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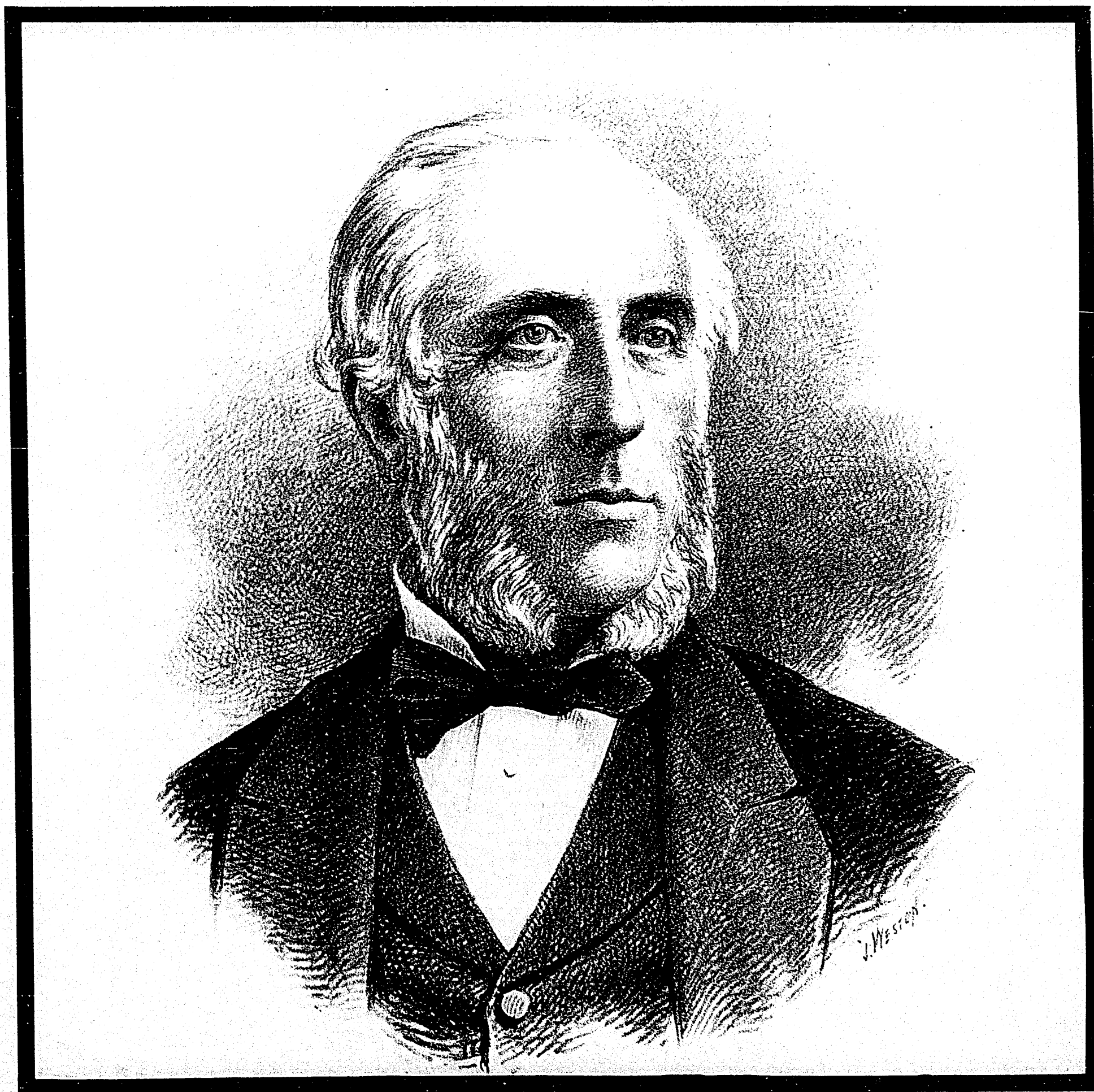
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# GRAND MAIL Wholesale News

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THE LATE HON. GEORGE BROWN,  
SENATOR OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.—From a Photograph by Notman & Fraser.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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

NOTICE.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the NEWS, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (May 8th, 1880) and corresponding week (1879). It lists Max. Min. and Mean temperatures for each day of the week.

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LETTER PRESS.—From the Seat of Government—Clara Chillington (continued)—The dead Senator—Imperial Federation—History of the Week—Humorous—An Old Maid's Confession—Varieties—Literary—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 15th, 1880.

THE DEAD SENATOR.

The present year has been fraught with severe trials for the Liberal party in Canada, and the statesmanship of the whole country has lost by so much. Mr. LETELLIER DE ST. JUST, leader of his party in Quebec, has been incapacitated by infirmities from taking any share in public affairs. Mr. HOLTON has been snatched off, without warning, not only in the midst of his usefulness, but at a critical time when his peculiar force of character was necessary to the cohesion of his party. Mr. MACKENZIE has been deposed from the leadership under circumstances which have caused regret even among the bulk of his adversaries. And now Mr. GEORGE BROWN, the real power behind the throne, has been cut off just as he had succeeded in imparting to the great organ of his influence a prestige such as it had never before enjoyed. Speaking generally, and without any effort at exaggeration, it may be said that four great men have thus more or less disappeared from the scene, and of the four we are not sure but that Mr. BROWN may be accounted the greatest. Without analyzing the peculiar traits of his character, or studying too closely the sources of his power, we may test his greatness by the Napoleonic standard—"What has he done?"—and, tried by that standard, we must set him down as one of the most remarkable men that Canada has produced in our time.

