ten. May the diamond spray of his rippling song yet bathe the rosy fields of a hundred years!

"True bard, true soul, true man, true friend, Oh! gently on that reverend head The snows of wintry age descend; The shades of mortal might be shed! Peace guide and guard him to the end, And God defend!"

Belleville, Ont. T. O'HAGAN.

CLERICAL PLAGIARISM.

Let me tell you two original stories touching the above topic. Some years ago a public dinner was given at B—, in Staffordshire, to celebrate the anniversary of an institution of which I was secretary.

Not many years ago I stood in Coates' auction room, Toronto, at a book sale. Behind me stood the Rev. —, who was in charge of a large Wesleyan church there.

The preacher had very accurately gauged his auditors by himself, he had never heard of any literature further back than his own adult days except Wesley's, and felt perfectly safe in passing off South's work as his own.

Toronto, 25th January, 1880.

HUMOROUS.

A COLD snap—An icy answer. No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.

She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but, woman-like, strove to catch him. He was a flea.

The Chinese are fond of serial stories, but one which does not run at least twenty years is looked upon as a great literary failure. All stories are paid by the foot.

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady last evening a razor, neatly enclosed in a handsome silk lined case, and labelled "Butter-knife."

An old woman who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the past forty years has never been sick a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged. Some people are born to ill-luck, she says.

"A LADY entering an omnibus or street-car should bow slightly to the other passengers," says a recent authority on etiquette. In order to secure the observance of this point, the driver should start the horses a little before the lady is seated.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT once visited a spiritual medium, who began business by saying: "Your first wife wishes to communicate with you." "Perhaps so," said the commodore, abruptly, "but that is not what I came here for."

AN old lady wearing a pair of green goggles stepped on the Sacramento train at South Vallejo, California, and knocked at the car door, and actually waited till it was opened on the inside by a passenger. For consummate politeness this has no parallel.

A GENTLEMAN observing a servant-girl, who was left-handed, place the knives and forks on the dinner-table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. "Oh! indeed!" said she, "so I have! Be pleased, sir, to help me turn the table around!"

WE have heard a young lady scream, when her little brother threw his arms about her neck and say it "tickled her almost to death," but we have seen a great big fellow throw his arms about the same young lady's neck, and yet she never complained, except when he removed his arms. This is one of the miss tickle things of life.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

LEAP year doesn't amount to much—the men are so coy.

BEAUTY is not a necessity, but "it's just too pretty for anything," as the girls say.

THE Buffalo Courier asks: "How would fashionable ladies like to be angels and wear old-fashioned things?"

A POET says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow left traces there." What became of the rest of the harness he don't state.

How does courtship look? She looks and he looks; that is how it looks. What is it like? She sighs and he sighs—that is about the sighs of it.

A WESTERN editor says one lung is worth a dozen love-letters, and they cannot be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit either.

A YOUNG man in Bridgeport, Va., thus answered an invitation from a lady to spend a leap year party: "Dear Miss, yours reserved—I tumble!"

THERE are many hard tasks set for women in this world, but few of which they find it impossible to perform. Still there never was a woman who could keep a fur-lined circular from flying open and showing the fur.

To a young person who signs himself "Beauty's Slave," and wants to know "what will win the esteem of a girl whom I madly love?" we would say that \$1.20 per week will do the business if invested in candy.

THERE are two American ladies in Europe who have attained the title of "princess," the Princess Lyuar, formerly Miss Mary Parsons, and the Princess of Noer, formerly Mary Esther Lee, of New York, who was married in 1844 to Prince Frederick, brother of the Queen of Denmark. She is addressed as "your highness."

"Oh, I'm just delighted with George!" said a soft-hearted maiden to an older and more matter-of-fact brother. "He's just too sweet for anything. The last time he was here he was so full of fun, didn't you think so, brother?" "He may have been full of fun, sister, but he acted more to me as if he was full of beer." Tableau.

It is leap year, of course, but after all it doesn't look well to go home alone at 2 in the morning.

I think of thee, dear William, And I long to hear from you; Send me a missive, won't you, please, Oh, come, now, billet-doux.

"Now, pa, our parlour electric light is too bright, and it casts such a bluish shade that really I don't think it as good as gas used to be; I can't mod-erate it as I could the gas. Augustus can't either." "Well, there are some objections to all modern improvements I suppose," replied the old gentleman, testily. "You needn't burn it if you don't want to," which was just what she was listening for.

STRONG and incontestable as the testimony of the leading musical talent of Europe and America has been to the superiority of the Weber Piano, there is still more conclusive evidence, if possible, in the report of the Centennial award, made by the four judges—two from Europe, one from Boston, and the other from New York, whose reputation, ability, and disinterestedness were beyond all question. These gentlemen, on the four points of tone, equality, touch and quality, awarded 95 points out of a possible total of 96, the highest award given at the Exhibition. Full particulars are given in the interesting article on last page of this issue.

Guilty or Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in May City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—Tribune.





A. LABERGE.

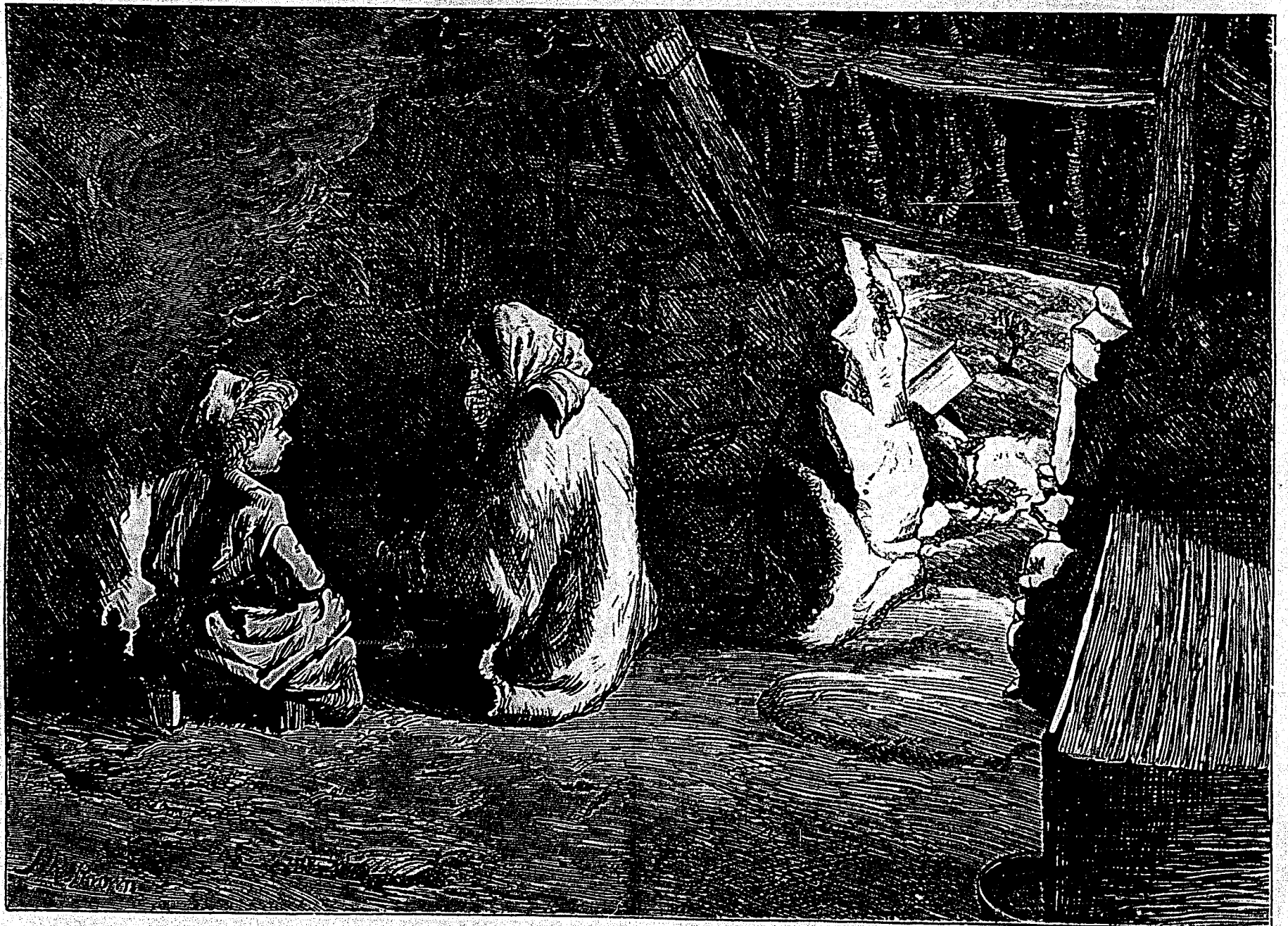
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J. B. RENAUD.

DIRECTORS OF THE ICE RAILWAY.



THE IRISH DISTRESS. THE INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE.



**EDWARD HIPPLE HALL.**

AUTHOR, TRAVELLER, JOURNALIST, &c.

Edward Hipple Hall, the subject of our sketch, is the second son of the Rev. John Netherton O'Brien Hall, pastor of Hunstanworth, Durham, and grandson of the late Admiral John Stevens Hall, of Torpoint, near Plymouth, Devon. He has just completed his 48th year, having been born Nov. 21, 1831.

At the age of sixteen he closed his educational career creditably at the Collegiate High School of Durham, and after serving a short period in the office of a counsellor in Newcastle, he embarked for Quebec, Canada, intending to reach the Great West, which even at that early period he seems to have selected as the theatre of his future labours.

Reaching Quebec early in June, 1849, after a stormy passage of six weeks in a "leaky coal laden collier brig," and passing up the St. Lawrence and great lakes, he finally arrived at Chicago, the young metropolis of the Far West, which was then beginning to attract general attention as an advantageous settlement.

As evincing his early predilection for the sea and the adventurous life of a sailor as well as his nautical knowledge even when a boy, it is told of young Hall that during a severe storm which the little brig encountered on the voyage off the banks of Newfoundland he rendered such good service in rigging and "manning the pumps" and in the general navigation of the vessel as to merit the thanks of the owners on her arrival in Quebec where she lauded after a seven weeks' voyage.

At Chicago every inducement was offered our youthful adventurer to remain, but the "spirit moved him" to further exploration, and having recently read with great delight Catlin's entertaining book on the Indians of North America, he resolved to visit them.

Accordingly, four months later, we find him in Minnesota among the Winnebagoes, camping and trading with them. Favored with the friendship of Governor, afterwards Senator Ramsay, Congressmen Rice and Sibley, and Chaplain Gear of Fort Snelling, a few of the more influential of the early settlers in St. Paul, and the still more valuable aid of the famous chief, Hole-in-the-Day, our hero accomplished a journey to the distant post of Pembina and the Selkirk settlement, distant 700 miles north of St. Paul. This journey which occupied nearly six weeks was performed in "dog sledges" the only means of communication at that day and was a most perilous one as the young traveller



E. HIPPLE HALL, AUTHOR, JOURNALIST AND TRAVELLER.

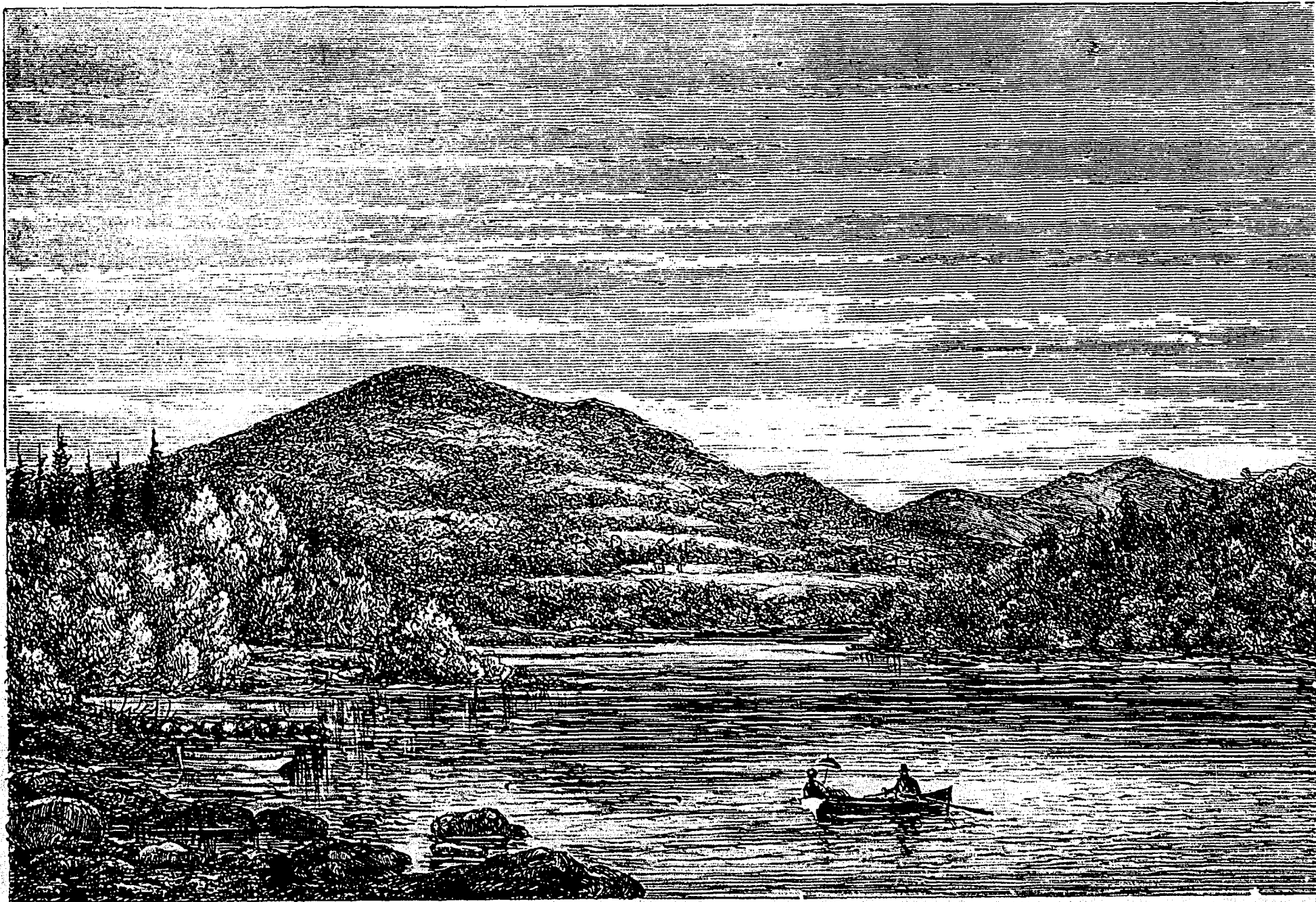
and his half-breed guides were not only exposed to the rigours of an arctic winter, but were frequently surrounded in their night bivouacs by wolves scarcely less savage than those of Siberia.

