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Whitbread's News

Vol. XX.—No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1879.

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

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON



J. WESTON

CHRISTMAS WELCOME.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 6 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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

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

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

NEW YEAR NUMBER.

The next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will contain a number of pictures representative of the

NEW YEAR HOLIDAY.

Among these we may mention:

- AN ALLEGORICAL FRONT PAGE, NEW YEAR IN DIFFERENT LANDS, THE FATHER'S BLESSING ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING, THE LEGENDARY NEW YEAR.

This being the first number of the New Volume, our new Serial Story will be begun, as also a number of new and interesting literary features introduced.

AN OFFER.

Our readers are aware that the subscription price of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is \$4 paid in advance and \$4.50 if not paid in advance. In consideration that the times have been hard, and because we should like to begin the new year with as many clear accounts as possible, we have concluded to offer the following reduction:—

All subscribers who will pay up the arrears by the 1st January will be required to pay only \$4.00, the same as if they had paid in advance. After this notice any of our subscribers who do not accept these terms will lose a favourable opportunity of reduction, as the \$4.50 will have to be collected in all cases.

In connection with this offer we cannot too strongly impress upon our readers and patrons the propriety of assisting us as much as possible by prompt payments, and inducing their friends to subscribe, to make the NEWS more and more worthy of a permanent place in every household of the Dominion.

1880.

With the first number in January we begin the XXI. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and have the pleasure to inform our numerous friends that we have resolved to increase our efforts toward making it more acceptable than ever. The NEWS being first and foremost a pictorial paper, the artistic department will be materially improved, current events of interest being sketched and attention paid to all important incidents abroad. Our Canadian Portrait Gallery, now considerably over three hundred, and the only series of the kind attainable in Canada, will continue to be a leading feature. No pains will be spared to make the literary character of the NEWS equal to that of any journal in America. Original articles, stories, and poems will be contributed by several of our best writers. Different series of literary papers will also appear, chief among them being Pen Pictures of Canadian Statesmen, beginning with the Opening of Parliament, and Studies on the Literary Men of Canada, a work hitherto never attempted. The NEWS being the only illustrated paper and the only purely literary weekly in the Dominion, and having taken the field early at great expense, we solicit encouragement thereto as a national institution. Our friends are respectfully requested not only to renew their own subscriptions, but to engage at least one of their neighbours or acquaintances to try the paper for one year.

OUR NEW STORY.

Our readers will doubtless give us credit for our efforts to continue presenting them with original serial stories, in pursuance of the course we have followed till now. We have the pleasure to announce that, with the first number of January, we shall begin the publication of a new original romance, entitled:

CLARA CHILLINGTON,

OR THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF. A STORY OF 100 YEARS AGO.

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

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D.D., of Lindsay, Ont.

The scene of this very interesting story is laid on the Kentish coast, and the characters are representative of English life at the beginning of the century. The plot is full of interest, the incidents are well constructed, the tone is mainly and thoroughly English, while the style is often enlivened with very humor. The story will run through several months, and now is the time to subscribe.

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

Table with columns for Max, Min, Mean temperatures for Dec 21st, 1879 and corresponding week, 1878. Rows include Mon, Tues, Wed, Thur, Frid, Sat, Sun.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, December 27, 1879.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

This is the happiest season of the year, the season of retrospection on the one hand, and of renewed purpose for the future on the other. It is also the season of mutual congratulation, when the very air seems to thrill with kindness, as from the flutter of the angels' wings that bore the message of love:

"Glory to God unto the Highest, and Peace to good men upon the sea and land."

In unison with this spirit, we beg to offer our readers all that is contained in the old Saxon salutation: A MERRY CHRISTMAS. It seems the more natural to do this, as an editor becomes through his writings a constant acquaintance to his readers, and exchanges his thoughts and the fruit of whatever talents he may possess with their appreciation and good will. He has his shortcomings, his inequalities and other infirmities that cling to intellectual life, but these are generally condoned in the belief that he does his best to instruct and entertain. This year, too, there is a special appropriateness and pleasure in wishing our friends the enjoyments of the season. The times are perceptibly and unmistakably bettering; the dawn of prosperity is assured, and we may confidently look forward to an era of abundance. Providence has dealt kindly by us in a plenteous harvest, and even the hard lessons taught us by the long continued depression, may now be looked back to as so many blessings in disguise. Peace has reigned within our borders: scourges have been averted, and in our national life there is a degree of assurance and buoyancy which while it must stimulate our gratitude, casts a halo over the festivities of Christmas tide. We have devoted nearly the whole of the present number of the NEWS to matter connected with this beautiful holiday. Our pictures without exception, have reference to it, from the typical front page through different phases and scenes that are so familiar to all. We furthermore present our readers with a double-page supplement representing the Holy Family and surrounded with a number of emblematic representations and inscriptions. The next number of the NEWS will be largely taken up with pictures relating to New Year.

LONGFELLOW AT HOME.

A VISIT TO THE POET BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD—THE ASSOCIATIONS OF CAMBRIDGE.—AN HISTORICAL HOUSE.—HOW THE POEM OF "EVANGELINE" WAS WRITTEN.

Cambridge was wrapped in the Sabbath silence of the long vacation. As a stranger I had paced its half-deserted streets, and wondered what was what and who was who. As a novice in New England I found the associations that glorify Boston and the suburbs almost overpowering. When one has reason to fear that the next man he meets in the erratic streets of the Athens of America may be Wendell Phillips or Oliver Wendell Holmes, or some poet or philosopher of less prominence, he is very apt to withdraw into his shell, if he has a shell, and glance shyly out the corner of his eyes at the hallowed and higher life on the Atlantic coast. It is needless

to state that I was much impressed with the superior atmosphere pervading that chosen spot. I continued to wander, knee-deep in autumn leaves, among houses that were apparently deserted, until the burden of life became greater than I could bear, and I flew to the arms of a friend resident in Cambridge, where I sought and found relief. I had bravely recovered myself when the question of all questions was put to me, with kindly but stern emphasis—let us not forget that I was an alien on Puritan soil. The question was—what else could it have been in Cambridge? "Have you seen Longfellow?" I had not seen Longfellow. I was probably the only man in all Boston and its suburbs with two eyes in his head who had not seen Longfellow at some angle or another. "Why not see him?" was the next question. To be sure, why not? But how? "Go to his door, pull the bell, and ask for him," was the reply. I was directed to a street car heading for Longfellow's. The conductor was to discharge me at the right moment, so I put my trust in providence and my hands in my pockets, as is the custom in New England. The serene solemnity of the streets, the decorous deportment of the inhabitants, the immense superiority of everything appalled me. I grew nervous in the course of time; I ventured to approach the conductor and ask in a low voice if he knew where Mr. Longfellow lived. He did. You could see that he did before I uttered a syllable in reply. I said, meekly, "Will you kindly fire me out at the poetic threshold?" and sank into my seat in the corner. With a civility which froze my marrow and didn't the least remind me of the average street car conductor in San Francisco, I was dismissed at the right moment and pointed to a house, the outline of which has been familiar to my eyes from earliest childhood—and why not? It was Washington's headquarters, and I think it was pictured in somebody's primary geography. There were broad lawns, trim hedges, and elms, and elms, and elms. The neat fence and the house were as white as paint could make them. Even Washington could not fail to feel flattered by the care that had been bestowed upon this relic of the revolution. The gate swung open as if it were used to it. I approached the door and pulled the bell—or was it a knocker? A tidy woman answered my summons, and in a moment ushered me into the study of the poet. It has been described a thousand times. I don't know why I am chatting about that hour with the poet of the heart and hearth in these columns, unless it be with the hope that our interview may have drawn from him a few facts not commonly known. Nothing could have been more sweet and genial than his welcome. The man who is besieged by guests from the four quarters of the globe; guests who come to him at hours seasonable and unseasonable; guests who are to him absolutely unknown, who are readers and admirers of his poems, and who desire to see him for a moment; and then withdraw forever—the man who has his hours of study and hours of recreation, and who is continually interrupted by the unbidden guests above referred to, and who can at all times, as far as I know, receive this homage as amiable as Mr. Longfellow does, must be a very wholesome and whole-souled poet. It is a singular fact that Longfellow is more popular in England than Tennyson, the Laureate. Yet perhaps it is not so very singular. He sings like one whose heart has been warmed at the hearthstone. There is hardly a line of his but would rhyme with the chirp of the cricket; hearts are hearts, whatever blood quickens them, and he has touched the heart as no other poet of his day has. Need I say anything of the beautiful old house, beautifully furnished? The elaborately carved book-cases seemed to fill every nook and corner. On the desk, drawn out from the wall, stood the inkstand which he directed my attention to, the one that bears upon its ivory tablet this inscription: "Sumner Taylor Coleridge. His inkstand." A bronze Mercury was poised in ecstasy above it. Mr. Longfellow spoke of the "serene atmosphere" of his house. He himself was an embodiment of that serenity. With a word he made me quite at home. His hospitality was homelike. It seemed to me that no one could pay him a visit and depart unsatisfied. He led me from room to room, and evidently took pride in a homestead the associations of which are dear to every patriot. Of his many souvenirs, perhaps the one which interested me most was a painting of the abbe Liszt. When Mr. Longfellow first called upon the musical wizard it was night. He was escorted by an artist friend. The abbe, upon being summoned, met them in a doorway a lamp in one hand; he was shading his face with the other. A soft light fell upon his face, that stood out upon a background as black as midnight. Afterward the poet and the artist grew enthusiastic over the exquisite picture, and the painting in the poet's house was the gift of his artist friend. In a conversation it transpired that Mr. Longfellow, after publishing his first volume of poems and awakening the hopes of his friends, went to Europe for some years of travel. It was prophesied that his genius would rapidly mature, and his career was watched with jealous eyes. As is not uncommonly the case with poets, this transplanting of the poetic germ for a time seemed fatal. His muse grew coy. He went from land to land, the companion of poets; through climes that have given color to the poems of all ages, yet he could not sing. During his absence and for some years after he wrote little or no verse. It seemed to him that he was never again to tune his lyre. This poetical paralysis lasted for a dozen years or more. Mean-

while his pen was not wholly idle; "Outre Mer" and "Hyperion" were the outgrowth of his European experiences. But for the time being his "singing robes" were laid aside, or worn only at wide intervals, and then but for a moment. The reaction followed. The floods gathered and broke away, and from that hour his pen has seldom been at rest. Judging from the latest poems of Mr. Longfellow, it would seem that he has lost nothing of his grace with his increasing years, and that the individuality which has ever been his distinguishing feature is not likely to grow monotonous or wearisome. To those who believe in the inspirations of the moment, let me say that Mr. Longfellow had in mind for two whole years the theme of "Evangeline." He began it in hexameters, and showed a portion of it to his friends. At their advice he attempted to rewrite it in rhyme, but upon comparison it was agreed that the subject was better suited to hexameters, and the poem was completed in that form. Your poet is not a machine; there comes a time when his brain must be fallow. Mr. Longfellow works mostly in winter. His rest comes with the long days of sunshine, when nature is basking, and the only industrious creature on the face of the sweltering earth is the innumerable locust. His best hours are of course the first and the freshest in the day. It is likely, also, that he is less subject to interruption. But an interruption, barring the interruptor, can hardly be an annoyance to the home of the poet. From his study windows he looks down the lawn over the low fence and street upon a meadow, all his own and across which he gets a glimpse of the River Charles. No man may build there against his will and obstruct a view which has inspired his pen more than once. About him are the elms, the glory of Cambridge. If a poet's house have such a thing as a back yard about it, in Mr. Longfellow's case it must be a kind of Druidian grove, for the homestead seems to be lodged in the edge of a wood, within which there are nothing but dryads and piping fauns. What a house to come to? Yet the poet said he liked much to land in strange cities, where one may walk the street unobserved. It is, he said, as if one wore the cap of the invisible prince. This happy thought occurred to him after a day's jaunt, wherein he had not exchanged a syllable with any one who knew aught of him. He was about boarding a steamer, and paused in the middle of the gang-plank to chuckle over his absolute independence, when a friendly blow upon the shoulder nearly sent him overboard—an old acquaintance had run across him. The world is too much traveled! Of course I asked for the inevitable autograph. Mr. Longfellow said: "What shall I write for you?" I begged him to write some line of his own which he might have a preference for. He thought a moment; went to his desk, dipped the quill in Coleridge's inkstand, bowed his head one head, crowned with silver, his face beaming with loving kindness, and wrote:

Lives of great men all remind us - We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

I had heard it before. I had been reminded more than once of the possible sublimity that awaits every man. I had seen feet that, departing, might have left a print in adamant—but they didn't. As for sand, everybody knows that an impression on it may be covered by the drifts of a summer's zephyr, and the first wave washes it away forever; but the sentiment is unexceptionable, and the autograph is a heirloom; and, after all, is there any one whose life is likely to remind us more forcibly of the sublimity of patience, truth, purity and all the virtues, than that of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow?

AN EVENING SCENE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Here all is joy and all is light. The spider, with outstretched thread, Ties to the tulip's turban bright His circling tangle of silvery thread.

The quivering dragon-fly appears. Proud to behold her round dark eyes, Glanced in the liquid stream, that covers A world of breathing mysteries.