Mr. BROWN must be viewed in his double capacity as journalist and statesman. He was a son of the late PETER BROWN, a merchant of Edinburgh, in which city he was born 29th November, 1818, being thus only in his sixty-second year at the time of his death, and in the full enjoyment of robust health. Young BROWN was destined for mercantile pursuits and engaged in them for a brief period, but his tastes lay in a different direction, and when his father emigrated to New York for the purpose of founding a newspaper, he followed him thither. In 1842 he joined the staff of the British Chronicle, and soon attained to the direction of its columns. In the following year, father and son removed to Toronto and established the Banner, an independent organ of Liberal Presbyterian views.

The success of this venture was such that, in 1844, a more purely political organ was attempted in the Globe, which from that day to this has been an institution in Canada. It passed through many vicissitudes, incident to a young country like this, but it kept on steadily prospering, until at the present time, and under the new form which it has just assumed, it may rank with the chief papers of New York. This result is mainly due to the genius of Mr. BROWN. He is entitled to rank among the first of great transatlantic editors, having done for the Globe what HORACE GREELY did for the New York Tribune; RAYMOND, for the New York Times; BENNETT for the N. Y. Herald; DANA for the N. Y. Sun; BOWLES for the Springfield Republican; HALSTEAD for the Cincinnati Commercial; RAYBURN for the Louisville Courier; MEDILL for the Chicago Tribune; KNAPP for the Missouri Republican; and FORSYTHE for the Mobile Register. This of itself is glory enough for one man, but Mr. BROWN has other claims to the remembrance of his countrymen. While never relinquishing or even relaxing the control of his paper, he found time to devote many of the best years of his life to the service of his country in its legislative halls. He entered upon his political career in 1851 as member for Kent, in the Canada Assembly; sat for Lambton at a later date till the general elections of 1857, when he was returned for North Oxford and the city of Toronto—electing to sit for the latter. He next represented South Oxford from 1863 till the Union. In 1858, Mr. BROWN had risen to the position of leader of the Reform party, and as such was called upon by Sir EDMUND HEAD to form a Government on the downfall of the MACDONALD-CARTIER Administration. This he succeeded in accomplishing with the aid of the Hon. (now Sir A. A. DORION,) but before it was possible for the members of this Cabinet to be re-elected, the Assembly passed a vote of want of confidence. He, of course, resigned, but again entered the Executive Council in 1864 as a member of the Administration formed to carry out the scheme of Confederation, being leader of the Reform section, as Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD was leader of the Ontario Conservatives, and Sir GEORGE CARTIER of the French-Canadian Conservatives. Mr. BROWN obtained a Select Committee to inquire into and report upon such changes in the constitution as would satisfy the just expectations of Western Canada. This Committee reported in favour of a Federal system, such as was afterwards adopted. He was a member of the Charlottetown Union Conference, 1864, of that at Quebec in the same year, and of the Confederate Council of the British North American Colonies for the negotiation of commercial treaties which sat in the latter city in 1865. He likewise, in the same year, proceeded to England as a delegate on public business. On his return, in December, 1865, he retired from the Ministry, owing to his disapproval of the policy of the Government, with reference to a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. In 1867 Mr. BROWN was defeated in South Ontario, and from that period may be said to have withdrawn from public life, for although he was appointed to the Senate in 1873, he scarcely ever attended its sittings. In 1874, however, he proceeded to Washington on behalf of Canada and the Empire, as Joint Plenipotentiary with Sir EDWARD THORNTON, to negotiate a commercial treaty with the United States. In this he was completely unsuccessful. In 1875 he declined the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario.

It will be only too well remembered that, a few weeks ago, Mr. BROWN was the victim of an odious assault on the part of an engine man of the Globe office, named ENNETT, who penetrated into his presence, and in the midst of a scuffle discharged a pistol ball in the fleshy part of the hon. gentleman's thigh. For many days no serious results were anticipated, but gradually mortification set in and

after a fortnight's alternation of hopes and fears, Mr. BROWN passed away peacefully and apparently without pain. We present our readers to-day with a front-page portrait of the deceased, and in doing so take a melancholy pleasure in repeating that it is the presentment of one of Canada's greatest men.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

It is most unfortunate, in our judgment, that we have so many constitutional theorists among us, who seem to consider it their duty to create an impression that the political institutions which were established little over twelve years ago, have completely failed to give satisfaction to the Canadian people. It is, of course, nothing extraordinary that there should be political discontent. The Constitution of 1791, which lasted about 50 years, was vigorously assailed in the local parliaments of Lower and Upper Canada during a long series of years, and popular discontent was manifested by two rebellions during that period. The constitution established by the Union Act of 1840 lasted about a quarter of a century, but for upwards of ten years there were popular demonstrations against the principle of equal representation, and in course of time the majority of the representatives of the people insisted on a new constitution, which was granted in compliance with the wishes of the people expressed through Canadian statesmen of all political parties.