On the death of his mother, which occurred in 1856, he again turned his attention to travel, and made a tour of Northern Europe, from which he returned to America in 1860, just in time to move with the Grand Army of the Potomac in the capacity of correspondent for the *New York Tribune*. A prior engagement made with Mr. Horace Greeley, the founder and editor of that journal, to furnish a series of letters from Kansas and the West had secured our traveller's reputation as a descriptive letter writer and his re-engagement for that paper was immediate and lucrative. The first edition of these letters issued in New York in cheap pamphlet form was exhausted within a fortnight of publication and upwards of 150,000 copies have since been sold.

While acting as war correspondent for the *Tribune* he was in turn stationed at the headquarters of Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Burnside, and was present at the capture of Fort Fisher, Wilmington, and afterwards of Richmond which virtually closed this memorable campaign. During the terrible attack on the earth works at the New Inlet or mouth of the Cape Fear river, he had a bullet shot through his hat sufficiently near his head to singe his hair. This he jocosely remarked was a "scraping acquaintance" with the enemy without hope of reprisal, and having, as he expressed it, "smelt powder enough" for one campaign he accepted a post in the Treasury Department under Mr. Secretary Salmon P. Chase which he filled during the closing days of President Lincoln's administration and for a short time after his assassination. While resident at the United States Capital, he edited (1863) a work on the National Tax Law which had just come into operation. This work was published by Carlton, of New York, and obtained a large circulation throughout the Union, running through three editions before the close of the year. He also contributed numerous papers to *Appleton's Journal*, the *American Encyclopedia* and edited the *Handbook of American Travel*, a work of 600 pages published by that eminent firm.

But the truth of the old adage "Once a traveller always a traveller" found fresh confirmation in the subject of our memoir.

Washington, &c., with its host of Bureaucratic Barnacles and Deadlocks, and its Legislative Circumlocution offices had no charm for a man "choke-full of adventure" and sighing for "fresh fields and pastures new" in 1865.



LAKE BEAUPORT.—SUMMER RESORT OF QUEBECERS.



The success of one or two literary ventures, with the Appletons and other well-known publishing houses secured him the necessary means, and on the 11th of December, 1866, he left New York for San Francisco, intending to pursue his journey in the first China-bound steamer. But the fates were unpropitious; and returning overland in the winter of 1867, he finally left New York for Europe in June of that year. This, his last great journey, occupied twenty-nine months during which he travelled through the greater portion of North and South America (traversing the route of the proposed ship canal across the Panama Isthmus between the Gulf of Darien and the Pacific) as well as much of the interior of Japan, China, India and Egypt. The complete distance travelled during this tour was 58,000 miles.

In 1869 Mr. Hall being then in Egypt was honored with the confidence of the Khedive and his illustrious ally, Mons. Ferdinand de Lesseps, and with the British delegation was present at the grand opening of the Suez Canal of which great work he had contributed to the British and American daily and periodical press exhaustive accounts under the title of "Inter-oceanic Short Cuts," &c.

Since 1870, our traveller has resided in England and principally in the neighbourhood of London. "My Sketch Book in China and Japan" appeared in 1872-3, and the "Picturesque Tourist Round the World" in 1877. He is still actively engaged in literary pursuits but devotes his pen mainly to the subjects of Social and Sanitary Reform, his last work being the "Rise, Progress and Prospects of Coffee Taverns, Cocoa Homes and Coffee Palaces," just issued by Messrs. Partridge & Co., the well-known temperance publishers of Paternoster Row.

### WIKKEY—A SCRAP.

Mr. Ruskin has it that we are all kings and queens, possessing realms and treasures. However this may be, it is certain that there are souls born to reign over the hearts of their fellows, kings walking about the world in broad cloth and fustian, shooting jackets, ulsters, and what not—swaying hearts at will, though it may be, all unconscious of their power; and only the existence of some such psychological fact as this will account for the incident which I am about to relate.

Lawrence Granby was, beyond all doubt, one of these royal ones, his kingdom being co-extensive with the circle of his acquaintance—not that he was in the least aware of the power he exercised over all who came in contact with him, as he usually attributed the fact that he "got on" with people "like a house on fire" to the good qualities possessed by "other fellows." Even the comforts by which he was surrounded in his lodging by his landlady and former nurse, Mrs. Evans, he considered as the result of the dame's innate geniality, though the opinion entertained of her by her underlings and by those who met her in the way of business was scarcely as favourable. He was a handsome fellow too, this Lawrence—six feet three, with a curly brown head and the frankest blue eyes that ever looked pityingly, almost wonderingly, on the small and weak things of the earth. And the boy, Wikkey Whiston, was a crossing-sweeper. I am sorry for this, for I fancy people are becoming a little tired of the race, in story-books at least, but as he was a crossing-sweeper it cannot be helped. It would not mend matters much to invest him with some other profession especially as it was while sitting, broom in hand, under the lamp-post at one end of his crossing that he first saw Lawrence Granby, and if he had never seen Lawrence Granby I should not be writing about him at all.

It was a winter's morning in 1869, bright as it is possible for such a morning to be in London, but piercingly cold, and Wikkey had brushed and re-brushed the pathway—which scarcely needed it, the east wind having already done half the work—just to put some feeling of warmth into his thin frame before seating himself in his usual place beneath the lamp-post. There were a good many passers-by, for it was the time of day at which clerks and business men are on the way to their daily occupation, and the boy scanned each face in the fashion that had become habitual to him in his life-long look out for coppers. Presently he saw approaching a peculiarly tall figure, and looked at it curiously, tracing its height upwards from his own stunted point of view till he encountered the cheery glance of Lawrence Granby. Wikkey was strangely fascinated by the blue eyes looking down from so far above him, and scarcely knowing what he did he rose and went shambling on alongside of the young man, his eyes riveted on his face, Lawrence, however, being almost unconscious of the boy's presence till his attention was drawn to him by the friend with whom he was walking, who said, laughing, and pointing to Wikkey, "Friend of yours, eh? Seems to know you." Then he looked down again, and met the curious, intent stare fixed upon him.

"Well, small boy! I hope you'll know me again," he said.

To which Wikkey promptly returned, in the shrill, aggressively aggrieved voice of the London Arab. "I reckon it don't do you no harm, guvner; a cat may look at a king."

Lawrence laughed, and threw him a copper, saying, "You are a cheeky little fellow," and went on his way.

Wikkey stood looking after him and then picked up the penny, holding it between his

cold hands as though it possessed some warming properties, and muttering, "It seems fur to warm a chap to look at him;" and then he sat down once more, still pondering over the apparition that had so fascinated him. Oddly enough, the imputation of cheekiness rankled in his mind in a most unusual fashion—not that Wikkey entertained the faintest objection to "cheek" in the abstract, and there were occasions on which any backwardness in its use would betray a certain meanness of spirit; for instance, towards the natural enemy of the race—the Bobby—it was only right to exhibit as much of the article as was compatible with safety. Indeed, the inventor of a fresh sarcasm, biting in its nature yet artfully shrouded in language which might be safely addressed to an arm of the law, was considered by his fellows in the light of a public benefactor. The errand-boy also, who, because he carried a parcel or basket and happened to wear shoes, felt himself at liberty to cast obloquy on those whose profession was of a more desultory nature and whose clothing was scantier—he must be held in check and his pride lowered by sarcasms yet more biting and far less veiled. These things were right and proper, but Wikkey felt uncomfortable under an imputation of "cheekiness" from the "big chap" who had so taken his fancy, and wondered at his own feeling. That evening, as Lawrence walked briskly homeward after his day's work, he became aware of the pale, wizened face again looking up in to his through the dusk, and of a shrill voice at his side.

"I say, guvner, you hadn't no call fur to call me cheeky; I didn't mean no cheek, only I likes the looks of yer; it seems fur to warm a chap."

Lawrence stopped this time and looked curiously at the boy, at the odd, keen eyes gazing at him so hungrily.

"You are a strange lad if you are not a cheeky one," he said. "Why do you like the look of me?"

"I dunno," said Wikkey, and then he repeated his formula, "It seems to warm a chap."

"You must be precious cold if that will do it, poor little lad. What's your name?"

"Wikkey."

"Wikkey! Is that all?"

"No, I've another name about me somewheres, but I can't just mind of it. They allus calls me Wikkey."

"Poor lad!" Lawrence said again, looking at the thin skeleton frame sadly visible through the tattered clothing. "Poor little chap! it's sharp weather for such a mite as you. There! get something to warm you," and feeling in his pocket he drew out half-a-crown, which he slipped into Wikkey's hand and then turned and walked away. Wikkey stood looking after him, with two big tears rolling down his dirty face; it was so long since any one had called him a poor little chap, and he repeated the words over and over as he threaded his way in the darkness to the dreary lodging usually called "Skim-midge's," and kept by a grim woman of that name.

"It seems fur to warm a chap," he said again, as he crept under the wretched blanket which Mrs. Skimidge designated and charged for as a bed.

From that day forward Wikkey was possessed by one idea—that of watching for the approach of the "big chap," following his steps along the crossing, and then, if possible, getting a word or look on which to live until the next blissful moment should arrive. Nor was he often disappointed, for Lawrence having recently obtained employment in a certain government office, and Wikkey's crossing happening to be on the shortest way from his own abode to the scene of his daily labour he seldom varied his route, and truth to say, the strange little figure always watching so eagerly for his appearance began to have an attraction for him. He wondered what the boy meant by it, and at first naturally connected the idea of coppers with Wikkey's devotion; but he soon came to see that it went deeper than that, for with a curious instinct of delicacy which the lad would probably have been quite unable to explain to himself, he would sometimes hang back as Lawrence reached the pavement, and nod his funny "Good night, guvner," from midway on his crossing, in a way that precluded any suspicion of mercenary motives.

But at last there came a season of desolation very nearly verging on despair. Day after day for a week—ten days—a fortnight—did Wikkey watch in vain for his hero. Poor lad, he could not know that Lawrence had been suddenly summoned to the country and had arranged for a substitute to take his duty for a fortnight; and the terrible thought haunted the child that the big chap had changed his route, perhaps even out of dislike to his—Wikkey's—attentions, and he should never see his face again. The idea was horrible—so horrible that as it became strengthened by each day's disappointment, and at last took possession of the boy's whole soul, it sapped away what little vitality there was in the small fragile frame, leaving it an easy prey to the biting wind which caught his breath away as he crept shivering round the street corners, and to the frost which clutched the thinly-clad body. The cough, which Wikkey scarcely remembered ever being without, increased to such violence as to shake him from head to foot, and his breathing became hard and painful; yet still he clung to his crossing with the pertinacity of despair, scanning each figure that approached with eager, hungry eyes. He had laid out part of Lawrence's half-crown on a woollen muffler, which at first had seemed a marvel of comfort, but the keen north-easter soon

found its way even through that and the hot pies on which he expended the rest did not warm him for very long; there came a day, too, when he could only hold his pie between his frozen hands, dreamily wondering why he felt no wish to eat it, why the sight of it made him feel so sick. A dreadful day that was. Mechanically Wikkey from time to time swept his way slowly over the crossing, but the greater part of the time he spent sitting at the foot of the lamp-post at either end, coughing and shivering, and now and then dozing and starting up in terror lest the "big chap" should have passed by during his brief unconsciousness. Dusk came on and then lamp-light, and still Wikkey sat there. A policeman passing on his beat saw the haggard face and heard the choking cough. "You'd best be off home, my lad," he said, pausing a moment; "you don't look fit to be out on a night like this;" and Wikkey taking the remark to be only another form of the oft-heard injunction to "move on," seized his broom and began sweeping as in an evil dream—then sank down exhausted on the other side. It was getting late, later than he usually stayed, but something seemed to warn him that this might be his last chance, and he remained crouching there, almost too far gone to be conscious of the cold, till on a sudden there came, piercing through the dull mist of returning unconsciousness, a voice saying—

"Hullo, Wikkey! you are late to-night."

And starting upwards with wild, startled eyes the boy saw Lawrence Granby. He staggered to his feet and gasped out—

"You've come, have you? I've been a watching and a waiting of you, and I thought as you'd never come again."

Then the cough seized him, shaking him till he could only cling to the lamp-post for support till it was over, and then slip down in a helpless heap on the pavement.

"Wikkey, poor little chap, how bad you are," said Lawrence, looking sadly down on the huddled-up figure; "you oughtn't to be out. You—you haven't been watching for me like this?"

"I've been a watching and a watching," Wikkey answered, in faint, hoarse tones, "and I thought you'd taken to another crossing and I'd never see you again."

"Poor little chap—poor little lad!" was all the young man could find to say, while there rose up in his heart an impulse which his common sense tried hard to suppress, but in vain. "Wikkey," he said at last, "You must come home with me;" and he took one of the claw-like hands in his warmly gloved one and walked on slowly out of compassion for the child's feeble limbs; even then, however, they soon gave way, and Wikkey once more slid down crying on the pavement. There was nothing for it but for Lawrence to gather up the child in his strong arms, and stride on, wondering whether after all it were not too late to revive the frozen-out life. For one blissful moment Wikkey felt himself held close and warm, and his head nestled against the woolly ulster, and then all was blank.

To say that Lawrence enjoyed his position would be going too far. Whatever might be Wikkey's mental peculiarities, his exterior differed in no way from that of the ordinary street Arab, and such close contact could not fail to be trying to a young man more than usually sensitive in matters of cleanliness; but Lawrence strode manfully on with his strange burden, choosing out the best frequented streets and earnestly hoping he might meet none of his acquaintances, till at last he reached his lodgings and admitted himself into a small, well-lighted hall, where, after calling "Mrs. Evans," he stood under the lamp awaiting her arrival, not without considerable trepidation, and becoming each moment more painfully conscious how extraordinary his behaviour must appear in her eyes.

"Mrs. Evans," he began, as the good lady emerged from her own domain on the ground-floor, "Mrs. Evans, I have brought this boy"—then he paused, not knowing well how to enter upon the needful explanation under the chilling influence of Mrs. Evans' severe and respectful silence.

