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BENEATH THE WAVE.

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 4, 1879.

HOW MONEY IS MADE.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, lately made some statements before the Congressional Committee on Labour, which will be found of interest outside of the purely American issues which are involved. Mr. ATKINSON maintains that, in a normal condition of trade, manufacturing capital may yield a return of ten per cent., and cannot yield more, because any industry in which it yields that percentage draws so much capital into it that the profits are kept down by competition. For some years past it has yielded much less, and speaking for the cotton manufacture, it would not now be yielding anything at all, except for the utilization of material formerly wasted, and only saved now in consequence of services to which the wits of the manufacturers have been stimulated. The ten per cent. annual yield of capital has to be employed in the repairing and replacing of machinery, in the purchase of new inventions, besides the regular expenses in the way of insurance, and so forth. Of the annual yield of ten per cent., probably four per cent. is used as indicated. This leaves the capitalist six per cent., out of which he must pay five for living expenses, domestic service, &c. There then remains but one per cent. to be devoted to the increase of capital or luxurious indulgence. To sum up, Mr. ATKINSON declared, as the results of his researches into the statistics of industry, that, out of the entire annual product of industry in Massachusetts, for instance, from ninety-five to ninety-eight per cent. is distributed to labour, and all the remainder except one per cent. goes to the maintenance and replacement of capital. It is out of this one per cent. alone that capital can find anything to add to the percentage received by labour, and the only way in which the earnings of labour can be increased appreciably is through the increase in the efficiency of production which new mechanical inventions are continually producing.

SHERE ALI.

An Anglo-Indian writing to a London journal says that he first met Shere Ali, the present Ameer of Cabul, in March, 1869. He was then about 50 years of age, of middle stature, with marked aquiline features, and with a fine, soldierly bearing. Shere Ali struck him as a man of remarkably good common sense, and his powers of conversation were very great. During his stay at Peshawur, both on his way to Umballa, and on his return to Cabul, he held daily levees, and spent most of his time in friendly interviews with the Europeans and natives who visited him. In his lengthened conversation with European visitors (with whom he always took tea), he evinced a very correct acquaintance with the leading facts of European

history. This was all the more notable because he was unable to read or write, and had acquired his information from conversations with those of his attendants who were able to read; and a special clerk acquainted with English has always been kept at Cabul to translate articles and telegrams from the Indian newspapers. I found he knew much of the history of Napoleon the First, Peter the Great, Alexander, and even Alfred the Great. His favourite character was Napoleon, and on no account would he yield the palm to our Wellington.

His sense of humour was very great. "I know I am a savage," he said one day, "but you English were just as bad 300 years ago." Once when he was unusually talkative, he said, "How dreadfully afraid you English are of the Russians!" "Not in the least," I replied, "we shall be excellent neighbours some day." "Ah," he said, "if you were not afraid of the Russians, you would not make so much of me." He affected not to be impressed with the beauty of the English ladies, and several times remarked, as he passed them, "Ah! I see you keep all your pretty women at home." He frequently expressed his abhorrence of low-necked dresses and short-tailed coats, and said such advances in the scale of civilization were contrary to his religion, for they were forbidden by the prophet! He professed to be a devout and pious Moslem, but numerous empty bottles told of frequent departures from the strict injunctions of his religion, and when at Jalander, where he was received in the most friendly manner by Sir D. Forsyth, he did not hesitate to suggest that cherry brandy was much more suited to his taste when served in tumblers than in small liquor glasses.

The Ameer's youngest son, Abdullah Jan, was with him, and appeared to be a youth of some promise—he was then about 12 years of age. He could read and write Persian, and was then learning English. The Ameer often spoke of his eldest son Yakoob, in terms of admiration, and said he was a very fair English scholar, and a fine soldier. The Ameer generally spoke Persian, but to the Afghan villagers and hill-men he spoke Pushtu; he could also make himself understood in Hindustani, and could give the military words of command in English. He has had the reputation of being an author, for a book against Wahhabism bears his name, but it was written by a Moulvie in the name of the Ameer of Cabul. He always seemed much interested in the manners and customs of the English people, and conversed for hours on subjects connected with our national and domestic life. When in India he bought up all the second-hand uniforms of European officers he could lay his hands on, for the use of his staff, and also purchased rather an extensive English wardrobe for himself. He said the European dress was the dress for men and soldiers, and the Oriental dress for women and priests. Being asked by Lord Mayo how he liked the dress of the Scotch Highlanders, he said it was "terrific"—and, "But is it decent?"

TWO DISTINGUISHED FRENCH CANADIANS.

We publish in the present issue the portraits of two French Canadians, belonging to two different generations, but both worthy of attention. Dr. MELLEUR, who died some days ago at the ripe age of 83, has the distinction of being the first Superintendent of Education for the Province of Quebec. He was born in 1795, and after having performed his studies at the Montreal College, embraced the profession of law for a time, but abandoned it for that of medicine. He studied both at Castletown, Vermont, and Middlebury, New Hampshire. In 1834 he was elected to Parliament, where his first efforts were in the direction of the establishment of a department of education. When the system was carried out finally, he was appointed first superintendent, and continued in office from 1842 to 1855. Under his administration the

cause of education made great progress, and forty-five institutions of superior grade were founded. Dr. MELLEUR was also a writer of merit. He was the author of a treatise on chemistry, an abridgement of grammar, a work on epistolary composition, and a Memorial on Education. He was a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of the Medico-Philosophical Society of Vermont, of the Michigan Historical Society, and other learned bodies. On the eve of his death he received the honours and decorations of an officer of Public Instruction, awarded him by the French Government.

LOUIS CORÉ is an inventor whose career is interesting for the lessons to poor young men which it teaches. He was born in 1836, on a farm in the County of Bagot, and displayed, from his earliest years, a taste and skill for the mechanical arts. At the age of nineteen he was admitted to the Jacques-Cartier Normal School in this city, where for a time he alternated between his books and his trade of shoemaker. He performed wonders of industry in order to maintain himself and provide for his wants. After finishing the course, he entered the boot and shoe factory of SMITH & CORCORAN, where he made the acquaintance of M. BRESSE, another talented and energetic workman like himself, who is now one of the largest boot and shoe manufacturers in Quebec. In 1863 these two men left St. Hyacinthe for Quebec, and laid the foundations of an industry which at present gives employment to a considerable portion of the population of St. Roch and St. Saviour. Later, Mr. CORÉ returned to St. Hyacinthe, and opened a factory there, making sufficient money to enable him to test the different inventions which he had been planning for years. We cannot enter into a technical description of these numerous inventions, but it will suffice to say that they have worked a revolution in the making of shoes, not only economizing labour, but perfecting the article itself. From one of these inventions alone, Mr. CORÉ draws an income of ten thousand dollars. The history of this self-made man is an example of what industry, sobriety, and courage can achieve, especially when these qualities are supplemented by native talent.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BEAR RIVER OR HILLSBURG, N.S.—he lover of picturesque rural scenery would be well repaid for the trouble and inconvenience of an eight or ten mile ride in an open stage, and over a hilly country, road by visiting the pretty little town of Bear River or Hillsburg, N.S., of which we have endeavoured to give a faint idea in our sketches. The river from which the town derives the former of its names empties into the historic waters of Annapolis basin, with hilly and well cultivated banks, rich in orchards of apple, cherry, and other fruit trees. The town itself stands or rather sits at the foot of a cluster of hills round which the river bends, and then divides into small streams. So steep are the hills around it that, as they rise from the river, the houses look down upon one another's roofs and almost seem to overhang the stream beneath. Yet in spite of the difficulty in locomotion for man and beast, in and around Bear River, there is probably no place in our Maritime Provinces more enterprising or better off in natural advantages. It has for many years been the seat of extensive lumbering and shipbuilding interests, and of late years is becoming celebrated as a fruit-producing locality. It is becoming noted for its cherries which are produced in great abundance some of the finest in America being grown in its neighbourhood. Of late years grapes and peaches have been successfully cultivated, some specimens being equal to the finest raised in the United States. One grape vine has borne upwards of four hundred weight of fruit in a season, and that without other than ordinary attention. As can be seen by the sketches of the churches the different religious denominations are well represented, the smallest body being the Presbyterians. Architecture has of late years made rapid strides, some private residences being put up equal to the best wooden buildings of the same class in St. John or Halifax. There is probably no place in the Maritime Provinces which for its size has gone so extensively into shipbuilding, and it is no uncommon thing for a hull dozen large ships besides small craft, to be launched here in a season. An extensive trade is carried on with the West Indies, Boston and other places. As nearly all the shipping is owned in the town the merchants are rapidly amassing wealth, and it only requires a few years of general pros-

perity for Bear River to become the most populous and wealthy town in this part of Nova Scotia. The Western Counties' Railway which is destined to connect Annapolis with Yarmouth will run within a few miles of Bear River, and will no doubt have the effect of increasing its importance as a place of summer resort for tourists and others who might wish to spend a few quiet days in an attractive country village. Abundance and variety of shooting, fishing, &c., can be found within a few miles of the place, very large trout being found in the lakes back of the village; so it has charms for the sportsman as well as the ordinary traveller. Lumbering is extensively prosecuted and employs a large number of men and ships in its manufacture and export. An Indian reservation presided over by a native governor lies two or three miles back of the village. The aboriginals subsist by spearing porpoise in the Bay of Fundy, and extracting oil from the blubber. They also make large quantities of splint baskets which they sell through the neighbouring country. Bear River has suffered of late considerably from fires, a ship having been burnt this summer on the stocks. Horse and carriage building, tanning, blacksmiths' work, cabinet-making, and other branches of industry are actively prosecuted in this busy little town.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

If there is anything superior in elegance of finish, in beauty of illustration or in interesting matter, to the floral publications of Vick, of Rochester, N.Y., we confess that we have not seen it. The "Floral Guide" for 1879 is before us—a handsome work of 100 pages and fully 500 illustrations, with a beautiful coloured plate representing a group of paeonies. There is also "Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine," perhaps the daintiest little periodical of the day. We can speak from the experience of several years when we recommend the seeds—vegetable and flower—and the plants and bulbs of this celebrated nursery. They are all true to their name, fresh, and always of the latest and most improved kinds. Those who love the cultivation of flowers cannot do better than apply to Mr. Vick, who will treat them liberally and give them full satisfaction. Let them send for his catalogue and judge for themselves.

Perhaps one of the most useful institutions ever opened in this city is the Montreal Cookery School, which, if we are not mistaken, took its rise last autumn, under the auspices of the Ladies' Educational Association and the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, who invited Miss Juliet Corson, of New York, to deliver before them a series of courses on the subject which that lady has made pre-eminently her own. We are glad to learn that lessons are to be continued under the supervision of a lady who was Miss Corson's assistant during the lectures, and who will teach after the method and principle already made so popular. In this connection, we may call attention to an excellent little book just published by Miss Corson, entitled the "Cooking Text Book and House-keeper's Guide." In the midst of various and more serious literary work, we confess to having spent a couple of very interesting hours in skimming this work. One thing appears patent, and that is, that its system is both practical and economical. The price of the least article of food is set down, and the cheapest way of preparing it put forth. The book is particularly valuable for those who wish to learn the art of cookery in all its branches, and this art is one which all girls should learn, under the penalty of not being allowed to get married if they do not become adepts.

Illustrations will be excluded from *Appleton's Journal* hereafter, it being the purpose of the proprietors to devote the entire space to literature of a high order of excellence, original and selected, by writers of acknowledged standing. It is the growing habit of the leading journals in all countries to contribute their best intellectual work to the magazines and reviews; and, in order that *Appleton's Journal* may adequately reflect the intellectual activity of the time thus expressed, it will admit to its pages a selection of the more noteworthy critical, speculative, and progressive papers that come from the pens of these writers. Fiction will still occupy a place in the *Journal*, and descriptive papers will appear; but large place will be given to articles bearing upon literary and art topics, to discussions of social and political progress, to papers addressed distinctly to the intellectual tastes of the public, or devoted to subjects in which the public welfare or public culture is concerned.

That the publishers of *The Atlantic* intend to maintain the high character of the magazine in all departments during the year 1879 is fully shown by their programme for the coming volumes. The most able writers will treat of topics of political, economical, and social interest; serial and short stories by the best American authors will be given; and the admirable critical papers, transatlantic sketches, studies in art and history, etc., which have been found so attractive in the past, will be continued. *The Atlantic* will still be the medium through which so much of the best American poetry is first given to the public. There will be letters from New York and Washington, the Contributors' Club will be as varied and brilliant as ever, and special attention will be given to the department of criticism, in which the magazine has long been unrivaled. The January number of *The Atlantic* certainly shows no failure on the part

of editors or publishers in amply fulfilling these promises. "Aspects of American Life," by Charles Dudley Warner, "Is Universal Suffrage a Failure?" by Goldwin Smith, and "Workingmen's Wives," by the anonymous writer whose striking studies of our social conditions have received so much attention, are all peculiarly noticeable articles worthy of serious consideration. Mr. Howells adds four delightful chapters to "The Lady of the Aroostook." "A Student's Sea Story" is in Mrs. Stowe's pleasantest vein, and Mr. G. P. Lathrop's "The Pines of Eden," shows both power and originality. Very charming and full of delicate humor is Mr. T. B. Aldrich's little sketch of his "New Neighbours at Ponkapog." Miss Harriet W. Preston's study of "The Latest Songs of Chivalry" is admirably done, and the illustrative poems are selected with exquisite taste.

NOVELTIES IN FURS.

Among the novelties in the shop windows in Broadway and Fifth Avenue are the Neluska variety of cloak, which took the prize at the Paris exposition. It is very long, clinging and slender, with sides folded over the arms. The Hortense cloak is of circular shape, and is provided with square Hungarian sleeves. Wide Oriental sleeves, bordered with chinchilla, are especially handsome, and Russian designs, with wide-flowing sleeves, are much sought after. Prices vary from \$350 to \$600.

Fur-lined cloaks, with a deep Russian collar, are either bordered or plain. Repped silk of heavy texture, armure and Sicilienne are employed in making up the outside of these garments. The Mercedes style, in black satin, is furnished with a cape, and is lined with fur and bordered with silver lynx. The Balsamo has elaborate trimmings in chinchilla.

Among the other varieties of exposition cloaks are the Rajah, Africaine, Dimitri and Medea. Squirrel fur is a very fashionable lining fur, partly gray and partly white being preferred. Sicilian circular cloaks with squirrel lining are for sale at from \$50 to \$75. Fine armure circulars can be had for \$100, while for \$125 the same with ermine linings may be obtained. The echarpe or scarf of fur is to be worn around the neck in the place of a boa. In the long fleece furs, such as blue or silver lynx, silver beaver, chinchilla, raccoon and black monkey skins, it is especially dressy.

Notwithstanding the popularity of fur-lined wraps the sealskin saque remains the great favourite. The new ones this season are from thirty-three to forty inches long, and are more closely fitted to the figure than those of last winter. The collar is broader than that of last year. For fineness of fleece and depth of colour the Shetland sealskins are preferred, but these are few and extremely high-priced, no Shetland seals having been taken for several winters. The strong Alaska skins are more durable. Trimmed saques, bordered with another kind of fur, and plain, untrimmed saques are both fashionable. Eight inches is the maximum breadth of the border. Renovated saques and saques made over should not be fitted too close to the hips, as in that case there will not be room for bouffant drapery. Darker colours are preferable this year. Untrimmed saques cost from \$50 to \$200, and those of fashionable length from \$100 upward. An excellent article can be procured for \$125. The fashionable borders are brown and silver beaver, unplucked otter, wool, seal, black marten or Alaska sable, coloured lynx and chinchilla.

In sets of furs, the long boa and muff of medium size retain their popularity. The plainest muffs are the most stylish. Alaska seal muffs cost from \$5 upward; Shetlands from \$10 to \$30; while boas are the same price. Mink sets are still in favour. Long round boas of black marten or Alaska sable are considered the most dressy of low-priced furs. The muffs cost from \$5, and the boas as low as \$8. The rich Russian sable sets are as much sought after as ever. Handsome dark sable muffs are \$40, but the light shades are made up in muffs for \$35. Muffs of silver-tipped sable are lined with white silk and made very dressy; the prices range from \$35. Chinchilla still continues the favourite with young ladies. The Arica is the best, escharpes costing from \$25 to \$50, while the boas begin as low as \$12. A Bolivia chinchilla muff costs only \$5, and looks very pretty, provided it is not worn with higher grades.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.—Opportunity is a swift runner. Those who are always waiting for a more favourable season than the present to engage in any enterprise, or postponing any effort until the time when they imagine they will be best qualified for the successful exertion, will probably die without accomplishing any valuable purpose, and waste their lives in procrastination. A Spanish proverb says, "The road of By-and-by leaps to the town of Never."

FLOWERS AND SENTIMENT.—Violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and azure sky. A bunch of violets would therefore tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maturity; it is the yellow rays of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness; white, unity, universality. In addition to the seven primitive colours, gray indicates power;

brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver gray (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pink, false shame.

ON CHIDING A FRIEND.—When thou chidest thy wandering friend, says Feltham, do it secretly, in season and in love—not in the ear of a popular assembly; for many times the presence of a multitude is the cause of a man making an unjust defence rather than fall in a just shame. A man had better be convinced in private than be made guilty by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice; private are for friends, where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes are blind, deaf, and dumb. Even the concealment of a fault argues some charity to the offender, and, when we tell him of it in secret, shows we wish he should amend before the world comes to know his amiss.

THE RING FINGER.—How often are we asked the reason for the ring being usually placed upon the fourth finger. The ring-finger is more or less protected by the other fingers, and it owes to this circumstance a comparative immunity from injury, as well, probably, as the privilege of being selected to bear the ring in matrimony. The left hand is chosen for a similar reason; a ring placed upon it being less likely to be damaged than it would be upon the right hand. The ancients, however, are said to have selected it from a notion that the ring-finger is connected with the heart by some means or some particular nerve or vessel, which renders it more favourable for the reception and transmission of sympathetic impressions, the left hand being selected because it lies nearer the heart; but of course the anatomist finds no structure to account for this strange impression.

FOR GIRLS.—Many young girls do not understand the witchery of bright eyes and rosy lips, but set off their beauty by all the artificial means that lie in their power, never reflecting that by so doing they destroy their principal charm—that of innocence. The rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her "teens" need only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adornings are more for the matron, her dress gaining in simple fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The seasons teach us something here, if we go to Nature for an object-lesson. How different her charm from the deep, maturing summer, when the hues are decided, and the air is loaded with the perfume of a thousand censurs! The school-girl is only on the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day and discard artificiality.