That there are now and always have been in our midst many critics, whether from a preference for republican institutions, or from a conviction that it would be desirable to have one commercial system for the whole of North America, is by no means surprising. It is not our intention, at all events at present, to criticize the proceedings of propagandists of annexation, but there are persons quite as mischievous who, professing loyalty to the Crown, and a desire to advance the interests of Canada, spare no effort to create the impression abroad that Confederation has been a failure. We purpose making a brief reference to some of the most recent essays of gentlemen of the class that we have described.

During a recent visit to England, Mr. J. S. BOURINOT, Assistant Clerk to the House of Commons, delivered a lecture on the "National Development of Canada," and it is stated in an article in the Nineteenth Century entitled "The Common Sense of Home Rule," by Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, that the object of the essayist was "to show that the present relations of the Dominion of Canada to the Imperial Parliament cannot long continue to exist." Mr. BOURINOT's essay was of course very acceptable to those who are endeavouring to bring about the dismemberment of the Empire, and who, it cannot be denied, have a large amount of sympathy from one portion of the United Kingdom, and a considerable number of the representatives of the people to express their views. It is not our intention by any means to discuss the subject of Home Rule for Ireland, but we must call attention to the effect which Mr. BOURINOT's essay produced on the mind of a Home Ruler. It was assumed, and perhaps not unnaturally, that the Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons "can hardly be supposed to be ignorant of the public feeling of Canada," and accordingly when it is announced by such an authority that Canada "will demand to be admitted to representation in the Imperial Parliament or she will either drift into independence or be annexed to the United States," it can be well imagined that people are startled. We have already called attention to the fact that during the existence of the Constitutions of 1791 and 1840, there were for years parties demanding constitutional changes, but the same cannot be said of our present constitution. We scarcely think that Mr. BOURINOT would himself pretend that in his lecture at the Colonial Institute he gave expression to "the public feeling of Canada," or that

he had any authority whatever for his statements. We shall not pronounce any opinion as to the propriety of such an officer volunteering such statements, but cannot but deeply regret that they were expressed.

Lieutenant-Colonel SALTER M. JARVIS has published in the Canadian Monthly a paper laid before the Militia Institute of Toronto, in March last, in which he likewise advocates Imperial Federation as the panacea for our troubles. Col. JARVIS has one ruling idea that we may at any moment be at war with our neighbours, that we are in a defenceless state and should lose no time in fortifying Montreal and other places. Nearly seventy years have elapsed since there has been war between Great Britain and the United States, and it would be difficult to imagine the occurrence of circumstances more likely to produce it than what have occurred during that period. When the American steamer Caroline was seized in a United States port in 1838 by Canadian Volunteers, and after being set on fire, sent adrift over the Falls of Niagara, it was thought hardly probable that war could be averted. Then there were boundary disputes of a very serious character, and in more modern times various complications arising out of the Civil War. Having got out of all these difficulties without war, it will be difficult for Col. JARVIS to persuade intelligent Canadians that the Ministry which diverted an expenditure of some five millions of dollars from fortifications for the protection of Montreal is deserving of severe censure. Col. JARVIS has not propounded any new ideas on this subject. Military men have been urging the importance of fortifications for the last fifty years, and will continue to do so for the next fifty years.

Another essayist is Mr. ROSWELL FISHER, whose subject is "Canadian Difficulties." Mr. FISHER does not explain the remedy which he would apply to lighten our difficulties; indeed some of them would be cured neither by annexation nor Imperial Federation. For instance "the severity and duration of the cold is such as seriously to hamper and shorten our agricultural and other operations"—the cold shuts up our navigable rivers and canals, so that there is only half the year to earn dividends. The cold "adds largely to the expenses of running our railroads," in short "the climate of Canada handicaps us heavily in competing with the people of the temperate if not of the sub-tropic zone, and unfortunately there are absolutely no compensating advantages with which to comfort ourselves." Unhappy Canadians! "We need a greater quantity of fuel, clothes and warmer dwellings," and therefore having to spend so much more of our earnings for the necessaries of life, we are so much poorer than our Southern neighbours. We confess that the impression produced on us by a perusal of Mr. FISHER's essay was amazement that the writer should remain one hour in Canada. No change in our political institutions would even lessen many of the difficulties which Mr. FISHER has taken the pains to enumerate. Notwithstanding all that Mr. FISHER has written it is only necessary to compare some of our principal cities to-day with their position 40 years ago to satisfy oneself that the progress of the country has been eminently satisfactory notwithstanding all the difficulties that have had to be surmounted. If any defects should be found in our political institutions we have no doubt that the representatives of the people will not shrink from their duty of demanding a remedy as they have done on former occasions, and we are sanguine that any representations that may be made will receive prompt and earnest attention in the proper quarter.