"I dare say you are surprised," he went on at last in desperation; "but the poor child is terribly ill, dying, I think, and if you could do anything—"

"Of course, Mr. Lawrence, you do as you think proper," Mrs. Evans returned, preserving her severest manner, though she eyed Wikkey with some curiosity; only if she had mentioned when you engaged my rooms that you intended turning them into a refuge for vagabonds, it would have been more satisfactory to all parties."

"I know all that. I know it's very inconsiderate of me, and I am very sorry; but you see the little fellow is so bad—he looks just like little Robin, nurse."

Mrs. Evans sniffed at the comparison, but the allusion to the child she had so fondly tended as he sank into an early grave, had its effect, together with the seldom revived appellation of "nurse," and her mollified manner encouraged Lawrence to continue.

"If you wouldn't mind getting a hot bath ready in the kitchen I will manage without troubling you."

"I hope, Mr. Lawrence, that I know my place better than that," was the reply, and forthwith Mrs. Evans, who, beneath a somewhat stern exterior, possessed a really good heart, took Wikkey under her wing, administered warmth and restoratives, washed the grimy little form, crop-

ped and scrubbed the matted locks, and soon the boy, dreamily conscious and wondrously happy, was lying before a blazing fire, clean and fair to look on, enveloped in one of Mrs. Evans' own night-dresses. Then the question arose, where was Wikkey to pass the night, followed by a whispered dialogue and emphatic—"Nothing will be safe" from the lady of the house. All of which the boy perfectly understanding, he remarked—

"I ain't a prig; I'll not take nothink."

There was no touch of injured innocence in the tone, it was simply the statement of a fact which might easily have been otherwise, and the entire matter-of-factness of the assertion inspired Lawrence with a good deal of confidence, together with the cough which returned on the slightest movement, and would effectually prevent a noiseless evasion on the part of poor Wikkey. So once more he was lifted up in the strong arms and carried to a sofa in Lawrence's own room, where, snugly tucked up in blankets, he soon fell asleep. His benefactor, after prolonged meditation in his arm-chair, likewise took himself to rest, having decided that a doctor must be the first consideration on the following morning, and that the next step would be to consult Reg—Reg would be able to advise him; it was his business to understand about such matters.

A terrible fit of coughing proceeding from the sofa awoke Lawrence next morning, startling him into sudden recollection of the evening's adventure; and when the shutters were opened Wikkey looked so fearfully wan and exhausted in the pale grey light that he made all speed to summon Mrs. Evans, and to go himself for the doctor. The examination of the patient did not last long, and at its conclusion the doctor muttered something about the "workhouse—as of course, Mr. Granby, you are not prepared." The look of imploring agony which flashed from the large, wide-open eyes made Lawrence sign to the doctor to follow him into another room, but before leaving Wikkey he gave him an encouraging nod, saying—

"All right, Wikkey, I'll come back."

"Well!" he said, as they entered the sitting-room, "what do you think of him?"

"Think! there's not much thinking in the matter; the boy is dying, Mr. Granby, and if you wish to remove him you had better do so at once."

"How long will it be?"

"A week or so I should say, or it might be sooner, though these cases sometimes linger longer than one expects. The mischief is of long standing, and this is the end."

Lawrence remained for some time lost in thought.

"Poor little chap," he said at last, sadly. "Well, thank you, doctor, good morning."

"Do you wish any steps taken with regard to the workhouse, Mr. Granby?" asked the doctor, preparing to depart.

Wikkey's beseeching eyes rose up before Lawrence, and he stammered out hastily—

"No—no, thank you, not just at present—I'll think about it," and the doctor took his leave, wondering if it could be possible that Mr. Granby intended to keep the boy; he was not much used to such Quixotic proceedings.

Lawrence stood debating with himself. "Should he send Wikkey to the workhouse? Ought he not to do so? What should he do with a boy dying in the house? How should he decide?"—certainly not by going back to meet those wistful eyes.

The decision must be made before seeing the boy again, or, as the soft-hearted fellow well knew, it would be all up with his common sense. Calling Mrs. Evans, therefore, he bade her tell Wikkey that he would come back presently; and then he said timidly—

"Should you mind it very much, nurse, if I were to keep the boy here? The doctor says he is dying, so that it would not be for long, and I would take all the trouble I could off your hands. I have not made up my mind about it yet, but, of course, I could not decide upon anything without first consulting you."

The answer, though a little still, was more encouraging than might have been expected from the icy severity of Mrs. Evans' manner (was she also making her protest on the side of common sense against a lurking desire to keep Wikkey?).

"If it's your wish, Mr. Lawrence, I'm not the one to turn out a homeless boy. It's not quite what I am accustomed to, but he seems a quiet lad enough—poor child!" the words came out in a softer tone; "and as you say, sir, it can't be for long."

Much relieved Lawrence sped away; it was still early, and there would be time to get this matter settled before he went down to the office if he looked sharp; and so sharp did he look that in little more than ten minutes he had cleared the mile which lay between his lodging and that of his cousin, Reginald Trevor, senior curate of St. Bridget's East, and had burst in just as the latter was sitting down to his breakfast after morning service. And then Lawrence told his story, his voice shaking a little as he spoke of Wikkey's strange devotion to himself, and of the weary watch which had no doubt helped on the disease which was killing him, and he wound up with—

"And now, Reg, what is a fellow to do? I suppose I'm a fool, but I can't send the little chap away!"

The curate's voice was a little husky too. "If that is folly commend me to a fool," he said; and then, after some moments of silent thought—"I don't see why you should not keep



the boy, Lawrence; you have no one to think of except yourself, unless, indeed, Mrs. Evan—" Oh, she's all right!" broke in his cousin; "I believe she has taken a fancy to Wikkey."

"Then I do not see why you should not take your own way in the matter, provided always that the boy's belongings do not stand in the way. You must consider that, Lawrence; you may be bringing a swarm about you, and Wikkey's relations may not prove as disinterested as himself."

"But that is just the beauty of it, he hasn't any belongings, for I asked him; beyond paying a shilling for a bed to some hag he calls Skimmidge, he seems to have no tie to any living creature."

"That being so," said Reginald, slowly; "and if you do not feel alarmed about your spouse, I don't see why you should not make the little soul happy, and"—he added with a smile—"get a blessing too, old fellow, though I doubt you will bring a sad time on yourself, Lawrence."

Lawrence gave a sort of self-pitying little shrug, but did not look daunted, and his cousin went on—

"Meanwhile, I think the hag ought to be made aware of your intentions; she will be looking out for her rent."

"Bother! I forgot all about that," exclaimed Lawrence; "and I haven't a minute to spare; I must race back to set the boy's mind at rest, and it's close upon nine now. What's to be done?"

"Look here, I'll come back with you now, and if you can get me Mrs. Skimmidge's address I'll go and settle matters with her and glean any information I can about the boy; she may possibly be more communicative to me than to you. I know the sort, you see."

As Lawrence encountered Wikkey's penetrating gaze he felt glad that his mind was made up, and when the question came in a low, gasping voice—"I say, govner, are you going to send me away?"—he sat down on the end of the sofa and answered,

"No, Wikkey, you are going to stay with me."

"Always?"

Lawrence hesitated, not knowing quite what to say.

"Always is a long time off; we needn't think about that; you are going to stay with me now," and then, feeling some compensation necessary for the weakness of his conduct, he added very gravely—"that is, Wikkey, if you promise to be a good boy and to mind what I and Mrs. Evans say to you, and always to speak the truth."

"I'll be as good as ever I know how," said Wikkey, meekly; "and I reckon I shan't have much call to tell lies. Yes, I'll be good, govner, if you let me stop," and again the black eyes were raised to his in dog-like appeal, and fixed on his face with such intensity that Lawrence felt almost embarrassed, and glad to escape after eliciting the "hag's" address and promising to return in the evening.

"I will look in this evening and tell you what I have done," Reginald said, as they went out together; "and also to get a peep at Wikkey, about whom I am not a little curious."

"Yes, do, Reg; I shall want some help, you know, for I suppose I've got a young heathen to deal with; and if he's going to die and all that one must teach him something, and I'm sure I can't do it."

"He has got the first element of religion in him at any rate—he has learned to look up."

Lawrence reddened and gave a short laugh, saying—

"I am not so sure of that;" and the two men went on their respective ways.

"The 'hag' began by taking up the offensive line, uttering dark threats as to 'police' and 'rascals' as made off without paying what they owed." Then she assumed the defensive—"Ione widows as has to get their living and must look sharp after their honest earnings;" and finally became pathetic over the "motherless boy" on whom she had apparently lavished an almost parental affection, but she could give no account of Wikkey's antecedents beyond the fact that his mother died three years since, the only trace remaining of her being an old Bible, which Skimmidge made a great merit of not having sold when she had been forced to take what "bits of things" were left by the dead woman in payment of back rent, omitting to mention that no one had been anxious to purchase it. Yes, she would part with it to his reverence for the sum of two shillings, and Mr. Trevor, after settling with Mrs. Skimmidge, pocketed the book, on the fly-leaf of which was the inscription—

SARAH WILKINS.

From her Sunday School Teacher.

Cranbury, 18—.

Wilkins! might that not account for Wikkey's odd name? Wilkins, Wilky, Wikkey; it did not seem unlikely.

That evening, Reginald, entering his cousin's sitting-room, found Lawrence leaning back in his arm-chair on one side of the fire, and on the other his strange little guest lying propped up on the sofa, which had been drawn up within reach of the glow.

"Well," he said, "so this is Wikkey; how are you getting on Wikkey?"

The black eyes scanned his face narrowly for a moment, and then a high weak voice said in a tone of disapprobation—

"It wouldn't warm a chap much fur to look at him; he ain't much to look at anyhow," and Wikkey turned away his head and studied the cretonne pattern on his sofa as if there was nothing more to be said on the subject.

Evidently the fair, almost fragile face which possessed such attraction for Lawrence in his strength had none for the weakly boy; possibly he had seen too many pale, delicate faces to care much about them. But Lawrence, unreasonably nettled, broke out hotly—

"Wikkey, you mustn't talk like that!" while the curate laughed and said—

"All right, Wikkey, stick to Mr. Granby; but I hope you and I will be good friends yet;" then drawing another chair up to the fire he began to talk to his cousin.

Presently the high voice spoke again—

"Why mustn't I, govner?"

"Why mustn't you what?"

"Talk like that of him?" pointing to Reginald.

"Because it's not civil. Mr. Trevor is my friend, and I am very fond of him."

"Must I like everything as you like?"

"Yes, of course," said Lawrence, rather amused.

"Then I will, govner—but it's a rum start."

He lay still after that while the two men talked, but Reginald noted how the boy's eyes were scarcely ever moved from Lawrence's face. As he took leave of his cousin in the hall he said—

"You will do more for him just now than I could, Lawrence; you will have to take him in hand."

"But I haven't the faintest notion what to do, Reg. I shall have to come to you and get my lesson up. What am I to begin with?"

"Time will show; let it come naturally. Of course I will give you any help I can, but you will tackle him far better than I could. You have plenty to work upon, for if ever a boy loved with his whole heart and soul, that boy loves you."

"Loves me—yes; but that won't do, you know."

"It will do a great deal; a soul that loves something better than itself is not far off loving the best. Good-night, old fellow."

Lawrence went back to Wikkey, and leant his back against the mantel-piece, looking thoughtfully down at the boy.

"What did the other chap call you?" inquired Wikkey.

"Granby, do you mean?"

Wikkey nodded.

"Lawrence Granby, that is my name. But, Wikkey, you must not call him 'chap,' you must call him Mr. Trevor."

"Oh, my eye! he's a swell, is he? I never call you anythink only govner; I shall call you Lawrence; it's a big name like you, and a great deal nicer nor govner."

Lawrence gave a little laugh. Was it his duty to inculcate a proper respect for his betters into this boy? If he were going to live it might be, but when he thought how soon all earthly distinctions would be over for Wikkey, it seemed hardly worth while.

"Very well, he said. "By the by, Wikkey, have you recollected your own other name?"

"Yes, I've minded on it; it's Whiston."

"Do you remember your father and mother?"

"I don't remember no father; mother, she died after I took to the crossing."

"Do you know what her name was before she married?"

Wikkey shook his head. "Don't know nothink," he said. Lawrence showed him the old Bible, but it awoke no recollections in the boy's mind; he only repeated, "I don't know nothink."

"Wikkey," said Lawrence again, after a silence, "what made you take a fancy to me?"

"I dunno. I liked the looks of yer the very first time as ever you came over, and after that I thought a deal of yer. I thought that if you was King of England, I'd have 'listed, and gone for a soldier. I don't think much of Queens myself, but I'd have fought for you and welcome. And I thought as I wouldn't have had you see me cheat Jim of his coppers. I dunno why;" and a look of real perplexity came into Wikkey's face as the problem presented itself to his mind.

"Did you often cheat Jim?"

"Scores o' times," answered the boy, "composedly. "We'd play pitch-and-toss, and then I'd palm a ha'penny and Jim he'd never twig."

A quick turn of the bony wrist showed how dexterously the trick had been done, and Wikkey went off into a shrill cackle at the recollection of his triumphs. "He's the biggest flat as ever I came across; why, I've seen him look up and down the gutter for them browns till I thought I'd have killed myself with trying not to laugh out."

The puckers in the thin face were so irresistibly comical that Lawrence found it hard to preserve his own gravity; however, he contrived to compose his features, and to say with a touch of severity—

"I can tell you why you wouldn't have liked me to see you; it was because you knew you were doing wrong." Wikkey's face expressed no comprehension. "It was wicked to cheat Jim, and you were a bad boy when you did it."

"My stars! why, he could have got 'em from me in a jiffy; he was twice my size. I only bowed 'em cos he was such a soft."

The explanation appeared perfectly satisfactory to Wikkey but Lawrence, feeling that this was an opportunity that should not be lost, made a desperate effort, and began again—

"It was wicked all the same; and though I did not see you do it, there was Some one Who did—Some one Who sees everything you do. Have you ever heard of God, Wikkey?"

"Yes, I've heard of Him. I've heard the Name times about. "How used?" wondered Lawrence.) "Where is He?"

"He is everywhere, though you cannot see Him, and he sees everything you do."

"Is He good?"

"Very good."

"As good as you?"

"A great deal better." Poor Lawrence felt very uncomfortable, not quite knowing how to place his instructions on a less familiar footing.

"I don't want no one better nor you; you're good enough for me," said Wikkey, very decidedly; and then Lawrence gave it up in despair, and mentally resolving that Reg must help him, he carried Wikkey off to bed.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

SINGLENESS OF PURSUIT.—An absolute singleness of pursuit almost means a mind always in one attitude, an eye that regards every object, however many-sided, from one point of view, an intellectual dietary beginning and ending with one article. Exclusiveness of this kind is apt to produce serious evils. It disposes each man to exaggerate the force and value of his own particular attainment, and perhaps therewith his own importance. It deprives the mind of the refreshment which is healthfully afforded by alternation of labour, and of the strength, as well as the activity, to be gained by allowing varied subjects to evoke and put in exercise its wonderfully varied powers.