The full blown rose, grown young again, To blushing buds her love avows— The birds pour forth their evening strain Of melody from sunlit boughs.

Far in the woods, where silence dwells, The timid fawn securely dreams. Mid-meadal moss with velvet coils, Like burnished gold the beetle gleams.

Pale as some sweet consumptive maid, Regaling life the moon doth rise, Dispelless every cloud or shade With radiance from her opal eyes.

The wallflower, that to ruin clings, Now folios with the wandering bee; The furrow feels each germ that springs 'Neath the warm earth, and laughs with glee.

All lives, and plays its part with grace, The sunbeam on the portal's sill, The shadow on the water's face, The blue sky o'er the verdant bill.

Field, glen, and forest share the whole Of nature's ecstasy and rest— Fear nothing, Man! Creation's soul Knows the great secret, and is best.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.) A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

I. Long centuries ago, When slept the monster God of War, Sated with blood and woe, And earth had ease...

the proceedings as quietly and comfortably as might be. Whatever might be said of the comfort, the quiet was not easy to obtain. The storm brought with it a heavy swell, which made the ship reel and fro and stagger like a drunken man...

mention the fact at the manager's office, and the cook and waiters will be blown from the mouth of the cannon in front of the hotel at once. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoop sticks and hawkeys to bang the carved rosewood furniture...

THERE is always strong attraction in the fine art rooms at Scott's, Notre Dame street. This year it is unusually good, embracing, as it does, so many novelties in "Ceramics" and decorative art goods. It is a positive treat to visit these rooms.

A WINTER PASSAGE OF THE ATLANTIC.

THE LAST TRIP FROM QUEBEC FOR THE SEASON. OFF CAPE RACE, Nov. 25.—Cape Race has just sunk beneath the horizon, and we are fairly on the North Atlantic. I take the pen to write you a few lines, but you may not find them easy to read, for the long swells make the good ship Polynesian reel in all directions.

AN ACCOMODATING HOTEL.

The following satirical hit on the frequenters of hotels may not be without interest to our readers: The Accommodation Hotel has been built and arranged for the special comfort and convenience of the travelling public.

HEARTH AND HOME.

FAVOURS.—Under no circumstances, if you can avoid it, ask a favour, not even from your nearest and dearest friends. Give as many as you can, and, if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for or stand waiting for any.

MONEY IN MARRIAGE.

Is strong love on both sides necessary to a happy marriage? I think not, if there be plenty of money on one side or other to smooth away the difficulties which bristle on the path of life.

BREVITIES.

IN shirts, gloves, and underwear there are strong inducements offering by Geo. Bond & Co., 415 Notre Dame street.

THE ELEGANT PIANO AND MUSIC ROOMS OF MR. GOULD.

BEARER HALL SQUARE, are an earnest of the appreciation of the "art divine" in the city of Montreal. It were hard to discriminate in the splendid instruments of such makers as Decker Bros., Steinway, Chickering, Gabbler and Emerson that may be seen here.

SPEAKING OF MUSICAL MATTERS.

there are few, if any, instruments before the public that have so impressed leading musicians and critics with its compass, wonderful power and purity of tone, as has the Weber Piano.

COCOA.

Tea, coffee and cocoa all contain much in common, but cocoa is the most nutritious beverage of the three, and the one which approaches nearest to milk in its ultimate composition.

DICKENS' CHILDREN.

Of Charles Dickens, the novelist, there are now surviving five children. His eldest son bears the same name, and is the proprietor of All the Year Round.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE.

"You were children once,
Just girls and boys;
No one would think it,
But you
once had
toys."



This is the children's hour for romp and play
You wish that you were children I dare say.
You grown-ups had your fun, oh! long ago;
Can't eat your cake and have it too, you know.
I'm sorry for you: you've been very kind
We'll give you some of ours: never mind.
Some day, a long way off, when, goodness knows,
We shall grow old and sober I suppose
Like you:—do nothing wrong, nor misbehave.
Well, you were children once, just girls and boys,
No one would think it, but you once had toys.
Long time ago you used to suck your thumbs,
Eat cakes in bed and fill it full of crumbs.
You once made taffy, and you never thought
The day could come when taffy would be brought,
And you not care to eat. You must feel bad,
Poor dear old grown-ups, for that's very sad.
Once too you all liked jam and cakes and tarts,
(Oh yes, you did, dear, bless your little hearts!)
Played marbles, tore your Sunday things, climbed trees,
Had holes or darns or patches at your knees:
And washed and dressed your dolls, and had such fun
With grand doll's dinners made of half a bun,
Three lumps of sugar, and some orange peel,
A bunch of raisins,—such a funny meal.
Then you went out to parties, just like us:
(Of course I don't mean grown up people's fass,
But children's parties, just from six to nine,
With tea, sponge cake, and jam, and currant wine.)
Dressed in white frocks with sashes blue and pink,
For all the world like us. Why, only think!
You played at Hunt in Slipper Blindman's Buff;
And thought the evening never long enough.
Your magic lantern, Christmas trees, with, oh
Such lovely presents on the boughs, you know!
Do you remember how you went to sleep
With such a lot of pretty things to keep?
The biggest dolly cuddled to your side,
Dressed all in white because she was a bride,
A tiny set of tea things at your head,
A splendid box of soldiers made of lead;
A bag of sweets, a gun, a picture book.—
Well that's just how, I'm sure, we children look.
Perhaps, some Christmas, if you're very good,
Old Santa Claus will come again, I would,
And fill your stockings too with sweets and buns,
Because you don't forget his little ones.
Well, so you want to play with us, all right,
We'll just pretend you're children for to-night,
So now, be good,—(as good as you can be
That is) and you shall see what you shall see.

Ottawa.

FREDRICK A. DIXON.



You grown-ups had your fun, oh long ago;
Can't eat your cake and have it too you know.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The art of giving and receiving presents is not an intuition. People may make great failure of it, even with a purse full of money. And yet there are few more charming sensations than that of buying a present and of receiving one, especially when it is bought in that royal spirit which has no other idea than that of spending every cent we can spare, and received in that spirit of conspicuous enjoyment which marks a frank and liberal nature.

Everybody with a few dollars to spare gives a present at Christmas. As a method of expressing the good-will which the season represents, it is more in consonance with the refinement of our age than the boisterous effusion of earlier epochs. But it is so hard to know what things are suitable to give, and this is particularly the case where the recipient is to be a father, brother, or lover.

Gentlemen do not care for the petty trifles and decorations that delight ladies; and as for real necessities, they are very apt to go and buy anything that is a convenience just as soon as it is discovered. Knickknacks, articles of china, etc., are generally useless to them; they do not know where to put them or what to do with them. We saw a gentleman last Christmas receive from his niece an inkstand in the shape of a dog's head. To use it at all was to lift off the half of the head, and make a monstrosity of it. Even if a person could persuade himself to sit and write before such an object, it held so little ink as to be practically a great trouble, and he would gladly have exchanged the thing for the commonest common-sense inkstand. Another lady gave her brother a carved hunter whose quiver held a few wax matches. Of course, a box of ordinary lucifers would have been far



GATHERING FAGOTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

more convenient. Books are the most unexceptionable of holiday gifts; but there is always the danger, in choosing standard works, that the recipient may have them already, in his favorite binding, in his own library. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that men prefer books substantially bound in sober morocco or calf to the dainty, fanciful volumes which tarnish in the first reading. Then, again, a lady can not give a gentleman a gift of great value, because he would certainly feel bound to return one still more valuable, and thus her gift would lose all its grace, and retain only a selfish, commercial aspect.

What, then, shall she give? Here is a woman's advantage: she has her hands, while men must transact all their present-giving in hard cash. She must give something that represents her own life, and breathes of the qualities and tastes of the giver. She can hem him some fine handkerchiefs—gentleman always want handkerchiefs—and in order to give them intrinsic value, if their relationship warrants such a favor, she can embroider the name or monogram with her own hair. If the hair is dark, it has a very pretty, graceful effect, and the design may be shaded by mingling the different hair of a family. We know a gentleman who for years lost every handkerchief he took to his office; at length his wife marked them with her own hair, and he never lost another. Such gifts are made precious by love, time, and talent.

The bare fact of rarity can raise an object, commercially valueless, to an æsthetic value. Souvenirs from famous places or of famous people, a bouquet of wild thyme from Mount Hymettus, an autographic note of some great personage, an ancient Jewish shekel or



CHRISTMAS SERVICE AT MIDNIGHT.

Roman coin, some piece of unique or curious workmanship from Indian isles or Hindoo bazaars, etc.—all such things are very suitable for presents to gentlemen and will be far more valued than pins, studs, etc., which only represent a certain number of dollars and cents.

Generally speaking, a gift needs only to be wisely chosen to be as acceptable now as it was in the days of Solomon. Children may teach us a lesson on this subject worth noting. They class their presents under two great heads—those valuable enough to be stored away in their little repositories for precious things, and those tacitly condemned to be destroyed—the pleasure in the latter case consisting in the fun of destroying them.

Now all adult presents are either useful and valuable, or else they are intended to perish in the using. The latter class are by no means poor presents. Among them must be named flowers, always a suitable gift, because they are "an assertion that beauty outlives all the utilities in the world." Another expression of this class of presents is something good to eat. There is no greater mistake than to suppose such presents are not welcome. None bring the giver more pleasantly to mind, and if the satisfaction is short, it is at least genuine and unalloyed. Why should there not, also, be a touch of as graceful sentiment in sending a friend a case of wine of exceptionally rare bouquet as in sending him a case of silver spoons?

Perhaps these gifts are best which are acceptable from their fitness, which are little helps and facilities, and fit into a need. It is easy to believe in the kindness of a Christmas wish that is father not only to the thought, but to a pretty dress or cloak, or to some little luxury which the receiver has longed to possess, though perhaps is not justified in purchasing for herself. Such presents as these show a thoughtful and pains-taking affection; they have cost time and consideration as well as money, and have a peculiar flavor of sympathy and good nature about them.

The expression of pleasant emotions naturally falls into pleasant and graceful forms, but if a sentiment of respect is also to be conveyed, then the gift should not only be beautiful, but also as valuable as the donor can afford.

Never undervalue your own gift; if it is poor, you should not have offered it at all. Avoid also such pretences as, "I could get no better." "It was all I had," etc.; and never ask, "How did you like it?" or, "Does it fit?"

If you give a book, do not write any names or elaborate inscription in it, unless you are certain, first, that the book will be well received; second, that the gift will be rendered more valuable by such autographic display of affection.

Truly we ought not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but we have no right to give things away because we have no use for them ourselves. When a thing is not good enough for its present possessor, ten to one it will be of no service to a friend. It may, indeed, be given to the poor; but charity is not friendship. It is a real hardship to have to say, "Thank you" for what we do not want, and for what we know has cost the giver neither money nor sacrifice of any kind.

Do not give a person who is socially your equal a richer present than she is able to give you. She will be more mortified than pleased. Between equals it is often as elegant to disregard cost and depend on rarity, because gold can not always purchase it. Still, between very rich people, presents should also be very rich, or else their riches are set above their friendship and generosity.

Never refuse a present except under very peculiar circumstances. However humble or valueless the gift, accept the good will that dictated it. Acknowledge the receipt of a present without the least delay, but do not follow it by an immediate return; it would impart to the gift an appearance of investment or exchange.

No person ought to give a present who is apt to retain a lively memory of her own munificence. Whatever the receiver feels, the donor must not remember it is an obligation. It takes as liberal a nature to receive as to give—not to show hesitation, not to be churlish, and think immediately of having to give one in return, not to be sensitively annoyed at the obligation, but to accept it with frank pleasure, to look upon it as so much gain—not in goods, but in good-will—and to be glad of the privilege it accords to express our own feelings in a similar way.

But they who would know the full measure of delight in giving, and see the perfection of grace in receiving, presents, must give gifts to little children. In their reception there will be no doubt, no affectations, and no suspicious considerations. Now all children expect presents at Christmas, and their desire is mainly for toys. It is a wise desire, and ought to be gratified, for toys are the alphabet of life, and through them they learn what poetry and property mean. Other things will be played with, broken, and thrown away in after-years, but they make their first experiments in the art of living with toys.

No toys are so good for bright, inquisitive children as magnetic and mechanical ones. A toy that has nothing moveable about it soon wearies a child; after the eye is satisfied, if it can not pull it about, and pull it to pieces, it is a delusion. Then toys which excite wonder and speculation, for through wonder children attain unto knowledge. Make up your mind that

toys are bought to be deliberately destroyed. A child is haunted by an undying eagerness to know the causes of things; hence the doll is mercilessly gouged, and the lamb torn to pieces. Don't scold if this is done—as it nearly always is—in secret. "The youngest child has an inherited idea that all attempts to see below the surface of things will be frowned upon by the party of order."

Though these are such earnest and intellectual days, it is a mistake to give children nothing but books. But if books are chosen, then buy those that appeal to the imagination. Reason will soon enough turn them out of that world of splendid impossibilities, but they will be much the better for every visit to it. For the imaginative faculty is the precursor of the understanding faculty; the mind must be formed before it can be filled, and imagination is the creative power. "Wouldst thou plant for eternity," says Carlyle, "plant into the deep faculties of man, his fantasy and his heart. Wouldst thou plant for a year and a day, then plant in his shallow faculties his self-love and his arithmetical understanding."