SILENT MEN.—Silent people get through the world as well as their talkative neighbours; everyone talks for them; their nod is interpreted where another man would have to make a speech; and everyone is willing to excuse them, as the sailor excused his parrot, for, if they do not speak, they think the more. Foote, the actor, boasted of his horse that it could stand still faster than some horses could trot; and the silent man is often enabled, by the value attached to his rare utterance, to say more by his silence than a voluble talker by a string of phrases. No doubt the silence of quiet people often resembles that of the chimpanzee, rather than that of the parrot. They are not talkative, because talk may involve them in further exertion. But it is not easy to pry into their motives of action, or rather of inaction. The Ulster folk have a proverb which illustrates this. It runs, "Nobody can tell what is in the pot when the lid is on."

CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAYS.—A treat which has not yet become general, but which is strongly recommended to parents as something new and surprising, is to let the hero or heroine of a birthday order his or her dinner. The result will, as a rule, be less extravagant and less indigestible than might be supposed. One little girl always orders mince-veal and plum-pudding; another's hobby is fowl and rice and apple-fritters, and she was recently heard to declare that she would never, as long as she lived, invent anything nicer for her birthday. Perhaps with boys the experiment might be more dangerous. They are liable to overeat themselves and then the glories of the birthday would turn to dust in their mouth. Still, as an additional morsel of enjoyment, as another proof of how entirely the birthday child is master of the situation on that one day, a trial should be made. Days of unalloyed pleasure are few indeed, and, as years roll on, they become yet fewer. So let the children have theirs, at least on their birthdays, as long as they can.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHEN a woman begins to refuse to tell her age—that's a symptom.

MANY girls make fools of themselves by the aid of a looking-glass.

"SIX into four, you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

SAID a newly-made widower, gravely, "I am satisfied that she took a sudden cold."

THE whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest yell of duty.

MISS Nancy Bonham, of Chatham, Canada, stands six feet eight and a half inches in her hose.

MANY a sweetly fashioned mouth is made hideous by the fiery and untamed tongue within it.

AN old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

IF women are really angels, why don't they fly over a fence instead of making such a fearfully awkward job of climbing?

FIVE thousand dollars for breach of promise is quite encouraging for the girls, but it will scare the men out of the market.

WITH powder on her face and bullet-buttons on her gown, the girl of the period is a dangerous character.

"DIPPED into a weak solution of accomplishments," is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be highly educated.

IT is the opinion of Miss — that males are of no account from the time ladies stop kissing them as infants till they kiss them again as lovers.

SOME wretch has the audacity to remark that the ladies deck their hats with flowers in memory of the men who have been killed by milliners' bills.

JEALOUSY is said to be the offspring of love. Yet unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it poisons the parent.

IF a Japanese husband tells his wife she must remain at home, and she goes out notwithstanding, he can smite her one hundred times with the bamboo.

THREE sisters living in Dyer county, Tenn., have given birth to sixty children. Three other sisters at Somerset, Ky., have each brought forth twins thrice.

LADY to her friend: I didn't forget that it was your birthday, and so I embroidered you this pocket-book. Isn't it just lovely? Take it, and whenever you take it out, dearest, think of me.

IT is observed that with the increasing attention of women to calisthenics and gymnastic exercise generally, that the men have taken to practising and improving their speed in running.

AN old bachelor at a wedding feast had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth."

"Do you think a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" asked a young lady of her lover. "Certainly not," he replied; "on the contrary, it is a very good thing, and she should be careful never to lose it."

"It's all very well," said a hen-pecked husband when told to "look after the children"—"it's all very well to tell me to mind the youngsters; but it would suit me better if the youngsters would mind me."

THE first fifteen minutes following a marriage engagement may be turned from ecstatic bliss to bitter gall by the girl remarking that she can tell a Brazilian pebble from a diamond in a ring with her eyes shut.

MANY a man who is yearning in his inmost soul for buckwheat cakes of a morning has found the simple statement, "My dear, I priced some seal-skin saques on my way home to-day," to act like a charm.

THE relationship of a man and woman in rainy weather is easily discovered. If they are lovers, the woman will have all of the umbrella, and a man won't care a fig how wet he gets; but if they are married, it is just the opposite.

A YOUNG man, having been turned out of doors by his sweetheart's father, being asked if he didn't intend to resent the insult, said, "No; I did feel a little put out at the time, but I'm of a forgiving disposition. Besides, I married the girl the next day."

"Do you know," remarked a rather fast youth the other day, to a stuttering friend to whom he was slightly indebted,— "do you know that I intend to marry and settle down?"—"I don't know anything about it," was the reply; "but I think you had b-b-better stay single and set-settle up."

At a Dubuque wedding the other day, among the wedding presents ostentatiously displayed, was a \$1,000 bill, a present from the dotting father to his darling daughter. After the guests departed the old man coolly rolled up the bill and that was the end of it.

The Albany Times thinks that babies should neither be carried nor admitted to the theatre. We have always thought that the moral atmosphere of the theatre has a tendency to agitate the baby mind, and we have known old babies to blubber most heartily over an emotional play. Babies are best at home.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

We have received the Christmas number of the above weekly journal and are pleased with its appearance. The illustrations are as excellent as the NEWS has become famous in the past for producing. The scene relating to this happy occasion are gems of taste and art. "Christmas at Court" is a handsome picture, representing a Court scene in "ye older tyme." The articles, editorials, and general letter-press are able and attractive.

THE CANADIAN is destined to become a rival of our great American weekly illustrated papers. —East Kent Pluindealer.

FOOT NOTES.

NO DIVORCE IN FRANCE.—It is known that divorce does not exist in France. The nearest thing to it is the *separation de corps*, equivalent to the English judicial separation. From 1846 to 1850 the average of separations was 1.080. This gradually increased until 1876, when the number was 3.251, or exactly three times the number in thirty years. Strange to say, only fourteen in every hundred are asked for by the husband, the wife thus having eighty-six per cent. to her credit. Seventeen out of the total number do not wait for the twelvemonth to expire before trying to rid themselves of their bonds. One-third of the 3,000 live together from five to ten, and another third from ten to twenty years before they ask to be separated, and upward of 500 only do so when the silver marriage approaches.

THE GIRLS OF SLIGO.—The girls of Sligo were not exactly pretty, and not quite the reverse. They were fresh, wholesome and hearty-looking, broad-shouldered and ruddy-faced, by no means to be passed by with coldness or indifference. It may, indeed, be said that the heart of the traveller of whom we have thus far been speaking, warmed towards them, and he watched them with no little interest going in and out of the shops making their purchases, for it was Saturday evening and market day. Their bonnets would have made the queen of Sheba green with envy—bonnets of great height, a foot at least, towering up above the head like a main-sail, and bedecked with ribbons of red, yellow, and other quiet colours. Some of these ribbons were white, like a bride's, and great was the contrast between the covering of the head and the rest of the attire. The taste of the Irish peasant girl does not seem to run much to bonnets as a general rule, but when it does she makes up her mind that there shall be no mistake about it.

THE ACACIA.—The acacia, sometimes a mere shrub, but frequently a large tree, was brought from Australia. There are probably now more than twenty varieties in California. The eucalyptus family, generally known as gum trees, embracing now as many as twenty varieties, have all been imported from Australia. Aside from the great value of some of these trees for the purpose of forestry, no tree has ever been introduced in California which can be used with such advantage to change the whole aspect of a landscape. It will grow on bleak and barren hillsides, and will assume almost any desirable shape for ornamental purposes. In three or four years a homestead may be so changed by the judicious planting of this tree as to present little of its original aspect. Its sanitary influence has been much discussed of late, especially abroad, and the conclusions generally are that it is a tree of great value in this respect.

FASHION NOTES.

PRETTY little ulsters are made for the little folk.

FEATHERS have entirely replaced flower trimmings.

UNCUT velvet and plush are used for reception and evening hats.

SQUARE necks and Pompadour fronts are seen on the imported dresses.

REVERSIBLE fur-lined circulars have become the style for winter wear.

BLACK gloves have sprays of flowers embroidered on the outside.

LIZARD-green is one of the many shades of green so popular this fall.

NEW veils are of black thread net and look as if they had been dipped in gold dust.

CHUDDAH cloth is pretty for young girls. This goods comes in plaids of various hues.

THE "Henry II. togue" is one of the newest and most stylish bonnets of the season.

LAST winter felt bonnets carried all before them; this year there is no favouritism of the kind.

CEREMONIAL and regulation toilets exhibit beautiful coruscant effects in the association of colours.

Plush is much used as a trimming for evening toilets. It is too perishable for street wear, as water utterly spoils it.

THE Australian cloth is fast becoming popular for mourning wear. It is similar to crepe and is an all wool double fold material.

MRS. J. H. BRYANT, of Benton, Ala., during the prevalence of the yellow fever cut her hair, forty two inches long, from her head, and sent it to New York city to be sold for the benefit of the sufferers.

A LADY in Milan seeing her child run over by a carriage, fell insensible to the ground. When restored to consciousness she found that her hair had turned perfectly white. Her child was picked up unhurt.

ADMIRABLE imitations of points rageuse, de Brabant, Mechlin and de Paris, with the genuine Bretonne lace, will be seen on dresses, fichus and other toilet arrangements, and will distinguish the mode of the winter.

A GREAT effort is being made to revive the camellias for evening wear, but white roses are preferred because of their more graceful appearance. The camellia suits only a stately lady, and is not becoming to small people.

THE Japanese pelisse is the height of fashion in Paris. It is a long black silk night dress, lined with fur, with loose sleeves which have a deep velvet cut at the wrist. The collar is likewise of velvet, and the clasps are of oxidized gold or silver.

THE Cyprian serge is, perhaps, the newest. It is thick and fleecy-looking, warm and soft, without being heavy. Then there is the Imperial and the Windsor Castle, both of which have been worn by royalty and are therefore esteemed more highly.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

American literature suffers a serious loss in the death of Mr. Bayard Taylor, which occurred at Berlin, on the 10th instant. While not positively great, Mr. Taylor possessed qualities which made him a representative of what is best and purest in our culture and life. Versatile, conscientious, industrious, painstaking, fearless, he did well and thoroughly whatever he undertook, and, dying, has left behind him a name, both as author and traveller, which his countrymen will cherish with peculiar affection. His career as a publicist was brief; and the post he occupied as Minister to Germany was not of his own seeking; but he had met its requirements to the entire satisfaction of the Government, while to the Court to which he was accredited his presence was from the first exceptionally welcome. The Administration will be fortunate, indeed, if it shall succeed in naming for the place now vacant a Minister who shall be in every way as acceptable, both at home and abroad, as was the appointment of Mr. Taylor.

VARIETIES.

AN OLD THEATRICAL VOLUME.—There is a manuscript volume extant in England, comprising several hundred memoranda, with the autographs of Booth, Cibber and Wilks, including manuscripts relating to the old stage scenery (Drury Lane, 1714-16), Mrs. Oldfield and her costume; tradesmen's accounts illustrating the stage costume of the period; bills for dresses for Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Santlow, Cibber and others; laundress' curious bill, particularizing dresses; tailor's bill for Scaramouch; barber's bill for Mrs. Porter, for a wig borrowed by Cibber in "The Orphan;" numerous bills for stage dresses and for articles used in popular plays; property bills for blood, flowers, wands, lanterns, raisins and almonds, "a chany orange," toothpicks, cups and saucers, pistols, couple of hounds, spaniel dog, basket of oranges, vermilion, seden, winding-sheet, and numerous other curious requisites; bill for printing play-bills, one with memorandum, "Stop five shillings out of this bill for false spelling;" undertaker's bill for the burial of Mr. Powell, &c.

COPPER IN THEIR OYSTERS.—There is no accounting for tastes. An American who, for the first time, eats a small oyster in England, and then for a week afterward is under the impression that he has an old-fashioned copper cent in his mouth, will be convinced that it will only be



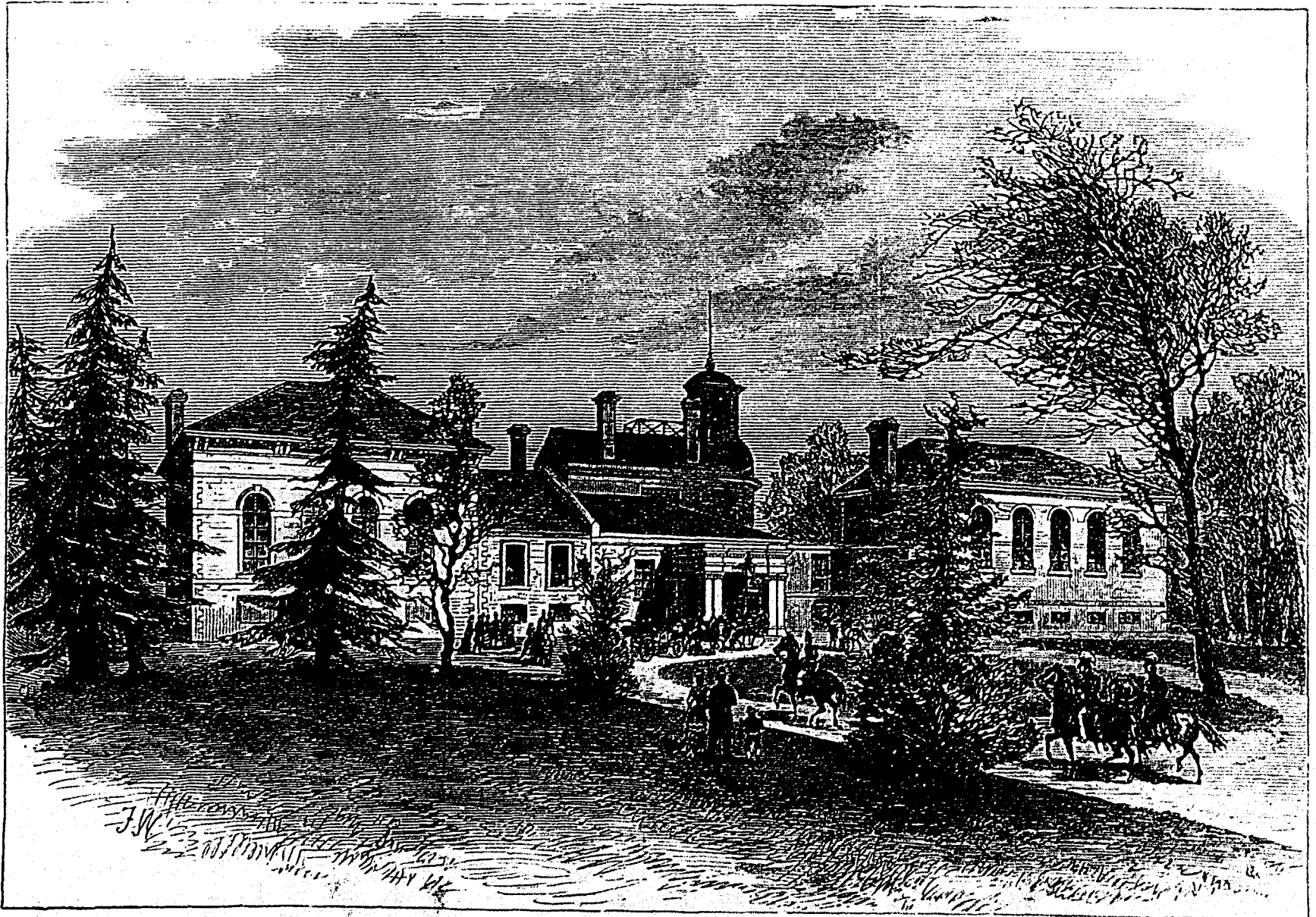
THE LATE HON. BAYARD TAYLOR, U.S. MINISTER TO BERLIN.

necessary to import genuine Shrewsbury or blue points into that country to achieve millions and the blessings of an unfortunate people. This roseate view of circumstances, however, is a fallacy. The English have become so accustomed to the taste of copper that they like it, and oysters found at Great South Bay, Long Island, which have a like metallic taste, are in great demand, and are sent abroad in large quantities. They were worth only thirty cents per hundred last year, but now bring seventy-five to eighty cents. Many shipments are reported from Patchogue and other towns on the Great South Bay, direct to England, but the larger portion is exported through New York firms. The oysters are well preserved, arrive in good condition, and find a ready sale, so that the trade is rapidly increasing.