A YANKEE came running down to a pier just as a steamer was starting. The boat moved off some four or five yards, as he took a jump, and coming down on the back of his head on deck, he lay stunned for two or three minutes. When he came to, the boat had gone the best part of a quarter of a mile, and, raising his head and looking to the shore, the Yankee said, "Great Jehosaphat! what a jump!"

SONNETS.

BY CHARLES RITCHIE.

I know that I have spent myself in vain Seeking what cannot come in time of gloom...

Out of the deep, a servant of despair, A mourner, rose into the ghastly light...

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE PROLOGUE—SPEECH FROM THE THRONE—REVIEW OF THE SESSION—MEASURES OF THE WEEK.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, May 8th, 1880.—Yesterday afternoon the Governor-General came down in state to prorogue Parliament.

This session, which has lasted about three months, has not been remarkable for any measures of exciting popular interest.

In all the party skirmishes (they can hardly be called serious conflicts) of the session, the lines have been pretty sharply defined without a single break in the immense, preponderating ministerial majority.

This session will be remembered for the loss of Mr. Holton, and I had almost said for that of Hon. George Brown.

This session, too, will be remembered for the fall of Mr. Mackenzie from the leadership of the Opposition.

In noticing the business of the week, it may be mentioned that, on Monday, Sir Leonard Tilley laid on the table of the House the April returns of Customs and Excise.

On the vote for the Esquimaux Graving Dock, Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie both opposed the grant, on the ground that the Government were converting what was intended for a loan into a free gift.

On Tuesday, the Committee on Debates presented a report in favour of establishing a permanent staff of reporters engaged by the House.

On Wednesday, the Boundary Committee presented a very elaborate report, based upon evidence it has been busied in obtaining during the greater part of the session.

The second reading of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway Bill, which had excited so much speculation, was moved by the Minister of Justice.

The Canadian Pacific Railway resolutions, which were finally passed on Wednesday, set apart a hundred millions of acres in Manitoba and the North-West for building the railway.

Mr. Colby called the attention of the House, as Mr. Wark, a few days ago, did that of the Senate, to the Panama Canal question.

At the close of the sitting, Mr. Blake, in his new position of leader, made some remarks on the conduct of the House.

from the Departments were brought down to the end of the calendar year. He also severely commented on some of the manifestations that had occurred in the House.

On Friday morning (Thursday being a holiday) the House met at 10 a.m., when it adopted the report of the Printing Committee.

The session being now over, this series of letters comes to a close, and I have only to thank those readers who have followed my appreciation of its phases.

AT ST. MARTIN'S JUNCTION.

We publish to-day a page of sketches connected with the opening of the Palace Drawing-Room and Sleeping cars on the Q. M. O. & O. Railway.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, May 3.—The first council under the new Administration was held at Windsor Castle yesterday.

TUESDAY, May 4.—War between Russia and China is said to be now inevitable.

WEDNESDAY, May 5.—"Fashion" won the Chester cup yesterday.

THURSDAY, May 6.—Lord Beaconsfield will accept a retiring pension of £2,000 per annum.

FRIDAY, May 7.—The British Government will, early in 1881, amend the Liquor License Act in such a manner as to satisfy the moderate temperance reformers.

despatch from Buenos Ayres states that the National Congress of Paraguay has sanctioned a concession to a bank about to be established by an English company.

SATURDAY, May 8.—Mr. Gladstone was re-elected for Midlothian without opposition.

SELF-APPRECIATION.—The conduct of the present King of Bavaria in excluding not only the public, but even a single spectator from the performances of operas and plays given before himself, has often excited comment.

PREMIERS SINCE 1754.

Following is a list of British Premiers, with the periods during which they held office, since 1754:—

Table with columns: Appointed, Time in Office (Yrs., Days). Lists British Premiers from 1754 to 1880.

HUMOROUS.