Still it would be a dull Christmas if all the children sat reading Christmas books; therefore buy them plenty of playthings: as before said, they are the alphabets of life. Much of the existence of three-year-olds consists in raids and recoveries of toys. A child who can not take care of his toys in babyhood is likely enough to fail in more important things in after life, while the little ones who can keep their own, and have no objections to those of others, who can play with them cheerfully, and are not too curious about what is below the surface, have already in them the elements of successful men and women.

THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS.

A TALE OF MONTREAL.

BY W. S. HUMPHREYS.

I.

COLD AND WARMTH.

It was Christmas Eve! And such a Christmas Eve! The thermometer ranged somewhere below zero; the wind seemed to search all through your thick coverings, and find its way to the very marrow of your bones; the frozen particles of snow that were blowing about dashed in your face like a shower of needles and pins, making locomotion altogether unpleasant,—making one long to be snugly at home in a nice cozy room, with slippers and dressing gown on, and no further to go than to the bedroom, where, safe in the arms of Morpheus, one forgets that there are such things as cold, snow, ice or wind.

Such were my thoughts as I wended my way along Notre Dame street, fast as the elements would permit me, when I was suddenly arrested by feeling a gentle touch on my arm, and hearing a childish voice utter in plaintive tones:

"Help, sir, help!"

I paused in my walk, and glancing down saw a little mite shivering before me, and thought to myself what a night for a little one like this to be abroad!

By the light of a shop window I saw that the child was very thinly clad. Her little bare hands were blue with cold, and she was vainly trying to cover them over with a thin muffler around her neck. On her head she wore a thin cloud, wrapped around her face, her little nose and ears peeping out, exposed to the wintry blast. She had no cloak, and her little feet were encased in a pair of thin prunella boots, with no stockings. Altogether a pitiable looking object, but withal she was scrupulously clean, in strong contrast with the generality of beggars one meets on the streets.

"Help, sir, help!"

Again the childish voice falls on my ear. It was not a coarse, rough voice—a voice used to asking alms—but a gentle, timid little voice as of a child who was asking something she had never asked for before—as though she was half ashamed of what she was doing, almost telling one that nothing but dire necessity had driven the little one to say:

"Help, sir, help!"

I instinctively put my hand in my pocket to draw out a coin, and handed it to the child, who half hesitated on receiving it, leading me to remark:

"What can bring a little one like you out on such a night as this?"

"Oh, sir," she answered, in truthful tones, "mother is lying sick at home, with nothing to eat,—no fire in the stove,—and it is so cold."

"Poor little thing; where does your mother live?"

"On St. Mary street, a long way down. Oh, sir, will you come and see mother? Will you not get a doctor to see if he cannot do something for her. She is so ill, and I have no money and do not know what to do for her. Do come, sir; do come!"

What could I do. The accents of the little one were so pleading that, had I been made of stone, I could hardly have resisted, so I took the child by the hand, and said:

"I will come with you, little one; I am a doctor myself, and perhaps I may be able to do something for your mother, who must be ill indeed to allow her child to be out on such a night as this, so thinly clad, too. How cold your little hand is—like a lump of ice," I continued, for I felt the cold even through my thick woolen

glove, which I took off, giving it to the child and telling her to make a muff of it for her hands.

"Oh, no, sir, I am not cold now you are coming to see my mother. I am so glad. I know you will make her well," and the little one ran along by my side quickly, as though anxious to get to her mother's side as soon as possible.

"You say your mother has nothing to eat. Had we not better get something as we go along? What can we get?"

"Bread, sir, we have had nothing but bread for the last two weeks, and nothing at all since last night."

Imagine, you who live in luxury, here is a woman and a child who have not had even a crust of bread for twenty-four hours! I thought to myself, and wondered how many more there were in the city who were likewise starving. My profession leads me into many scenes of poverty, but I had never come across such a one as this, and my heart went out to the little one, and I mentally resolved that she should not want bread as long as I had a crust myself.

Entering a grocer's we purchased bread, butter, some bacon, tea, sugar and a few other articles, and then proceeded rapidly onward, the little one at my side apparently becoming happier as we neared her home.

"How shall we cook the bacon, sir?" she said. "We haven't a stick of wood left."

The question rather puzzled me, for I did not know where to purchase firing, but after a little thought I concluded to get a few bundles of kindling wood in the meantime, after which we hurried forward once more, and did not pause again till we reached a dilapidated old wooden house, three stories high, at which we stopped, the little one saying:

"This is the house, sir, I will go in first, get a light, see how mother is, and tell her I have got some one to see her. Oh, sir, I am so glad you came," and the child caught hold of my hand, kissed it and ran upstairs.

I entered the porch and waited for the little one's return, wondering what would be the end of my adventure.

I had not long to wait.

"Come up, sir, please," said my guide.

I groped my way in the darkness and managed to ascend the first flight of stairs, at the top of which the little one took my hand and guided me to the next, which we ascended; then a third, the stairs creaking with our weight at every step, and the place seeming to smell mustier and damper the higher we got. At the head of the last flight was a long dark passage, which we traversed, the little one still holding my hand, until presently there is a faint glimmer of light escaping from a half open door, at which I pause for a moment. The child entering first and bidding me follow, I enter the apartment, my eye involuntarily gazing on such misery as I had never looked on before and such as I hope never to see again.

The room—if it can be dignified by such a name, for it was nothing better than a barn—was not much more than three yards in length and a little less in breadth. The walls were paperless, the ceiling was plasterless, the naked rafters looming overhead, covered with frost, and in many places the sky could be seen through great cracks, letting in the cold night air, and making one shiver the moment of entry.

In one corner, on a dilapidated bedstead, with scarcely anything covering her emaciated form, lay the wreck of a woman. Her features, though drawn and contracted by disease and hunger, must at one time have been very beautiful. Even now the fire had not all left her eye, nor the beauty her cheek, and notwithstanding her surroundings, any one looking at her as I was doing, would instinctively come to the conclusion that she had seen better days.

The only furniture in the room, besides the bed, was a rickety chair and a table, upon which was a tallow candle stuck in a bottle, which shed a sort of ghostly light around the room. An open grate was on one side, but the fire had all burnt out, leaving nothing but ashes, which made the place look even more wretched than it otherwise would have done. A hasty glance sufficed to show me all this.

"Oh, mamma," said the child, "this is the kind gentleman who has come to see you, and he has brought such a lot of things; and he is going to make you well, I know. May I light a fire, sir?" she said, turning to me.

I immediately assented and while the little one was thus engaged I drew near to the sick woman, who seemed to cover a approached and endeavored to cover up her face with the scanty bed covering, but finding it impossible she held out her hand to me. Took the hand and while I professionally felt the pulse, a thrill seemed to pass through my frame, and I examined the face on the wretched pillow more closely than I had hitherto done, and gazing I seemed to recollect the features; something seemed to tell me that I had known them in the far-away past, and I was puzzling my brain to think where I had seen the face before, when

"John, do you not know me?"

The voice I knew! The features may have been altered almost past recognition, but that voice could never alter, and though it was twenty-five years since I had heard the silvery tones, and the place three thousand miles away, and the surroundings far different, still the voice was the same and I knew it. I could not forget it. It will go with me to my grave.

"Emily! Great heavens! In such a place! What has brought you to this!" I exclaimed, sinking on my knees beside the bed.

"It is too long a story to tell you now, and I

have not the strength to tell it. But do you not shrink from me? Remembering how I left you years ago, surely you will do nothing for me now. Leave me and let me die, but, oh! do not reproach me."

"Reproach you? no. Although my heart was nearly broken at the time, I cannot reproach you, neither can I shrink from you. But we must have you out of this wretched place, and get some warmth in your half frozen body. Your hands are like stones."

"I am not so cold now. All I ask is your forgiveness, then to be left alone to die."

"For all the injury you did me I have forgiven you long ago; but you must not talk of dying. What will become of your little child if you should be taken away?"

"Ah! that is what troubles me. Who will take my little one when I am gone?"

"Mamma, mamma, look at the nice fire," broke in the child, who had been so much engaged that she had not noticed what had transpired, but turning round and seeing me on my knees with her mother's head supported in my arms, she ran toward us, exclaiming:

"I knew the gentleman would make you well; you look better already."

"Yes, dear; he is noble, generous and good, and I will try to get well for your sake," she answered, pressing her finger on her lips,—a sign that I understood.

"In the first place, then," said I, "you must have some food, after which the sooner you are away from this wretched building the better it will be for both of you."

"But where am I to go?" wailed the poor woman.

"Leave that to me," I answered, and then went to work to help the child in her humble preparations to prepare a meal. After everything was ready I said:

"While you are making what sort of a meal you can, I will go and arrange for your removal to more comfortable quarters. I hope to see you more cheerful on my return. Don't you want to leave this cold place for a nice warm room, little one?" I added, turning to the child, who was in the act of pouring out a cup of tea for her mother.

"Oh, yes, sir, if mamma comes with us."

"Mamma shall come with us, and we will try to put a little color in her pale cheeks. But take care of her while I am away."

And I hastened out, with "Heaven will bless you" ringing in my ears from the lips of the sick woman.

Once more in the street I hailed the first passing sleigh, and telling the driver to make as much haste as possible to my residence in St. Catherine street west, I was whisked quickly over the snow, the sharp air seeming to have infected the horse, who dashed along at full speed, soon landing me safely at my door, when telling the carter to wait for me I hastened in, and soon explained matters satisfactorily to my landlady, and in less than half an hour she was ready to accompany me with a good supply of wraps, and we were again whisked back to St. Mary street.

I entered the room first, and telling Emily what I had done, introduced Mrs. Jones to her, and left them together to make necessary preparations for departure.

The snow had now stopped falling, the wind had abated and the moon was endeavoring to show herself between the clouds, and as I stood waiting for my charge my thoughts began to wander back to such a night in the far-off past, in a far-off country, amid different scenes. I was young then, the accepted lover of one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my lot to meet. We were happy. I thought my happiness was too great to last—and was not mistaken, for in twenty-four hours all was changed and I was one of the most wretched men in the universe.

But—

"Dr. Dolmar," interrupted the voice of my landlady, "we are all ready. Please come and help the lady downstairs."

I hastened up the three flights of steps, and gathering Emily safely in my arms, soon had her in my sleigh, and assisting in little Nellie (as I was informed was the name of the child) and Mrs. Jones, the horses were started, the sleigh-bells tinkled merrily and we were hurried rapidly on our homeward journey.

I turned to speak to Emily but found she had fainted, so gathering the wraps around her closely we made the distance from St. Mary street to St. Catherine street silently, with the exception of the childish prattle of Nellie to Mrs. Jones, with whom she was already a favorite.

Arrived once more at my home I carefully conveyed Emily into the parlor, and placed her gently on a lounge, just as she was returning to consciousness, and after dismissing the carter, assisted my landlady in fully restoring her.

"Oh, John," were the first words she uttered, "how can I ever repay you for what you have done? When you have heard my story you will spare me from your door. I ought not to have allowed you to bring me here. It will only add to my sorrow in the end."

"Well, Emily, my dear, don't think of the end. Only think of the present, let the past take care of itself. If I am to hear your story let it be when you are sufficiently recovered to tell it me. Now I want you to go with Mrs. Jones, who will do all she can to make you comfortable, and we will talk about other matters in the morning, or whenever you are well enough to do so."

I hastened to her side, helped her to arise, wished her a hearty good-night, and was turn-

ing away when I felt a little hand in mine, and looking down I saw little Nellie with her face raised to mine as though expecting a caress. I lifted her in my arms and kissed her good-night, the little one running away apparently as happy as a lark. Such is youth.

I turned into my study, drew a chair to the fire and was once again with the past, when the joyous notes of the Christmas carollers fell softly on my ear, and going to the window I joined in the song:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

And as the glorious notes of the hymn floated on the midnight air, I felt a calm stealing over me. The Past is forgotten, and I see the hand of an All-Wise Providence in leading me to go with the little child to that humble dwelling, and in rescuing from want one whom I had known in happier days. And I sing:

All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace:
Good will becometh from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

II.

EMILY'S STORY.

Christmas Day! And a glorious Christmas Day it was. The storm of the previous evening had passed away, the clouds had vanished, and the morning opened bright with sun-shine, the air clear and frosty—a truly Canadian winter day.

I was early astir, and hurriedly dressing hastened downstairs to the breakfast room, my thoughts reverting to the scenes of the night before; and glancing at the bright sunshine my heart seemed lighter than it had been for many a day. I seated myself at my little table and commenced to play, the only air that would come to my mind being that of the glorious Christmas carol that sounded so joyously on my ears the night before.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground.

and as I played, joining my voice to swell the melody, I heard timid little notes mingling with my own, and turning saw that Nellie had entered the room.

But how different she looked! Her rags had been replaced by more becoming robes, her little feet were now covered with neat warm stockings, and her hair had been nicely combed. Truly I should not have known her but for her voice.

Seeing that I was looking at her she came timidly to my side, and putting up her little face for a kiss wished me "a merry Christmas."

I took the little one on my knee, gave the desired salute, and was questioning her in regard to her mother, when the lady entered.

But how altered! If the child was changed, how much more so was the mother. Good food, warmth and a comfortable night's rest had indeed made a wonderful change.