IMPROVING A HUSBAND.—Though the dangerous experiment of educating a wife may be occasionally accomplished triumphantly, no woman need ever hope to improve a man by marrying him. He seems to settle in a certain form long before he is five-and-twenty. There is no possibility of remodelling him than there is of remodelling a cast in plaster of Paris. Women are often of clay or of wax in these particulars, but as a man comports himself in his youth, so he will in his age, if indeed his peculiarities are not then exaggerated. In his opinion, advice from his wife is not only useless but insulting, and no woman ever stooped very low in the process of putting her head into the matrimonial noose who did not regret it.

MENTAL REST.—As modern European life is constituted, complete mental rest for days and weeks together, says a contemporary, is necessary, in periods more or less frequent, for every brain-worker. By rest indeed the writer does not mean self-imposed inactivity or banishment from all else but ourselves and our thoughts, for, with Cowper, he believes that "absence of occupation is not rest—a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed." Probably this kind of mental inaction is seldom necessary, or even advisable. But, besides the directly physical benefits of cessation from professional work, change of air, and other slight changes, restful elements are to be sought in the semi-emotional, semi-intellectual recreation of music and art, and of unfamiliar scenery; in such social exercises as acting and play-going, debating, card-playing, singing and dancing; and above all, in the pleasures of friendship and social intercourse.

THE TREE WIFE.—Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by an invisible tow line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the efluent tide no man knows where. And so I have known more than one genius high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for the bare toiling arm and brave warm beating heart of the faithful little wife, that nestled close to him so that no wind nor wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.

MAGNANIMITY.—The magnanimous man will be a great man intrinsically—that is, he will have something within him that will raise him above what is petty and trifling. In everything he will prefer the greater to the less, the higher to the lower, the better to the worse. And this he will do not so much from a sense of duty and by a self-denying effort as from a simple love and preference for the good. If, for instance, he is called to choose between a successful stroke of business and a truthful statement, he cannot hesitate; all his impulses tend to the latter, as the greater of the two satisfactions. If he must decide between personal comfort or ease and the helping of a neighbour in distress, his warm sympathies forbid a moment's doubt. If he is offered some much-prized luxury in exchange for a little meanness of conduct, he refuses it with scorn. Such things are no temptation to him, because his mind at once gauges their comparative unworthiness, and his heart recoils from them.

DESOLATION.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

Down yonder, by some trees concealed,  
A hunch-backed cabin stands alone;  
Its roof is cracked—its walls have peeled—  
And o'er its threshold moss hath grown.

Athwart the casements boards are nailed,  
But still—as oft a frosty morn  
Makes visible warm breath exhaled—  
Life from you oot is upward borne;

And smoke, with undulating roll,  
Mounts in the vapour from the hut,  
Reminding God that some poor soul  
Within that mouldering den is shut.

Montreal.

GEO MURRAY.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME TREBELLI and our Montreal favourite Mrs. E. A. Osgood, are, we see, making a triumphal Concert tour through England at present. York and Liverpool papers have reached us, and they give no uncertain sound as to the effect produced by the singing of both ladies. After speaking of Trebelli and her double recall, the *York Herald* continues:—Mrs. Osgood, who appeared for the first time before a York audience, at once confirmed the high reputation which had preceded her. Possessed of a sweet, clear voice, the faultless style and the genuine expression in which she sang Spohr's exquisite air, "Rose, so Softly Blooming," won for her the highest opinions, and twice did she return to bow her acknowledgments before the applause subsided. Her success was fully as great in Rossetti's song, "That Traitor Love," her interpretation of which was so fine that she was compelled to accede to the general acclamations, and gave "Coming through the Rye." Mrs. Osgood also took part in Verdi's "Miserere," with Mr. Shakespeare, and in the *terzetto*, "Zitti, Zitti," from Rossini's "Barbieri." It gives us great pleasure to chronicle this latter lady's success. No artist that we remember has ever visited us, who has left behind so pleasant an impression, as to her voice, her art, and her unpretending manner.

LITERARY.

MRS. JAMES, the widow of G. P. R. James, the novelist, is living at Eau Claire, Wisconsin. She is eighty years old and is cared for by her sons.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS' new novel, promised some time back for the first week in January, has been postponed till the first week in February, when it will begin and continue weekly in the *Graphic* under the title of "Lord Brackenbury."

MR. MURRAY promises a new volume by Dr. Schliemann, to be entitled "Ilios; the Country of the Trojans," in which the indefatigable explorer will give an account of his latest researches in the Plain of Troy. Four hundred plans and illustrations adorn the work.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have in the press, and will publish about the opening of Parliament, a small volume by the Marquis of Bath, "On the Social Conditions and Political Prospects of the Bulgarians in their New Principality and in Eastern Roumelia," the result of his lordship's recent journey to those regions, where he had the fullest opportunities of observing the state of things.

THE HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD is at present engaged on a story suggested by the condition of the convict prison laws, in which he will essay to give a faithful picture of penal servitude as it is, in contrast to the *tableaux* presented in recent publications by ex-convicts. The tale, which will be ready for publication in about six weeks, will probably be entitled "Brother Ninepin; a Study of the British Felon, drawn from the Life."

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL & Co. will publish in a few days, as a companion volume to the "In Memoriam" issued at Christmas, a small edition of "Poems Selected from Percy Bysshe Shelley," printed on rough hand-made paper and bound in parchment. The volume is dedicated to Lady Shelley, and has a preface by Mr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum.

FASHION NOTES.

THERE are nine women on the London School board.

THE *Marveilleuse* is the latest large lace cravat bow.

THE most popular overskirt takes the name of the Tallien.

WIDE ribbon sashes will be much worn during the coming season.

SPANISH LACE has been revived in Paris since the Spanish marriage.

THREE-CORNERED silk handkerchiefs are popular for neck wear.

THE roses most used for flower garnitures are Jacquemont and Marshal Neil.

FLUSH collars and cuffs will be much worn on early spring dresses and wraps.

DEEP gauntlet cuffs, reaching almost to the elbow, have been revived this season.

TOILE RELIGIEUSE, or nun's cloth, is only another name for white French bunting.

THE fashion of having the corsage of different material from the skirt will prevail in the spring.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS make lovely flower-panels for the side garniture of young girls' evening dresses.

PLATINUM and gold are often used in combination in jewelry and in the setting of diamonds.

ICE parties, at which skating is the substitute for dancing, are the fashionable entertainment in England this winter.

THE novelties in gloves for evening wear are those with kid lace tops and those trimmed with real lace and lace insertion.

WATER lilies, and occasionally calla lilies, used sparingly, are among the favourite flowers for ornamenting diaphanous ball dresses.

DESIGNS of birds wrought with peacock and other feathers, in natural colours, on canvas, are among the novelties in fancy needlework.

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, New York City.





*Following the Train*



*Come up old boy*



*Stop as you are one minute*



*To the Queen*

*Engine Figure head*



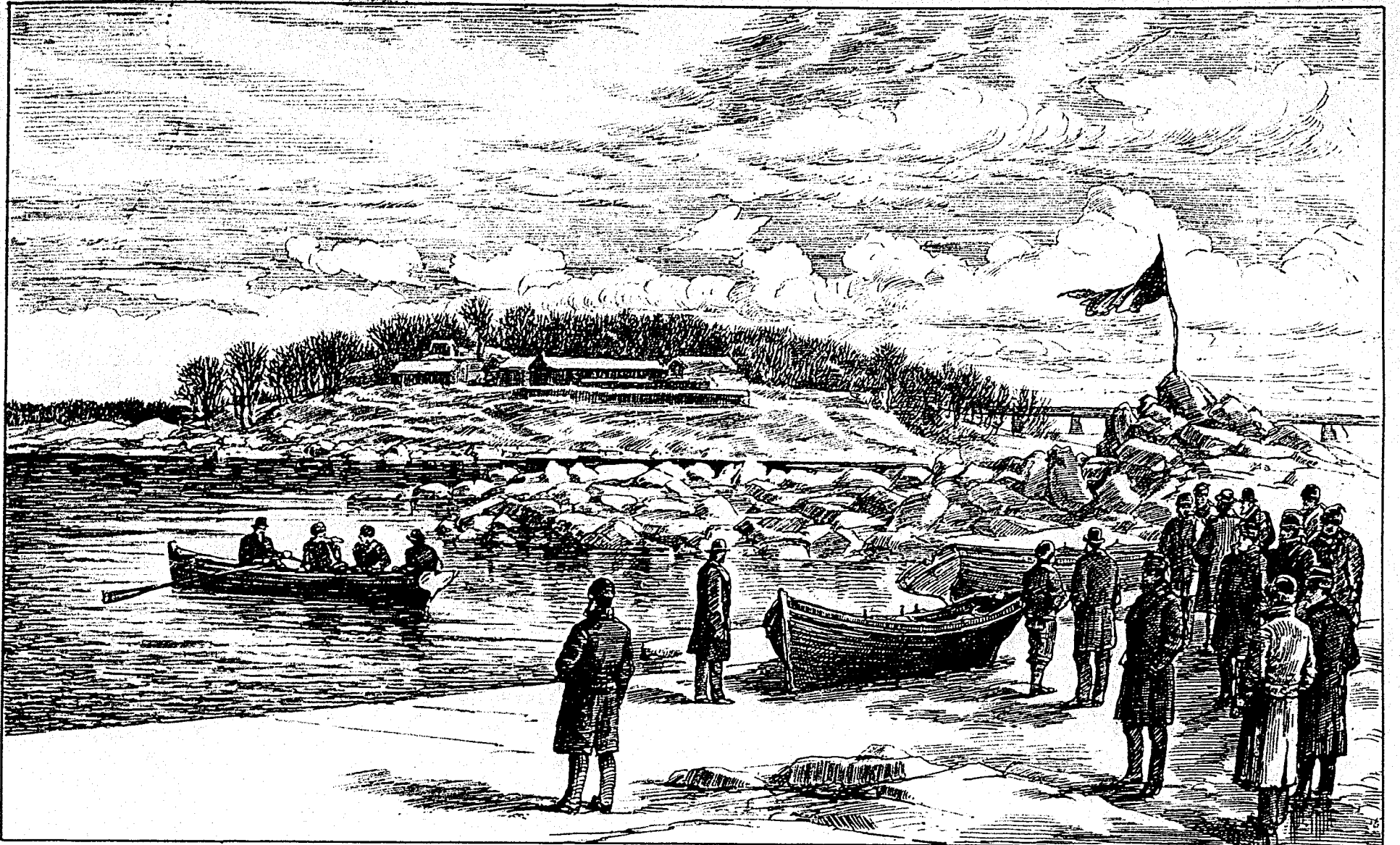
*Firing at the Train*



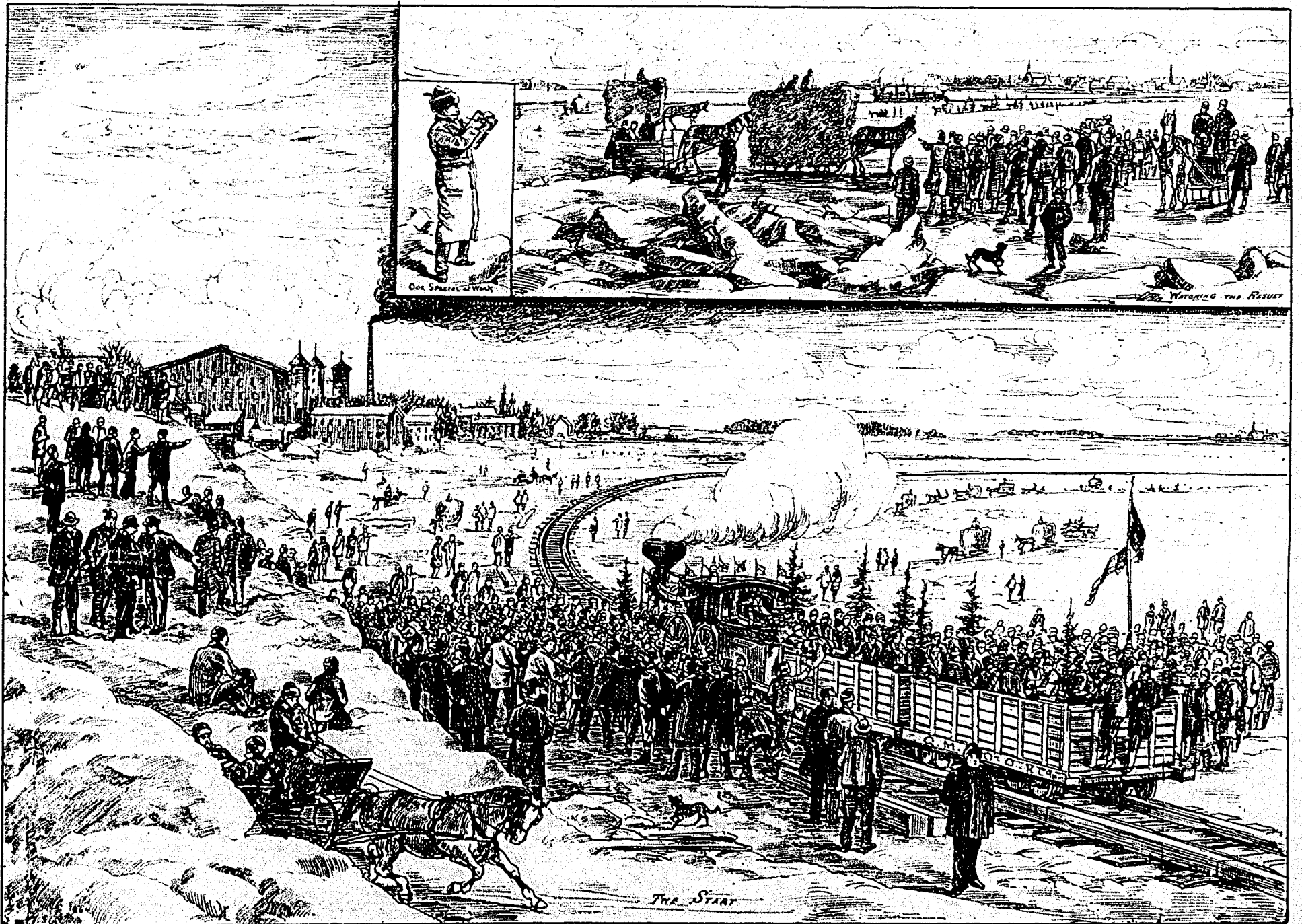
*25 minutes for refreshments*

MONTREAL.—INCIDENTS AT THE OPENING OF ICE RAILWAY BRIDGE.