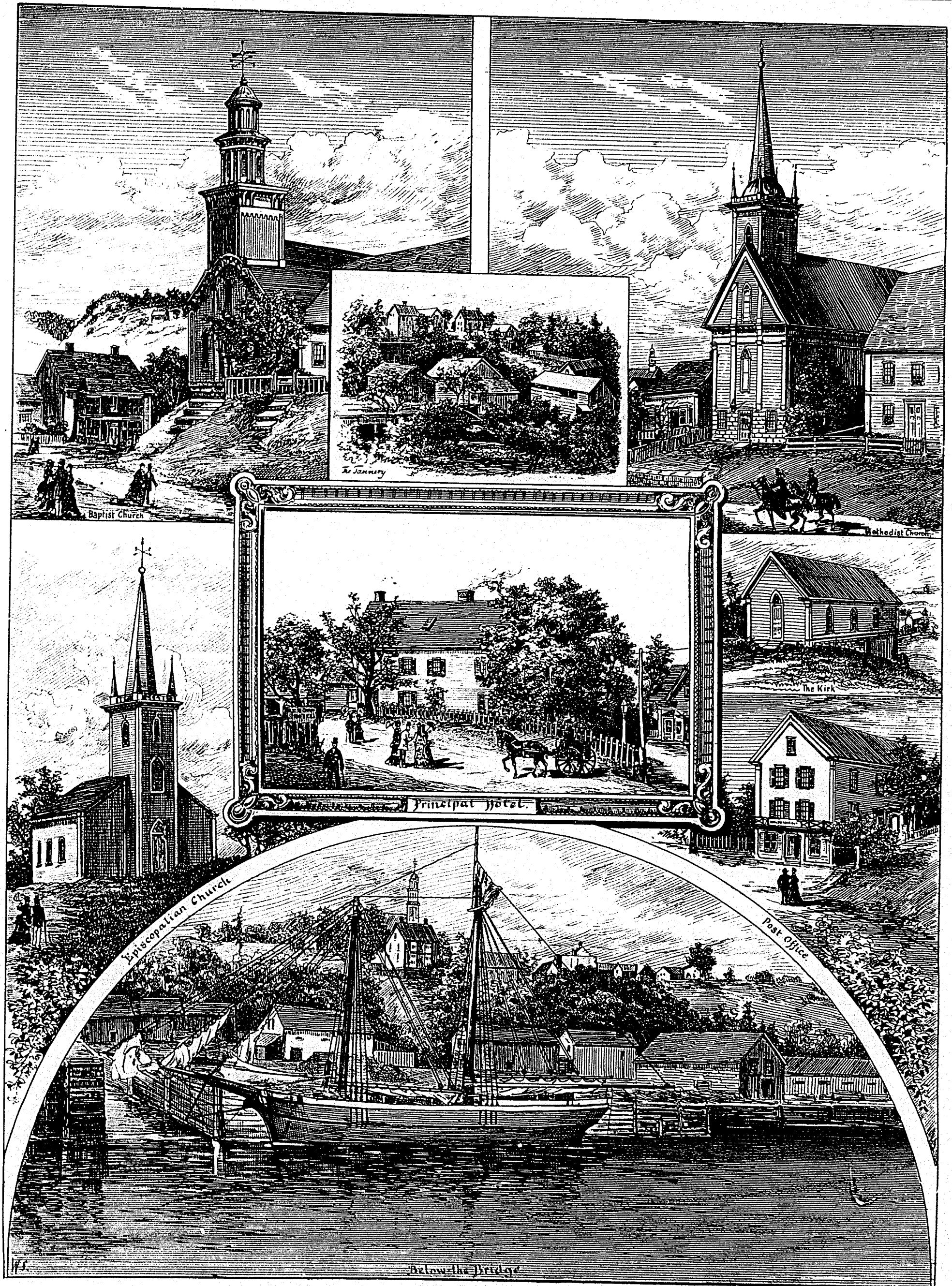
THE TWO DROMIOS.—The correspondent of the London Daily News, writing of the Viceregal reception at Halifax, says:—Among the gay group of staff officers, naval captains, bishops, judges, and cabinet ministers who awaited the coming of the new Governor-General and his wife, was one face and figure upon which the eye rested with startled surprise. Could it be possible that Lord Beaconsfield, disgusted with the little Honour accorded to his Peace, had come out to the new world determined to seek a new career? This was not likely. But I unhesitatingly affirm my belief that if this gentleman in the cocked hat and Windsor uniform, who gaily chats with all comers on the wharf at Halifax, were to ride down Parliament street on his way to the House of Commons, he would be pointed out as the English Premier. The mysterious personage is Sir John Macdonald, the newly-elected Premier of Canada, and there is little wonder that when, on being presented, he bows low before Princess Louise, with a courtly grace that would not have done discredit to the other Dromio, Her Royal Highness looks at him with an air of startled recognition, and, when he has withdrawn, whispers eagerly to her husband, who laughingly nods assent.

MR. GLADSTONE has a daughter who is familiar with the place of every work in his library and the run of its contents. When he desires a reference, she instantly fetches the book needed, and points to the passage required.

LORD CLANWILLIAM, though not the father of the House of Lords in point of age, has held his title for a longer period than any other member of the peerage. He succeeded to the earldom in 1805, the year before the death of Pitt and Fox, when he was a boy ten years old.



OTTAWA.—FRONT VIEW OF RIDEAU HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.



BEAR RIVER, OR HILLSBURG, N.S.—FROM SKETCHES BY EDWARD CLARE.

ON MOUNT ROYAL.

I.

The vapours of the morn have rolled away
From land and stream; and on this stately height
Rests Autumn's sun-flood; painted leaves alight
About the pathways by the ledges gray:
Below, the city shows the sunlight's sway:
A busy roar rolls on from left to right;
The great bells ring within their tower-site:
And the wide river brightly flows away.
O island city by the sylvan steep!
Fair queen of a broad land of wealth and peace!
Dear to Canadian hearts is thine estate!
Be thine the strength of nobleness to keep
The upward road, as golden years increase,
Till all true excellence shines upon thy gate!

II.

A mountain of the living and the dead!
On one side is the living city's sound:
But this lone city hath no accents found
To tell if it be aught disquieted:
No bells ring in the marble steeples, led
By human hands to clangor sweet; around
The masonry no bustle on the ground.
Ah, who to this still city would be wed?
Yet, from the other city by the tide,
From the familiar river, from the face
And voice of kindred, pilgrims, year by year,
Come up around the rugged mountain side,
And in this sister-city take a place,
And wait for others who will follow here!

III.

Thrice favoured mountain with so fair a town
To stud thy base, and lead unto thy height
So many forms that greet thee with delight!
Thrice favoured city of old-time renown,
To have so grand a summit looking down
Upon thy steeples through the day and night,
And giving thee adornment that the sight
Enraptured dwells on as thy richest crown!
So keen-eyed Cartier first looked from the stream;
And, through the savage town, he mounted here,
And gazed on the great wilderness around,
Upon the river's restless stir and gleam,
The virgin isles, and felt the New World cheer,—
Felt that he stood on high, enchanted ground!
Oct. 24, 1878. C. L. CLEVELAND.

BENEATH THE WAVE

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

CHAPTER XV.

DESPAIR.

The most bitter of human passions were raging in Hayward's breast after he left Isabel. Disappointed love and jealousy had possession of him, and despair was not far away. What! she had been fooling him all the while! It was a fool's paradise he had been living in, and now suddenly he was turned out into the cold. He remembered it all—the looks and smiles with which she had wiled him on, and now—O God! O God! was it all false—all a dream!

He never felt the rain that was beating on his face as he went through the damp park, nor heard the storm that was raging around him. His soul seemed all dark. What was the use of his living on? He had nothing to live for. His ambition, his love, his pride were all crushed in one blow; and when he reached the first great clump of trees with a groan he flung himself down, burying his face in the wet, dank grass.

But in this hour of despair he was not left alone. There had been an unintentional listener to the words that had passed between him and Isabel in the picture gallery; a listener whose cheeks had burnt, and whose heart had throbbled as she heard them. This was Hilda Marston. She had been sitting reading in one of the deep-curtained windows of the gallery, when Isabel and Hayward entered it. She imagined that they would just pass through it, and then go, and she therefore made no sign of her presence. Suddenly, however, when they were close to her, Isabel had stopped before the picture of the lady with the diamond necklace, and to Hilda's shame, pain and consternation, she overheard the momentous words which were then spoken. Before she could speak to let them know she was there it was too late. Hayward, carried away by his impetuous feelings, had declared his love, and Hilda, trembling with agitation, had heard the answer.

Then she saw Hayward pass down the gallery, with his grey, set face, its expression haunted and startled her. "She has broken his heart," Hilda thought. "Oh! false woman, you have broken his heart!"

The false woman who had done this, was standing looking very uncomfortable at this moment. She liked Hayward. His genuine, honest devotion, his good looks, and his winning manners, were all pleasant to her. But to marry him, it was folly, madness. "The young man's head must be turned," decided Isabel.

But she knew quite well who had turned it. Deep down in her heart was an uneasy consciousness. She knew that Hayward had loved her long and well, and she knew that lately she had flattered him into the belief that she had returned that love. She had believed him to be, and wished him to continue, her devoted slave, and in return she meant to give him her honeyed smiles, her bright, careless and unprofitable words.

But now when he had rejected these, she respected him more. She wished to win him back.

"He will come back," she thought, and thinking this, she walked down the picture gallery, and Hilda Marston was alone.

As the sound of Isabel's footsteps died away, Hilda glanced out on the rain-soaked, deserted park. Some instinct told her that in his misery Hayward would rush from the house. She looked out, and there he was! hurrying on, in the blinding rain—reckless, despairing. "My God!" thought Hilda, starting to her feet, "he may do something—some rash act that never can be recalled."

She ran down the gallery, and to her own room in the next few moments. Hastily seizing a hat and cloak when she got there, five minutes after Hayward had crossed the park, she also was crossing it. She went with fear and dread in her heart. Oh! if she were too late! The girl ran panting, breathless on, pursued by this thought. Then suddenly, as she passed the first great clump of trees that she came to, a groan struck her ears. Hilda gave a shiver and went on—went on, until she came to where the prostrate form of Hayward lay in the wet grass, his face hidden in it, and his hands dashed over his head in his great misery.

"Mr. Hayward!" said Hilda, with a half sob, and she went up to him.

Then Hayward lifted his face, and looked up, and when he saw her (with sudden shame that she should see him thus) he rose to his feet.

"Forgive me for following you!" panted Hilda, "but—but Mr. Hayward, I was in the picture gallery just now. I—overheard what passed between you and Isabel Trevor."

Hayward's face flushed for a moment at this, and then the sickly grey pallor stole over it again.

"I heard all the wicked words she said," went on Hilda passionately. "I know what she is—she is cruel! Don't grieve about her, Mr. Hayward—beautiful as she is, she is not worth a true man's regret."

Hayward said nothing. He stood there facing Hilda, and Hilda, as she looked at him, felt still afraid.

"You have a mother, have you not?" she said, quickly. "Will you go home to your mother?"

"No—oh, no," answered Hayward, and he shivered.

Something in the expression of his face as he said this yet further alarmed Hilda. It was so dark. There was despair in it, and so the girl timidly put out her hand and laid it on his arm.

"Come into the house with me," she said. "You are so wet and cold. Come, Mr. Hayward."

"I cannot go," said Hayward. "I am going away. I will never come back."

But Hilda kept urging him. At all events she would not leave him, she decided.

"Stay at least," she said, "until Sir George returns. Remember he is not to blame for this."

"No," said Hayward, sharply, "I cannot see him. No, I will go."

"Not to-day, surely," asked Hilda.

"Yes, now," answered Hayward. "There will be a train soon, I dare say," he continued, looking at his watch. "Good-bye, Miss Marston—I thank you for your kindness."

But Hilda would not leave him.

"You cannot go as you are," she said, with womanly reasoning. "You have no outer-coat on, and you cannot go without your luggage."

He had forgotten all about these things. But now he saw that if he left Massam without them, that he would expose himself to Hilda's grave suspicions. For a moment he hesitated, and then he said—

"Will you promise me one thing, Miss Marston? Will you tell no one that I am leaving Massam?"

"I will tell no one," answered Hilda, and after she had given this promise, Hayward walked with her to the house. When he got there, he went straight up to his own room for a few minutes and there wrote a short letter to Sir George. Hilda was waiting in the corridor that led to his room, looking pale and anxious, when he came out of it. In his hand he held the letter to Sir George, and when he saw Hilda, he came towards her.

"Will you take charge of this?" he said.

"Yes," replied Hilda, glancing at the address.

"I thank you—and now good-bye," went on Hayward, and he held out his hand to Hilda.

"No," she answered, "I am going with you. I will walk with you to the station."

"Impossible! You cannot go on a day like this."

"Yes, I am going," said Hilda decisively, "or shall I order one of the servants to drive you?"

But Hayward shrank from the delay. No, he would go now, and so Hilda followed him out.

They went through the wet park together and through the drifting rain. She was afraid, in fact to leave him; afraid to trust him alone with the blank despair that was dragging at his heart. He asked her once or twice to return, but Hilda would not go.

"No," she said, gently; "let me stay with you. The rain will do me no harm."

She tried to say some common-places words of consolation. But they seemed to die on her lips. In sight of great grief or death, it is almost impossible to speak. Words seem so cold when uttered in these terrible hours.

At last they neared the station, and Hilda bade Hayward good-bye. Her hand trembled

in his, and her sweet-toned voice faltered as she did so. The tutor was touched even amid his own pain by these signs of emotion. Hilda's wistful eyes said so much when she raised them to his face; they told him better than words would how truly she felt for him.

"I pray God to bless you," said Hilda, and then she wrung his hand, and turned away to hide the tears that dimmed her sight.

"You have been very good to me," said Hayward, and that was all. He, too, could frame no speech. His lips were quivering, and his face quite pale. Hilda thought of that face as she hurried back to Massam through the blinding rain, and its expression helped her to come to a momentous decision in her own life.

She had, indeed, no sooner reached the Park than she went, wet as she was, in search of Mr. Trevor. She found him half asleep in the easy chair in the reading-room of the library, where he had retired after lunch, with the *Times* still lying on his knee. But her approach awoke him, and he looked up in surprise.

"My dear Miss Marston," he said, rising, as Hilda drew near to him, "you surely have not been out in this terrible weather?"

"Yes," answered Hilda, trembling. "And—I have come to tell you, Mr. Trevor," she went on speaking quickly and in much agitation, "that I cannot marry you."

The Squire looked at her with the most profound astonishment.

"I do not understand you," he said. "I thought that it was agreed between us that a fortnight was to elapse before this subject was to be again mentioned?"

"Yes, I know," answered Hilda, "but I think now, something has happened now, which has made me think that it is better to tell you at once—for, though I am very grateful to you, I have quite made up my mind."

"Do you mean to reject my proposal?" asked the Squire, with immense dignity.

"I cannot accept it," said Hilda, trembling all over. "I do not feel to you, as a woman should feel to the man she is about to marry. It would be wronging you if I were to accept you," went on the poor girl, "and I feel I cannot do that."

Mr. Trevor felt extremely indignant. Here was a girl without position, without a penny, daring to say such things to him. Mr. Trevor thought at that moment of the benefits with which he had loaded Hilda and her family, and he did not think of the girl's honesty in telling him the truth.

"I am utterly surprised at you," he said. "Your conduct in coming here in this unseemly manner on a Sunday too, has absolutely astonished me. Your dress, also, is completely drenched. May I ask if you have been out in the rain?"

"Yes," answered Hilda, and then she suddenly burst into tears.

"Pray don't, Miss Marston," said Mr. Trevor, rising in great wrath, "there is not the slightest occasion for you to agitate yourself. I understand you reject my proposal? Ah—well, of course, under such circumstances you can no longer continue an inmate of my house."

"Very well," sobbed poor Hilda, and then she left him, going wet, weary, and very sad to her own room.

When they assembled again, before dinner time, Mr. Trevor noticed Hayward's absence.

"Is Mr. Hayward dining out?" he inquired.

No one at first made any answer. Isabel coloured faintly, but did not speak, and Hilda also was silent. Mr. Trevor glanced from the one to the other, and then said, "Does any one know where he is?"

Then Hilda spoke.

"He has left Massam," she said.

"Left Massam!" repeated Isabel.

"Yes," said Hilda, so consciously that the Squire instantly concluded that Hayward was engaged to Hilda, and that this was the reason why she had rejected his own proposal. He felt more indignant, therefore, than ever. He felt so angry that he could not eat his dinner, and Hilda could not eat hers, she felt so sad.

She was thinking what disappointment all this would cause in the broken home circle. And little Ned—poor little Ned! Hilda's eyes nearly filled with tears again whenever she thought of her little brother. Would Mr. Trevor now cast him out homeless upon the world? Hilda kept thinking what she could do to make money, all through that melancholy dinner hour. But no sooner was it over than Isabel attacked her about Hayward.

"What do you know about Mr. Hayward leaving her?" she asked the moment the two were alone. "Have you seen him? Did you see him go?"

"Yes, I saw him go," answered Hilda.

"When, and how?" then asked Isabel.

"About four o'clock, I think," said Hilda.

"He walked to the station?"

"What, in all the rain?"

"Yes, in all the rain," said Hilda, with some bitterness.

Isabel caught the tone of her voice, and looked at her searchingly.

"Do you know his motive for going?" she asked sharply.

Hilda's lips trembled, but she was silent.

"I repeat," asked Isabel, imperiously, "do you know his motive?"

"He did not tell me," said Hilda slowly, and with this answer Isabel was forced to be content.

CHAPTER XVI.

DELILAH.

When Sir George Hamilton returned to Massam on the following day, and was informed that Hayward was gone, he seemed greatly disturbed.

Isabel told him in her usual careless fashion before her father and Hilda Marston.

"What do you think has happened?" she said, "while you have been away?"

"Of course I cannot tell," answered Sir George.

"Your protégé, Mr. Hayward, has disappeared," said Isabel, with a slight blush.

"I suppose," she added, "he must have been suddenly summoned home. He left after lunch yesterday."

"And he did not say what was the matter? Did he not say where he was going?" inquired Sir George.

"No, it seems not," replied Isabel. "I did not see him before he left, but Miss Marston did, I believe. Did he say where he was going?" she continued, turning to Hilda.

"No," said Hilda, her face flushing as she spoke.

"But—Sir George—," she added, addressing their host, with some embarrassment, "he left a letter for you?"

"With you?" asked Sir George.

"Yes," answered Hilda. "I met him when he was leaving—and—he gave me a letter."

Hilda hesitated and blushed, when she said this, and both Mr. Trevor and Isabel looked at her as she did so.

"You have kept this mysterious letter to yourself, then, it seems?" said Isabel, with an angry glitter in her eyes, after Hilda had finished speaking.

"He gave it to me for Sir George," said Hilda, nervously.

"Oh, I have no wish to interfere with Sir George's letters," said Isabel, throwing back her head.

"I will bring it," said Hilda, and she accordingly left the room for the purpose, Sir George looking after her as she did so.

"It is very strange, is it not?" he said, turning to Isabel, as Hilda disappeared.

"How can I tell?" she answered, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

But she felt nervous. What might not Hayward have written? she was thinking. But she stood her ground. She watched Sir George as he opened Hayward's letter after Hilda had returned and placed it in his hands—watched his usually pale face flush as he eagerly read and re-read the few written lines it contained.

Then he looked at her, searchingly, and then—when, for a moment, Isabel's eyes fell before his—he put the letter silently into his pocket.

"Does he give any explanation for his absence?" inquired Mr. Trevor, pompously.

"Yes," answered Sir George, briefly, but Isabel knew when she heard that word that she would hear more at some future time of Hayward's letter.

She did so, the first moment that she was alone with Sir George.

"Isabel," he asked, approaching his betrothed with a grave and disturbed expression on his face, "can you guess, do you know the contents of young Hayward's letter?"

"No, I do not," answered Isabel, in a slightly defiant tone.

"Yet he refers to you," continued Sir George, "to explain the reason why he left. But you had better read his letter." And he put Hayward's letter in her hand.