She was still very weak, and I hastened to her side to assist her to a sofa, after which she held out her hand to me, saying:

"Dear John, if I may call you so, how can I ever repay you for all you have done for me?"

"By saying nothing about it," I interrupted.

"Permit me to wish you a merry Christmas, coupled with a hope that long before another Christmas comes round you will be fully restored to health."

She tried to answer me, but I could see that the effort was too much for her, and immediately changed the subject by saying:

"It is time we had breakfast. I wonder what my landlady is doing to keep us so long waiting?"

"I am afraid I am to blame," said Emily. "She has been with me for the last hour, helping me in every possible way, else I fear I should not have been able to be down."

Further conversation was put a stop to by the entrance of May bringing in the breakfast, for which I was quite ready, and which, notwithstanding Emily's weak state, was a merry meal, little Nellie ably seconding me in my efforts to cheer up her mother, and we were partially successful, for after the meal was over I had the satisfaction of hearing Emily say that it was the best and happiest meal she had eaten for years. And there was a smile on her face as she said it—a smile that took me back to former years—many years ago.

"And now, John," said Emily, when I had once more helped her to a sofa, and taken a chair by her side, with Nellie on my knee, "I cannot consent to longer share your hospitality till you have heard my miserable story. If you can give me your attention for a little while I will make it as brief as possible, for the story is painful to me, and I fear would bury the past, but justice to you compels me to let you know the reason of my mysterious disappearance twenty-five years ago, and what has transpired in the interval."

I tried to dissuade her, telling her that if the past was painful to her it was equally so to me, and I was willing to forget it; but she insisted, and I finally consented to hear her story; so, after giving little Nellie some pictures to amuse her, I took my seat by the side of Emily, who began:

"It is unnecessary for me to tell you of my childhood's home, of my father and mother, for I doubt not you remember them almost as well as I do. As you know, I was an only child, the heiress of vast wealth, and as such patted and

given way to in everything. My lightest wish was gratified, and as I grew up I became proud and arrogant, looking down on my inferiors and thinking every one beneath me who was not one of fortune's favorites. Your father's estate joined ours, and it was the wish of our parents that we should be married and thus unite the two estates. Everything seemed to progress favorably. You, I know, loved me, and I—although my love was not so deep as yours—I loved you until there arrived in our peaceful village Count Sorloff, the dashing Russian."

"What," I interrupted, "is it possible you went away with that adventurer?"

"Adventurer, yes, I know now. But let me tell my story in my own way. The Count came into our village like a meteor, taking me by storm. His dashing manner, brilliant conversational powers and stories of magnificence in his native country fairly dazzled me, and I met him clandestinely several times—deceiving everybody,—you, my parents and myself. Yes, myself more than any body else. While I was meeting the Count in this way preparations for our marriage were proceeding rapidly, and I knew I was powerless to stop them, for my father, who, like many Englishmen, was bitterly opposed to foreigners, would as soon have seen me dead as wedded to a Russian. The day of our marriage was fast drawing near, and I, hypocrite as I was, did not let you see anything of the change that had taken place in my affections, but still treated you in the manner I had always done—more like brother and sister than accepted lovers. We were to have been married on Christmas Eve just twenty-five years ago. The night previous I managed to escape from the house to hold an interview with the Count—my parents thinking I was in my room, for I pleaded a severe headache, as an excuse."

"Well I remember how sorry I felt," I again interrupted, "when, on my paying my accustomed visit—the last I thought I should pay to the old house in my capacity of lover—I heard you were too ill to see me, for I had looked forward all day to a quiet evening with you," and I buried my face in my hands, for my feelings overcame me. After a little I bade her proceed.

"My feigned illness," she continued, "as I said before, was only an excuse to meet the Count, and while you were regretting my absence, I, guilty soul, was holding converse in the summer-house at the end of our garden with that man, who, uttering all manner of protestations, declared he would shoot himself if I would not break off my marriage with you. I argued with him, but to no purpose, and finally agreed to elope with him the following evening. Oh, my God," she added, "how can I ever hope for forgiveness from you? The thought of all the misery I occasioned is maddening," and she sobbed aloud.

It was some time before I could pacify her, but I finally succeeded, assuring her of my entire forgiveness, and she proceeded:

"The only excuse I can offer was my extreme youthfulness. As you know, I was only seventeen years of age, and had very vague notions of the difference between right and wrong. But I will make no excuse, my guilt being inexcusable. But to continue. The wedding preparations went on as though nothing had happened, the wedding presents were coming in, and I moved about as though there was nothing to prevent the ceremony taking place. How the day passed I hardly know. It seems almost like a dream to me. The wedding was to have taken place, at your suggestion, I think, at 8 o'clock in the evening, and after a hasty tea, I hastened up to my room, accompanied by my principal bridesmaid, to prepare for the ceremony. I allowed myself to be arrayed in bridal costume and was all ready about ten minutes before the time specified. My trunk was packed and everything in readiness for my departure after the ceremony. I had also taken the precaution to place in a small valise that I could carry in my hand all my jewels and a complete change of wearing apparel, including a travelling costume. All being in readiness, I made some excuse to get rid of my maid and the young lady friends, who clustered round me, and hastily throwing a large cloak over my bridal array, I made my escape from the house by a private entrance from my rooms. Once in the garden I hastened to the summer-house, where the Count anxiously awaited my coming, and was hurried away by him to a lane dividing your father's property from mine, where a carriage was waiting, into which the Count lifted me, and jumping in after, the vehicle rolled rapidly away, leaving peace, happiness and contentment behind."

At this point the speaker's emotion completely overcame her, and I allowed her to remain silent for some moments; my own feelings were wrought up to the utmost tension. At length she resumed:

"I remember no more till I found myself in the cabin of a steamer, the Count supporting my head. I must have fainted, the mental strain through which I had passed being too great for me to bear. On returning to consciousness the Count informed me that everything had happened as he had wished; that we had not been followed; that we were on the Dover packet, and would be in Calais in a few hours, where we would be immediately united, and that then no power on earth could separate us. I listened to him in a kind of haze, and finally fell off to sleep, not awakening till we had arrived at Calais, where everything happened as he had said, and I was saluted by him as the Countess Sorloff. But why continue my miserable story? You have branded the Count as an adventurer, and you have said truly, for I had not been a

week married when his true character was exposed to my gaze in all its hideousness."

To spare her feelings as much as possible, although I must confess that her story interested me deeply, I treated her to make it as brief as she could, passing over minor events, and giving me only the principal points in her career.

"To be brief then," she continued, "only a few days after my marriage I discovered the true character of the man I called my husband. It was in this wise: We were in Paris, whither we had gone immediately after my ill-fated marriage. We were stopping at the Hotel Anglais. The hour was late, past midnight, and I was waiting for my husband, who said he had business that would keep him out late. Presently I heard unsteady steps ascending the stairs. They stop at my door, which is opened and my husband's feet into the room. Oh, the horror of that moment! I can never forget it. The Count advances unsteadily to me and demands money. I give him all I have, which is not a great deal, for leaving home in the haste I did, I thought little of money or anything else. He demands more, and when I tell him I have none to give him he upbraids me and forced me to sit down and write to my father, informing him of my marriage, and demanding that he receive us under the parental roof. The letter written, he placed it in his pocket, threw himself on a sofa and was soon in a semi-drunken slumber. This was the first of many similar scenes. When the Count found I had no more money he took whatever piece of jewellery he could find belonging to me and converted it into money, which he spent in riotous living and gambling—for he was an inveterate gambler. These things went on, my husband enquiring day by day if I had received any answer from my father, and when I answered in the negative he heaped all manner of abuse upon me, upbraiding me with faithlessness, when had I been less faithful to him how different had been my lot! A letter from my father at length arrived, a cold formal letter, informing me that he had placed five thousand pounds to my credit at a Paris bankers, but telling me to expect nothing more from him and never to show my face to him again. He did not reproach me, if he had I think I could have borne it better, but to be disowned as I was filled my cup of bitterness to the brim. While I held the letter in my hand the Count came in, and taking it from my grasp, and uttering an oath, started out. I never saw a penny of the money and never heard from my father again, for although I wrote several times to both him and my mother, the letters were returned unopened, and when my mother died, followed a week later by my father, the only notification I had was to the effect that a will had been left leaving everything to a distant cousin and cutting me off with twenty pounds, which was enclosed. Meantime, the Count was going from bad to worse. While the money lasted he spent it in g gambling and liquor, and when it was all gone and we had to leave the Hotel Anglais for more humble lodgings, I was in such a state that I knew not and cared less where the money came from for our support. It was at this time that my first baby was born. But it did not live, and I thanked God for taking it to himself. But why prolong the miserable tale. In a gambling fight the Count stabbed a man and had to flee the country. We went from Paris to Baden-Baden, from there to Berlin, and thence to almost every town in Germany, staying at each place until the Count was found out in some gambling trick, when he had to leave. And so from place to place, leading a sort of vagabond existence for fourteen years, during which time he had so worked upon my fears that, although I had made several attempts to leave him, he had thwarted my every attempt, and threatened me with death if I made another. Eleven years ago he changed the base of his operations to St. Petersburg, where he became the head of a band of counterfeiters, living there three years paying his nefarious game undisturbed, but, being betrayed by a confederate, with whom he had quarrelled, and a hue and cry being raised against him, he again had to flee, only escaping arrest by shooting a Cossack who was sent to capture him. We then went to London, but feeling unsafe there we took passage to New York, where we arrived eight years ago, and where little Nellie was born. I had had three other children, but they had all died in our wanderings. But my last little one," she glanced affectionately at the child, "has seemed to thrive where the others would have died, and is the only thing that has prevented me at times from wishing I could lay down and die."

She again paused for a few moments, as if in communion with herself, and I took the opportunity of taking to the child some more engravings to amuse her; and giving her a kiss and a caution to remain quiet, I resumed my seat. The mother thanked me with her eyes and continued:

"My story is drawing to a close, and I will not much longer weary you with my sufferings. We remained in New York a few months, where my husband lodged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, his title of Count securing him the *cabot* into the best American society, and I thought he had given up his evil ways. But one day he was missing, and a note was handed to me informing me that he had been connected with a great diamond robbery that was agitating the public mind, and that fearing detection he had fled to Canada, bidding me follow him. The note was not signed, but I knew the writing too well to doubt its authenticity. I considered for

some time what I had better do, and finally made up my mind that I would try to earn my own living. I left the hotel I was stopping at and went to Boston, where I endeavored to scrape up a precarious existence with my needle for a few months, but failing health compelled me to desist. Such jewellery as I had managed to save supported us for a time, but it went piece by piece, and poverty and hunger forced me to seek such work as I could get. We wandered from place to place, my child and I, often sleeping by the roadside without a crust to eat. Finally, nearly a year ago, we came to Montreal, and I managed to get work to do at my home, but the pay I received barely kept body and soul together, and I had to take to my bed about three weeks ago, living on such crumbs as my child could scrape up till you rescued us from starvation last night. I have not seen my husband since he left New York, and hope I may never see him again. This is my story, and now I have told it to you I feel better, for I know that whatever happens to me I can safely leave my little one in your care," and she caught my hand and pressed it to her lips.

III.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

The story is told—a story of wrong, suffering and misery,—and I glance at the woman before me, wondering how she could have borne up under the series of hardships to which she had been subjected; but what does my glance see?—she has fainted. It has been too great a strain upon her in her weak state.

Being a physician, I knew exactly what to do, and soon restored her to consciousness, when leaving her in care of my landlady, I started out to pay my usual calls, telling her before I left that I had a story to tell also—a story that would lighten her heart, and bring her back, I hoped to peace—if not happiness.

My round of visits being made, I entered the Cathedral, the glorious Christmas service seeming to lull me into a quiet repose, and when I entered my dwelling again I felt at peace with all men.

After a hearty Christmas dinner, I amused little Nellie till she was thoroughly tired, when, giving her into the charge of my landlady, I again drew my chair to the side of the sofa on which Emily lay and commenced my story:

"I suppose you think it strange, Emily," I said, "that I should be in Montreal? The reason is this: After your mysterious disappearance, I was almost distracted. I hunted for you everywhere: set detectives on your track; telegraphed all over the Kingdom; even went so far as to have the river dragged for miles, thinking that probably you had wandered out and fallen over the bank. But to no purpose. I spent the greater part of my time at your father's house, and he seconded all my endeavors the first few days you were missing, when suddenly he changed, bade me cease my search and informed me you were dead. This must have been the time he received your first letter. I beg'd, and prayed of him to tell me where you had died that I might visit your grave, but he only answered that you were dead and that I should never see your grave."