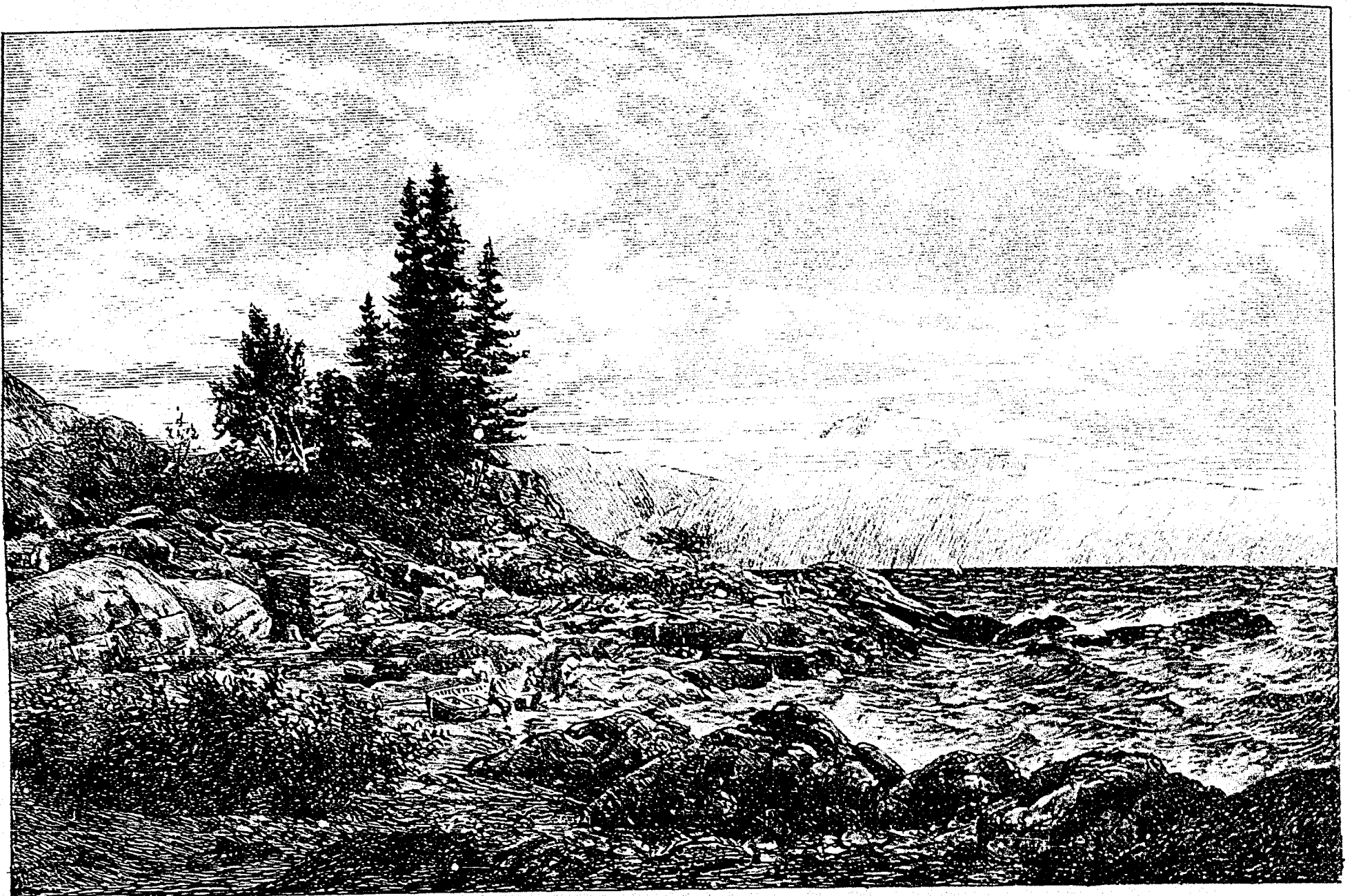
It was the man arrested for stealing a mirror that had taken a glass too much.

LITTLE four-year-old Gussie has a papa