She took it, and slowly read the few blotted and ill-written words. They were as follows:—

Dear Sir George,

I leave Massam to-day. Miss Trevor will probably explain to you why I am going, and tell you of my presumption. I have nothing further to say, but remain

Yours truly,

P. HAYWARD.

"Well?" said Sir George, looking at Isabel, inquiringly, after she had finished reading the letter, and was commencing returning it to its envelope.

"Well!" she answered in her cool, proud way, "it was as he says—he forgot himself, that is all."

"What do you mean?" asked Sir George, quickly.

"He is a foolish young man," went on Isabel. "Because I said a few civil words to him—because, in fact, I naturally regarded him with interest, as he had saved your life, he presumed to imagine—," And Isabel paused.

"That you regarded him with a deeper feeling?" said Sir George. "I warned you of this before, Isabel!" And Sir George began hastily pacing the room, which was a sign with him of quick emotion.

As he did so, Isabel kept watching him with her bright and changeable eyes.

"He is a foolish young man," she said again presently. "And you are also to blame for this."

"How? What do you mean?" asked Sir George, suddenly stopping.

"You—made me angry," said Isabel, casting down her eyes. "You know what I mean—you seemed at one time to avoid me—and if I have misled this young man—I was foolish, too—for I did it in pique."

"Is this so!" said Sir George, going up to her, and clasping both her hands, and fixing his eyes upon her face. "Oh, Isabel, Isabel!"

Yet he only half believed in her. Did Samson, I wonder, quite believe in Delilah's soft,

cozening words, or did he feel only powerless to resist them? Sir George, at all events, was powerless in the white supple hands that could turn him to her will. He stood there looking at her, and then in passionate words of love began to plead that their marriage might not be delayed. For a moment Hayward was forgotten. He only saw Isabel; Isabel, who cared nothing for him except as the owner of the broad lands which lay around them.

It was all settled before the day was over. Mr. Trevor was told, and gave his pleased consent. Hilda Marston was told, and the very butler knew as he waited at table that day, that he was attending his future lady.

Isabel was a woman who loved all this. Adulation and praise were pleasant to her ears, and flattery was sweet. She loved also the jewels which Sir George presented her, and when he asked leave to clasp round her slender white throat the sparkling sapphire that she had coveted the first night she was at Massam, and which Sir George had had set for her, she told herself, as she thanked him with her rosy lips, that she must learn in time to care for the giver of all these fine gifts.

She felt very triumphant, too, when she told the "Featherstone girls" of her engagement, and asked them to be her bridesmaids.

Patty and Lu could scarcely contain their astonishment, indeed, within the bounds of good breeding when they heard the news.

"So," said Lu, thoughtfully, "all those stories about him were lies, I suppose?"

"Lies are not uncommon things, my good Lu," answered Isabel, smiling. "For my part, I never quite believe what I hear."

CHAPTER XVII.

HAYWARD'S MOTHER.

But we must return to Hayward. Return to when Hilda Marston left him at the railway station, and when, with a crushing sense of pain, shame, and humiliation, he shortly afterwards started on his journey to town.

He had taken a ticket for London, but almost without reason. His mother lived there, but he was not going to her. He only felt that there he would be unknown, for there was a dark purpose in his heart, and overwhelming bitterness in his soul.

Isabel Trevor, in fact, had turned his life to gall. What had been play to her was death to him. He had loved her so much, making an idol of her, with as blind an idolatry as the poor heathen gives to his imaged god.

He sat in the carriage in the train, with his grey set face turned to the window, and his eyes apparently fixed intently on the drifting rain. There were other people in the carriage, but he scarcely saw them; pleasant words exchanged, but he never heard them. He only felt that his life was blank for evermore, and that he had thrown all upon one cast and failed.

Presently, at one of the stations, some of the passengers got out of the carriage. He saw them go and that was all. One man however was left in it; a man who had been looking attentively at Hayward once or twice during the last half-hour.

He was a clergyman. A tall, powerfully-made young man, with smooth fair hair, and a fair skin tanned. He had large, rather prominent, steady grey eyes, and with these he looked at Hayward again and again, as they travelled onward. He was, in fact, studying Hayward's face. Then, in a pleasant, clear-toned voice, when they were alone, he addressed him.

"Pardon me for speaking to you," he said, "but are you not Mrs. Hayward's son?"

"Yes," answered Hayward, turning his grey set face a moment from the window, "I am Philip Hayward."

"I thought I could not be mistaken," said the young clergyman, with a smile. "I know your photograph so well, and your mother has so often talked to me of her Philip, that I was sure I was right. I am glad," he added, his face re-assuming its usual sweet, serious expression, "that she has written to you to go to her. I suppose she has told you the truth at last?"

"What truth?" asked Hayward, sharply.

For a moment the young clergyman hesitated. Then he said with much gentleness, "I suppose you know she is very ill?"

"Ill?" repeated Hayward, "I have heard nothing of any illness. I know nothing of her being ill."

At this, a disturbed expression crossed the clergyman's face.

"I am indeed sorry to be the bearer of ill-news, then," he said, "but it is right that you should know. Mrs. Hayward is, I fear, in a rapid consumption."

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Hayward. "When last I saw her she was not strong, but she never is. May I ask how you know of her being ill? And when did you last see her?"

"I saw her about a week ago," answered the clergyman, "and I saw the doctor who attends her about the same time—and I grieve to tell you his opinion was very unfavourable. It was indeed after I had seen the doctor, that I urged her so much to write to you. But you were on a visit, she told me—a visit to Sir George Hamilton—a visit from which she seemed to expect so much, and she could not bear to damp your enjoyment."

At this Hayward could scarcely suppress the groan that rose to his lips.

"But when I saw you," continued the young clergyman, "I hoped that during my absence (for I have been a week out of town) that she

had broken through her resolve, and told you of her illness."

"No," answered Hayward, "I have heard nothing. I had a letter from her the other day, and she said nothing. I—I am completely overwhelmed by the news."

He turned away his head as he spoke. Of what was he thinking? O God! what had he been about to do! He had forgotten all about his poor mother in his dark despair. Had forgotten duty, affection, everything under the blow which had struck him down. Now, he began to think. His mother—the gentle, tender mother that had loved and watched over him all these years! Oh, how could he have forgotten her; how allow his selfish misery to drive everything else from his heart!

"Tell me all about her, sir," he said, in a broken voice, to the young clergyman sitting opposite to him. "How did you get to know her? How long has she been ill?"

"I have known her about a year," answered the clergyman. "I am one of the curates of the parish in which she lives. I ought to tell you my name, too. It is Horace Jervis. I got to know her when visiting in my district, and naturally soon became interested in her. She was ill, even when I first saw her—I think she told me that she had not seen you for nearly eighteen months?"

Hayward thought for a moment, and then said,—

"Yes, it is just about eighteen months." "So she told me," went on Mr. Jervis, "and she also gradually told me her history. Then I learnt that my father and yours had been in the same regiment, the 84th, and this also naturally increased my interest in her and you. I have visited her constantly, and lately, as I told you, I have repeatedly urged her to tell you of her illness. But, with unselfish affection, she could not bear to give you pain."

"Oh! my God!" groaned Hayward, and he covered his face.

"It would be sad to see her," continued Mr. Jervis, "for at times she suffers greatly, if her soul were not so pure and white. I cannot help thinking of the angels when I look on your mother's face."

Again Hayward groaned aloud. His soul was so blank and dark that the young clergyman's words struck him like a sword.

"I—I—must seem a brute to you," he muttered.

"Why?" asked Mr. Jervis, surprised. "You did not even know of your mother's illness. But you will go to her now. She will die now, where I am sure she wishes to die—in her dear son's arms."

"Yes," said Hayward, and he bit his quivering lip.

At that moment some of the vague doubts and yearnings for Light, that had so often passed and re-passed over his soul, recurred to Hayward. Was this meeting accidental, he thought, or had the hand of God been put out to save him from a fearful crime? Opposite to him was the calm, sweet, pleasant face of Mr. Jervis. Hayward looked at him with his gloomy eyes, wondering if the look of peace imprinted on it came from earthly happiness. Then he thought of his mother. The mother whose life for the last twenty years had been a weary struggle. And she was dying now—dying, and he—

"I know that she has longed, almost passionately, and prayed most earnestly, to see you," said Mr. Jervis, interrupting Hayward's remorseful reflections. "I know this from little things she has said. But her faith is perfect. The very last time I saw her she told me that if it were God's will she would see you soon."

"And yet—and yet—" said Hayward with deep emotion, "unless I had met you—"

"Her prayers might have been answered in some other way," replied Mr. Jervis, quietly, "for we are sure that none of them will be unheard."

He said this in the simplest way. There was no faltering or doubt in this young man's mind. Hayward, passion-tossed and miserable, looked with strange envy on the serene eyes and brow of this young curate. They were both about the same age—some twenty-six, or seven years old, perhaps—and both were tall, strong, stalwart men. They were both brave, also. Hayward had plunged into a raging sea at a woman's bidding, with death staring him in the face, but Mr. Jervis faced death daily. He faced it in the fever-wards of hospitals, in dreary dens of misery, poverty, and shame.

He spoke of his work very quietly. He had chosen his vocation. Earth and Heaven were alike real to him, and he cheerfully toiled in one, sure of finding his reward in the other. In spite of himself, Hayward grew interested. Earnestness about anything inspires a thoughtful mind with respect, and Mr. Jervis was so much in earnest.

By the time they reached London it was dark. "It has been a dreary day," said Hayward, with a shiver.

"Yes," said Mr. Jervis, but neither his manner nor his tone was dreary.

Hayward, on the other hand, felt inexpressibly miserable. He was conscience-stricken, and crushed down with a sense of his selfish cowardice. What, if he had stabbed his dying mother in his mad passion! he thought, for he knew what in his bitter disappointment he contemplated doing, would have been a blow to her more cruel than death.

Mr. Jervis was very kind to him. Perhaps he saw that something even more terrible than his mother's illness was preying on Hayward's mind. At all events he was very good to him,

gentle, sympathizing, and considerate, though not obtrusively so.

When they arrived in town, he proposed to accompany Hayward to the house where his mother lived. He had two motives for this; one being that he thought that in her present weak condition her son's arrival should be broken gently to Mrs. Hayward; another that he did not like to leave Hayward alone. Hayward made no objection to this proposal—nay, it was a sort of relief to him to have a companion in this miserable hour.

Mrs. Hayward was very poor. She had only her paltry pension as a lieutenant's widow, and the small sum that her son had been able to allow her out of his salary. Still Hayward was shocked and surprised when the cab in which the young men were seated stopped, by Mr. Jervis's direction, before the humble dwelling, where the curate informed him his mother lived. It was only a common lodging-house, a lodging-house in Ranelagh-road, in which two workmen and their families also lived. The poor widow had gone to this house to save. Her son was away, and she knew no one, and so in this noisy, over-full house she existed, putting away, each month, half of the sum that Hayward had regularly sent her.

She had only one room. A room which looked into the street, and at the great furniture-re-moving establishment opposite. She was too ill to go out, and she used to sit at the window vaguely watching the great vans coming and going. It was a desolate life, and yet this poor woman was not desolate. She lived there, hoping in God's good time to rejoin her husband; she lived there, praying for and thinking of her only son.

That son felt almost utterly overcome as he entered the house where she lived.

A hard-faced woman, who opened the door in answer to Mr. Jervis's summons, received them, and on the curate inquiring for Mrs. Hayward, said—

"I'm sure I'm glad you've come back, sir, to look after her. I don't know what to do with her, she's fearful ill—but perhaps this gentleman's some relation?" and she looked at Hayward.

Hayward made no answer. He was struck dumb with the appearance of poverty around. His mother had written to him to tell him that she had changed her lodgings, but she had told him nothing more.

"Where is her room?" he asked, hoarsely.

"The first door upstairs, to the left, sir," answered the woman. "She's been very bad today. She ought to have some of her friends about her."

"Let me go up first?" said Mr. Jervis, laying his hand kindly on Hayward's arm.

"No," said Hayward, "no," and he began ascending the narrow, uncarpeted stairs.

When he reached the first door to the left he paused. It was slightly ajar, and he stood for a moment looking in. He saw inside a woman—a woman familiar, and yet not familiar. A woman on whose face death had set its stamp, and whose features were so sharpened and changed that he scarcely recognized them. Yet, it was his mother. Hayward saw this, and he saw also by the same light on the table, which flickered and fell on his mother's pale face and on her pale, thin hand, that she was reading one of his own letters. A letter that he had written from Massam, when his heart had been full of hope. There she sat, reading, and re-reading her son's words, as she had read them many a time before. She smiled as she did so; smiled, and then a sudden flood of hope, of joy, almost of inspiration, seemed to pass over her heart.

"O God!" she murmured, looking upwards.

"Let me see my dear boy's face before I die."

When Hayward heard these words he came slowly forward, and the next moment he was clasped tightly in his mother's arms.

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

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

THE

Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XIV.

ALMONTE, Ont.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—THE VILLAGE BY NIGHT AND BY DAY—SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH—ITS MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES—MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

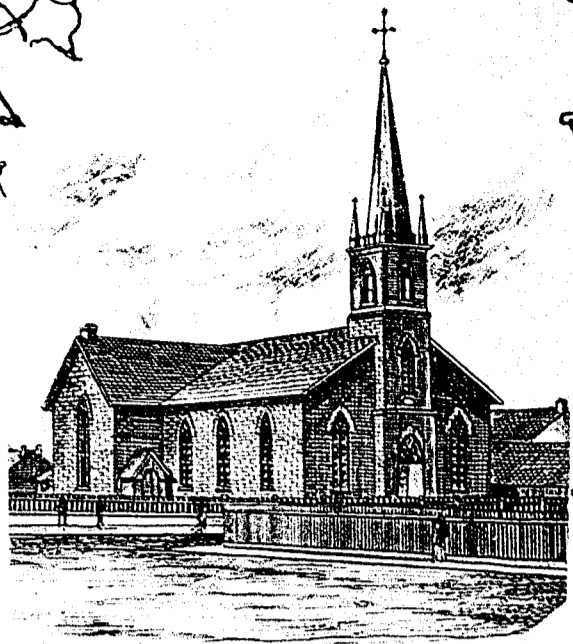
I remember, when a boy, having seen at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, London, a representation of that enchanting story about Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and the darkened scene showing the fairy palace far away in the distance, with its countless windows twinkling like so many stars, has ever since been indelibly impressed upon my memory. The picture was recalled vividly to my mind on the evening when, a passenger from Arnprior by the evening train, I first caught sight of the village of Almonte. The train had passed through a dark stretch of country when, quite suddenly, the roar of rushing waters was heard, and simultaneously there appeared before us a scene which reminded me at once of the fairy palace at the Polytechnic. The Canada Central R.R. runs along an elevated ridge, and down in the murky depths of the valley there stood a vast building, the outlines only vaguely defined, but with its rows upon rows of windows brilliantly illuminated. Then, further ahead, other large buildings, also lit up, came into view, and when the train slowly crossed a bridge spanning a series of cascades, we saw lights here, there and everywhere, telling of a busy community. Such was my impression of Almonte by night. Seen by day I found it not wanting in picturesque features. It is a most quaintly-situated place, quaintly laid out. The river, rather absurdly named "The Mississippi," runs through the centre, and is divided by an island just where there is a fall in the bed of some eighty feet. Before the construction of the multifarious dams now to be seen, the falls must have been exceptionally fine, but there are still a few places where the water rushes on in its natural channels over rocky ledges and great boulders, as if rejoicing in its freedom.

The village site is hilly, and the older portion is laid out in an hap-hazard sort of way. One theory is that the first builders followed the line of a cow-path, but I presume the settlers naturally built near the shore of the river, and that, not being by any means straight, the streets subsequently made show all the windings. Anyhow, a great portion of the village is made up of streets which wind about and go up and down with a degree of independence which I rather liked after an experience of villages and towns where the streets are severely straight and level. A taste for the irregular is discernible among the buildings. It is very rare to find two houses exactly alike, and many are located as though the owners had suddenly got tired of moving them around. As for material, there are buildings of wood, of brick and of stone, the large mills, the schools and the churches being built of the latter—a capital stone quarried in the vicinity.

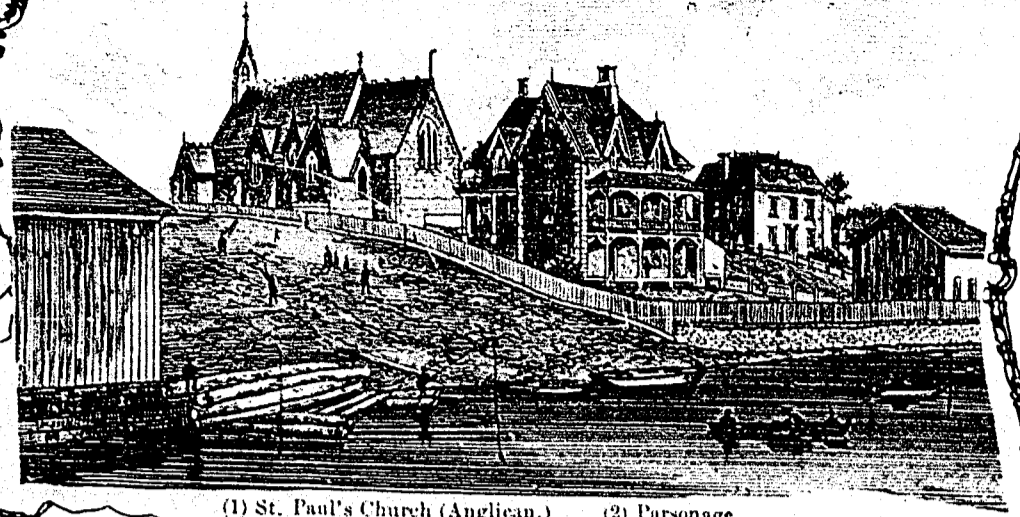
SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH.

In the years 1819-21, the British Government assisted one Col. Marshall to bring out a number of Scotch emigrants, principally residents of and about Glasgow and Paisley. They were mostly settled in what is now the Township of Ramsay, County of Lanark. Such of the pioneers as survive, give a doleful account of their early experiences—a long sea voyage, a poor reception at Quebec, a dreary trip to Montreal, thence by scow, towed by oxen, to Prescott, and, finally, a weary journey through the "wilds" to Lanark village, where the families waited while the fathers went out and selected land up the country. Some made scows and transported their families as far as possible by this means, using the scow afterwards as a roof for a rudely-constructed hut. The first year was one of considerable suffering; some of the elders and the weak children succumbed. As in the case of the settlers along the St. Lawrence, the Government gave such families as were in need provisions for a year, a few tools, blankets, &c., and a sum of money, which, though at first considered as a loan, was afterwards made a free gift. Happily, excellent crops rewarded the exertions of these stout-hearted people, and thenceforward their progress was sure, if slow.