MONTREAL.—OPENING OF THE WINTER FERRY BETWEEN HOCHELAGA AND ISLE RONDE.



MONTREAL.—OPENING OF THE RAILWAY ON THE ICE.



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# CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,

## THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY  
THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,Rector of La Porte, Ind., U.S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*.

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D. D., of Lindsay, Ont.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A DEMAND FOR THE SERVICES OF A GYPSY.

For many years the coast of Kent had been the resort of a gypsy family by the name of Lee, and Jethro, the leader of the tribe, was well known both to the coast-guard, and to game-keepers. Poaching and smuggling Jethro was ever ready to engage in, and the more daring the underraking the better it suited his adventurous spirit. A portion of waste ground belonging to the Priory estate was the frequent camping ground of the Lee tribe, and to this place resorted such as required the services of their leader. With him, smuggling transactions in particular were matters of business, and he entered into them with a calm and quiet courage.

The services of Jethro being at this time in request, the agent of the contrabandist merchants sought an interview with that chief. In visiting the gypsy in his encampment, the great danger lay in being seen by the coast-guard, and to avoid this it frequently became necessary to take a long circuit. Yet even this practice did not offer full security, as spies were constantly patrolling to detect anything identified with smuggling.

The camp of the gypsies was unique in the sameness of its aspect. At all times the same squalor and apparent wretchedness prevailed. The gypsy appears to possess an instinctive dread of order, possibly arising from his nomadic habits, his want of a settled home. There can be but little question that to a great extent home receives that sacredness commanding so much care and attention, not simply because it is the place of our habitation, but also from the numerous objects in the shape of furniture, pictures, curiosities, and other matters of trifling value with which we are brought into contact. Simply a house, is not a home; it is the furniture, however humble, which makes the house a home.

The camp of the Lee's was no exception to the characteristics of its class, and consisted of canvas-covered carts, with their shafts supported at a level by means of resting on two sticks, and so arranged as to form a crescent outlook to the canvas town within. The tent of the gypsies alone showed a little method, being circular in shape, and so placed as to form irregular streets, while around them, and forming the detail of the residence of this fugitive race, confusion abounded.

It was toward evening when the agent reached the encampment, and in the lurid glare of the flickering firelight were to be seen the children of the tribe tumbling around in juvenile glee, encouraging that hardihood of nature which in after-life was to distinguish them from the more refined of the human race; while a number of the youth of both sexes were busily employed in making clothes-pegs from the willow, or brooms from the birch. The more hardy of the young men were engaged in the gypsy delight of wrestling, or in courting a cracked head from a blow in a game at single stick; while the bags of the tribe were attending to culinary matters, or in counting over the spoils of the day plundered from the simple-minded by the act of fortune-telling; and one or two of the more expert among them were diligently teaching some of the dark-skinned beauties the art and mystery of palmistry. This occult study was being pursued under difficulties, and was frequently interrupted by the boisterous play of the young men, made more noisy for the purpose of distracting the students from their studies, who as they cast upon them side-long glances, accompanied with bewitching smiles which showed their pearly teeth, drew down on themselves the rebukes of their teachers.

Jethro was at home when the agent reached the encampment, but sitting in silent dignity apart from his people as became the leader of the tribe. That chief was at that hour busily cogitating his future course, and aiding his effort by means of smoking a short clay pipe, which had been used by the gypsy as a kiln for burning many pounds of tobacco that had not passed through the Custom House. That pipe was the closest friend of the gypsy; it had been a long time in his possession, and if sacredness be a virtue of such a race, it was elicited from Jethro in favour of that short clay tube which had been his solace in the hour of disappointment, and a collector of his fugitive thoughts when required to be exercised in deliberate council.

The frequent exploits of Jethro, both from the caution and cunning it required to reduce them to a successful issue, made it essential for him to retain in his service a number of well-trained and faithful dogs. The life and liberty of the gypsy so frequently depended on the sagacity of these creatures, that he had studied

to make their education perfect, and so well had he succeeded, that the smallest word, or even a look, was understood by them as being the signal for silence or for speech. These dogs, which before the coming of the agent had been lying around their master with their ears on the ground, indulging in such a sleep as is proverbial of dogs, now that his footsteps were heard by them, lifted their heads, and wagged their tails, and looking up into the face of the gypsy requested permission to speak. The well-known, "Who is it?" was a signal for them to open their mouths, and a loud barking warned the intruder to the exercise of caution. But a low whistle given by the agent told that the visitor was a friend, and in obedience to the "That'll do" of the man, the dogs sunk again into quiet. Jethro did not move to receive his guest, but still sat in imaginary state, and with a countenance as stolid and indifferent as though none but himself were present.

"Good evening to you, Jethro," the agent began, as he drew near to the place where the gypsy was seated.

"Good evening to yer honour."

"Are you busy?"

"Not now. Why do you enquire?"

"Because we have a job on hand."

"Name it."

"Jack Pegden is coming over to-morrow night in the Nancy."

"What is her cargo?"

"Heavy goods; brandy."

"Bah! Hard work and little pay."

"Then you don't like carrying kegs?"

"It is a low trade; but I suppose the rough must be taken with the smooth. Where do you run them?"

"At Baker's Gap."

"And the Philistines?"

"Unacquainted with the move. Indeed it is given out that Jack Pegden is gone to Flushing, and it is well received."

"What time to-morrow night do you expect the Nancy?"

"Not later than ten o'clock. The tide at that hour will permit the lugger to run close under the cliff, and as a consequence the work will be lighter."

"I'll be there."

"But this is not all I require of you; I must have your services to-night."

"For what purpose?"

"Preparations must be made for secreting the goods until opportunity is afforded to take them away. The Nancy can bring over a large cargo, and if the weather be fine Jack will load her to the gunwale."

"How do you wish them secured?"

"You will have to practise your old dodge upon the hay-stack."

"I don't like that job."

"It is too hard work, aye?"

"Only fools like hard work; the man who owns an ounce of wit should learn to live by it."

"Is that your motto?"

"And yours too, I should imagine. Let me see, the moon rises at twelve o'clock; well, have the fellows ready, and if hard work is to be my fate to-night, I suppose I must submit to it."

"Will the gentleman stay and sup with us?" enquired a woman, a fine specimen of the gypsy, and the wife of Jethro, who had silently drawn near to the place where the two men were standing.

"Not to-night, Rachel," returned the agent.

"We have for supper as fine a brace as ever run on four legs."

"I must beg at this time to be excused."

"You house-dwellers are afraid of coming into too close association with the gypsy. For your own purposes you are glad of our services; but when you can dispense with them, you then despise our persons, and shun our acquaintance."

"Silence, Rachel," said her husband.

"Do I speak wrong in what I say? The gentleman knows it to be true. Let me persuade you, sir, for once to sup with the gypsies, and I'll stake the honour of our tribe that you shall not regret it. The forefathers of Jethro were famous for hospitality, and the stranger was never permitted uninvited to pass their tents."

This cunning appeal of Rachel to the virtues of her husband's family, stirred the pride of Jethro, and drew forth his own effort in supporting the invitation extended by his wife. The ambition of Rachel was to break through the restrictions of her class, and to place herself more on a level with the house-dwellers. This desire was generally unwelcome to the tribe, who piqued themselves on their exclusiveness, and looked in contempt on those among whom they wandered. More than one scene of confusion had arisen in the encampment through the inordinate wish of this woman, a scene which taxed all the authority of the leader to

reduce the opposition, and to obtain for her the toleration to occasionally indulge in this matter. Being now assailed by the invitations of them both, the reluctance from prejudice he felt to partake of the hospitality of the gypsy gave way, and the agent consented to remain. Rachel was in ecstasy, and did her best to produce a proper effect on his mind.

That old canvas covering of Jethro's court, concealed many an antique article for table use, which had been in possession of the tribe since the period when they were a family of importance. These were now spread on the green sward forming the table for that supper party, and as they glittered in the light of the camp fire attracted the attention of the guest, and would have disturbed the quiet of many a virtuoso. The effect of the wealth employed upon the stranger was carefully regarded by Rachel, who hastened to relate the tradition associated with each article, as well as to tell out its real history.

The pleasure of the gypsy woman was unbounded, and differed widely from the feeling of the agent, from whose mind neither the sight of the gypsy's wealth, nor the attention paid him in serving up the repast by those swarthy beauties, the daughter and relatives of Jethro, could remove the nauseating thought that what was placed before him was not of the most disgusting nature. There was no reason to think that the roasted creature resting before them on a silver dish of antique pattern and costly value was not a hare as declared; indeed, from the appearance, and from the fact that it might have been obtained from a neighbouring preserve, there was every probability that such was the case; but he had heard that dogs and other canine were eaten by Gypsies, and on this occasion his memory acted as the enemy of his stomach.

A very little hare, and a good deal of brandy, formed the supper of the agent, who took the earliest opportunity for quitting the camp, under the plea, that making arrangements for the work of the night called him elsewhere. About twelve o'clock Jethro himself also left the camp; for the moon had begun to show her gibbous form above the horizon, and the hour for commencing his labours was at hand.

So well-trained were the dogs of Jethro, as to distinguish a coast-guard, or game-keeper, and even a constable, at sight, and on seeing either of them, would at once return and give the signal of approach to their master. The course of the gypsy on leaving the camp, was directed toward first ascending the hill, as though his work lay far away, and on reaching the top to move cautiously along for the distance of a mile, and then by a sudden turn descend into the valley, and doubling his own track reach the place appointed. This caution was imperative, as at night the encampment was often closely watched.

To conceal contraband goods in that district, when immediately landed, and before they could be conveyed to a place of more permanent security, taxed the cunning and inventive genius of such as were employed in the trade. One method was, and a successful one, to remove the interior of a haystack, so as to leave the four walls of sufficient thickness to prevent its collapsing, and then to fill it up with smuggled goods. To do this required an amount of skill; and although in this attempt Jethro had many rivals, yet the work they performed was pronounced a failure when compared with that done by himself. In the district the gypsy was awarded the credit of being a first-rate artist, and this put his services in frequent demand. As his class, Jethro did not love work, but having discovered his capability to manipulate a haystack in a manner required by the smuggler, he submitted to his fate, and tried to relieve the hardship he was predestined to endure by charging a large sum of money for the work he performed.

On reaching the scene of his operations, Jethro commenced an attack on the hay, and in a few hours converted it into a receptacle for holding the treasures to be landed the following night. According to promise, the agent had brought to the spot men and horses, and as the hay was removed it was carried from the field, leaving not so much as a straw in a position to attract the attention of the most curious. Before parting, it was arranged that such as were to run the goods brought by the Nancy, should meet the next night, and under the leadership of Jethro proceed to the place of landing.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## DIGNITY SACRIFICED TO REVENGE.

The Nancy, which was to bring over the goods, was a fine vessel, and commanded by the most daring fellow infesting the coast at that lawless time. Jack Pegden was not only a smuggler, robbing the revenue, but he was also a greater enemy to his country in acting as a French spy. In trading between France and England this man never ran any risk of being captured and detained as a prisoner of war; for the small packet of papers he carried with him were his passport, and afforded him a hearty welcome by the Frenchman.

On this occasion, as the weather promised to be fine, the smuggler justified the statement of the agent to Jethro, and loaded his vessel so heavily as to bring her down in the water to a dangerous point. But it was little he or his crew cared for this, for to those reckless fellows danger was sport, and the thought of dying a

matter for jest. Although the sky was clear when the Nancy left the shores of France, by the time she had got half-way across, a dense fog settled down upon the sea, shutting out from view every distant object. This state of the weather was not unfavourable to the adventure of Jack Pegden, who possessed the common conceit of the sailors of his day, and boasted of being able to steer his vessel into the eye of a needle. Such a marine effort would certainly have been most astounding, yet even the employment of such an hyperbole is an evidence of the skill possessed by those men over their craft. Having, therefore, started on her voyage, the Nancy came bounding along under foresail, mizzen, and great jib, the wind being abeam, and as she bent to the gentle gale the waters hissed around her bows as though she were being pursued by a host of serpents furious for her capture.

"Keep a good look-out ahead," was the order given by the skipper; and the man stationed for such purpose strained his eyes to penetrate the mist, in the hope of being able to discover a signal from the shore.

"How is her head?" was the enquiry now made, and the answer was:

"North-east by east."

"Keep her away a point and haul in the jib; we are getting near to the land and have too much headway on her."

"A light on the starboard bow!" shouted the man on the look-out, and before an answer could be given the white cliffs were seen looming in immediate proximity.

"Lower the foresail, my lads!" hissed rather than bawled the skipper; and as the large surface of canvas came running down, the vessel struck on the beach. The Nancy had been directed to the desired spot, and as she grated on the strand the "All right" of the shoremen told that the coast was clear. All now was bustle, but without confusion, and the hatches being thrown off, the cargo was distributed, and every man in waiting was laden with two kegs of brandy.

"Baker's Gap," the spot once so notorious as a place for landing contraband goods, is now almost forgotten in the district. A more loyal and tax-paying race have arisen, who think of the doings of the past and blush. That Gap was the work of a stream running down the sides of a promontory known as Copt Point. Starting at the foot of the distant hills and meandering in a circuitous route over the table-land, it reached the edge of the cliff and leaped on the beach below in a foaming cascade. By slow attrition, the sparkling water in haste to reach the sea, had worn for itself a bed, which formed a gully or gap, that the smugglers ascended with their contraband wealth. This ascent seemed easy to the passer-by, but to attempt to clamber its sides as the bearer of a couple of kegs of brandy, was no ordinary effort. More than one that night, working under the command of Jethro, in climbing the precipitous sides of that rugged path, came down to the beach in a rapid descent in a manner certainly not convenient. The greater number of those employed belonging to the gypsy tribe, it gave their leader the absolute control over them.

The haystack Jethro had prepared for receiving the goods, being not more than a quarter of a mile distant from the place of landing, and the men having deposited one lot in safety had returned, and were again ascending the acclivity, headed by their leader, when a dark figure appeared to them standing out in front of a projecting rock. On perceiving this object, Jethro, in a loud, hissing voice, shouted to his men—"Hist! halt!" Obedience to his command being promptly given, he removed the burden from his shoulder, and, snatching a pistol from his belt, cocked it, as he ascended toward the place where the figure appeared.