with fine beard and moustache.

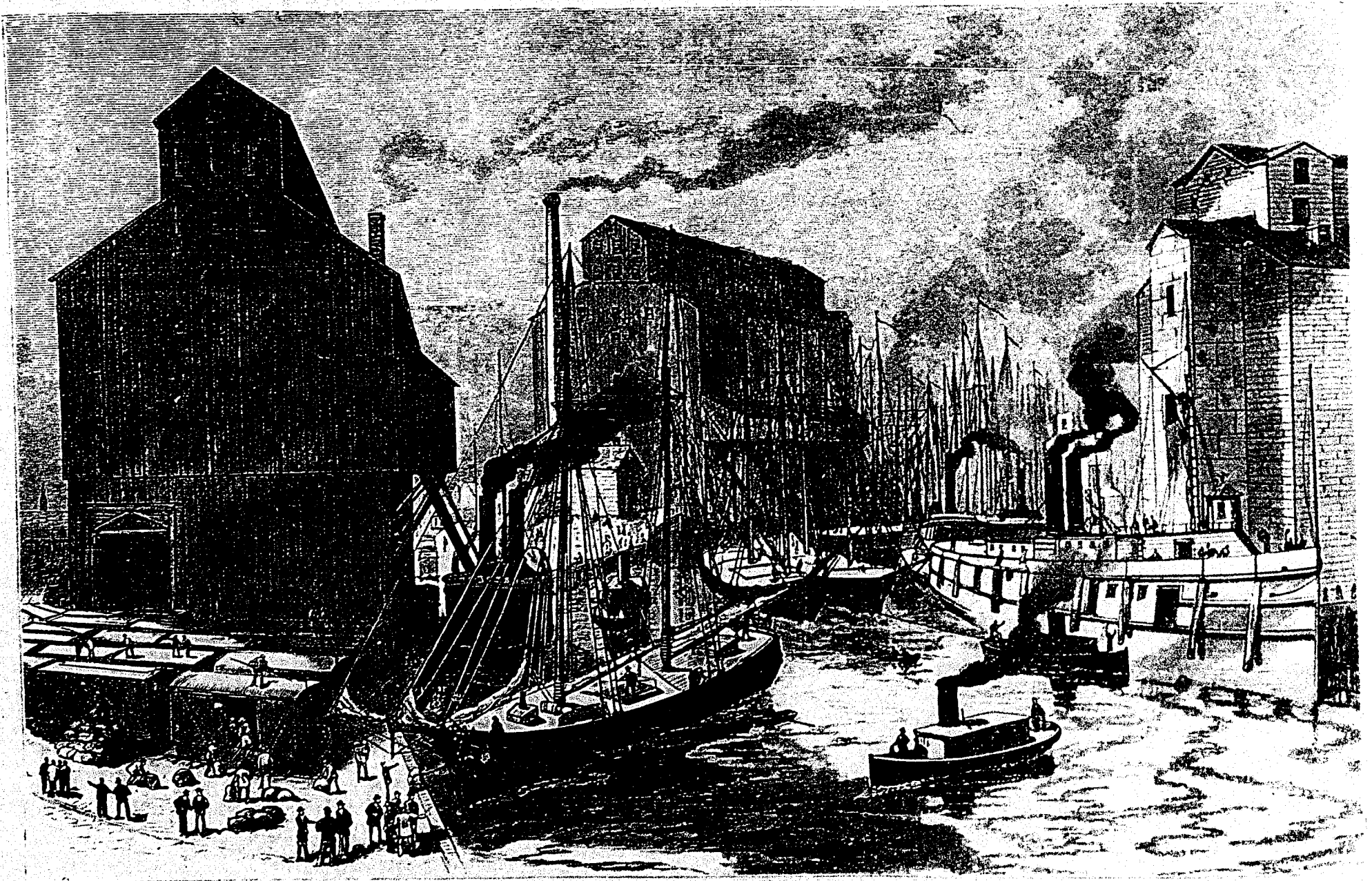
A LANCASTER young lady playfully threw her arm around the waist of a lady friend.