"Yes, I was dead, indeed, to him—my heartlessness killed both my kind father and mother," sobbed Emily, as though her heart would break. After partially pacifying her, I resumed:

"Finding I could get nothing out of your father, I started in quest of you, travelling all over England, Ireland and Scotland, never thinking that you had left that country, but to no avail. You were not to be found. I returned home, but could settle down to nothing. My father re-commenced that I take a voyage to America, which I did, wandering from place to place, with no aim in life, seeming to care for nothing. But, finally, a change came over me—I longed for something to drive away my thoughts—I wanted employment—and with this object in view I took the Allan steamship "Moravian" from Quebec, whither I had wandered, and was once more on my way home. The passage was delightful, and was, I think, the best thing I took an interest in since your disappearance. Once more in my father's presence I made known to him my desire,—that I should go back to college for a time and qualify myself to practice as a physician. My good old father seconded me in everything,—thinking that if I had something else on my mind I should in some way forget you. And to college I went—man as I was. Well, to make a long story short, I took my degree and settled down in the old village. But old thoughts came back to me, and I was getting into my former lethargic condition when the Trent affair occurred, and there was likelihood of trouble between England and the United States. My resolve was made. My poor old father was no more; so leaving my estates in care of my brother, I obtained an assistant-surgenship in one of the regiments ordered to Canada, and once more crossed the Atlantic. That was, I think, the happiest time I had spent since that fatal evening twenty-five years ago. My brother officers were nearly all gay, dashing young fellows, full of life and spirits, and the hours sped merrily along, leaving me no time for thought till I sought my couch at night, when the excitement of the day having wearied me, I generally dropped off into the arms of Morpheus, burying thought in oblivion. But there was no war; and when the regiments were ordered home one by one, I felt as though I could not again face the familiar scenes of my



THE CARNIVAL OF TOYS.—A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.





DAY

THE CITY OF DAVID

CHRIST THE LORD

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

TRYING THE NEW SKATES ON XMAS.

READY FOR THE XMAS PARTY.

ANDANTE.

Childhood's days now pass before me, Forms and scenes of long ago:
 Like a dream they ho-ver o'er me, Calm and bright as evening's glow.
 Days that knew no shade of sor-row When my young heart, pure and free, Joy-ful
 hail'd each com-ing mor-row In the Cot-tage by the Sea, Joyful
 hail each com-ing hour. In the Cottage, the Cottage by the sea.

Simple Simon met a Pieman.
 Going to the fair:
 Says simple Simon to the Pieman
 "Let me taste your ware."
 Says the Pieman to Simple Simon,
 "Show me first your penny."
 Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,
 "Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
 For to catch a whale:
 All the water he had got
 Was in his Mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
 If plums grew on a thistle:
 He pricked his fingers very much
 Which made poor Simon whistle.

It was an old woman, with three children

Two Legs and sitting upon a log

MY XMAS PRESENT

Christmas-Cheer

CROWNING THE SNOW-KING

Sing a song of Simeon

FABERER

CHRISTMAS SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

childhood. The old wound seemed to open afresh, and I determined to stay in Montreal. I managed to obtain my discharge, and have remained in this city nearly ever since. On the death of my youngest brother, some seven years ago, I had to go to England, but remained there only long enough to settle my affairs, when I again sailed for Canada. I now come to a part of my narrative which is of especial interest to you. We arrived safely at Quebec, after a very pleasant run, and as I had some friends in the Ancient Capital, I made up my mind to stay there a few days before proceeding to Montreal. I had just reached the house of a physician with whom I was well acquainted, and was in the act of taking off my coat, when a ring came to the bell, and a messenger hurriedly asked for the doctor, saying there had been a terrible accident and that three men were either dead or dying. My friend not being at home, I told the messenger to lead the way and I would go with him. On arriving at the hospital a ghastly sight met my gaze. A large boulder from one of the cliffs had fallen, crushing three men into an almost unrecognizable mass. A glance sufficed to show me that two of them were dead, but the other still breathed, although he was fast sinking. I looked at him, took his trembling hand in mine, and felt his dying pulse. And while I gazed I seemed to remember something in the man's features. But his lips move. He tries to speak. I bend down and listen: "Paper—pencil!" was all I could catch. I gave him the desired articles, and he wrote, my hand guiding his:

"To my much wronged wife—
I am dying. Forgive me."
SORLOFF

"That was all. He was dead."
"Sorloff, my husband, was it he?" cried Emily, starting up.

"Yes, it was Count Sorloff, the man who had wrecked my happiness. I did not know it then, but thought only of him as one I had known in former years. I pitied his untimely end, and after making enquiries about him, found that he had been stopping for some weeks at one of the second-class hotels of the city. Nobody seemed to know anything about him, and I had him buried in Mount Hermon, and placed a stone over his grave bearing the inscription: "Sorloff." Nothing more. This is my story. I have remained in Montreal ever since, doing what I can to help the poor, and had to a degree become reconciled to my life, till last night. But—"

"The last words of Sorloff," interrupted Emily. "You have them still?"

"Yes, and will give them to you."
I rose, crossed over to my cabinet, and from a private drawer, drew out an envelope labelled "Sorloff," and taking it to Emily handed it to her.

She took the little sheet of paper from the envelope, read it over, her eyes brimming with tears, and holding out her hand to me said:

"Forgive him. He has sinned against both of us, but let us forgive him. I was more to blame than he, and if you can, in your heart, forgive the living, surely you cannot withhold forgiveness from the dead!"

"I forgive him with all my heart," I said, taking her poor thin hand in mine, and again a feeling of content seems to come over me, and the words of the Christmas carol once more sound in my ears:

"Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

IV.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Another Christmas Eve. But how different the scene! Many changes have taken place since my adventure on St. Mary street, Montreal, a year ago.

After the finding of Emily, a longing to see my old home took possession of me, and I had not much difficulty in inducing both her and little Nellie to accompany me across the ocean.

Back once more, amid the old familiar scenes, Emily rapidly recovered her health, and now, a year having passed, she was scarcely to be recognized as the one I had saved from the point of death.

Is it any wonder, then, that my love should have returned in all its intensity, and that I should still wish to claim as wife the woman who left me twenty-six years ago?

No! emphatically no, for my love had never died, and Emily, although carried away by a girlish fancy, had loved me all the while, and had bitterly repented her rash act—an act that had well-nigh cost her her life.

It was my wish that we should be united on the anniversary of her disappearance—and although many changes had taken place in the interval—many familiar faces had disappeared—still we were now happy in our love—a love that was mingled with regret and repentance.

But the hour is drawing near—the guests have arrived,—I hasten to the drawing-room,—take my place beside the only woman I have ever loved—the words are said—she places her hand in mine—I place the ring upon her finger—the benediction is pronounced—I salute my bride. Mine, at last, forever.

And the glorious Christmas Carol is chanted forth—a song of triumph:

"All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

THE SILVER HORSE-SHOE.

I.

We had been so sure that the troubles that were overwhelming others in the manufacturing world would never touch us! We had been so sure that the delegates from the unions might prattle about among our "hands," and never gain one single adherent!

I thought our safety founded on a rock. I thought we could calmly and sympathizingly look down upon the troubles of our neighbours.

Now, when I say "we," I mean John and I. This sounds "strong-minded," you are ready to say.

Well, I don't know what other people may choose to call it, but in truth I have been very proud and glad that ever since the day I married the owner of Otway mills he has liked me to take an interest in his work and in his people.

I don't mean to say that he talks to me about the price of yarns, or tells me of the rises and falls in the cotton market, though I think that if any great anxiety came upon him, even of that kind, Jack would give me a hint of it, and I'm sure I should try my best to look as wise as a young owl, and as if the ins and outs of the trade were familiar subjects to my inquiring and enlightened mind.

You see I have had such an example in John's mother; and then—well, my family thought that I ought to have done better than marry a Lancashire mill-owner, and they said a good many bitter things. Aunt Denison used to give her shoulders the least little shrug, and draw her shawl about her as if she shivered slightly when I alluded to my future home; and when she shook hands with John, she always managed to convey to me an affected misgiving that she rather feared her delicate fingers might be soiled by the contact. These things hurt at the time; though they lost their sting quickly enough when I got him all to myself, and he held me close in his arms, and told me how hard he would strive to make me happy. Happy! we I, well, I wonder does there live a happier woman than John's wife in all the length and breadth of England? Yet no life is without its days of trial, and the story I am going to tell you now is of one of those dark times that come to us all sooner or later.

The way that Aunt Denison and others of my own kith and kin behaved about my marriage naturally put me somewhat "out in the cold" with them and threw me more completely upon John's people than might have been the case otherwise. And how good they were to me!

I had never seen Mrs. Ralph Otway, John's mother, until I came to the land of smoke and tall chimneys, for she had not come south to our wedding. Her delicate health was the excuse put forward, but my own private opinion is that John was afraid of auntie. He could put up calmly enough with that shiver and shrug when directed against himself; but both he and I had once inadvertently heard her say that "she believed all Lancashire ladies spoke in a loud voice, and had very red hands," and I think that was enough for John.

When I first saw Mrs. Ralph Otway this saying at once darted into my mind, for never, among all the grand London ladies that visited at my guardian's house, had I ever seen a woman so completely, beautiful yet refined in look, voice and manner. Then her hands! Why, they were such soft, white, womanly things, and closed over one's own with such a tender, faithful clasp, that once, sitting by her knee, I could not help bending down and kissing them as they lay upon her lap.

She used to tell me stories of Jack's boyish days; stories that she never tired of telling, or of listening to; and sometimes she spoke of her dead husband, and of how he had been revered and looked up to by everybody, until at last his name became a sort of proverb, and people in the business world had been heard to speak of him as "honest Ralph Otway." You could hear a tremor in her voice when she spoke of things like these, and see a faint flush like the pink in the inner side of a sea-shell, rise to her delicate cheek.

"It is a great responsibility to have so many hands under one head, and to be answerable for the welfare of them all; it needs wisdom to rule them well, and to be just as well as kind," she would say to me, speaking of the great mills where the machinery whirled and buzzed all day long, and the "hands" came rushing out when the dinner-bell clanged its noisy summons, like bees swarming from their hive. Listening to her wise and tender words, it was borne in upon me that from his early boyhood John had been trained in the best school to make a man good and true.

He had wanted his mother to live with us—and you may be sure I had no will apart from his—but she said: "No; married folks are best left to themselves." She had her way; but we would not let her go far from us; only a "step or two," as John said, so that we could run across of an evening, and she could come to us without fatigue.

By the end of the first year of my married life I seemed to have forgotten the fact of being a south-country woman. I found that there were plenty of art-lovers and music-lovers among the people whom Aunt Denison once told me went into society with little fluffly bits of cotton sticking to their dress-coats; while, as for honest warmth of heart, and true, ungrudging hospitality, I soon came to the conclusion that the South couldn't hold a candle to the North.

I was very happy during that strange new year; happier still during the one that followed, when I held John's son in my arms and saw the clear gray eyes that had won my girlish heart look up at me from my lap.

At first, motherhood seemed to me such a sweet, new, precious joy that I was ready to be over-anxious. I might have fallen into the mistake that so many wives make, and in my love for baby let the even dearer possession of my husband's companionship slip from my hold. However dearly a man loves his children he does not want to be always hearing about them, least of all when he comes home tired with the day's work; nor yet does he like to see his wife gradually become little better than a nursemaid. I know all these things now; but in those early days I might have lost the freshness of John's sympathy for me, and mine for him, if it had not been for the gentle word in season that fell from his mother's lips, and made, as it were, scales to fall from my eyes.

She spoke with her hand on my shoulder, and her dear beautiful face all a-quake in the dread lest I should be ready to resent her counsel.

"Don't let baby keep you from being the heart of John's life, child," she said. "Let no one ever have the power of taking that from you."

Then I remembered how the night before I had been chattering away about baby's remarkable feats and marvellous doings, and how weary John had looked—nay, how I had caught him in the loving hiding away of a yawn that would not be wholly repressed, and wisdom came to me as I pondered.

Times were bad; trouble was around us everywhere in the mercantile world; evil counsel was leading honest men astray, and wanton hands were sowing the seeds of dissatisfaction in the hope of reaping harvests of advantage to themselves. First one class of operatives went on a strike, and then another. The "hands" at this mill or that refused to go on working except under the spur of higher wages, and so the busy whirr-whirr of the machinery was silent until strange hands could be found to set it going again.

Darker shadows crept into the picture after this; men, an hour ago hale and hearty, were maimed, blinded, beaten almost out of life; and these crimes were done in the dark. The masters did not escape; one was fired at—the cowardly bullet coming from no one knew whither. I grew fearful, and in spite of struggles after courage, more than once I had to turn away my head after John's good-bye kiss had pressed my lips, as he set off for Otway mills.

Our hands seemed all right as yet.

Yet I saw, day by day, how the cloud deepened on my husband's face. I used to sit very quiet, just within reach of his hand, of an evening, or we would stroll down to Mrs. Otway's—John very quiet, but yet I knew, by the magnetism of touch, happy in the feeling of my hand resting on his arm. The mother and son spoke earnestly together of the state of trade, and the dark mists hanging over the north country, and well typified by the black smoke that came from the big chimneys and hung like a canopy above the town.

Who shall tell of the tribute paid in pain and tears by the women and children in those troublous days! Surely no bitter pang there can be than the sharp stab that goes through a mother's heart as the cry of her child for "Bread! bread!" has to be smothered against her breast, lest its sound drive the brooding man by the fireless hearth to madness and violence.

This is what being "on strike" means to the wives and little ones of our mill hands. I say "our" because—alas! that I should have to write it—the day came when John returned from town looking as I had never seen him—as the mother who bore him had never seen him.

Otway mills were stopped. The men, whose relations with their masters had been a proverb in the trade, were on a strike.

John did not say much. He was never a man of many words, and silence is natural to men as a refuge from possible tears.