In 1823 the peaceful settlement was unpleasantly disturbed by the advent of a body of immigrants, who were brought out from about Cork and Limerick by the Hon. Peter Robinson, brother of the late Chief-Justice. There were among these many industrious people, who at once took up land and prospered as their Scotch neighbours had done, but there were others who seemed to have "left their country for their country's good," and these, being accommodated with board and lodging by the Government in buildings by the river side, in the very centre of the settlement, showed no disposition to get to work. As Dr. Watts says—"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." At first the idlers fought amongst themselves, and many a head was cracked in Ballygiblin, as the "bhoys" dubbed their camp. But some of the more active sided for "fresh fields and pastures new," and accordingly they began to interfere with the industrious farmers, seeking all manner of excuses



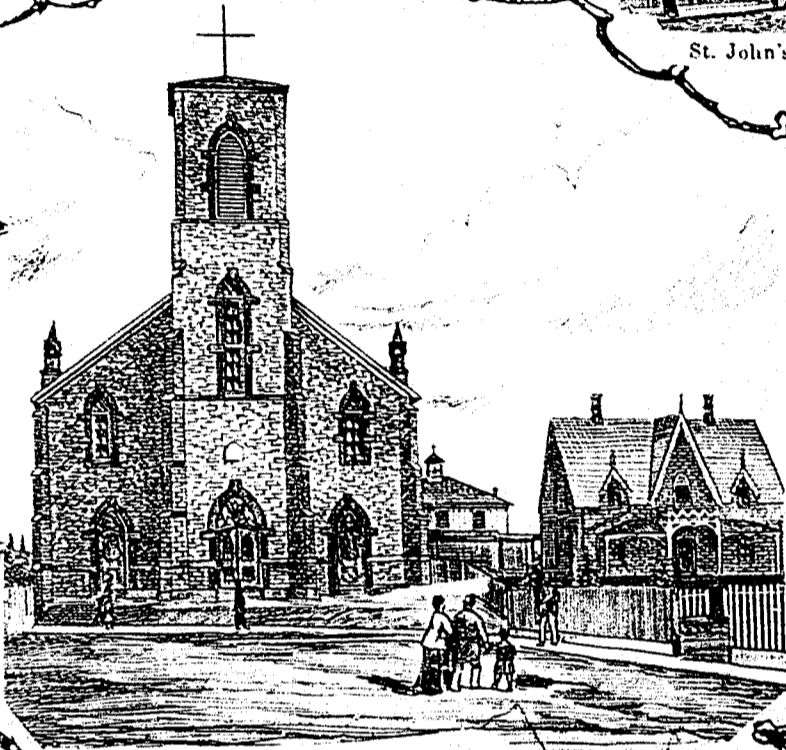
St. Andrew's Church.



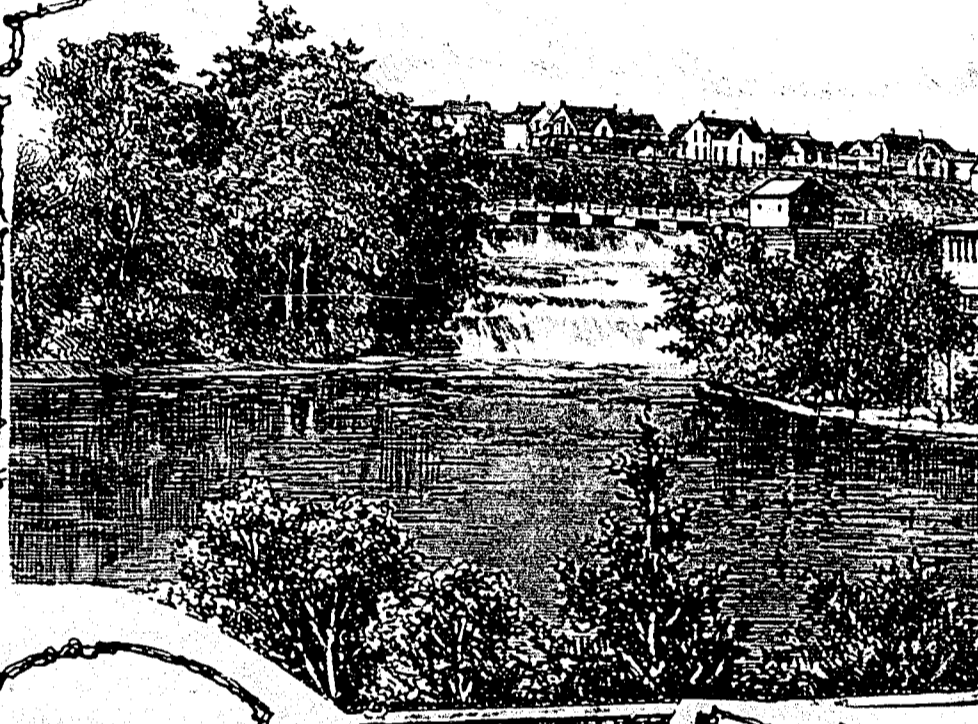
(1) St. Paul's Church (Anglican.) (2) Parsonage.



St. John's Church.



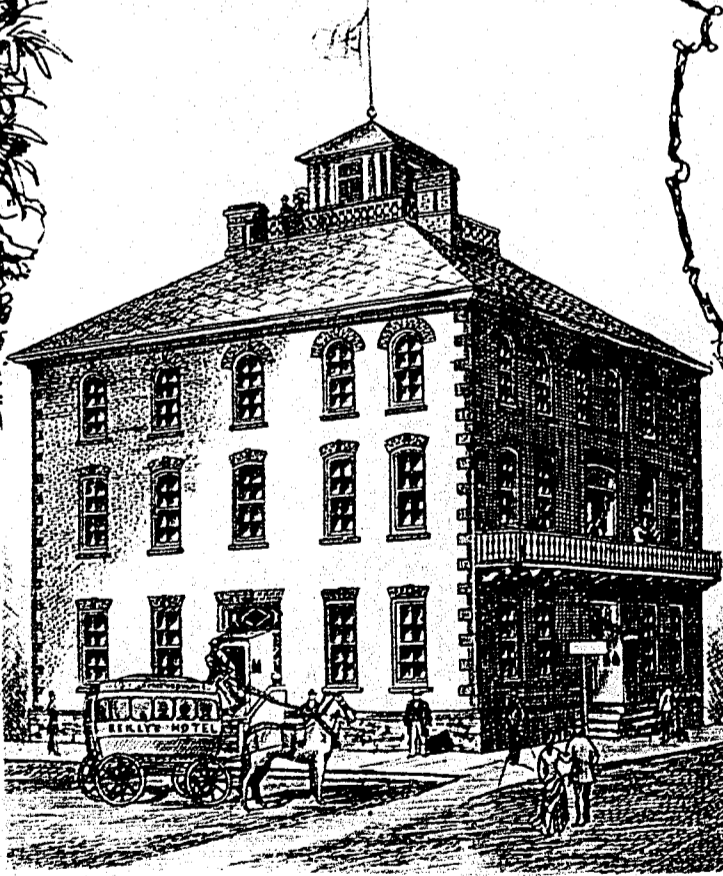
The R. C. Church, School and Parsonage.



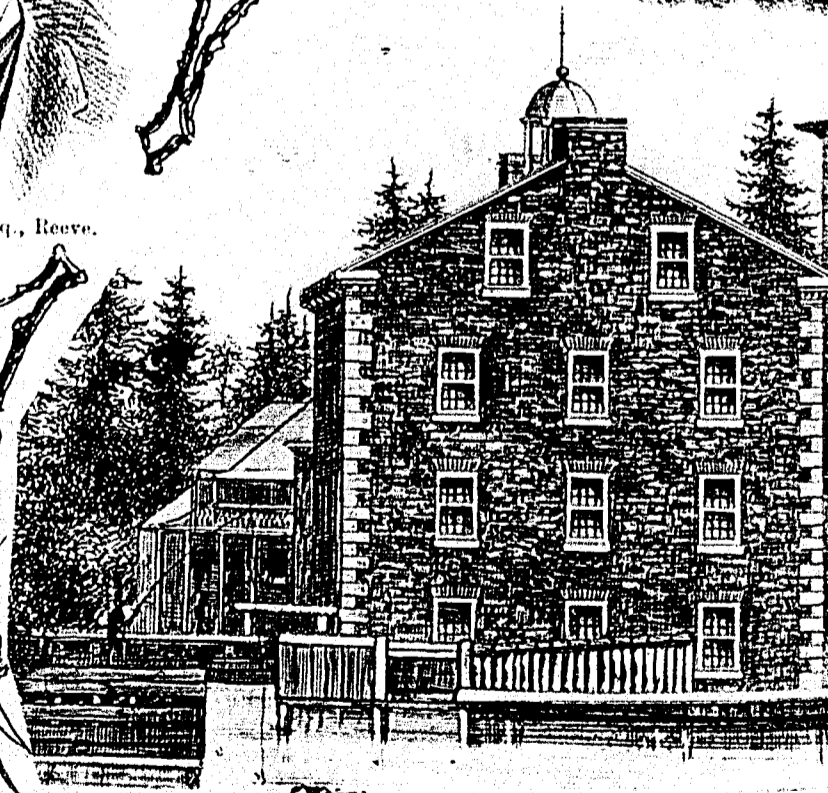
The Rosamond



D. G. Macdonnell, Esq., Reeve.



Reilly's Hotel.

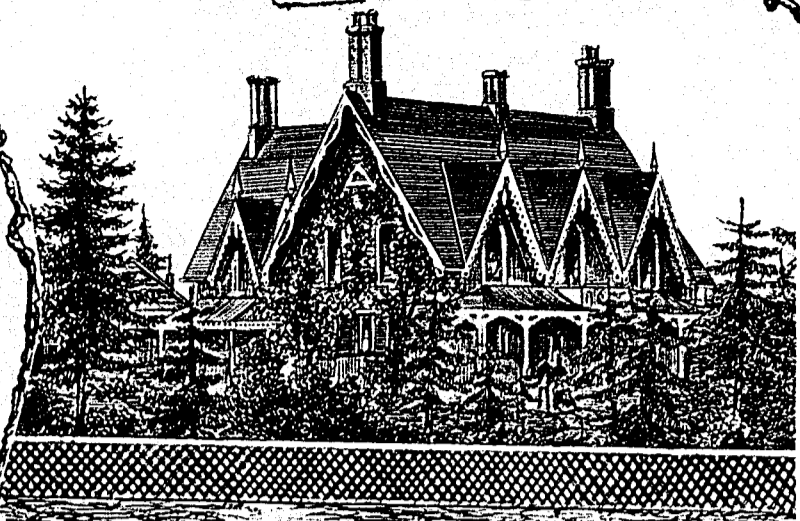


Messrs. Elliott

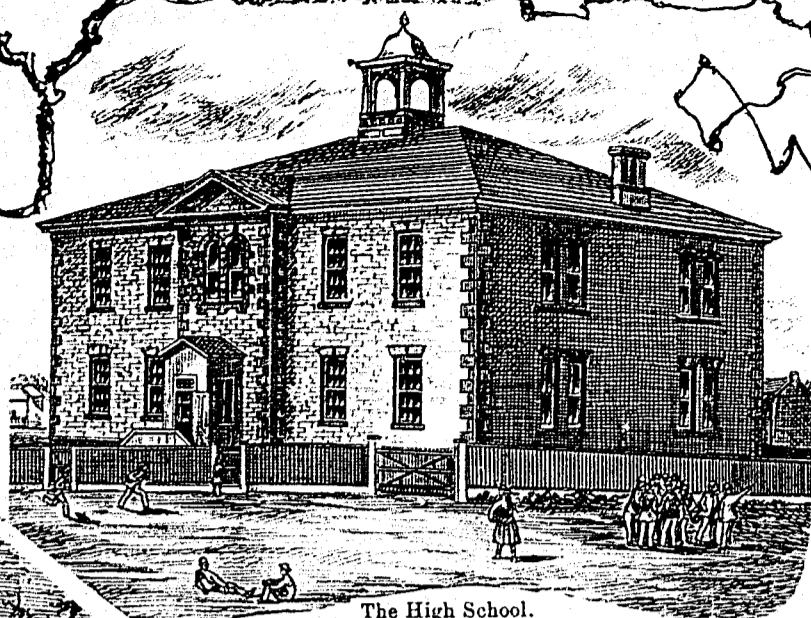
ALMONTE (ONT)



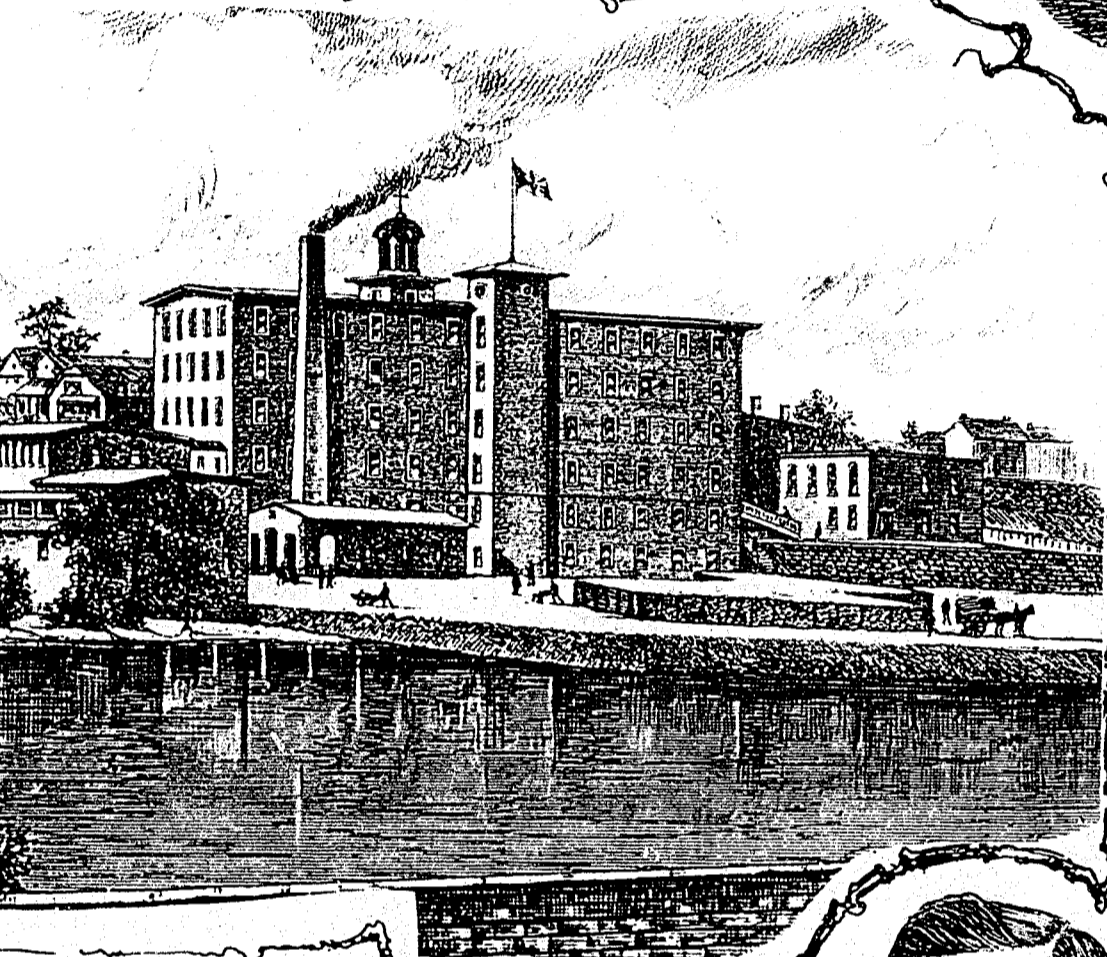
Major Gemmill, Esq., M.P.



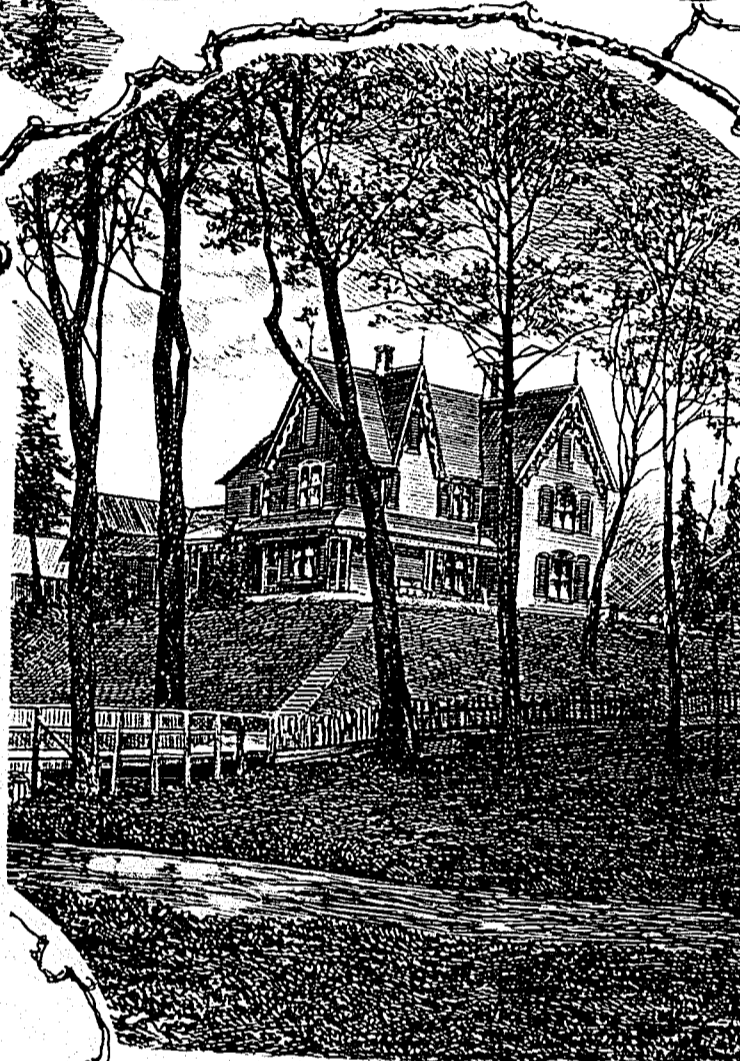
The Residence of Major Gemmill.