READY FOR HARD TIMES.

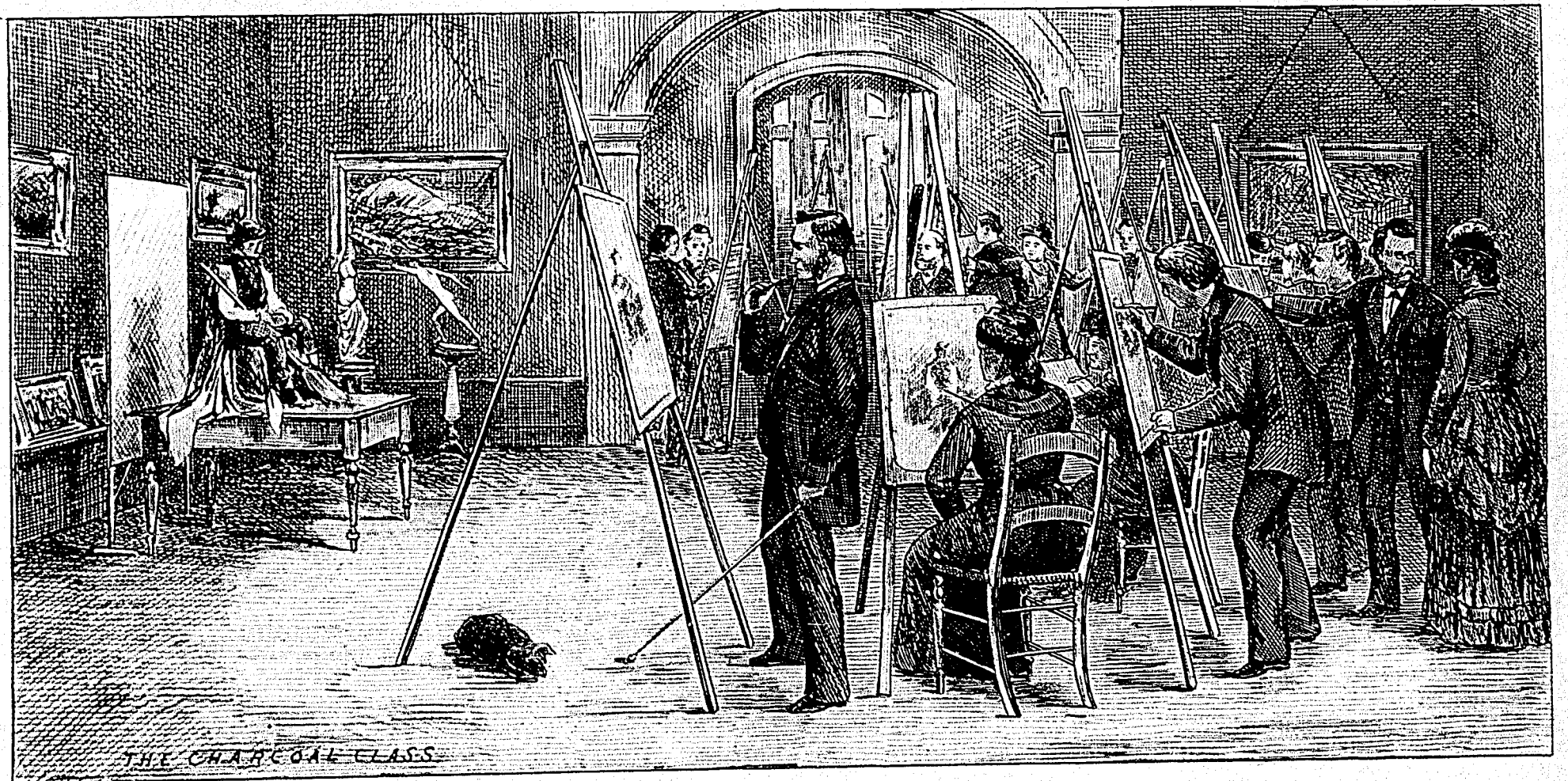
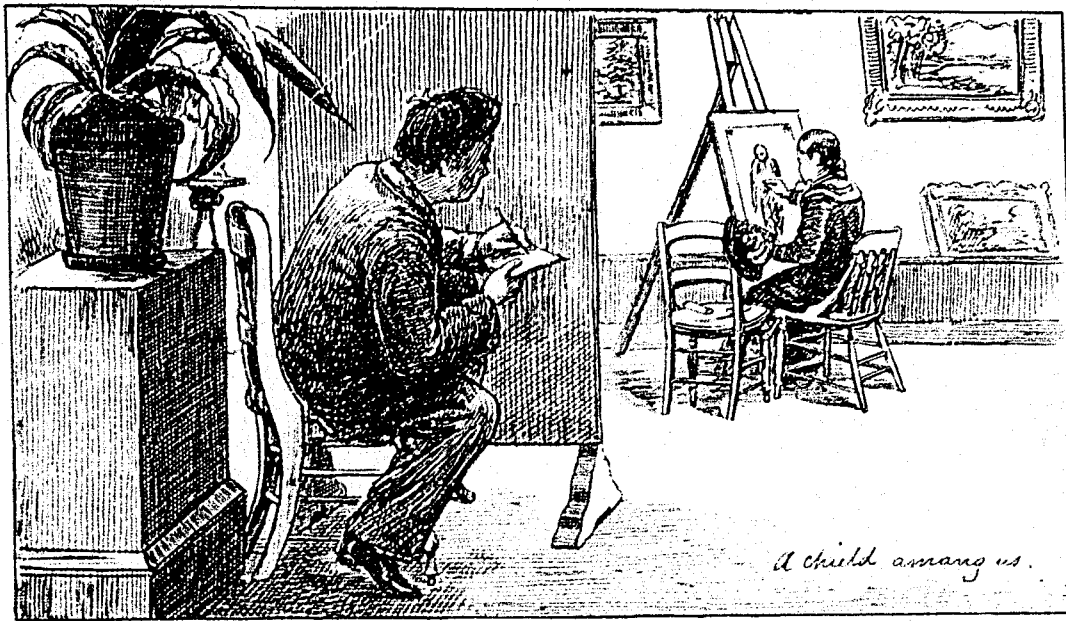
Stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style. Buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way.



CAP ROUGE FROM ILE AUX FLEURS.—FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. R. O'BRIEN, C.A.



GRAIN TRANSPORTATION AT CHICAGO.



SKETCHES BY THE PUPILS OF THE ONTARIO SCHOOL OF ART.

THE FLIGHT OF BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

The hot glaring sun and the summer weather
Fell like a shock on the Beautiful Snow.
And the Beautiful Snow and the frost together
In terror decamped like a stricken foe.

AN OLD MAID'S CONFESSION.

By "ISIDORE."
Author of "Voices from the Hearth," "An
Emigrant's Story," "An Old Miser's
Story," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.
THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT.

The night that succeeded my interview with
the Doctor found me perturbed and sleepless.
Oblivion would not steal over me, and bring me
"nature's sweet restorer." My mind was racked
with inquietude and doubt, and my body with
feverish restlessness.

myself of cruelty for not having answered him.
I wondered what had sustained him in his
indomitable resolve to persevere. I recognized
again and again the might of his overmastering
love for me—I read once more, through blind-
ing tears, his forcible and eloquent pleadings.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHADOW OF THE DAY.

On the morrow succeeding this night we were
all up betimes, and I persuaded the Doctor to
take Flora for a walk. The summer's morning
broke joyously on us, with its fresh warmth and
sweet light, reminding me of those exquisite
lines:—
"Sweet day, so pure, so calm and bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night
For thou must die."

listened, striving to collect my wandering ideas
for the first sentence in my letter. I returned
to my seat, caught my sentence before it slipped
away from me, and allowed my pen to trace the
first words. Suddenly I heard steps, and after-
wards my name. Was I dreaming! Surely
that voice and step were familiar. Hurriedly
placing my letter out of reach, my heart beating
wildly, I stood and faced—Frank!