"Who are you?" sternly demanded the gypsy.

"Don't be a fool, Jethro; put up that bulldog," was the immediate reply.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Harry; but I had no thought it was you."

"I dare say not; you thought it to be one of the coast-guard."

"I did, and had it been he must have submitted either to be gagged or shot."

"Gagged, of course. The man must be a consummate fool who would be shot for nothing, when he could obtain the sum of ten guineas for simply wearing a piece of wood in his mouth for an hour or two."

"Some of them have a conscience," said the gypsy ironically.

"Conscience, indeed! If they have they are a pack of fools; but catch the conscience of a coast-guard coming out of doors when the sum of ten guineas lays its finger on the latch!"

"That may be, but this is neither the time nor place to discuss such a subject. Did yer honour see any one about as you came along?"

"Not so much as a dog."

"So much the better. Come on, my lads!" shouted Jethro to his men. Obedient to their leader, the fellows again commenced climbing the cliff with the kegs, while the gypsy remained to talk with the baronet.

"I went to the camp to inquire for you," said Sir Harry, and Rachel gave me an intimation of your whereabouts."

"I should advise you not to frequent the camp too often. Yellow Dick is positively mad with you, and if you persist in going I cannot be held responsible for the consequences that may follow. I have already employed my authority to restrain his fury, but he secretly avers that if he catches you near the encampment he will murder you."



"Who cares for such a miserable villain?"  
 "Perhaps there is no reason why we should fear him in an open fight; but under the excitement he labours he will consider as fair any means that will put you on one side and prevent you coming to the camp."  
 "Twaddled Jethro."

"But it so; I have warned you of the danger, and now you must look out for yourself."

"I am as cunning as he is, and far stronger; and should the viper attempt any of his tricks on me, I will crush him beneath my heel in a moment."

"You must first catch him, Sir Harry."  
 "Tush! hold your nonsense. I now wish you to serve me."

"Your humble servant, with the money down."

"Cursed money! there is no one willing to do anything but for money."

"To consider money a curse when one has to part with it is the way of the world; but, when we receive it, it is popularly esteemed a blessing."

"Cease your prating," replied the baronet, angrily.

"Well, what is it you require of me?"

In reply to this question the proud Sir Harry Chillington placed himself in such proximity to the gypsy, that the exhalation of his plebeian breath could but be inhaled by that haughty man; and he, whose horror at his daughter daring to hold intercourse with one of common birth, had but a short time before driven him to the verge of madness, now, for the sake of revenge, fraternizes with the outcasts of society and subjects himself to their insults and scorn.

Class is a fiction of social life attractive in its aspect, but insufficient to resist the appeal of passion or the claims of interest. The existence of class may be useful as a preventative against an attempt at destructive communism, and as forming a goal for the exercise of ambition; but they who sacrifice reason to dignity, that they may enshrine themselves within a false notion of divinity, destroy the nobleness of their position, and subject themselves to the contempt of such whose good opinion is worth anything.

The conversation of Sir Harry with the gypsy was protracted, and the interview closed with the understanding that they should meet again in company with a third person. Having settled their little matter, the baronet departed in the direction of the Priory, and the gypsy returned to the command of the smugglers.

"That's the lot," said Jack Pegden, as he placed the last two kegs of brandy on the shoulder of one of the men, and just as Jethro reached the vessel.

"It is well done," replied the gypsy.

"Rather; this fog has made old 'Luff' sleep with his nose under the sheets to-night, for had it stuck out he would have smelt us and quickly been upon us."

"Never mind, skipper, he'll catch it presently," said one of the crew.

"How's that, Tom?"

"How's that! why all the boat-officers, when they die, are turned into white donkeys; and I never pass one but I give it a kick, and say to myself, 'It's my turn now, my hearty!'"

A shout of boisterous laughter succeeded this declaration of the sailor, and numerous satirical remarks were made on the living appearance and resemblance to their future lot of those guardians of the revenue.

"Now, then, my lads, off with her," shouted Jack Pegden, and in obedience to his orders the crew pushed the Nancy over a kind of railway sleeper, greased, and technically termed bridge, that she might overtake the receding tide. "Push away, my lads! there she goes!" and a strong effort, accompanied with vigorous shouting, quickly placed that logger free in her native element, to trip it again in style over the bosom of the deep.

The Nancy being once more in safety afloat, and Jethro and his men having secreted the goods without being observed by the coast-guard, and having given to the haystack its original appearance, they separated for their homes.

The force of public opinion has always had its influence in society, and has proved itself to be a greater deterrent to crime than the heaviest punishment inflicted by the most rigorous laws.

"Honesty among thieves," was practically illustrated in the conduct of smugglers toward each other. Hundreds of pounds worth of contraband property was frequently left unguarded, and the secret known to the greatest villains in the district; yet although such was the case, seldom was it touched or betrayed to the government. This fact shows the influence of public opinion upon the worst of characters. To murder a coast-guard in the endeavour to save a cargo of contraband goods, was tolerated as being the result of a fair fight for the principle of free trade, and the murderer was accepted in society as a hero who had fought for a right, although held in opposition to the government; but to betray goods secreted to the revenue was an unpardonable offence that brought public opinion down in force upon the transgressor; and there were but few in a smuggling district, even of the most hardened, who would not have chosen to be shot rather than to run the gauntlet of daily life with every one pointing toward them the finger of scorn.

Should public opinion ever be brought to brand the wretch who, conveniently forgetting the laws regulating the well-being of society, makes a raid rudely, or in a manner more refined, upon the property of his fellow-creatures, it will do more to correct crime than imprisonment or the lash;

but so long as robbery is considered as only a daring exploit, and the criminal who is detected as simply unfortunate, crime must abound. Men may and do dare the punishment of the law, but the veriest villain would dread to encounter public opinion.

(To be continued.)

ADELE'S VALENTINES.

A MONTREAL ROMANCE.

BY W. S. HUMPHREYS.

I.

"Shall I have any valentines to-day?"  
 The speaker, Adele Seymour, was a young lady of some eighteen years of age—beautiful, accomplished and possessed of a princely fortune.

She was an orphan, her father having died when she was a mere child, leaving her in the guardianship of a sister of his wife, Adele's mother, whom she never remembered to have seen.

There was something strange about the mother of Adele. Her name was never mentioned in her presence, and all Adele knew concerning her was that she had left her home about a year after the birth of her child, but where she had gone was a mystery. Adele had repeatedly questioned her guardian—Aunt Isabel—but that lady either knew nothing or refused to tell anything to her niece.

This mystery was the only thing to mar the happiness of Adele. She was mistress of a large residence on Sherbrooke street, possessed of an ample allowance, and petted and cajoled by her inferiors, and should have been happy.

But Adele had a lover, and what young lady has not? But Adele's lover did not belong to the class of society in which that young lady moved. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. In fact, I am not sure but that at the time of his birth his parents were without spoons altogether, as well as a good many other necessities. Nevertheless, although born in a garret, without any silver spoon in his mouth, and although having to work for his daily bread as a clerk in a wholesale store in St. Paul street, earning barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, Arthur Hastwell was a truly noble fellow—not a gentleman born, perhaps, but one of Nature's gentlemen.

But Adele had also another lover, and this other lover was not one of Nature's gentlemen, but a gentleman born and bred, at least the world of fashion said so, and that world is supposed to speak the truth.

Robert Fortescue's father was a reputed millionaire, and lived in a palatial mansion adjoining Adele's residence. Robert was an only son, and it was the wish of his father that he should secure the hand of Adele—also her fortune.

Fortescue the elder had a large warehouse in St. Paul street; but Fortescue the younger did not take kindly to trade, in fact, he was no hand at business. His father had once or twice entrusted him with missions to Europe to make purchases, but Robert's investments had turned out so disastrously that the old gentleman, his father, thought it best that his son should have no place in the counting-house. So it happened that Robert was a gentleman of leisure, with an allowance settled on him—"devilish small, you know," as he said—and nothing to do but to spend it. He paid his court to Adele, treating her as his affianced lover, although no troth existed between them. Adele, being a high-spirited young lady, chafed under this treatment, and many times sent Robert from her side with "a flea in his ear," but the said Robert only laughed at her, putting it down as "skittishness" on her part, and telling his boon companions that "when she was his wife, he would let her know that he was master and would not submit to her whims."

Arthur Hastwell, Adele's other lover, entered old Fortescue's store as office-boy, and by perseverance and exertion had risen to the post of confidential clerk. He had frequently been to his employer's residence on business, and on one of these visits had met Adele—met her and loved her—at a distance. But Adele liked the young man—liked his frank, open manners; and although he first gazed upon his idol at a distance, that distance gradually grew shorter, until by degrees it disappeared nearly altogether; and now they were on friendly—yes, something more than friendly—terms.

Of course they had to keep their love for one another a secret, for Aunt Isabel was proud and haughty, and would never have consented to the union of her niece with a young man who was working at a desk for a living—especially a young man who was born in a garret, with no silver spoon in his mouth. She had no objection to Robert Fortescue. She considered it a settled thing that Adele and Robert would one day be man and wife. It was a very appropriate match, she thought, and she had only the evening before bronched the subject to her niece. But Adele had evaded the subject, telling her aunt there was time enough to think of her marriage, that she wanted to enjoy her freedom a little while longer. For Adele was a wise little lady, and knew it would not do to offend her guardian. Although her father had left his wealth to his child, a clause was inserted in the will providing that in case Adele should marry without the consent of her guardian, or her mother—if living—everything he died possessed of should go to a distant cousin, leaving

Adele only one hundred pounds a year, as "pin-money," the document said.

Adele knew all this, and therefore endeavoured to continue in the good graces of her guardian, keeping Robert at her side, and keeping her love for Arthur a secret, meeting the latter clandestinely whenever opportunity offered, and waiting patiently for the time when her lover could secure a partnership in the firm on St. Paul street—a reward promised him if he succeeded in a venture he was at the present time negotiating in Europe.

All very wrong, of course—this secret love and clandestine meeting—but what else could they do? and then "all is fair in love and war."

II.

"Rat-a-tat-tat," the postman's knock.

A peculiar knock—unlike everybody else's knock. It is not like the butcher's or the baker's knock—a hasty "rat-tat," nor the beggar's knock—a single loud-sounding "rat," nor the rich man's knock—a consequential series of "rat-tat-tats;" nor the lady's knock—several timid little raps, dying gradually away; nor is it like the old maid's or old bachelor's knock—much alike—three or four long-drawn-out "rat-tat's." In fact, it is peculiarly the postman's knock—a modulated "rat," a gentle little rap, as though the knocker had slipped from his fingers, followed by a thundering "tat-tat."

"Rat-a-tat-tat." Adele knew the knock, had often listened for it before, but never with such longing as on the present occasion.

"Shall I have any valentines?" she repeated. And, as if in answer to her question, a servant entered with a salver, saying:

"Three letters for Miss Adele."  
 Now this was more than the young lady had expected—she had only expected two—one from Arthur and one from Robert. Who could the other be from?

She took up the first that came to hand, a very large one—a valentine in a handsomely-embossed envelope. "From Robert," she said, and put it aside unopened. Next came a tiny little missive in a pink envelope, bearing the English postmark. "From Arthur," she said, and did not put it aside, but with glowing cheeks and trembling hands, broke the seal, and saw therein—what? Not a handsome valentine, such as she knew the big one to contain, but a tiny little slip, telling her that he hoped to be in Montreal almost as soon as his note; that he had been successful in his enterprise, and requesting that he might present his valentine in person, closing with words of love and endearment.

Adele was happy, and read the little note over and over again, forgetting for a time that another missive lay waiting her perusal. But finally her eye caught this other note and she took it in her hand.

It was a peculiar-looking letter—the envelope was soiled and creased, and it bore a United States stamp.

Adele sat with the letter in her hand, trying to think who it could be from, as young ladies are wont to do, forgetting for the time that all that was necessary to acquire the desired information was to open it and glance at the bottom.

At length she decided to open the letter—but her hands trembled—why, she could not tell.

The enclosure was as much soiled as the envelope—if anything, more so; but it was not that that caused Adele to utter a stifled cry and clasp her hands to her head as though about to faint. It was something she saw at the bottom—a name—her own name—her mother's name—Adele Seymour.

And this is what the letter contained:  
 "PRIVATE LUNATIC ASYLUM,  
 "B —, U.S., February 12, 1879."

"To my darling daughter,—

"I have been confined in this asylum for seventeen years, and am as sane as you, my child. I cannot enter into particulars, I am too closely watched. I have had to use almost the cunning of a madwoman to convey this note to you. Do not show it to your Aunt Isabel, my sister, but try to devise some means to liberate your mother from a living tomb. I have bribed Jacob Holstein, one of the keepers, to post this letter to you, and pray to Heaven that I may soon be free, when I have a story to tell that will astonish you.

"Your much-wronged mother,  
 "ADELE SEYMOUR."

Such was Adele's third valentine, after she had read which she sat for some time pondering on the revelation it contained—a revelation as from the dead.

What to do she hardly knew—but help her mother to freedom she was determined.

Suddenly a thought struck her—a heavenly thought.

"I will see Arthur! Thank God he is home! He will help me, I know." Such was her thought, and she buried her face in her hands and wept.

III.

Arthur Hastwell was seated at his desk in the counting-house of Mr. Fortescue on St. Valentine's Day—happy. Yes, he felt happier than he had felt for many a day. His mission to Europe had been very successful, passing his most sanguine expectations. He had seen his employer and been congratulated by him—the

promised junior partnership was a thing of the near future; he was to sup that evening at the residence of Mr. Fortescue, and he considered his position in society assured. But it was not only this that made Arthur happy. He was soon to meet Adele. He would be near her that evening, perhaps, see her,—hear her sweet voice once more, and, perchance, who could tell but that, now he was a partner in the great house of Fortescue & Co., Aunt Isabel might consent to his meeting his lady-love in her own house, avoiding clandestine meetings in the future.

These and other such happy thoughts were passing through the young man's brain, when his delightful reverie was interrupted by—

"A letter for Mr. Arthur Hastwell."  
 Arthur took the note, glanced at the address and his heart filled with delight—the writing was Adele's.

Hastily opening the letter he read:

"—SHERBROOKE STREET,  
 "February 14, 1879.

"MY DEAR ARTHUR,—

"Meet me in Victoria square between 12 and 1 to-day. I want your help.

"Your own  
 "ADELE."