"Our turn has come at last; it is hardly the men's fault; this sort of thing is as catching as the plague. They know they have been fairly dealt with. That blackguard Jim Stevens is at the bottom of it; he was seen talking to one of the delegates from the union."

That was all John said. His mother and I listened; and noting the set line of his lips, and the stern look in his eyes, we knew that, let the men of Otway mills be as stubborn as they might, the master would not yield an inch.

Our home, the dearest spot on earth to me—the fairest, too, in spite of its nearness to a manufacturing centre—was some three miles out of the town.

John used generally to drive in and out, to and from the mills, but sometimes he rode his big black horse, King Cole, and now and again I would ride by him on my pretty little bay mare, Lizzie, returning with the groom.

Well, the night after he told me of the strike, I lay wide-eyed through all the long, long hours, hearing each one strike below stairs, and thinking those thoughts of mingled love and fear that gather about a woman's heart like a flock of ill-omened birds when her nearest and dearest are threatened with danger. The stillness of night is a terrible magnifying medium; possibilities take gigantic proportions seen through its voiceless quiet. How glad I was when faint lines of light began to creep into the room!

It was past—that night of thoughts that were almost prayers—and prayers that were only like

thoughts that I trusted God to read the meaning of.

Breakfast over, the passionate protest in my heart bubbled up to my lips, like a spring that must well up to the light.

"Jack! oh, Jack! you will not go to the mills to-day!"

The answer came, calm and clear, smiting me with a bitter despair.

"I do not think my wife would try to make a coward of me."

He did not speak harshly. I could have borne it better if he had.

He kissed me a moment after—held me very fast and close—then, before he went, he kissed me again.

"That is for the youngster upstairs," he said, with a tender smile softening the set look of his mouth; "give it him when he wakes."

The groom, an old and faithful servant of the Otways, looked grave as he led up King Cole and gave the bridle into his master's hand. Then John rode away and I went into the house, seeing nothing clearly for the mist that gathered round me, not even the baby's face, as nurse met me with him at the foot of the stairs.

That night and morning formed the initial letter of a time of anxious foreboding that seemed long to me, though in reality its duration was scarcely a fortnight.

Threatening letters—missives of that most cowardly character called anonymous—came at intervals. Many husbands would have hidden such things from a wife, but I think that John knew that of all trials I could have least endured the thought that he kept a trouble from me.

Mrs. Otway's face grew pallid with a more-transparent whiteness every day; her eyes, always tearless, had a fixed hard look, the look that comes from grief restrained from outward show by might or will.

At length, negotiations for the employment of alien "hands"—men willing to work for the wages that was all the masters could give in those biting times—were spoken of. Wrath that had simmered now seethed; scowling men gathered in groups about the narrow streets that surrounded the mills like a labyrinth; muttered curses made started and frightened women hurry by; clenched fists threatened the world for grievances brought about by the bad counsel of wicked men and the brute resolve and stubbornness of uncultured natures.

Many cases of low fever, the result of insufficient food and fuel, occurred among the wives and children of our rebellious operatives, and my time was soon taken up by ministering to the necessities of the sick. In this work John never strove to hinder me; nor yet, in the wretched homes of the people, was one word of reference to the strike ever uttered in my hearing. The people were kindly, and grateful to me in their own rough way, and I crossed no threshold that a welcome did not greet me.

God knows how full my heart was in those days of darkness! He was teaching me the deepest lessons of life, for "in the day of my sorrow I sought the Lord." Not with long prayers, or any outward acts of devotion, but with a close dependence on His care that became as the very air I breathed. Nor was I without comfort. The sympathy of those dependent upon us is a beautiful thing in time of trouble—and there was not a servant in our household whose heart did not beat in sympathy with mine; no one who did not rejoice with me in the safe return of the master evening by evening, and enter into my repressed anxiety as we saw him ride away in the morning.

At length came a day—one of those days that are to be found in most lives—a day that, however long we live, however far away from its scenes our after fate may drift us, is traced upon our memories in indelible colours, and forms a picture upon which we turn and look back, to marvel again and again how we lived through its horror and its anguish.

II.

It was the Christmas-tide, and the days were the shortest of the year. I lore the gloaming, and was not sorry to welcome the soft dusk a wee bit earlier each day. Baby liked it, too, I think; for twilight makes idle fingers, and I had more time to toss him up and down and listen to the merry music of his crows of pleasure. However sad and anxious at other times, I always managed to cheer up when baby made his appearance in my sitting-room; and, oh, what comfort I found in the touch of his velvet-soft cheek cuddled up against mine, and his little pink-palmed hands clinging round my finger!

Well, one day, or rather afternoon, as the shadows were lengthening out, and robin was piping the first notes of his plaintive even-song, I sat alone in my cosy morning-room.

My mother (I call her thus because, in my creed, John's belongings were mine, too) had been ailing for a day or two. The strain of anxious, loving thought for her son had told upon that fragile frame, wearing it as the sharp sword wears the scabbard.

For our troubles were black around us as ever.

"If I had dealt unfairly by a single man in my employ, I would own to the wrong and make reparation," my darling said. "Some hands have just cause to complain of the masters; mine have none. I will not budge one inch."

It seems to me that I am telling my story in a strange, desultory fashion, but I cannot help it. I give you the memories of those days as they rise one by one before me.

The illness of Mrs. Otway kept her a prisoner to her own home, and day by day I went to sit beside her couch and talk of John, and of scarce ought else. Women who are real and true can give sweet store of comfort to each other in time of trouble by community of sympathy, even if they be but close friends; how much more, then, could we two, to each of whom the man upon whose head sorrow had fallen was the best and dearest!

Baby, on the day of which I now write, and from which I seem ever wandering in devious pathways of thought, had seen fit to take his sleep at an unwonted hour; so I was alone in the deepening twilight for once.

The house was very still just then, for the servants were at their tea, and a thick, green-baized door shut off their premises from the rest of the rooms. It was so quiet that through the open window I could hear Lizzie whinny softly in her stable across the yard; so quiet that the sound of my own name, spoken hurriedly and almost in a whisper, made me start, and seemed, as it were, to tear the mantle of silence that was brooding over the early autumn evening.

"Miss Otway! Miss Otway!" said the voice, "for God's sake come round to t' door and let me in. I'm nigh dropping!"

In a moment I had reached the porch, opened the door and was half-supporting, half-leading a figure so ghostly, so death-like that it might almost have been taken for a visitant from the spirit-world.

It was Jim Stevens' wife; a woman haggard and fever-wasted, and whom I had seen only the day before lying weak and wan, with her two-days-old baby by her side.

"Lizzie!" I cried, as she staggered into my room, and still holding my arm in a wild, convulsive grasp, gasped out something I could not understand, "are you mad?"

"Ay, a most," she whispered, raising her fever-bright eyes to mine, and wiping the sweat from her poor, thin face with a corner of her shawl. "Listen, lady," she went on: "if they miss me fro' my bed, and Jim learns as I've coom oop here, I'm a dead woman: ha'll brak every bon in my body, as sure as there's a God above; but I dunnot care. Ye've bin a good friend to me, and the like o' me, and I won't see yo' made a widder, and yer little one fatherless."

The words struck me like blows, felling me where I stood, with their terrible force.

On my knees, with my head in that poor creature's lap, I wrestled with a pang so awful that as I write about it now, after long years, it seems to rive my heart again.

"Nay," said Lizzie, lifting my bowed head with her poor, shaking hands; "yo' munna greet—yo' mun be strong and hale—for the sake o' him that loves yo'." If summat ain't done he'll be carried whoom to yo' dead this neet, wi-a bullet i' his bress."

"My God, my God!" I cried, staggering to my feet; "help me!"

"Ay, I say Amen to that, lady," said Lizzie, catching my hand and pressing it against her bosom. "Ye've help't others; happen God 'ull mind that now and help yo'."

"What can I do! Tell me—tell me the whole truth, Lizzie. See, I'm strong and hale now; God has help'd me already. He has put courage into my heart."

"Thou'll need it, my lass," said Lizzie, forgetting in her eager trouble all barriers of class, for pain, the great leveller, set us for the nonce side by side, just two sorrowing, timorous women, and nothing more. "It's Jim as is at t' bottom o' it all—may God forgive me for speakin' agen my mon, Mistress Otway—I wudna, but it's to hinder murder bein' done, and afore I tell thee, wilt swear that ne'er a word shall pass thy lips to hurt him? He's a bad mon, I know; but for a' that he's my mon—and it's hard for any woman to speak up agen her mon!"

In sorest anguish of impatience I wrung my hands the one in the other, and, with lips as white as Lizzie's own, swore the oath she craved for.

Then she told me all the shameful story.

The foreign workmen whom (so report had it) John had decided to employ were on their way to the North; there was no chance now of bringing the owner of Otway mills on his knees. The furnace of hate heated seven times with the fuel of drink, seethed like a mighty cauldron. Jim stirred it with bitter, angry words. He had been at fault more than once, and at last dismissed; he had wrongs to revenge, he said—they all had.

Thus the evil tongue tried to stir up strife; but only one or two other turbulent spirits like himself would be led into plotting against the master. These then had laid a foul plot—the plot that poor, faithful Lizzie had left her bed of weakness and pain to warn me of.

"You know," she said, "the big wood wheer t' two roads meet, half way 'twixt here an' t' mills? Weel, they're to watch for him passing by thee on his black horse, and, oh, my lady! the shot 'ull coom from behind the trees."

"When—when?" I almost shrieked.

"To-neet," she whispered hoarsely, as though she feared the very walls would tell Jim of her great treachery. "There's no toime to lose. Thee must go theesel'; they'n know summat's up if any other body goes by. Which o' the roads does the meester coom by?" she added, with a sudden look of dread in her eyes that was mirrored in my own.

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other," I walked. "Oh, I cannot tell which!"

"It's hard on thee," she said, with wonderful, pitiful lovingness. "How wilt thou know which way to gang?"

"How, indeed?"

"One—two—three—four," rang out the little clock upon the bracket by the window. We both started, and Lizzie gathered her shawl about her.

"I must gang my way," she said, her head drooping on her breast.

But she lingered a moment more, holding my hand close and peering eagerly in my face.

"If Jim ketches me," she said, "if he murders me, if I see thy face no more, dunna forget my little 'un, for heaven's love!"

"No, no," I cried; "but do not speak such words! they break my heart! God keep you from harm. He will! He will!"

She shook her head, and a tear trickled down her cheek. "Tell thy errand to none," she said earnestly. "The men love the sight o' thy bonny face, even the roughest o' 'em; but they're not theisrel's now; they're loike wild beasts mad wi' the taste o' blood; they'd shoot yo' down loike a rat if they guessed yer errand."

I had hurriedly fetched a glass of wine, and now held it to her drawn lips.

"Drink's a good servant but a bad master," she said, when she had swallowed it, "and happen I'll get whoom the better for that. Good-bye, my lady."

I have always been impulsive—at least, I believe so; at all events, in another moment my lips were pressed against Lizzie's sunken cheek, and her tears and mine mingled. We stood thus, hand in hand, no longer divided by any thought of class or caste, only two sobbing, troubled women and then—

Time—precious time—was passing by. I had—how long to reach the mills? Scarce na hour.

How should I go? By which of the two roads would John come? I stood out on the green, velvety lawn where of an evening he smoked his cigar while I sat by. I remembered this as I stood there, and had to crush back a cry that rose to my lips.

Just at that moment, once more a low, soft whinny came from Lizzie's stable. Then I knew.

The groom was crossing the yard, and speaking measuredly, as one in great haste, I told him to saddle the little mare. "I am going to ride to meet your master; you need not come with me."

Then I turned hastily toward the house, fearing some expression of surprise upon the man's part.

I remembered what Lizzie had said: Let no one know thy errand."

To fly rather than walk to my bedroom, to equip myself in my riding-dress, in so short a time that it was a wonder that mortal fingers could achieve the task, and then, just for one moment, to steal to my darling's little bed; not to weep, tears weaken at such a time, but just to kiss the cheek flushed in sleep, and lying in such sweet repose upon the tiny open palm.

"Oh, baby!" I said, bowing my head upon my hands as I knelt, "I am going to save him for you and for me!" And I sobbed, though my tears were dry.

It was Christmas eve, too. To-morrow would be celebrated in numberless happy homes the advent of that baby, eighteen hundred years ago, whose birth the angelic choir heralded o'er the sun-embrowned hills of Palestine—"Peace on earth; good will towards men!" "Oh, that the Blessed Infant's mission were fulfilled!" I murmured. "What a fair world would this be! What suffering, wretchedness and want would be alleviated if men only practically carried out in their daily intercourse with each other that simple utterance of the lowly Nazarene, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself!'"

Who, watching a sleeping infant, has not seen that sudden, ineffable smile that, like the sunbeam playing on the petals of a flower, parts the sweet milk-bedecked lips, and passes swiftly as it came?

I chose to take that smile as a good omen; I chose to think Heaven's angel, in my hour of need, stood by me, and the closed violets of my darling's eyes saw the ministering presence.

I heard the clatter of Lizzie's hoofs upon the stones of the yard. I stayed one fleeting instant at the nursery door and then down the stairs, out through the pretty porch, one spring to the saddle.