The High School.



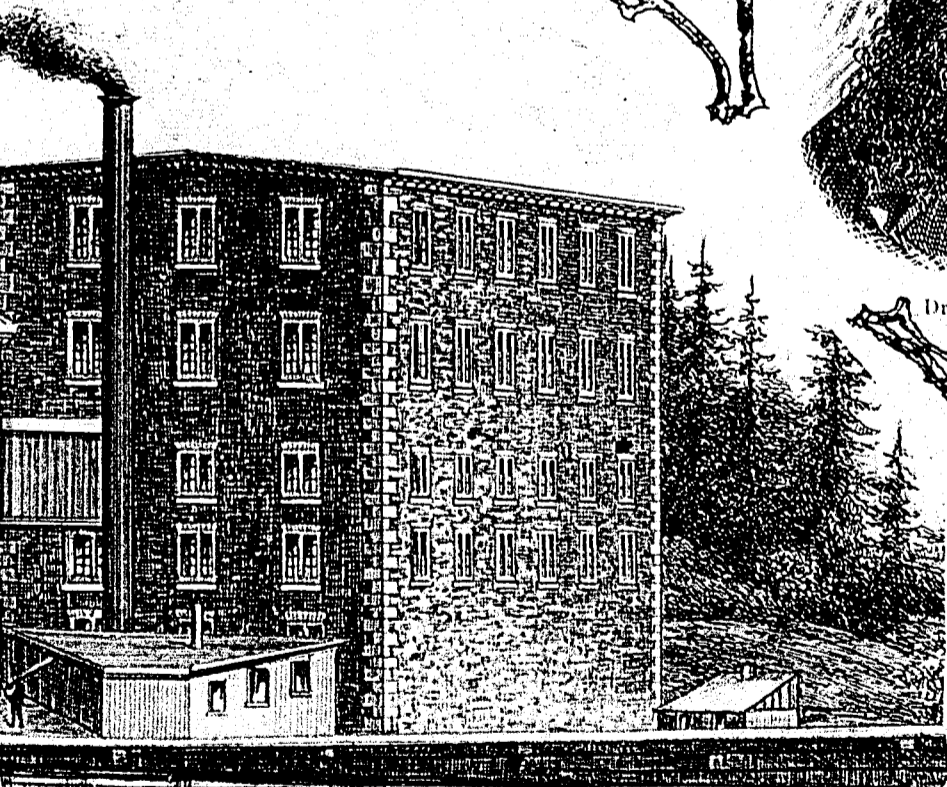
The Woollen Company's Mill.



Elm Glen: Residence of A. Elliott, Esq.



Dr. Mostyn, M.P.P.



Sheard's Woollen Mill.



Residence of D. G. Macdonnell, Esq., Reeve.

ILLUSTRATED.

to pick a quarrel. Matters went from bad to worse, until something like a reign of terror settled upon the district. Deeds of depredation were rife, and many of the Scotch settlers were waylaid and beaten. At last the strong arm of the law was called in, and, on the first Sunday in May, 1824, a body of militia from Perth and vicinity attacked the camp of the Ballygibbins and put them to the rout, killing one, wounding several and capturing a large number. This put a stop to the disgraceful affair, and thenceforward the Irish and Scotch have lived side by side in peace and quietness. The former located mostly on the north side of the river, in what is now called the Township of Huntley. Taking a walk through the township one fine fall day, I dropped into a wayside inn to rest and have a chat with the proprietor about the Ballygibbins. I found him quite ready to talk, and he detailed many amusing incidents respecting the early days, but I have only space for one anecdote illustrating how very popular the Hon. Peter Robinson was with the people he had brought out. It appears that the settlers were at a "logging bee," when tidings came that the wife of one of the workers had given birth to a bouncing baby. The youngster who brought the news had forgotten whether the welcome little stranger was a young gentleman or a young lady, but the happy father was equal to the occasion: "Be jabbers! boys," cried he, "it shall be named Peter whether it's a girl or a boy!"

In 1821 a site of 200 acres of land was offered by the Government to any one who would erect a grist and saw mill. An enterprising fellow named Shepherd accepted the terms and built the mills. They were soon after burned down, but he re-erected the saw-mill. The place was now known as Shepherd's Falls. In 1829 Mr. Shepherd sold out to Messrs. Shipman & Boyce, who added a grist mill and distillery. The name was changed to Shipman's Falls, and subsequently to Ramsayville. In 1832-3 the first bridge was built, and in 1835 the first stone building (at present used as an hotel). In 1845 Mr. E. Mitcheson erected a second grist mill. In 1851 the Ramsay Woollen Cloth Manufacturing Co. was formed by the more enterprising residents with a capital of 1,250*l.* in 100 shares. They secured a good water-power for 100*l.* The mill was a frame building, fitted with one set of machinery. After running for a few months it was unfortunately destroyed by fire, and there being some hitch which rendered the insurance void, the Company became bankrupt. However, one of the shareholders, Mr. James Rosamond, *Esq.*, purchased the site, and erected a very fine stone mill, to which he subsequently added another building, almost doubling the capacity. This was the inception of the woollen manufacture for which Almonte is now famed throughout Canada. It drew population to the place, and business increased rapidly. The question of a name was once more brought up, and Waterford was chosen, but it transpired that there was already a Waterford further west. A public meeting was called, and some one suggested Almonte, as a compliment to General Almonte, whose exploits in Mexico had attracted considerable attention. In the winter of 1853 a meeting was called to consider the question of constructing a macadamized road to Smith's Falls. In the course of the discussion, the idea of a railroad to Brockville was broached and received with favour. A company was soon formed, and a charter obtained for a road from Brockville to Pembroke. The counties of Lanark and Renfrew voted \$800,000 to aid the scheme, which was, later on, still further enlarged by the construction of the Canada Central, running from Ottawa, the two lines joining at Carleton Place. At the completion of the first-named road, the population of Almonte was 450; in 1871 it was 2,030, and at present it must be near 3,000, though the past years of depression caused quite a little exodus.

In 1866 the Messrs. Bennett and William Rosamond having succeeded their father, formed the Rosamond Woollen Co., which secured a fine site on the island above mentioned, and erected a mill, which is the second largest in the Dominion, and surpassed by none as regards excellence of machinery and general appointments. In 1869 the original Rosamond mill was sold to the present owners, Messrs. Elliott & Sheard, who have enlarged and improved it in various ways.

GENERAL NOTES.

Almonte was incorporated in 1870; it comprises 650 acres; the total assessable property is valued at \$700,000, and the taxation for all purposes amounts to sixteen mills on the dollar. The educational wants of the community are well looked after; the High and Public schools are commodious stone buildings, the former has an average attendance of seventy and the latter of three hundred and fifty. The Separate or Roman Catholic school is a large frame building in rear of the church.

The early settlers donated books to form a free library, and a goodly collection was the result. An attempt to establish a Mechanics' Institute failed, and the library is now open only once a month. It is to be regretted that the rising generation of what are termed the "working classes" do not show more appreciation for such institutions. In Pembroke, a very fine library, got together for the Mechanics' Institute, was lately sold to pay arrears of rent. Works of sterling worth have no chance, apparently, against "yeller-kivered literature."

Among other "institutions" the village boasts Masonic and Oddfellows' lodges; a Rifle Association; a branch of the Merchants' Bank; a Curling Club; two brass bands; a weekly news-

paper, called the *Gazette*, and an anti-Connubial Club. The latter, my lady readers may be glad to learn, is nearly used up—all the members but two having succumbed to Cupid's darts. In its flourishing days the Club published a semi-occasional journal, which is said to have furnished some decidedly rich reading.

Not a great many years ago Almonte was dubbed the Manchester of Canada. There were mills of all sorts here, there and everywhere and all busily employed. Real estate attained extraordinary value and some astounding prices were paid for small lots. A few who bought early and sold quick made money, but many burnt their fingers badly.

A good many industries which were then in existence are now looked for in vain. Some were burnt down, others failed. Among the by-gones may be mentioned the Almonte Furniture Company which after a run of two years suffered by fire. A bonus of \$10,000 was voted to assist in establishing a larger factory, but the vote was contested by some of the inhabitants and the Courts held that the money could not be paid as the Company was not solvent. Meanwhile a fine large factory had been erected and furnished with machinery, but not a stroke of work has ever been done in it.

THE ROSAMOND WOOLLEN CO.'S MILL.

This fine mill, locally known as No. 1, occupies a picturesque situation on the point of the island beside an exceedingly pretty cascade. Technically, it is termed a twelve set mill, but the ordinary reader will be better able to judge of its size from the fact that when fully running it affords employment to nearly three hundred hands. It is complete in all its details and good taste is combined with business tact and thoroughness, reflecting great credit upon the Managing Director, Mr. Bennett Rosamond. In every department this is observable. The machinery is of the finest description—the best produced on both continents—and the greatest pains are taken to ensure that all work turned out shall be up to the standard and of uniform quality. The products of this mill have been accorded the highest honours at Philadelphia, Paris and, indeed, wherever exhibited, and if there is a chance to improve upon what is already excellent, the management is ever on the alert to take the step forward. In the matter of general management, labour saving facilities, economical regulations, fire service system, attention to the health and comfort of the operatives, and in many other respects, the mill may safely be pointed to as a model establishment. I should mention that it is lit throughout with gas manufactured on the premises.

VICTORIA MILL,

or No. 2, the property of Messrs. Elliott & Sheard, consists of two large stone buildings, joined by an elevated covered way. This establishment gives employment to about eighty hands, and all that I have said of No. 1 relative to the excellence of the material turned out, the fire service and general management applies equally to No. 2. This was the original Rosamond mill, and excellent as Mr. Rosamond left it, his successors made many improvements. These two manufacturing industries are really the mainstays of Almonte. I did not ascertain the amount of the pay roll of No. 1, but that of No. 2 averages from \$1,800 to \$2,000 per month, and by the rule of proportion that of No. 1 must be in the neighbourhood of \$5,000—the total being a very large amount of cash to circulate in a country village regularly. Items such as these well illustrate the importance of home industries. Were the woollen mills to be obliged to close it would be a sorry outlook for Almonte, and the country round would quickly experience the effects, for of course the operatives would have to emigrate and that would mean so many less consumers and customers for the farmers and shop-keepers to supply.

Near No. 2 Messrs. Baird & Co. have a mill of smaller capacity, but with excellent machinery. The same firm owns and runs a grist mill.

Among other establishments may be mentioned Elliott & Sheard's shingle mill; Cameron Bros.' saw and woollen mills; Wylie's grist mill; Rosamond's foundry; a sash and door factory and a pump factory.

RELIGIOUS.

St. Paul's (Anglican) was opened for worship in 1863; it cost \$6,000 and will seat 250. In 1867 the bodies were removed from the burial ground in rear of the church and a very fine parsonage was erected at a cost of \$5,000, which is being steadily paid off. Service is held alternate Sundays in the old parish church at Clayton. The present minister is the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, an eloquent Irishman.

The first Roman Catholic Church was destroyed by fire about eleven years ago. In 1869 the present fine edifice was erected, and thus far about \$24,000 has been expended upon it. It contains a magnificent marble altar, which cost \$1,200, also a capital organ. The church will seat six hundred and is attended by a large congregation. The first resident priest was the Rev. Dr. Faure, now of Pembroke, who was succeeded by Rev. Father Stenson. In 1875 the latter withdrew and the present occupant, the Rev. Father Coffey, was appointed. The priest's residence, a handsome stone villa, cost some \$5,500.

St. Andrew's Church is the largest place of Protestant worship in Almonte. The congregation was organized by the Church of Scotland

Presbytery in the year 1834. The first minister was the Rev. John Fairhair, who is still alive, and in charge of a Free Church congregation at Greenlaw, Scotland. He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Macmorine, a native of Sanquhar, Scotland, who died in 1867. The congregation left their old place of worship, on the 8th Line of Ramsay, on the completion of the new church in Almonte, in 1862. Dr. Macmorine was succeeded by the Rev. John Gordon, a native of Nova Scotia, who has since left the ministry for the legal profession. The present incumbent, the Rev. John Bennett, a native of Kinross, Scotland, became pastor in 1872. In consequence of the very rapid growth of the congregation under Mr. Bennett's ministry, the church was greatly enlarged and improved in 1875 at an expense of over \$3,000. The present strength of the congregation is 200 families, and 370 members, with large Sabbath Schools and a Bible Class, both in town and country. The congregation has doubled itself during the past six years. A substantial, neat and commodious stone manse, opposite the church, is the residence of the minister. The total income of the congregation for 1877 was \$3,124.73. This church is now connected with the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

St. John's (Free Church) was erected in 1867, under the pastorate of the Rev. W. M. McKenzie. It will seat 650, and judging from the fact that last year eighty-six persons were added to the membership of the church, the ministry of the present pastor, Rev. W. B. Edmondson, would seem to be very acceptable.

The Baptist Church was organized in 1864 with eleven members. In 1868 the membership was large enough to warrant the erection of a stone chapel, which was done at a cost of \$2,300. The present pastor, Rev. D. S. Mulhern, reports the congregation very fair, with a Sunday-school averaging eighty scholars.

DANIEL GALBRAITH, ESQ., M.P.,

is one of the few surviving who can tell of the hardships of the pioneers. He is a good type of the early Canadian emigrant—a man who has hewn a home for himself in the bush; seen the bush give way to well-tilled farms; watched and helped the growth of the hamlet and village and had his merits recognized by his fellowmen who have awarded him the highest gifts in their power. To natural shrewdness Mr. Galbraith early added much self-acquired knowledge and soon took a prominent place in the direction of municipal matters. Retiring from this field, he was elected to the Local Legislature and subsequently to the House of Commons, representing North Lanark, his present constituency, eleven years in all—five sessions in the Local and six in the Commons. He is a staunch adherent of the Liberal party. Mr. Galbraith is Vice-President of the Canada Central Railway Company, and President of the Almonte St. Andrew's Society.

DR. MOSTYN, M.P.P.

Dr. William Mostyn comes of a Welsh family who during Cromwell's time moved to Ireland, where they became large land owners. He was born at Elphin, Roscommon, Ireland, in 1836, and accompanied his parents to Kingston, Canada, the following year; was educated at Kingston Grammar School; in 1858 he graduated at Queen's University, where he held a fellowship, and practiced a short time at Smith's Falls, removing thence to Almonte. When the village was incorporated he was chosen Reeve, a position he held three years. He has been President of the North Lanark Agricultural Society since 1867; represented Rideau and Bathurst Division in the Ontario Medical Council from 1869 to 1872, and was Associate Coroner for Lanark for fifteen years. He is Surgeon to the 42nd Battalion. He holds a high position among the Masonic fraternity, and from 1867 to 1873 was D.D.G.M. for Ottawa District, G.L.C. Dr. Mostyn, like most old countrymen, is a great admirer of athletic and field sports. He has been President of the Mississippi Curling Club of Almonte for the past three years, and the donor of several medals for competition. As may be imagined from the foregoing brief sketch of his career, he is very popular with all classes, and it requires but a short acquaintanceship to satisfy one that his popularity is richly deserved. Dr. Mostyn was returned to the Ontario Legislature for North Lanark at the general election in 1875. My lady readers may be interested in learning that the worthy Doctor is one of the two surviving members of the Anti-Connubial Club. That is the only black mark against him.

D. J. MACDONELL, ESQ.,

is senior partner in the law firm of Macdonell & Dowdall. At the last municipal election he was chosen to preside over the deliberations of the Council, and report says he makes an excellent Reeve. Mr. Macdonell holds a Captaincy in the 42nd Battalion, and has the reputation of being a crack shot.

PRETTY SPOTS.

Elm Glen, the residence of Andrew Elliott, Esq., of Elliott & Sheard, is charmingly situated a short distance outside the village proper. It commands beautiful views all around and faces the cascades before mentioned.

Major Gemmill's residence, located at the opposite end of the village, is an exceedingly cosy-looking villa surrounded by beautiful grounds. The Major's family were among the earlier settlers and from the recollections of one of the

members, Mr. John Gemmill, published in the *Almonte Gazette*, I gleaned many interesting notes.

REILLY'S HOTEL,

as the engraving shows, is a building of magnificent proportions. It is situated near the river, and from the observatory a very fine bird's-eye view of the surrounding country can be obtained. The hotel is well-appointed throughout, the bed-rooms are of good size and nicely furnished, and there are several comfortable parlours, with pianos, &c. Parties desiring a quiet place to spend a little time next summer will find Mr. Reilly ready to give excellent accommodation. The Mississippi affords good boating, fishing and shooting. In connection with the hotel is a hall that will accommodate 400. The public library before alluded to is located here. Mr. Reilly erected this hotel four years ago at a cost of \$10,000. It is the only hotel that sends a 'bus to the trains.

The patronage of the travelling public is divided between the Reilly's and the Davis House—the latter a very fairly kept hostelry situated close to the depot.

The views herewith are from photographs by the local artist, Mr. Willis.

THE GLEANER.

Ten miles of wire are in use for synchronizing clocks in London.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA has just attained his fiftieth birthday, and the proprietors of the *London Telegraph* have presented him with a valuable service of plate in recognition of his brilliant services as a journalist.

LORD ODO RUSSELL, British Minister at Berlin, declined to be raised to the peerage "in that crowd"—Lord Beaconsfield and Salisbury. Lord Odo is not only a very sagacious and long-sighted diplomatist, but he is the brother of a great duke, of the strongest Whig traditions, and knows very well that he can get a peerage from his own party when he wants one.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of the late Pope, Pius IX., Alessandro Malpieri, a Roman sculptor, obtained permission from the authorities to take casts in plaster of the face and of the right hand of the Pontiff, and carried out the undertaking with success in the presence of Dr. A. Ceccarelli, chief physician at the Vatican.

An old law has been revived in Germany, and now, if you arrive at an hotel with a lady, you must prove by documentary evidence that she is either your wife, daughter, or sister. This paternal care for travellers' morals, says the *Echo*, is, to say the least of it, supremely absurd, and in any other country except Prussia would laugh itself out of existence. But in Germany ridicule does not, as in France, kill anybody or anything. The police are above laughter.