Now Arthur was rather disappointed. He had expected—well—a love-letter, not an appointment. An appointment in a certain place, known only to him and Adele, would have been very acceptable to the young man, but an appointment in Victoria square between 12 and 1 he hardly relished. He wanted their first meeting after his return private. But she wanted his help, and she signed herself "Your own," and what more could he do than reproach himself for being ever so slightly disappointed. What could he do but hurry to her side and give her all the help in his power.

His dinner hour was between 12 and 1, therefore he had no difficulty in getting away from the office, so hastening out he made his way with all the speed possible to Victoria square, which he reached as the clocks were chiming the half-hour.

He glanced quickly over the square. There were several ladies walking backwards and forwards, but he had eyes for only one—a lady dressed in black and closely veiled. He knew it was Adele, and hurried to her side.

"Adele."

"Arthur."

They clasped hands—a fervent clasp,—then crossed the square and walked up St. Antoine street arm-in-arm.

They had much to say to one another, and it was some minutes before Adele could mention the object of her sending for him.

"I want your help, Arthur, as I told you in my note. My mother is confined in a lunatic asylum, and I want you to help me to set her free."

"Your mother—confined in a lunatic asylum," gasped Arthur. "How—why—I do not understand."

"No. I have never spoken about my mother to you. I did not know till this morning that she was living, when I received this note," handing it to Arthur.

Arthur took the note and hastily glanced at the contents.

"Good heavens," he said, "there is something strange in this. Your aunt is mixed up in it in some manner. Has she never spoken to you on the subject?"

"Never. Whenever I have mentioned my mother's name she has always turned the subject, telling me that she were dead."

"Something must be done, and that quickly," said Arthur. "I have it. I will go up to B—myself."

"You, dear Arthur. Can you?"

"I think so. I have not had a holiday for seven years, and I think I am entitled to one now. I am going to dine with Mr. Fortescue to-night and will then ask leave for a week or ten days, and I do not think I shall be refused."

"God bless you, dear Arthur," whispered Adele. "I know you would help me."

"With my life, if necessary. But you will meet me to-night at the old summer-house, will you not? I will endeavour to leave Mr. Fortescue's shortly after 9, and hasten to you with the news that I have leave of absence, and then we can mature our plan of action. You had better write a letter of introduction to your mother, telling her that I am acting with your full consent and approval, and that I will leave no stone unturned to secure her liberation."

"Thanks, thanks, dear Arthur: I will be there with the letter. But here we are at the corner of Guy and Sherbrooke streets, and although I would like you to see me to my door, I think we had better part. So, good-bye till this evening."

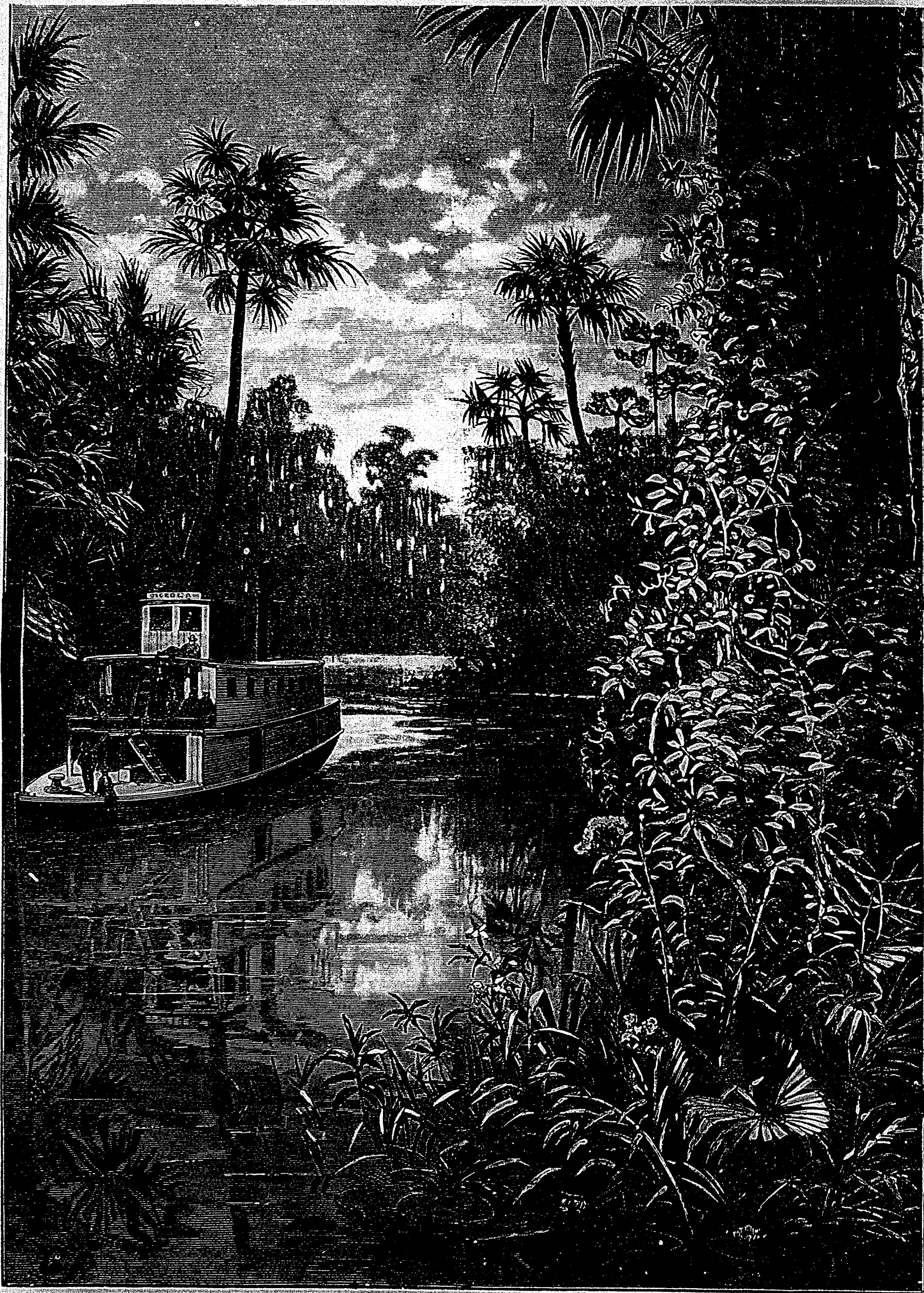
"Good-bye, dear Adele, till this evening."

Another clasp of hands and they separate, she to her home and he back to the office, thinking to himself how many hours it will be till 9 o'clock.

But hours soon pass,—the office is closed for the night—Arthur dines with Mr. Fortescue,—is very cordially received by that gentleman and his family, even the exquisite Robert unbending for once—his leave of absence is graciously granted—nine o'clock arrives—he makes his adieu—hurries to the summer-house and finds—Adele.

Is there any necessity to describe what took place—how he imparted kisses on her ruby lips—how he drew the fair girl to his—No, we





A FLORIDA SCENE. ON THE OKLAWAHA.





THE POSTILION AT THE GATE.



will not attempt to describe it. We have nearly all of us been lovers at one period of our lives—we know how we met the loved one after a temporary separation. 'Tis the old, old story once more repeated, and we will leave them to enjoy their happy meeting, merely saying that when Arthur left Adele it was with the understanding that he was to take the first train the next day for B—, his parting words being that "he would do all in his power to secure the liberation of Adele's mother."

(To be continued.)

SPELLING REFORM.

BY PROFESSOR FRANCIS A. MARCH, PH. D., LL. D.

[The following article is from the Princeton Review for January. It is reproduced in the exact spelling in which it appears in that work.—Eds.]

(CONCLUDED.)

On the whole, it may be safely said that the general change to fonetic spelling will not subject the etymological sagacity to any great hardship, or obscure any considerable facts of history. It may be a further comfort to those who are disquieted on this subject to remember that whatever is embodied in the old spelling is now safe enough in innumerable books. These will not be annihilated by any revolution in spelling. Scholars like nothing better than to hunt them up and give their secrets to the public, who may find them in the dictionaries. The past at least is secure.

The scholars proper have, in truth, lost all patience with the etymological objection. "Save us from such champions," say Professor Whitney, "they may be allowed to speak for themselves, since they know best their own infirmity of back and need of braces; the rest of the guild, however, will thank them for nothing." "If anybody will tell me," says Max Müller, "at what date etymological spelling is to begin, whether at 1500 A. D., or at 1000 A. D., or at 500 A. D., I am willing to discuss the question. Till then, I beg leave to say that etymological spelling would play greater havoc in English than fonetic spelling. . . . If we write puny *puny*, we might as well write *post-natus*. We might spell *coy quietus*; *pert*, *apertus*; *priest*, *presbyter*; *master*, *magister*; *sexton*, *sacristan*, etc."

Mr. Sweet, sometime President of the Philological Society of England, and the recognized chief of Anglo-Saxon scholars in that country, closes his remarks on this subject in his "Hand-book of Phonetics" in this wise; "The idea, too, that because etymology is an amusing and instructive pursuit, it should, therefore, be dragged into practical orthography, is about as reasonable as it would be to insist on every one having Macaulay's 'History of England' permanently chained round his neck because history is an improving study. In conclusion, it may be observed that it is mainly among the class of half-taught dabblers in filology that etymological spelling has found its supporters. All true filologists and filological bodies have truly denounced it as a monstrous absurdity, both from a practical and a scientific point of view."

Dr. Murray, President of the Philological Society, and editor of their great Historical Dictionary of the English Language, now about to be printed by the University of Oxford, says that there are some thousands of English words the spelling of which goes directly against the analogy of their history and derivation. "Every one will admit that these words ought certainly to be altered." The plea for our spelling as historical is, in his view, wholly a matter of feeling.

Professor Lounsbury, of Yale College, speaks of the reform as one "which numbers among its advocates every linguistic scholar of any eminence whatever, and which, in addition, includes every one who has made the scientific study of English a specialty."

It may be taken, then, as certain, and agreed by all whose judgment is entitled to consideration, that there are no sound arguments against fonetic spelling to be drawn from scientific and historical considerations. These all make in its favor. But suppose they did not. The prevailing interest in spelling is not to be found in historical or etymological considerations—a hundred etymologists, a million men and women. There never was a more unwelcome sentiment than that often attributed to Archbishop Trench, that it is unscholarly to yield the popular advantage of the student in the old spelling for the sake of the ignorant and uneducated, stigmatizing it most untruly as leveling down and not leveling up. That is not the way in which American scholars think or speak. "It is not worth while," says Professor Hadley, "for the benefit of scholars to impose a heavy burden upon the world at large." "It is much more an aristocratic luxury," says Professor Whitney, "than a popular benefit. . . . Such a satisfaction is a selfish one, and improperly and wrongly obtained if bought by a sacrifice of any measure of convenience or advantage to the great public of speakers and writers." Nor, in truth, is the language of Englishmen different. "If we can save the toiling multitude," says Sir Charles Bell, speaking of this matter at the London Conference, "we are bound to do it." And so Matthew Arnold, Dr. Angus, and the rest; and Professor Max Müller, who, whether he be German or English, knows how to write English

and express the thought of Englishmen; "Surely the loss of some historical and etymological souvenirs would be little against the happiness of millions of children and the still higher happiness of millions of Englishmen and Englishwomen, growing up as the heirs to all the wealth and strength of English literature, or unable to read even their Bible."

There are practical objections to the reform, drawn from the inconvenience of so great a change. But there is nothing abstruse or appalling about them.

The spoken language is the product of man's social necessities, and is in great part the result of the unconscious working of his mind and organism. The great changes by which the sounds of a whole language are moved are brought about or modified by causes working often on the physical constitution of whole nations, which we know little of, and with which we could do little if we did know them. Peculiar changes of single words are tricked by whim. We may well shrink from the attempt to control spoken language. But the spelling, the written speech, is an altogether different matter; that is a contrivance, a set of tools, machinery to record and communicate the speech. The objections to change in it are the same in kind which meet the introduction of any improved machinery for common work, the sewing-machine, the type-writer, or the metric system of weights and measures. Everybody knows the old way, nobody knows the new. The new apparatus is at first imperfect and costly. The old must be mostly lost. Some powerful classes must be found who have an interest in pushing the improvement. Teachers and publishers at the natural supporters of spelling reform. The most irksome and fruitless labors of the teacher will be lightened. The publishers may hope to win in the new field of adventure in books. With them will be found the cultivators of social science and many of the leaders in church and state.

In the actual use of reformed spelling there are several stages to be noticed.

The first, as being the least obtrusive, is the revival of good old spellings, such as the past in *t* in verbs like *wisht*, *trickt*, where the sound is that of *t*.

2. Near akin is the dropping of silent French endings, so as to bring the words near the Greek or Latin originals; as the *-me* of *programme*, the *-e* of *coquette*, *signature*, the *-ue* of *dialogue*, *catalogue*, and the like.

3. Then there are the three new words of the Spelling Reform Association and the eleven of the American Philological Association—*ars*, *catalog*, *defiant*, *guard*, *give*, *huc*, *inquit*, *lar*, *tho*, *thra*, *wisht*.

4. Then there are the "Five Rules" of the Spelling Reform Association.

(1.) Omit *a* from the digraph *ca* when pronounced as *e* short, as in *head*, *helt*, etc. (2.) Omit silent *e* after a short vowel, as in *har*, *gic*, etc. (3.) Write *i* for *ph* in such words as *alphabet*, *fantom*, etc. (4.) When a word ends with a double letter, omit the last, as in *shal*, *clif*, *eg*, etc. (5.) Change *ed* final to *t* where it has the sound of *t*, as in *lush*, *impress*, etc.

5. Spelling with modified types on Dr. Leigh's plan. The ultimate alphabet of the Philological Association uses only three new types; but it requires much change of spelling. Modified types can be used in many publications in which the spelling cannot be changed.

6. Finally, pure fonetic spelling. An important movement is going on in English in favor of an agreed spelling, purely fonetic, for scientific purposes primarily.

The National Association of Great Britain for the Promotion of Social Science had this matter before them in a paper by Professor Newman, read to the congress at Cheltenham, in October, 1878. It was referred to the Education Department, which raised a special committee upon it, who have given it much attention, and finally passed unanimously a resolution in favor of an alternative method of spelling. They say:

"Such an alternative method would be at once useful:—1st. For indicating the pronunciation of any word or name that may not be familiar to ordinary readers. 2d. For teaching the proper pronunciation of words in schools, and thus curing vulgarisms. 3d. For representing different dialects of individual peculiarities. 4th. For showing the pronunciation of foreign languages. This alternative method, if generally approved, would gradually become a concurrent method, and perhaps eventually would displace the present irregular spelling (just as the Arabic numerals have generally displaced the Roman numerals.) In the meantime it would serve to indicate the direction in which any partial reforms of the current spelling should be made."