Oh, it did not take long, and we were on our way—on our way upon the journey that meant life or death for him and for me—worse than death if the worst befell.

I dare not hurry much at first; I knew that the hedges had eyes and the trees ears. How they sighed above my head as the evening wind swayed them gently.

I clinched my hand on the handle of my riding-whip. I set my teeth hard. I fought for patience.

Every moment was a "jewel of great price," and yet I dare not hurry. Not yet. Once the horrible gloom of the thick wood past, and then the terrible choice between the two roads would lie before me.

My heart beat so thick and fast I scarce could draw my breath; and just as we were near the thickest part of the bush and trees something stirred, while Lizzie gave a sudden start, then a bound.

"Steady, steady, little one," I said, speaking out loud; "it is but a poor, silly sheep that has strayed into the wood."

Lizzie trembled, as I could feel; but she stepped on quietly enough, and—Heaven knows where a woman's strength comes from at such

times—I let the reins drop loosely on her shining neck, and sang to myself as I went along.

The ears that listened could not think a woman rode a race of life and death for the sake of the man she loved; could they?

We had reached the fork of the two roads; the dark shadow of the wood lay behind us. A touch, and the mare stood still.

"Which! which! O my God! help me! guide me!" I prayed.

Then I let the rein drop on Lizzie's neck, closed my eyes, and gently urged her on. She took the way that lay to the left. The choice was made.

Maddening thoughts throbbled in my brain. Was John, even now, as Lizzie's willing hoofs rang out on the hard road, coming along the almost parallel route, each step of his trusty steed leading him nearer death? Or had some blessed chance delayed him? Should I find him at the mill? Would heaven be so merciful as that to me?

Three miles! three miles! Did ever the road, gleaming palely white before me in gathering dusk, seem so long before? The night, like a soft curtain, was falling upon the world; I saw a single star glimmering above—the robin sang no more.

We were in the open country; we passed no more dwellings where lights twinkled through the trees, and seemed to speak of human companionship and happy homes. Alone in the twilight of that Christmas eve two solitary figures—my little mare and I.

"On, Lizzie, on!" I cried to her. "Faster, faster!"

I saw the smoky canopy that overhung the town, though now—ominous sign!—it was less dense than its wont. I could have cried aloud for joy.

"Lizzie! Lizzie! make a good speed, little mare—we have not an instant to spare!"

The road seemed to rush along beneath us. "Quicker, quicker! make good speed! make good speed, little mare!"

I touched her flanks lightly with my whip; she tossed her pretty head, flung off the white foam that had gathered on her bride, and sprang forward with added life and spirit.

"Lizzie! dear Lizzie! bonnie Lizzie! see the tall chimneys are in sight; we are getting near him now, Lizzie; we shall save him yet!"

I knew not what wild words I uttered in my mad excitement; hitherto I had managed to keep the curb upon my terror and my pain; but now as the goal of my desire was nearly reached, I could have tossed my arms aloft; I could have shrieked out to the night; I could have been guilty of any mad thing.

At the entrance to the town I drew rein, and Lizzie and I tried to look as quiet and respectable as we could, as we passed through the narrow streets, where men stood about in little groups, and women, with poor starved little children clinging to their petticoats, stared at me and my panting steed. The great gates that led to the millyard were closed.

How strange a contrast to when they stood widely opened, and a swarm of men, like bees out of a hive, came pouring through them, while the great bell, that meant "work is over," clanged out its welcome message.

A man looked through a grating, and not without some curt expressions of amazement. "Has the master gone?" I asked, in a voice that did not sound like mine.

"No, my leddy," he answered in the north country tongue.

Once inside the yard I stepped from my saddle, and left Lizzie there panting and foam-flecked. Gathering my habit in my hand I went up the steps into the cold whitewashed passages, and so on to a room I knew well—John's room.

He was writing at a table, and the flaring gas above his head showed me his face, grave and anxious, changed to a look of uttermost surprise as he saw his wife standing in the doorway.

Perhaps the moment of relief is more trying than the suffering we have waded through to reach it—I cannot tell; but I know that as I met my husband's eyes—as I saw John there before me—as I realized the mighty truth that he was saved, I gave a great cry, and fell down without sense of life at his feet.

These things happened a long time ago. People have almost forgotten the year of the great strike; I have not.

Baby is a young giant now, a head taller than his mother; and owns a sister whose inches reach well-nigh to his stalwart shoulder. John still smokes upon the lawn of a summer evening, while I sit by; but I tell him he is growing fat and lazy. At which he laughs, and says he shall soon turn Otway mills over to his son altogether.

Our mother rests now from all earthly sorrow, and her memory is like a beautiful presence among us.

On the table in my own sitting-room is a little hoof, shod in a silver shoe. The relic is kept under a glass shade, and I always dust it with my own hands. I am sure you will know without my telling you that it is held dear for the sake of Lizzie, the little mare. You will divine that it is one of those willing feet that carried me to Otway mills through the dusk of that memorable Christmas eve to save a life dearer than my own.

That dear life cost another, for poor Lizzie left her baby motherless, and I had to fulfill my promise. Weakened with fever, and her recent trial, the strain of that errand of love that she set out upon to warn me of her husband's plot against mine, proved too much for her feeble frame.

I kept my oath sacredly, and no one, save John and I, ever knew that Jim's wife, with a noble disloyalty; "spoke up agen her mon."

DOMESTIC.

MINT SAUCE FOR ROAST LAMB.—Put four table-spoonfuls of chopped mint into half a cup of vinegar; sweeten to taste and let stand for two hours before serving.

STEWED LOBSTER.—Take the meat from a boiled lobster, cut it up small and put it in a stew-pan with just enough water to keep it from burning and to make the gravy; let it simmer five minutes, add tea-spoonful good butter, salt and pepper to taste, heat to boiling and serve hot.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Parboil some good-sized onions; take out the middles and fill with force meat; put them side by side in a casserole, with butter; sprinkle a little salt and a little sugar on them; cover the onions with thin slices of bacon; cook thoroughly and serve with their own sauce.

EXCELLENT COFFEE RECIPE.—Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly* says: "Stir into the ground coffee sufficient white of egg to make a smooth paste; add the proper quantity, by measure, of boiling water, and let it boil gently for twenty or thirty minutes. Made thus it is exquisitely clear and transparent, the coagulated albumen holding every finest particle of solid matter."

NEW WAY TO COOK CHICKENS.—Cut the chicken up, put it in a pan and cover it over with water; let it stew as usual, and when done make a thickening of cream and flour, adding a piece of butter and pepper and salt; have made and bake a pair of short-cakes, made as for pie-crust, but roll thin and cut in small squares. This is much better than chicken pie and more simple to make. The crusts should be laid on a dish and the chicken gravy poured over while both are hot.

HINTS ON COOKING POULTRY.—Steaming is preferable to boiling for tough fowls. Remove the threads before sending roast fowls to the table.

In winter kill the poultry three days to a week before cooking. Poultry and game are less nutritious, but more digestible than other meats.

Singe with alcohol instead of paper—a teaspoonful is sufficient for either a turkey or chicken. Remember, much of the skill of roasting poultry in the best manner depends upon basting faithfully.

To roast birds a foxy appearance, dredge, just before they are done, with flour and baste liberally with melted butter.

When onions are added to the stuffing, chop them so fine that in eating the mixture one does not detect their presence by biting into a piece.

Ladies doing their own marketing will do well to remember that young poultry may be told by the tip of the breast bone being soft and easily bent between the fingers, and when fresh by its bright full eye, pliant feel and soft moist skin.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

GREAT preparations are being made at Ober-ammergau for the representation, next year, of the great *Passion Play*, which takes place every ten years.

A PARIS manager to add to the comfort of patrons, furnished each purchaser of an admission to his house with a ticket which places at his service immediately after the opera a vehicle to take him home.

THERE will be a fierce operatic war in New York in January next, as Manager Strakosch has thrown down the gauntlet to Col. Mapleson, and announces that the public will have an opportunity of judging the respective merits of the two Italian opera companies, as he will commence a season of four weeks at Booth's Theatre on the 13th of that month.

RISTORI'S success in Sweden has caused the greatest satisfaction in Italy—and the papers are full of thanks to the King of Sweden for the honours with which he has laden the veteran actress, who must now be as old as Queen Elizabeth, whose death she so mercifully deplores.

RICHARD WAGNER, the famous composer, who is in the habit of writing upon a great variety of things foreign to the music, has been prompted to publish a pamphlet upon vivisection. In this eccentric production the learned maestro inveighs against physiologists for inspecting the nerves of animals when so much more might be learned from looking into the deep and pensive eye of the living brute. As to the scientific uses of vivisection, he does not deny, but deprecates them.

SOTHERN and Bancroft some years ago happened to be dining at the house of a mutual friend in London. Among the good things set before them was a very fine goose, to which Mr. Sothern paid particular attention; and, on extolling its good qualities, he was informed by the host that Boney, who had just come over from "Ould Ireland," had brought it with him as a present; whereupon Lord Dundreary was heard to mutter something about "birds of a feather flocking together." This intimation was too much for the only original dramatist, who caused a general roar by remarking, "Shure it was plucked." But the laugh turned when Dundreary retorted, "At the Dublin University."

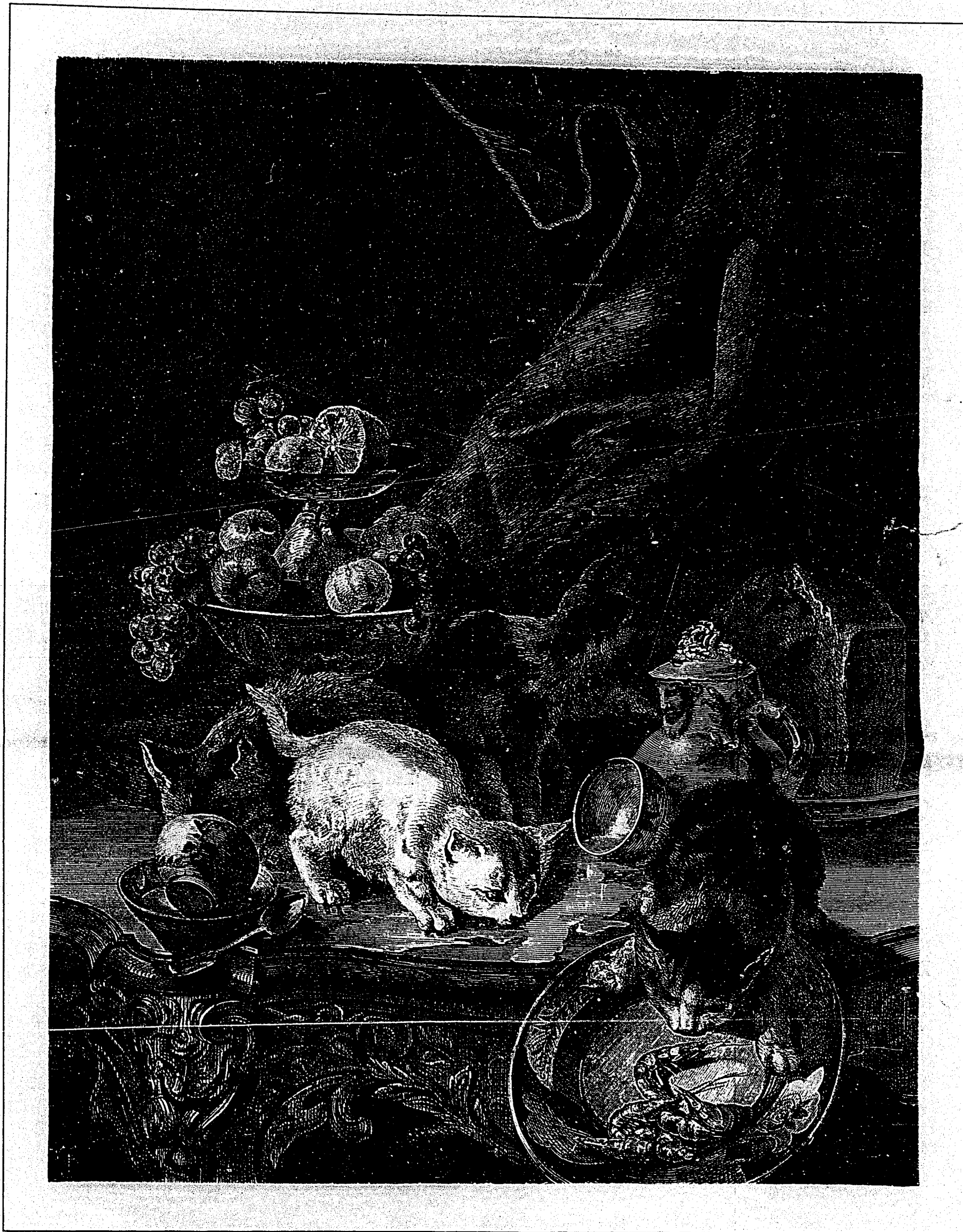
THE public smiled at the union between the great Parepa and the little Carl Rosa when she might have been a Countess. The story of the engagement is characteristic. Rosa was a leader, quiet, worthy, modest and adoring. He never ventured to press his claims, but his faithful services made a deeper impression than he had any idea of. The company was travelling by rail one day, when Parepa seated herself beside her silent lover and remarked his melancholy. Rosa was blue and down-hearted, and the good creature tried to cheer him up. She recommended matrimony to him, and, receiving the despondent reply that no woman would marry a man in his position, she is reported to have patted him patronizingly on the head with the remark: "Cheer up, my little man; if that is all I will marry you myself." And she did. A happier or more devoted couple than the big-hearted prima donna and her little manager never existed.