Of Charles Dickens' home at Gadshill, a private letter says that it has already been sold. A fortnight ago it went under the auctioneer's hammer, Mr. Charles Dickens, the eldest son of the novelist, removing to London. It is not yet known in what manner the many mementoes of Dickens were dispersed, nor what prices were realized. The statement is made, however, that the miniature Swiss Chalet—a present from Fechter, the actor—in which Dickens wrote nearly all his later works, has been carried from "Gadshill" to the grounds of the Crystal Palace Company at Sydenham.

HUMOROUS.

A BOARDING-HOUSE mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points—the weak being her coffee, and her strong point the butter.

"Eugenia, Eugenia, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonse, Alphonse, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

A SLIPPERY politician being informed that the leaders of his party threatened to throw him overboard, exclaimed, "Let 'em do it if they dare, and I'll soon show 'em that I've strength enough to swim to the other side!"

A FRENCH paper reports a murder trial in which a witness testified that he heard two pistol shots on the staircase and sent his wife to see what was the matter. "You did not go up-stairs yourself?" "No, sir; I was afraid of the revolver."

ONE great beauty about the female suffragists is that they never try to conceal their ages. Lucy Stone announced herself to be sixty the other day, and so great was the surprise (at the confession) that a tea-party was immediately planned for the heroine.

The short, brief life of the fly is full of suggestions to the soul of man. Happy and brisk in the bright summer days, the waning year sees it only too often point a moral in the cream pitcher and adorn the tale of the butter.

"WHY does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" a professor asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Because," said the new boy, "it never needs to." And it is a little singular that nobody had thought of that reason before.

"THERE are no circumstances under which honesty and integrity of purpose will not stand a man in good stead," says some philosopher; but we would like to know how it will help the man who finds himself suddenly forced to associate with a bulldog in an orchard with a high wall round it.

JEALOUSY is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

It was with a feeling of intense curiosity, and more than ordinary pleasure, that we stood at the door of Mme. Blavatsky's residence in New York, and awaited an answer to our ring. It soon came, and in an odd way, for the door was unlocked by no visible hand, and for a second we did not realize that it was done by electricity. Ascending to the second floor, we were ushered into a tiny reception room, where Col. Henry S. Olcott, the president of the Theosophical society, greeted us with cordiality. We inquired if madame was visible, and he sent a servant to inquire, who returned with a prompt and decisive answer, "No." We had arrived at a very unfavorable hour, it being in the morning, and were informed that it was almost an impossibility to gain access to madame's presence in the day. Conversing, however, with Col. Olcott, while he opened his eggs and took his coffee for breakfast, we questioned him regarding the aims and objects of this society, which is becoming so well known, so much discussed, so well grounded on the basis of cultured and honorable men and women as members, and received for reply, in substance, the following:

The object of Theosophy is individual cultivation in the science and mysteries which madame has given in a measure to the world through her book "Isis Unveiled." It is to initiate some chosen ones into the knowledge of those secrets which are higher and finer than anything now taught, and which are to eventually lift each member to the power and position of an adept. "In religion," he said, "we work to break down old dogmas and carping theologies, whether Christian, Brahmanic, Buddhist, Jewish, Mohammedan or others, and to teach the undefiled religious philosophy which prevailed before even the Vedas were written, and which furnishes the grains of wheat in every mountain of chaff that has been piled upon any nation and labelled with the names above enumerated.

In the state we wish to spread high notions of honor, patriotism, responsibility, and that international exchange of courtesy based upon the Golden Rule, which would make a brotherhood of humanity possible. In the individual we would purge away the vicious taste, the groveling sensuality, the mean sordidness, the pettiness of aim, the obtuseness as to civil, social and moral obligations, which everywhere prevail under the patronage of the church. This is a wide field, and were our laborers an hundred times more numerous it could not be covered at once. We are not unreasonable or optimistic.

We are quite content with the rate of our progress up to this time, and shall add to our roll of Fellows from time to time as they offer themselves (for we solicit no one), if they prove to be in sympathy with our work, and are willing to help us in these projects. And, first of all, we who lead the movement mean to set an example of correct living and dealing which will at least win the respect of the community. "We presume that those who become members are bound by the most solemn oath are initiated by the most fearful and mysterious ceremonies?" we remarked inquiringly. "The pledge we exact," replied the colonel, "is that none who join us shall do anything to retard, by word or deed, our progress. We are quite willing to leave your own conscience to be the monitor. We bind members by no oath whatever, saving their word of honor, to keep strictly secret those matters confided to them which should, in the opinion of their superiors, be kept sacredly private." "But you have rules, by-laws, officers, etc., do you not?" "Certainly! Its officers are a president, two vice-presidents, a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, a treasurer, a librarian and councillors. At first it was an open body, but later it was reorganized on the principle of secrecy, experience having demonstrated the advisability of such a change." "But what are the benefits to be derived from such a membership? Can all members become adepts?" "By no means! To be admitted into the highest degree, of the first section, the Theosophist must have become freed of every leaning toward any one form of religion in preference to another. He must be free from all exacting obligations to society, politics, and family. He must be ready to lay down his life, if necessary, for the good of humanity and of a brother fellow of whatever race, color or ostensible creed. He must renounce wine and every other description of intoxicating beverages, and adopt a life of strict chastity. Those who have not yet wholly disenthralled themselves from religious prejudices and other forms of selfishness, but have made a certain progress toward self-mastery and enlightenment, belong in the second section. Those only who persevere in these studies, who practice every virtue, and eschew every vice, who subjugate the body to the will, and throw off every tie which binds them to things gross, can become that to which even Mme. Blavatsky has not yet, after all her long life of devotion, perfectly attained. We offer for your zeal, industry and loyalty the reward of an approving conscience, the respect of a brotherhood whose good opinion is well worth having, and the assurance that you are assisting to lay the foundations of a great society whose future is already an established certainty. Already you would be able to meet brothers in the remotest quarters of the globe, and before long the public will know that we have enlisted on our side some of the profoundest scholars and purest souls of the present day." "This is only a branch society, we are told. There are other branches similar to this in New York, are there not?" We have already one established in nearly every country in

Europe. It was only this morning, also, that we had from Bombay full permission to announce our society as the American branch of the Ayya Soma of India. This is a great organization, founded by one of the holiest and most learned men of our age, the Pandit Dyamund Surswati. His preaching and teaching of ancient Vedic philosophy and ethics have created a profound sensation, throughout the Indian peninsula among the natives. He preaches against castes, idolatry and superstitious observances of all kinds. Many of the latter, originally devised by the priesthood to increase their power and emolument, have become accepted as of divine authority, after many centuries. Among these are *suttee* (widow burning), sitting dhurna (a creditor deliberately starving himself to death at the door of his debtor), and others, for which the Vedas contain no authority.

"What the Pandit teaches is the identical, pure, wisdom religion, about which Madame Blavatsky discourses so learnedly in her 'Isis,' and which was the primeval substratum upon which not only Brahmanism, Buddhism and Zoroastrianism were built, but which is the essence of Christism when the embroidered sercicths are unwrapped from its body.

"It teaches one incomprehensible, eternal, Divine essence, out of which all things come, and to which all return, in a never-ending series of evolution and involution—'Days and Nights of Brahma.'" "The correspondence for your society must be enormous; who does it, pray?" "Madame. She writes nine languages and reads three more. She converses fluently and daily with her various friends in at least five. You may hear them any evening at her little receptions—but madame has concluded to see you." The colonel said this without having moved from his chair; no one had entered the room, the door was shut; there was no visible means by which he could have received this communication of madame's pleasure. We were delighted as well as astonished, and only waited to ask one question before entering her parlour. "There are so many rumors regarding madame, colonel, that one is almost driven to desperation in trying to select which is most probable. Can you tell us how old she is? We have heard that she is thirty, eighty, an hundred; that her countenance is so changeable that at one moment she seems a young girl, at another she seems an old lady. But the general tendency is to believe in her great age!" "Perhaps my sister will tell you," laughed the colonel, as he gave the requisite introductions to that stimable lady and two or three children, who were entering.

"Will you not say how old you think madame to be?" "I think it would be utterly impossible to determine; her age seems to me as mysterious as her character, for all I have known her so long and so intimately. Indeed, although I live in the same house with them," she added, "and see madame at any time, there are some subjects on which she is as non-committal as the Sphinx!" "What is your imagination of her person?" inquired the lady. "We have thought she might be tall, with a thick, compact figure, cold grey eyes, a broad face, a high forehead and light hair." "I declare," exclaimed Col. Olcott, "you must be a clairvoyant! This is a very fair description." Madame was seated in her little work-room and parlor, all in one, and we may add, her curiosity shop as well, for never was apartment more crammed with odd, elegant, old, beautiful, costly and apparently worthless things than this. She had cigarette in mouth and scissors in hand, and was hard at work clipping paragraphs, articles, items, criticisms and other matter from heaps of journals from all parts of the world, relating to herself, to her book, to the Theosophical society, to any and everything connected with her life, work and aims. She waved us to a seat, and while she intently read some article, we had a chance to observe the walls and furniture of this New York Lamasonry. Directly in the centre stood a stuffed ape, with a white "dickey" and necktie around his throat, manuscript in paw and spectacles on nose. Could it be a mute satire on the clergy? Over the door was the stuffed head of a lioness, with open jaws and threatening aspect, the eyes glaring with an almost natural ferocity. A god in gold occupied the centre of the mantel-piece; Chinese and Japanese cabinets, fans, pipes, implements and rugs, low divans and couches, a large desk, a mechanical bird which sang as mechanically, albums, scrap-books, and the inevitable cigarette-holders, papers and ashpots, made the loose, rich robe in which madame was appaerled seem in perfect harmony with her surroundings. A rare, strange countenance is hers. A combination of moods seems to constantly play over her features. She never seems quite absorbed by one subject. There is a keen, alert, subtle undercurrent of feeling and perception perceivable in the expression of her eyes. It impressed us then, and has invariably, with the idea of a double personality; as if she were here and not here; talking, and yet thinking, or acting far away. Her hair light, very thick and naturally wavy, has not a grey thread in it. Her skin, evidently somewhat browned by exposure to sea and sun, has no wrinkles; her arm and hand are as delicate as a girl's. Her whole personality is expressive of self-possession, command, and a certain *sang froid* which borders on masculine indifference, without for a moment overstepping the bounds of a womanly delicacy. Very, very old! Impossible! And yet she declares it is so; sometimes indignantly, sometimes with a certain pride; sometimes with indifference or impatience. "I come of a long-lived race. All my people grew to be very old. One of my

ancestors lived to be more than one hundred, and preserved all his faculties. You doubt my age? I can show you my passports, my documents, my letters for years back. I can prove it by a thousand things." She began to talk with us in a friendly and cordial manner, tinged with foreign nonchalance and piquancy combined. We explained that our errand was to pay our debts to the author of "Isis Unveiled," but our courteous speeches were hushed with a peremptory command to take a cigarette, which we gladly proceeded to do. The chat was naturally turned into that channel which leads to the great ocean of the unseen mysteries, and we were astonished at the rapidity and fluency of her speech. Her English is far better than the ordinary run of conversation in America, however, for it is absolutely correct; bookish, in fact. Her accent is not very marked. She said, "I can not get your English. I can not pronounce it."

"Why, madame," we replied, "there is hardly a scholar in New York who can equal your elegance of speech."

"Yes, yes, I know," she answered impatiently, "but your accent I can not get it!"

"How do you so preserve your looks, your health, madame? What magic recipe have you to keep your freshness, and all these evidences of youth? Our women of forty, however fat and fair, would sell their eyes, almost, for the knowledge! You must have drunk of the fountain of perpetual youth!"

"That is what we study for," she replied, quietly.

"Well, how long do you intend to live?" we added, laughingly.

"Oh! if no accident occurs, as long as I please; thirty, forty, or fifty years, perhaps. I don't know!"—in the most indifferent manner, as if it were a mere matter of her good pleasure.

"If all the stories we hear about you are correct, you must be the great mystery of the world yourself, madame! Why, do you know, we heard the other day that, instead of having an immense library, as we had supposed it was absolutely necessary you should have, since you quote from at least a thousand authors in twenty languages, you really have no library at all, but when you desire to make use of a passage, say, for instance, in some old Hindoo parchment, that all you have to do is to will it to appear before you, and there it is, ready to be copied! Then we have heard that it is not to be done in that way, but that you can send mental telegrams to brother adepts all over the globe, and they give you the desired information in the same way! Why, we presume, if an adept were in the planet Venus, and you desired his presence by your desk here, all you would have to do would be to mentally call him, and his astral body would cast its shadow on the floor!"

Madame seemed heartily to enjoy the speech. We defy, however, the keenest observer to have discovered whether we were, as one might say, "driving the nail home," or merely amusing her, with our half-badinage. She evidently does not wear her heart on her sleeve.

"Whether these rumours may be true or not," she remarked, serenely, after a singular little smile to herself, "there is certainly nothing supernatural in anything we teach. The wonderful things recorded in the 'Isis,' if they were produced at all, were produced according to the eternal laws. It is all natural, all scientific. You people do not know the laws of your own atmosphere, your own bodies, your own powers. That is all! We do. We have learned the mysteries of real wisdom from those who knew them before us. If you did but hold the key you would see there is nothing in our knowledge or our powers but what is natural and according to the plan of the universe. There never was a miracle, and never can be. What are called miracles were not so. They were produced by natural laws. One must have the gift of fine intellectual powers, moral purity and physical health to attain to the higher mysteries. Not all who live are immortal. Some will be annihilated. Their natural tendency is ever downward. It is inevitable. They can not go higher; they must go lower. Change of some kind constantly takes place. There are two progressions—upward and downward. Those who go downward in virtue, in experience, in taste, will be eventually blotted out and return into the elements. Those who live longest on this earth and ever advance upward will stand the highest when they enter the spiritual life. This is the preparatory school. There begins action."

"Of course, you believe in Spiritualism?"

"We admit the reality of mediumism and mediumistic phenomena, but discourage them unless under very strict precautions, as we think they tend to degrade the medium. Our views are not original—only those entertained by Eastern psychologists. We say that for a pure person to passively submit to the domination of unseen, unknown and uncontrollable influence, is to place himself in very great peril of corruption and ruin. The passive medium takes all the chances of control by the worst as well as the best spirits; in fact, the former class is far more likely to take control, for they are the most intimately connected with the earth. You could not be a medium!"

"Why not?" we questioned.

"Because you are in such perfect health. The elementaries could not control you!"

"Well, which is superior—to be or not to be a medium?"

"I can imagine nothing worse than to be one. They are always sickly, puny, with no

will, no character of their own. A poor, miserable set."

Glancing at a pile of letters which the servant had just brought, we exclaimed: "What an immense correspondence must be yours, madame! And in so many different languages! Tell us; what language do you think in?"

"In a language of my own, which is neither Russian, French, nor any you know."

"It may be in the Pythagorean numbers, who can tell; or in some dead language employed by races who had attained to a civilization of which the present phonograph may have been but the merest commonplace to them. Who knows but madame may sometime find a sheet of tin-foil in some future museum of 'recent excavation,' which she will run into her little instrument here and make talk to her in the very language of her thoughts!" The colonel said this with the mock solemnity of one very amusedly in earnest.

Madame laughed. When we write madame laughed, we feel as if we were saying, laughter were present! for of all clear, mirthful, rollicking laughter that we ever heard, hers is the very essence. She seems, indeed, the genius of the mood she displays at all times, so intense is her vitality. As she now opened her bag of letters, we immediately felt that this interview must end. "You will be quite welcome to come any evening," she exclaimed, busily tearing open envelope after envelope, "and no doubt you will meet many agreeable people. I want to show you my album, also, containing portraits of many of our friends in India," and here her face brightened as a man's does when he is far away from home, and speaks of the dear, beloved spot. "I want to tell you of them, and have you meet others who have lived in that grand country." We accepted the invitation with pleasure.

It was the following evening, after our introduction to various people, among whom were no Americans save Col. Olcott and ourselves, that madame displayed to us her much treasured album containing portraits of foreign members of the Theosophical society. It was, indeed, one of the finest collections of intellectual, cultured, refined faces, that it had ever been our pleasure to examine. Men and women of every nation were there represented. Every type of countenance, from the veteran English general to the Indian philosopher, with his delicate features, clean-cut, expressive countenance and wonderfully perfect form. The costumes were as curious as elegant; and in many cases characteristic of the persons who wore them. Here was a face, filled with self-will, command and power; here one poetic, imaginative and aesthetic.