The dropping of silent letters has had a much wider trial than the new types, and naturally: it costs nothing; it saves space and time. It has met with special favor from the craft, and has been tried in one way or another in most of their organs. The eleven words of the Philological Association are the favorite change. Many articles with letters 'dropt and other changes have appeared in the educational journals and in the correspondence of the popular newspapers. The "few rules" are often used in these, or still more extensive droppings. The eleven words do not occur often enough when one begins to drop. They are little more than a protest against the old spelling.

Fears are expressed lest independent action will lead to the loss of all uniformity, to the introduction of all sorts of dialectic pronunciation into the literary speech, and to the destruction of literary property. Once given over to fonetic spellers, they say the written language and pro-

nunciation will change very few years and chaos will reign perpetual.

It has been seen, however, that the scholars formally recognize that there is and ought to be standard speech and standard writing. Fonetic spelling does not mean that every one is to write as he pronounces, or as he thinks that he pronounces. There are all sorts of people. We must have something else written than "confessions of provincials." Every literary language is an ideal. Nobody speaks it perfectly. "No man in Germany speaks German." The literary or standard language is a collection of the most of the best words and forms prevailingly spoken by the most of the best of the race.

A clear distinction is to be made between orthography and orthoepy. The work of the orthoepist is to observe the ways in which all sorts of people pronounce, and to decide which is the prevailing pronunciation of the most cultured—to decide which is the standard pronunciation. The orthographer tells how to represent this pronunciation in writing. Worcester, Webster, Walker, Phelps, or orthoepists. They have certainly many nice and difficult problems to solve. But the spelling reformers enter into their labors. They take for granted that there is a standard pronunciation. They wish to see it represented by simple and reasonable alphabetic signs. They have to do with writing, not pronunciation.

We are not to be left without a standard, nor are we in danger of a state of perpetual flux. On the contrary, fonetic printing will soon establish a fixed relation in the minds of the people between the written and spoken forms, so that each will steady and maintain the other.

It is, of course, desirable at such a time to concentrate as much authoritative action as possible upon the changes proposed by leading scholars. The reformers have accordingly proposed to add to the authority of the Philological Association whatever can be gained by government sanction. They petition Congress to move for a joint commission of the English-speaking nations to report upon the amendments.

As for loss of material by rendering books valueless, there is little to be feared and something to be hoped. The press teems always. Newspapers, periodicals, unbound lighter literature, pass away like dry leaves in the wind; books pass rapidly into tetracy. Change in spelling will hardly be rapid enough to quicken the movement very much. The old books could of course be red in the libraries, just as old books are now. The President of the Philological Association said in the annual address in 1874 that "it would be no small gain from such a movement that it would consign to scholars and bookworms a large mass of old books, and give the new generation a manageable selection of choice authors and, perhaps, produce a new era of creative energy in working over the old material into new forms. Something good would be sure to come from such a struggle for life." That is the hope.

There will, of course, be inconveniences. A ill. Language is not perfect, and no spelling will cure its defects. It is a defect, for example, that the same sound has different meanings, for we may not know sometimes which meaning is intended. If one says that he gave a boy a box, it may not be plain whether it was a Christmas-box or a box on the ear. This defect may be remedied in the written language by writing the word differently for each different meaning. The Chinese is written in that way, and English has many examples of it: *wholly*, *holly*, look quite different; *so flour*, *flower*; *sole*, *soul*; *wright*, *rite*, *right*, *write*. Whether this is a gain, on the whole, depends on whether the embarrassment caused by the ambiguity is greater than the trouble of learning the variant spellings and the exposure to using them wrongly. It may be agreed that *box* shall be written for a slap, *books* for the Christmas gifts, *bochs* for a hunting-seat, *boes* for a chest, *bochs* for the tree. Will the gain be greater than the loss of time in fixing all this in memory? One thing is clear: the learning of different spellings is long and hard work, and necessary. Every one would be sure to be puzzled by the distinctions a hundred times before he escaped his spelling lessons. One might not be puzzled in a lifetime by the ambiguity. The connection almost always makes the meaning plain, and when it does not a synonym of explanation is added, as teachers, in giving out such words to be spelt, mention the meaning of each. This is nothing strange; we have to define, limit, repeat all the time as we write, if we wish to be clear.

As soon as many persons will accept with indifference a considerable amount of amended spelling, a business of printing newspapers and general literature in it will be established. The removal of duplicate consonants saves 1.6 per cent. of silent *e*'s; 4 per cent. According to Mr. J. H. Gladstone, in the New Testament printed by Mr. Ellis in purely fonetic spelling, in 1849, 100 letters and spaces were reduced to 83. Seventeen per cent. is a living advantage.

And so we shall go on. The change must come. No one wishes there should be no change. Language is everywhere and always changing. But many say: "Let the change be gradual as it has been heretofore." Let such remember how the world has changed in the last fifty years—how rapidly we communicate. What with our railroads and telegraphs and newspapers, and our societies with their meetings and conventions, a wider and more powerful concentration of the assent of thinking persons can be effected in a single summer than would have been possible in a hundred years three centuries ago. But the assent of thinking persons in all that is needed for this reform. Why should we not move on as far in a summer as the old folk did in a century?

Even as lately as two or three years ago the leaders in the present movement spoke out, mainly in behalf of future generations, and as a necessary utterance of their convictions as to the right and the desirable. Scholars seem to have a natural turn toward the fields of Giant Despair. They were pledged, moreover, to other work, and could give little more to this reform than assent and advice. But a great body of men of action seem now to be interested in it, and ready at least to urge inquiry and effort. A rising hum is heard all thru the press, the schools, and the centres of popular influence, which seems to herald a good time coming. The air is full of hope.

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. See another column.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 261.
Amicus, Montreal.—Solution received of Problem No. 261. Correct.
G. A. R., Ottawa.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 261.
T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 260; also of Problem for Young Players No. 257. Thanks for Problem enclosed.
H. R., Buffalo, U.S.—Postal card received. Will answer by post.
E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 259. Correct.
H. & J. McGill, Cote des Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 259.

We published a short time ago the prospectus of the Hamilton Correspondence Tourney. We are now enabled to insert the following notice which has been sent by the Conductor, Dr. Ryall, to each of the players taking part in the contest. We have only further to remark that the Tourney is now in operation and we commend each competitor to give heed to the important suggestions which have been so carefully, and at the same time so kindly prepared for his consideration.

THE HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

The list for the Tourney now contains nineteen names which are six short of the number contemplated. As the entrance fees are all for prizes, a reduction in their value from that originally proposed must be made as follows: 1st prize, \$50; 2nd prize, \$25; 3rd prize, \$15; 4th prize, \$10; 5th prize, \$5. I would respectfully request the players to note that nothing but a loss for our noble game could induce me to undertake the work of getting so many players to engage in a Correspondence Tourney, coupled with the fact that Mr. Shaw's Tourney has afforded great pleasure and satisfaction to all parties.

To render the present Tourney as agreeable as possible, at the same time, to be as strict as when playing over the board, I would impress upon you the desirability of taking great precaution in writing out your moves, let every player, before sending his move, make it a point to see that it is correctly written. With regard to Rule 4, I expect that no false delicacy will prevent any player from notifying me when delays occur in transmitting the moves. I would not like to act in an arbitrary manner on this rule, but on receiving these intimations of default, I would feel bound to enforce it. This rule is the only one I might have trouble with, and I can only carry it out by players giving me their hearty support.

The time limit of forty hours is more than sufficient; many moves can be answered by return mail, and I expect that no unnecessary delay will occur. There is residing at long distances apart should be as prompt as possible. I would also suggest that when several moves can be safely sent at one time (as in the opening of a game) advantage should be taken thereof. I would also request that when a game is manifestly lost to a player, he should not prolong it, and when it arrives at such a stage, I would be glad to have the position sent to me. I hope that the present undertaking will not prove of as arduous a nature as was anticipated by some of my friends, and that nothing more important will be required of me than to set the Tourney in motion. I can devote only a portion of my time to Chess, nevertheless I intend that the programme shall be carried out to the letter.

J. RYALL, Conductor, Hamilton, Ont.

LIST OF PLAYERS.

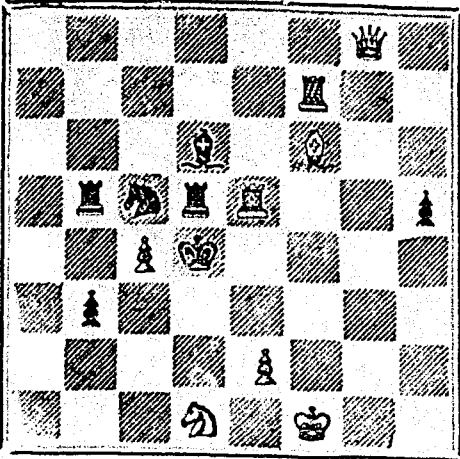
- 1. Anderson, M. J., Allantown, Pa., U.S.
2. Boivin, C. A., St. Hyacinthe, P.Q.
3. Barque, Rev. Mr., do
4. Brathwaite, W., Unionville, Ont.
5. Cawson, J., St. John, N.B.
6. Ferris, W. J., New Castle, Delaware, U.S.
7. Forster, T. M., Lansing, Mich., U.S.
8. Henderson, J., Montreal, P.Q.
9. Hendriks, C. E., Charleston, S.C., U.S.
10. Hicks, W. H., Montreal, P.Q.
11. Judd, W. H., Hamilton, Ont.
12. Kilton, H. N., Hamilton, Ont.
13. Mohle, C., Hoboken, N.J.
14. Narr-way, J. E., St. John, N.B.
15. Robertson, T. C. N., Hamilton, Ont.
16. Rogers, D. C., Detroit, Mich., U.S.
17. Ryall, J., Hamilton, Ont.
18. Shaw, J. W., Montreal, P.Q.
19. Wylde, J. T., Halifax, N.S.

According to the Glasgow Weekly Herald the annual contest for the championship of the Glasgow Chess Club has just ended in favour of Mr. Sheriff Spens, who only lost two games out of ten played. The same gentleman carried off the first prize last year.

An important chess meeting is to take place shortly at Boston, Lincolnshire, Eng. Among the prizes to be played for is one offered by Mrs. Romington Wilson in memory of her late husband. Problem or end game solution, competition, simultaneous and alternative games, and a billfold exhibition are to be part of the programme.



(PROBLEM No. 263. By J. W. Abbott. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 393RD. (From Turf, Field and Farm.) CHESS IN LONDON.

A beautiful game, played on Monday last, between Messrs. Blackburne and Bird, at Simpson's Chess Divan. It was the first of a little match of three games, in which Mr. Bird backs himself for a small stake, at the rate of 2 to 1, to conduct the defense of the Evans Gambit, while Mr. Blackburne has undertaken the attack on those terms.

(Evans' Gambit.)

- White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K4 2. Kt to K B3 3. K to B4 4. P to Q Kt4 5. P to Q B3 6. Castles 7. P to Q4 8. P takes P 9. P to Q5 10. B to Kt2 11. B to Q3 12. Kt to K R4 13. Kt to Q2 14. Kt takes Kt 15. Kt to K B3 16. R to Q B sq 17. B to K2 18. Q to Q B2 19. P takes P 20. K R to Q sq 21. Kt takes K Kt P 22. B takes B 23. Q to Q Kt3 (ch) 24. Q to K R3 (ch) 25. B to K B3 26. Q to Q Kt3 (ch) 27. Q to K B7 28. B takes Kt 29. B to Q B2 30. P takes Q Kt P 31. R to Q B2 32. P to Kt3 33. Q takes R 34. R takes R 35. K to Kt 36. K to B sq 37. K to K2 38. K to Q2 39. K to Q B3 40. K to Q2 41. K to Q3 42. K to K2 43. K to Q3 44. K to K2

NOTES.

Owing to the want of space we are compelled to omit the notes appended to this game.

SOLUTION Solution of Problem No. 261.

- WHITE. 1. B to Q Kt3 2. B takes P 3. B to Q sq 4. R mates

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 259

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q B5 2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 260

- WHITE. K at K4 R at Q B5 B at K Kt4 Kt at Q5 Pawns at K Kt4 and Q B4

White to play and mate in two moves.

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Department of the Interior, Indian Branch, Ottawa, 28th January, 1880.

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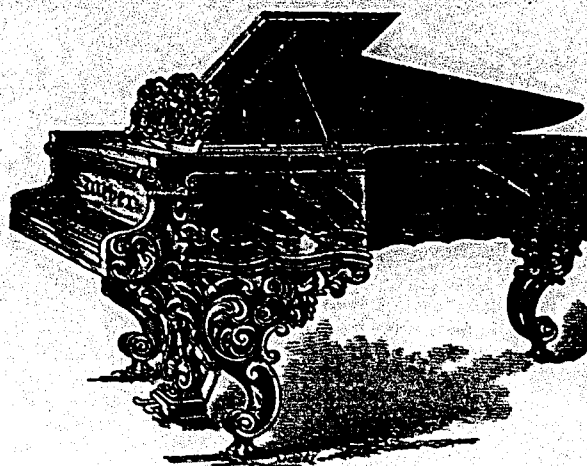
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# WEBER



# PIANO

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It is this sympathetic and rich quality of tone which has made the Weber Piano the favorite of the public, and it is this quality, combined with purity and great power, in a voice, which makes the greatest singer. In an interview with Geo. F. Bristol, the eminent Composer and Musician, and one of the Judges on Musical Instruments (published in the leading newspapers in the United States), we have an account of the way in which the award was made. He says:

"In order to establish a clear and critical test, all the pianos were brought into 'Judges' Hall' for examination, and the Judges there agreed to mark in figures their opinion, and write out the report in full, subsequently. Each piano was judged as to Tone, Quality, Equality and Touch, the highest figure in each being 6, the lowest 1. Each Judge made his figures on those points, and these figures were really the fundamental basis of all the awards, the corner stone on which they all rest. All makers who reached in each point figure 3 and upwards received an award, and all below received nothing. Thus it will be seen the highest possible figure, adding up the numbers of each judge (there being four) on each of the points, would be 24, or if all the judges agreed, the highest possible number for any instrument to reach would be 96, while those reaching 48, and upwards, would receive a medal."

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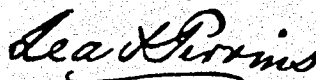
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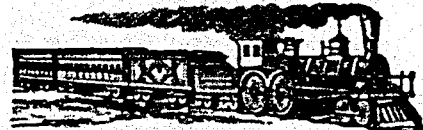
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