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 of 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 direction 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.



CHRISTMAS EVE.



PUSS' CHRISTMAS LUNCH.

CHRISTMAS FARE.

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR THE SEASON. DINNERS FOR SIX TO EIGHT PERSONS.

- I. Clear Game Soup. Boiled Turbot and Lobster Sauce. Braised Turkey. Roast Sirloin of Beef. Mashed Potatoes. Brussels Sprouts. Stewed Celery. Mince Pies. Plum Pudding. Cheese Straws.

- II. Oxtail Soup. Codfish and Oyster Sauce. Pork Cutlets, Lentil Sauce. Beef Olives. Roast Turkey. Potato Croquettes. Jerusalem Artichokes. Broccoli. Mince Pies. Meringues. Plum Pudding. Charlotte Russe. Cheese. Celery.

DINNERS FOR TEN TO TWELVE.

- I. Grouse Soup. John Dory. Anchovy Sauce. Lobster Rissoles. Chicken Curry. Roast Ham of Mutton. Boiled Turkey and Tongue. Mashed Potatoes. Spinach. Wild Ducks. Orange Sauce. Plum Pudding. Mince Pies. Apples with Rice. Pine Apple Jelly. Cheese, Celery, &c.

- II. White Soup (à la reine). Fried Fillets of Sole and Smelts. Escalopes of Rabbit, purée of game. Fillets of Beef. Bearnaise Sauce. Roast Saddle of Mutton. Fried Potatoes. Brussels Sprouts. Roast Pheasants. Watercress Salad. Macaroni Cheese. Plum Pudding. Mince Pies. Punch Jelly. Vanilla Cream.

- III. Oysters. Clear Game Soup. Boiled Turbot, Dutch Sauce. Crostades of Lobster. Lark in cases. Groundins of Beef. Braised Turkey. Truffle Sauce. Roast Woodcocks and Snipes. Russian Salad. Cheese Fondue. Plum Pudding. Chateaufe of Oranges. Mince Pies. Small Nougats.

DINNERS FOR FOURTEEN TO SIXTEEN.

- I. Clear Soup with Custard. Baked Turbot. Wine Sauce. Fried Fillets of Sole. Bonduin of Veal with Truffles. Fillets of Beef with Vegetables. Boiled Turkey. Onion Sauce. Boiled Ham. Roast Wild Duck. Russian Salad. Plum Pudding. Mince Pies. Noyau Jelly. Chocolate Eclairs.

- II. Oyster Soup. Vermicelli Soup. Codfish and Caper Sauce. Lobster Croquettes. Fillets of Beef with Olives. Small Chateaufe of Game. Picandean of Veal with Spinach. Roast Turkey and Sausages. Broccoli au Gratin. Stuffed Tomatoes. Plum Pudding. Mince Pies. Stewed Pears. Whipped Cream. Pine Apple Toasts.

- III. Clear Celery Soup. Chestnut Soup. Boudins of Whiting. Red Mullers. Wine Sauce. Chicken with Tartarum. Mutton Cutlets with Carrots. Braised Turkey. Aspic of Lobster. Scotch Woodcock. Cheese Tartlets. Plum Pudding. Mince Pies. Small Babas with Rum. Compoite of Oranges.

DINNERS FOR EIGHTEEN TO TWENTY.

- I. Clear Oxtail Soup. Lobster Soup. Brill, Shrimp Sauce. Stewed Red Mullers. Oyster Patties. Mutton Cutlets and Spinach. Salmis of Game. Braised Beef. Roast Turkey and Sausages. Mashed Potatoes. Brussels Sprouts. Seakale. Pheasants. Woodcocks. Cheese Hamquins. Plum Pudding. Mince Pies. Nougats with Cream. Charlotte Russe. Maraschino Jelly.

- II. Palestine Soup. Gravy Soup. Boiled Codfish. Oyster Sauce. Fried Smelts. Mutton Cutlets. Tomato Sauce. Chicken Croquettes. Salmis of Partridges. Beef Olives. Boiled Turkey. Celery Sauce. Roast Sirloin of Beef. Mashed Potatoes. Broccoli. Brussels Sprouts. Roast Pheasants. Roast Turkey. Caviar Toast. Plum Pudding. Tipay Cake. Orange Jelly. Pine Apple Cream. Mince Pies. Meringues. Cheese. Butter. Celery, &c.

- III. Clear Soup with Queelles. Hare Soup. Turbot, Tartare Sauce. Baked John Dory. Kromesky of Game. Sweetbread (à la Financière). Salmis of Chickens. Grenadins of Ven. Fillet of Beef with Macaroni. Roast Turkey Truffled. Bavarian Endive Salad. Boer E. Cream Sauce. Cardoons and Marrow. Stuffed Eggs. Cheese Soufflé. Plum Pudding. Nougats with Cream. Mince Pies. Tipay Puddings. Orange Tartlets. Meringues.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper, &c., received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 252.

T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 251, and also, of Problems for Young Players No. 245.

E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 252. Correct.

We have been informed that at the recent meeting of the Guelph of the chessplayers of Ontario, four were present from Toronto, one from Hamilton, three from Seaforth, and one from Brantford. About twenty players of the Guelph Chess Club were also in attendance, and consequently chess was exceedingly well represented in the sister Province.

The formation of an Ontario Chess Association was brought forward for consideration and agreed to, and the following officers were elected:

- President—J. H. Gordon, Toronto. Vice-President—R. R. Baldwin, Guelph. Treasurer—A. T. Kerr, Guelph. Secretary—W. A. Littlejohn, Toronto.

Two matches were played during the meeting, one between the players of Toronto and Seaforth, in which the former succeeded in winning every game, and the other, which was a mixed game, gave at its close the following results:

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Baldwin (Guelph) 2, Adamson (Toronto) 0, Wallace (Brantford) 2, Hirschberg (Toronto) 0, Lee (Brantford) 1, Littlejohn (Toronto) 1.

Mr. H. Hall, a gentleman of England who is travelling through Canada at the present time for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the resources, &c., of the country, visited the Montreal Chess Club on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst.

Having privately intimated to the Secretary, Mr. J. Henderson, his desire to meet the chessplayers of the city, nearly the whole of the members of the club were in attendance at the Gymnasium, in Mansfield street. Mr. Hall, who has for many years been connected with the chessplayers of London, expressed a desire to try the skill of our Montreal players, and, in consequence, a gentleman present contested a couple of games with him, and managed in each encounter to maintain the credit of the club. In the course of conversation after the cessation of hostilities, Mr. Hall, whose genial manner was much appreciated by those present, said that he was gratified to see so large a club in existence in our city, and acknowledged also that the play he had witnessed during the evening was considerably beyond what he had anticipated.

We learn that a Chess Column is about to appear in one of the Quebec papers. We are glad of this, as the royal game has many lovers in the Ancient Capital. It is also a sign of the growth of interest in the game in the Province.

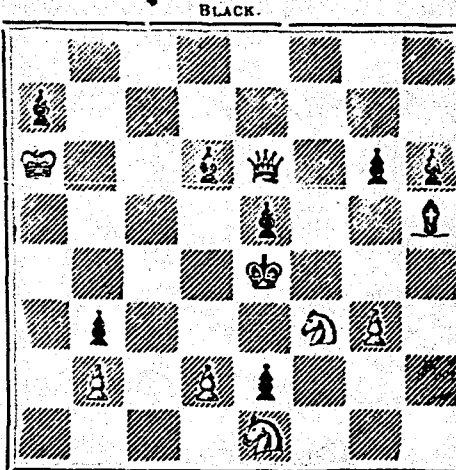
It has always been the fashion to speak of Correspondence Chess as a very dull entertainment for those engaged in it, and of the record of games so played as destitute of interest for the general reader. In nine cases out of ten the reproach is not altogether undeserved, but the famous match between London and Edinburgh, which led to the revival of an old opening, since known as the Scotch Gambit, is a notable exception, and to this we may now add the match between England and America. This match was begun two years ago, and its progress has been marked by several noteworthy incidents. Some months ago, Mr. French, of Washington, closed one of the games he was conducting with the announcement of a forced win in the extraordinary number of fifty-three moves; a few weeks later, Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, Connecticut, opposed to Mr. Gossip, one of the strongest of the English team, announced a mate in thirty moves, and since then, informed her adversary that in the second game between them he would be mated against the best play in twenty-one moves!

Mrs. Gilbert has more than once before displayed a very remarkable aptitude for chess analysis, but her last exploits are unparalleled in the history of chess by correspondence.—Illustrated London News.

PROBLEM No. 256.

By E. N. Frankenstein.

(From English Chess Problems.)



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 384th.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Played in the Handicap Tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club, between Messrs. Grutter and Mackenzie, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move.

Remove Black's K B P.

Table with 2 columns: White moves (Mr. G.) and Black moves (Mr. M.).

- 14. P to Q 5. 14. Kt to Q sq. 15. P to K Kt 3. 15. P to Q B 4. 16. P to K R 4. 16. P to K R 4. 17. Q to K 2. 17. Kt to K B 2. 18. Castles Q R. 18. Kt to K R 3. 19. Q R to K B sq. 19. Q to Q 2. 20. P to K B 4. 20. Q to K Kt 5. 21. Q to K Kt 2. 21. P takes B P. 22. R takes P. 22. B to K Kt 4 (c). 23. P takes B. 23. R takes R. 24. P takes Kt. 24. R to B 6. 25. R to K R 4 (d). 25. Q to Kt 4 (ch). 26. Q to Q 2. 26. Q takes K Kt sq. 27. B to K 2. 27. Q takes R. 28. B takes R. 28. R to K B sq. 29. Q to K 3. 29. Q to K Kt 6. 30. Kt to Q 2. 30. P to K R 5. 31. K to Q sq (c). 31. P to R 6. 32. K to K 2. 32. P to R 7. 33. B to K R sq. 33. Q to K Kt 8. 34. Q to K R 3. 34. Q takes B. 35. Q to Q 6 (ch). 35. K takes P. 36. Q to R 3 (ch). 36. K to Kt 2. 37. Q to Q 7 (ch). 37. R to B 2 and wins.

NOTES.

- (a) Thus far White has managed the opening well and carefully, but this move of the Kt is not to be commended; it would have been more to the purpose to have played him to K B and then to Kt 3. (b) R takes B is stronger. (c) Undoubtedly his best play under the circumstances, as it gives him two strong passed Pawns on the King's side. (d) Inferior, we think, to BK 2. (e) The helplessness of White's pieces is somewhat curious, for they are powerless to prevent the victorious advance of the Black K R P.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 254

- WHITE. 1. R to R 6. 2. K takes Q. 3. Mates acc. BLACK. 1. Q (checks). 2. Anything. Black has other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 252

- White. 1. B to Q Kt 7. 2. Kt mates. Black. 1. P moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 255.

By Thomas Sinclair, Manitoba.

- WHITE. K at Q Kt 5. R at K R 4. B at Q 6. Kt at K Kt 6. Pawns at K B 5 and Q Kt 6. BLACK. K at Q 4. Pawns at Q 2 and K Kt 4. White to play and mate in two moves.

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The timber must be of the quality described, and of the dimensions stated on a printed bill, which will be supplied on application, personally or by letter at this office, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

No payment will be made on the timber until it has been delivered at the place required on the respective Canals, nor until it has been examined and approved of by an officer detailed for that service.

To each Tender must be attached the names of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of the conditions stated in the Contract.

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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th December, 1879.

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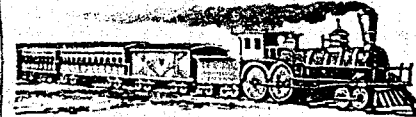
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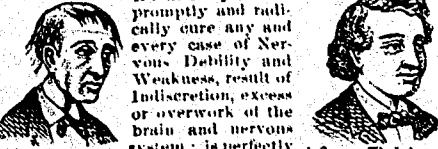
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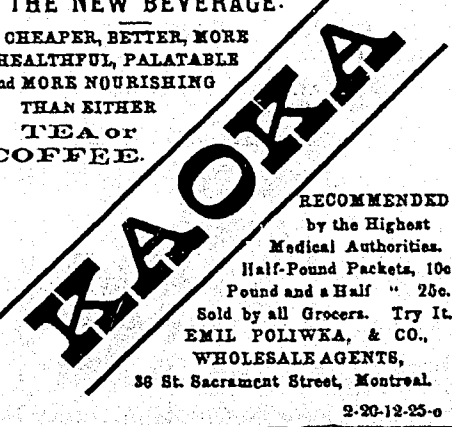
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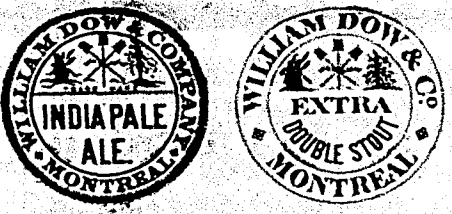
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