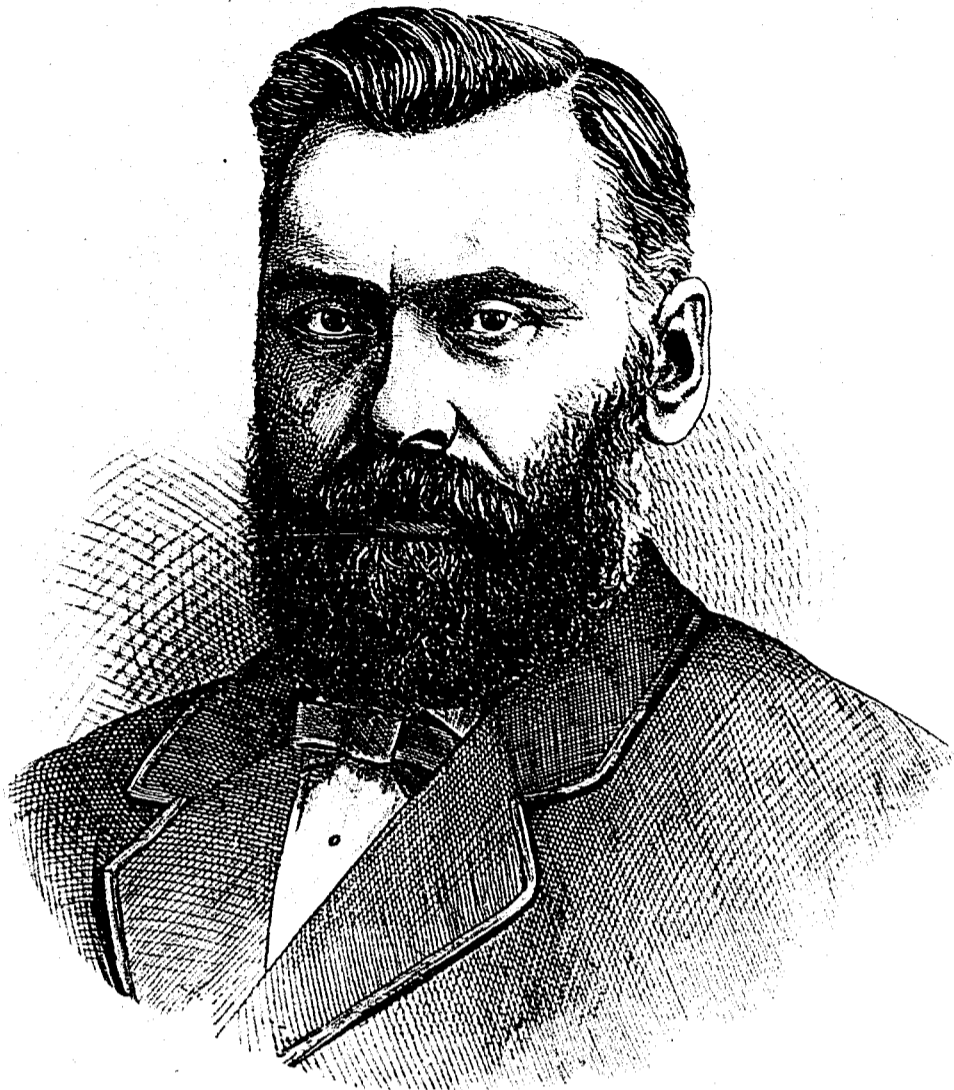
"India!" exclaimed madame, turning the leaves lovingly. "India! I love it. It is the country of my heart, my soul! Born in Russia, and of Russian parentage, my physical body may be claimed as of that country; but the land of my adoption, the home of my affections and ambitions, is grand old India, ancient of days!" The sparkle, the enthusiasm, of her mood was catching. Conversation was for a moment hushed. The eloquence of her intense emotion was felt by every one to breathe itself from eye, lip and hand.

The conversation becoming more general, we were held breathless, listening to the adventures and incidents happening to the narrators, and which are well worth reproducing. A young English colonel of her Majesty's service—regiment in India, who had been there three years, a perfect hercules in stature, and with a frank genial countenance—detailed the following tricks or phenomena, whichever we choose to call them: "I have seen many fakirs and jugglers perform inexplicable tricks, but I think the best I ever saw, and the most incomprehensible, was one which I am told madame perfectly describes in her book. A juggler in the open air, in the presence of a dozen of our officers, in broad daylight, and nude, excepting a cloth about his loins, took a melon seed which was presented to him by one of our number, and digging a little hole in the earth with his finger, thrust it in, and making some passes over it, the seed soon sprouted and put forth little leaves. It grew and grew, adding leaf after leaf, and flower after flower, until the flowers became fruit, and the juggler handed us the melons, and we cut them up and ate them, finding them very rich and sweet, all within the space of half an hour."

"Do you mean to assert that you ate them—ate fruit grown in half an hour?"

"I not only assert it, but can prove it by 20 witnesses. Why, it is not an uncommon thing at all. The powers of these Hindoos are perfectly marvellous! Here is another thing I saw—and not only I, but a crowd of us fellows—and it can be seen any day:

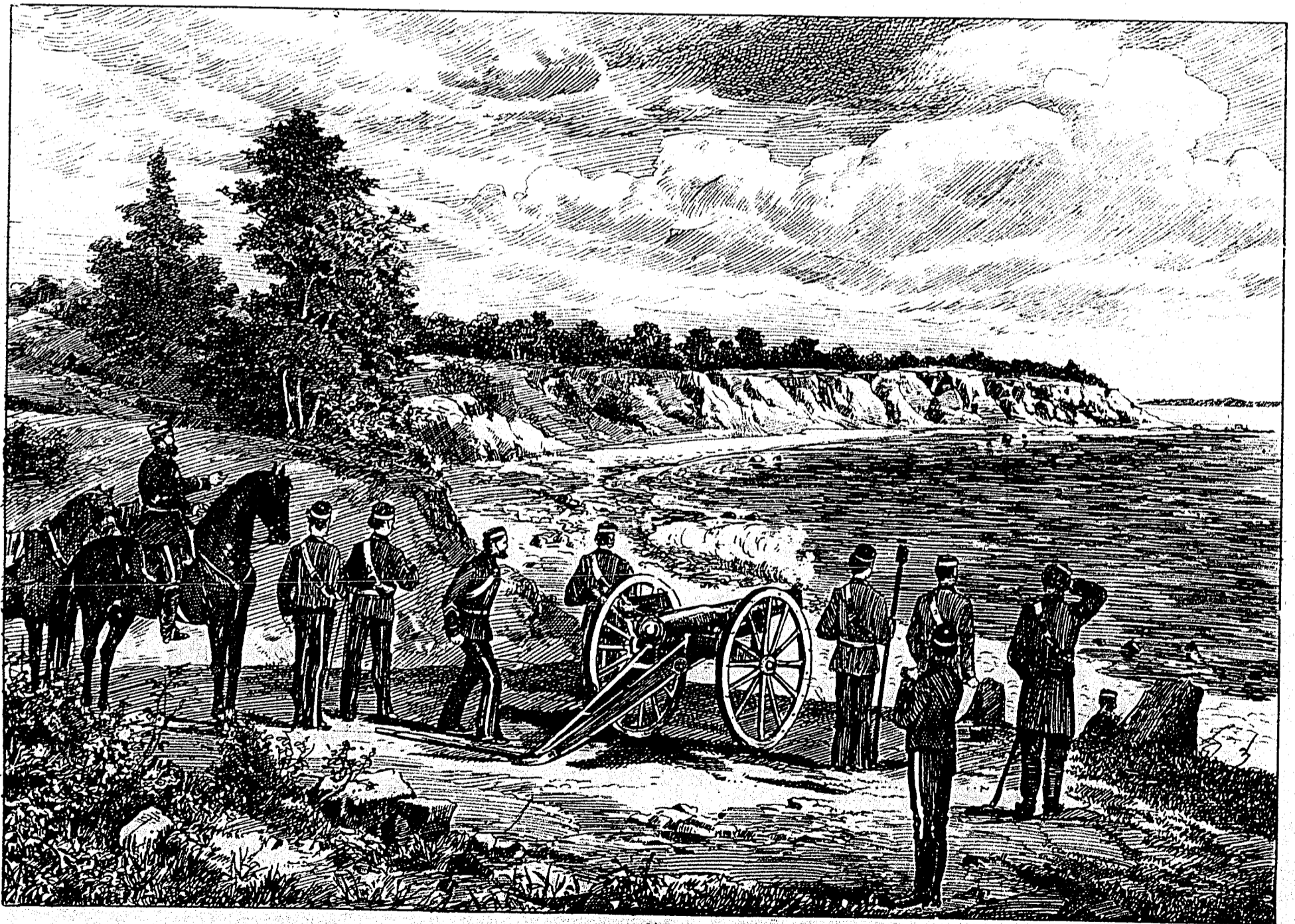
"One of these nude natives took a common ball of yarn, which we all examined, and holding one end, flung it up into the air. It went up, up, beyond our sight and remained so, our vision only following it perhaps thirty feet. He then told a native boy assistant, perfectly nude, to climb up the yarn. He did so, like a sailor going up a rope hand over hand. He also went out of sight. The juggler then pretended to be angry and called him down. As he did not obey, the native climbed up himself, and also disappeared, the end of the yarn still hanging to the earth. Pretty soon down fell an arm, then a leg covered with blood, and horrible to look at. The trunk of the boy soon followed, then the head and the remaining limbs. With inconceivable rapidity then came down the juggler, sliding on the yarn, and with a commanding gesture waving his wand over the severed members, they, as



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A PUNJAB REGIMENT.

it were, crawled together again, and became the living boy, absolutely whole and unharmed.

"I am delighted," cried madame, as he concluded, "that I find still another witness to the truth of my assertions regarding the peculiar exhibitions given by these people."

It was at this point that a charming English gentleman sought our corner, and remarked, quietly, "All this is very wonderful."

"Madame, my friend and myself were out one day looking about the stores, when she said she desired some of those illuminated alphabets which come in sheets like the little painted sheets of birds, flowers, animals and other figures so popular for decorating pottery and vases."

"No you need not," she answered. Then suddenly looking up, said: "Do you wish to see me make some?"

"Then my friend thought: 'If this is trickery, it can be detected. In one alphabet can be brought one letter of a kind. I will try her.'

"It makes no difference to me how I do it," she replied indifferently, and, placing her finger on the A, in a few seconds she took it up and handed him two A's joined together, as he desired.

"We were both astounded and lost in admiration. We examined these with the utmost care. They seemed as much alike as two peas."

THIRD VOLUME, SCRAP-BOOK, of the Theosophical Society, New York 1878. Their Tribulations and Triumphs.

"There," said he, pointing to the S in Scrap and the S in Society, "those are the letters, she used, and this is the one she made." There was no difference in them.

Space forbids further details of the odd, the marvellous, the inexplicable things which we have witnessed during subsequent visits to the "Lamasry."

MIXED UP.—An amusing incident happened on a New York and New Haven train the other day. When the train arrived at the depot in New Haven an old gentleman got up and started for the rear end of the car. He hadn't

gone but a few steps before the old lady who had been sitting with him, rose up with her hands full of knitting-work and followed him down the aisle, her hands extended. It was now noticed by the passengers that the old lady had placed her ball of yarn in his pocket.

TOO HOT FOR HIM.—During the Confederate War, one Jim was attached to Rosser's Cavalry, in Stewart's command. Jim was noted for his strong antipathy to shot and shell, and a peculiar way he had of avoiding too close communion with the same.

COCKLE'S SNUB.—During the reign of Louis-Philippe, the Duke de Morny—at that time simply count and a deputy—was invited one day, a contemporary tells us, to dine with a certain well-known banker, who was in the habit of bidding to his table all the deputies one after the other in alphabetical order and sequence.

Our Chess Column.—Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondent will be duly acknowledged. TO CORRESPONDENTS. J. W. S., Montreal.—Several valuable communications received. Thanks.

CAPTAIN MACKENZIE. We are informed that Captain Mackenzie, one of the great chess-players of the day, and a successful competitor in the late Paris Tourney, will arrive in Montreal as a visitor to the Montreal Chess Club about the 2nd or 3rd of next month, January.

During his sojourn in our city he will be the guest of Thomas Workman, Esq. Captain Mackenzie's fame as a player is well known to all chess-players, and there is no doubt his arrival in Montreal will be highly gratifying to the lovers of the noble game.

It is impossible to give full particulars as to arrangements which will be made in order that Canadian amateurs may enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the skill of our talented visitor, but we may hazard the statement that he may probably consent to play simultaneous games with the members of the Montreal Chess Club at the Gymnasium, Mansfield Street, and that the friends of each member of the Club will be invited as witnesses during the time the contests are being played.

The following statement from the Westminster Papers of the chief victories obtained by Captain Mackenzie in his past chess encounters, is a record which is justly said to be unsurpassed by that of any player, except the invincible Morphy.

Westminster Papers, Oct., 1878. 1. Won the first prize in each of the annual tournaments of the New York Chess Club during the years 1865, 1866, 1867 and 1868.

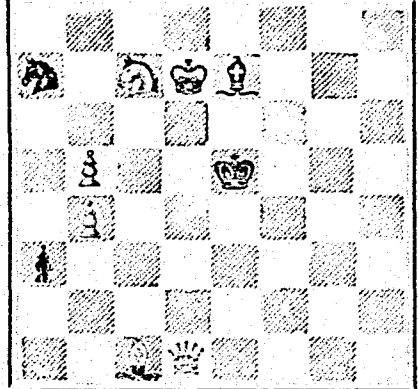
Captain Mackenzie's successes in Paris have been so recently chronicled in these pages, that it is unnecessary to recapitulate them here. Suffice it to say that he defeated the two principal prize winners, and when, through his accidental sort of draw with Herr Bischoff, his score was tied with that of Mr. H. E. Bird, he won the two deciding games, and carried off the fourth prize.

The British players require care still in order to maintain the lead. We hear that several games are likely to be scored by our American cousins within the next two months.

Makart, the great Viennese painter, is even more tactful than Von Meckle, the man who is silent in seven languages. An American who had been told that the best way to get on friendly terms with the artist would be to play chess with him at the cafe to which he resorted nightly, watched his opportunity, and when Makart's opponent rose, slipped into his chair.

An effort is being made in Philadelphia to secure Professor Allen's \$3,000 chess library. The library company of that city has offered to subscribe \$500 outright and to procure a further subscription of \$1,000, provided that the chess club can collect the remaining \$1,500 necessary wherewith to make the purchase.

PROBLEM No. 206. By W. ATKINSON, Montreal.



White to play and mate in three moves. GAME 327TH. CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Played between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. J. G. Foster, of Halifax, N.S. (Queen's Gambit declined).

WHITE—(Mr. Shaw.) 1. P to Q 4 2. P to Q B 4 3. P takes Q P (a) 4. P to K 3 5. Kt to Q B 3 6. P takes P 7. B to Kt 5 (ch) 8. P takes P 9. Q to K 2 10. P to K 6 (b) 11. Q takes B 12. B takes B (ch) 13. Kt to B 3 14. Castles 15. Q to K 2 16. Q takes P (ch) 17. B to Kt 5 18. Q to K 3 19. B takes Kt 20. Q R to Q sq 21. R to Q 7 22. R takes Kt P 23. P to K Kt 3 24. Q to B 4

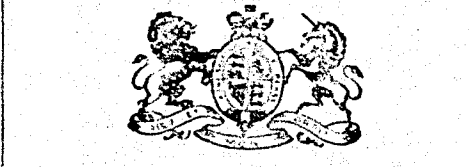
NOTES. (a) The capture of this Pawn in preference to the Bishop's Pawn is advised by Jaenisch, the Russian writer. (b) This advance is premature, and leads to the loss of the Pawn. (c) A good move. If P takes P, Black loses a piece by White's checking a K R 5. (d) Instead of this move to take the Q Kt P would be to make matters worse than they are. (e) We suppose Black had some reason for not taking the Bishop with the Rook. Taking with the P does not improve Black's position. (f) Black again wisely refrains from capturing the P, perceiving the danger of allowing White to place his Q at K R 6. (g) In order to obtain a draw by R takes Kt P check, &c. (A) A mistake, we suppose, Was K B sq meant? Any way, Black's game was lost.

GAME 327TH. (From the Derbyshire Advertiser, Eng., Dec. 5, 1875.) INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY GAME. As heretofore, we are indebted to Mr. Bryan, of Ayr, for the following game. The English player is Mr. Chatto, of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the Cambridge team in the Inter-University Annual Chess Match.

WHITE. (Mr. F. E. Bronsinger, Sara-Rev. J. T. G. Chatto (Canton Sprague, U.S.)) BLACK. (Chatto (Piano Opening)) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q B 3 5. P to Q 4 6. P to Q Kt 4 7. P to K 5 8. K B to Kt 5 9. B takes P 10. B takes Kt 11. P to Q R 4 12. Castles 13. R to R 3 14. Kt to B 3 15. Kt to K 2 16. B to Kt 2 17. Kt takes P 18. Q takes B 19. R to Q Kt 3 20. P to R 5 21. P to Kt 5 22. Q to Kt 4 23. Q to Q 7 24. P to K 6

Mr. Chatto here states, "It would have been as well to have tried the effect of 25 B to B 3 before resigning." He also directs attention to the mate which is threatened by the vanquished American—Q takes P ch. Black's best and winning reply to B to B 3 is Q takes R. That of Kt takes Q is very problematical in the result, probably leading to a draw. We recommend our readers to examine this move (Kt takes Q). The after play on both sides is full of interest, through Pawn taking B and threatening to Queen.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 204. WHITE. 1. Kt to K R 3 2. Mates accordingly. Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 202. WHITE. 1. P to Q B 2. Kt mates. PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 203. WHITE. K at K 3 B at Q B 5 Kt at Q sq Pawn at K R 5 Q B 2, 3 and 5, Q Kt 4 and Q R 2. BLACK. 1. Any move 2. K moves Pawn at Q B 3. White to play and mate in three moves.



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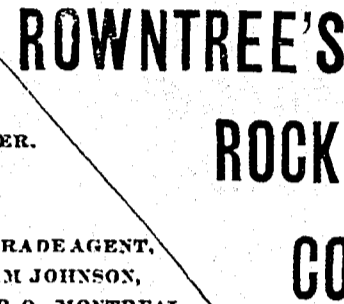
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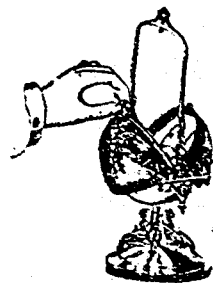
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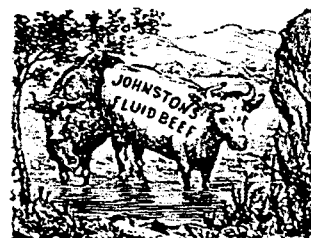
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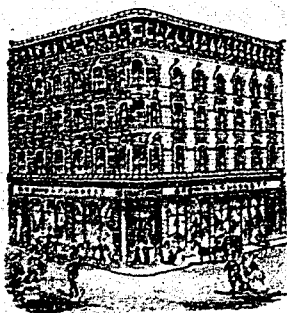
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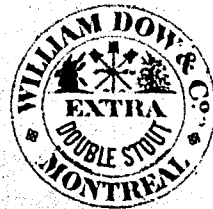
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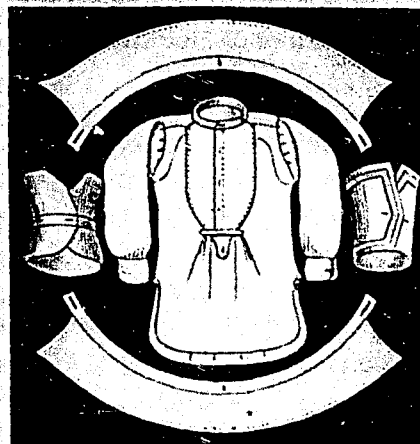
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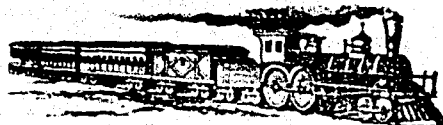
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