It all took place in an instant. I had no time
to compose my demeanour nor my thoughts,
before he rushed towards me, removed his hat,
kissed my hand, and sat down. "Everybody
out!" he said. "The landlady did not know
where you were; but I searched for the likeliest
spot to find you, and here you are, looking as
rosy as the dawn, the picture of all that is good
and adorable. You did not think I should
follow my letter so soon, did you?"

I had not yet recovered from my surprise,
and I felt so dazed that I could hardly frame
commonplace words of welcome to greet him.
"It is indeed a pleasant surprise," I said,
calmly, and I am afraid, rather coldly.

"I was somewhat precipitate in rushing down
here, Agnes, without informing you first, but
I only obeyed impulse, and there is always more
rashness than calculation when the affections
are concerned." And he said all this eagerly
and hastily, apparently taking no notice of the
calmness of my demeanour.

"I was on the point of answering your letter,
Frank."

"And so I disturbed you. All the better,"
he continued. "I don't want it answered;
there is always a chilling restraint about written
words—give me spoken ones."

Was it better for him and for me that my
tongue, and not my pen, should tell him his
hard fate! Heaven only knows! My love for
him, hovering over the thoughts that sought
a written expression, might have softened them;
as it was, there was no help for me—I had to be
pointedly plain; I had to be severely merciless.
Bestow your pity on me, O reader! for there
was no one to pity me then, except the Invisible
One, who searches human hearts. "Yes,
Frank," I replied, "spoken words are the best.
Had you waited, however, till to-morrow, you
would have received my certain answer." Had
my manner at last betrayed my decision? It
may have partially done so, for his next words
had an aggrieved, fattering tone about them.

"I could not wait, Agnes, I could not rest.
You think me impatient and headstrong! I
dare say I am, but my life's prospects and my
life's happiness all depended on your answer;
all my future now hangs on one little word."

"Don't say your future depends on a word,
it must not do so, Frank." And I said this as
resolutely as I could.

"Is it possible that you have still not under-
stood me, despite all I have written and said,
Agnes! With you as my wife, I can plan and
succeed, I can dare and do; without your love
my life will hold no promise and no joy."

"Frank, listen to me," I said, in measured,
mournful tones, rising from my seat, and
removing at a little distance from him, in order
to steel my soul to pronounce my unflinching
decision: "do not ever again speak to me of
love—I can never be your wife."

He rose then, and for the first time since our
acquaintance the brightness on his face vanish-
ed, and in its place came a hard, cold expres-
sion. "So I have been a fool, and have been
mistaken," he answered, sternly. "I have
been cajoled, and allured, and encouraged, by
that which was only a mocking semblance of
affection. You never—never bestowed an affec-
tionate thought on me; you never loved me. I
have said my last words to you—I leave you,
never again to cast my eyes on one who has
treated me so falsely. Good-bye."

He turned from me without another word,
and in that moment, dreadful moment, like one
petrified, I saw him haste away, my life's happi-
ness flying with him. Then a tender pity for
him rushed to my heart, and with the sound of
his words still in my ears, I quickly followed
his retreating footsteps, exclaiming "Frank,
Frank, you are wrong, I do love you, warmly
and devotedly."

These words had hardly fallen from my lips
when I heard footsteps—a fall, and a cry. I
madly hastened towards the direction whence
the sound proceeded, and oh, horror! I became
dazed, and saw and heard nothing more!

When I recovered consciousness I found
myself in my bed, the good Doctor and landlady
in attendance on me. I struggled to free my
senses from the nightmare of a terrible dream
which clung to them, but my waking only re-
vealed it more palpably. The horror of that
moment, when my full and weary heart had
betrayed its love to one who, in his sudden and
hasty departure, could never have heard it,
again and again stung my soul; and the more-
overful and terrible instant of all, as my agonising
despair showed me, when I afterwards under-
stood it, the mischief my words had caused,
again and again seemed to consume my very
being with torture.

Better, a thousand times better, that I had
given up my own life, than to have lived, know-
ing that my darling, she for whom I could have
sacrificed everything worth living for, would
never more on this sad earth greet me again!

When they thought I was strong enough to
bear the shock I was told all. There was not
much to tell. It so happened that the Doctor
and Flora, returning from their walk, had just
espied Frank hastening away, and on entering
the garden my words, "Frank, Frank, you are

wrong! I do love you, warmly and devotedly,"
reached her ears. As the utterance of them
faded away my sister's spirit left its frail ten-
ement. The shock of them struck her broken
constitution, like a sharp sword might blight
and destroy a flower. They killed her. I could
hardly take cognizance of the dear, prostrate
form when I fell speechless in the arms of the
doctor.

During many weeks I was informed that my
own life was despaired of, and when at last I
grew convalescent I could only perform my daily
duties like a sad, dull, mechanical exercise, only
feeling the burden and pain of living—dreading
even to face the memory of the one uncontrolla-
ble, agonising sorrow of my existence.

EPILOGUE.

Again I am seated under the oak-tree in the
garden, which you remember. The passing
years which change the face of nature, and alter
human feeling, have left their marks upon the
characters of this history. Unsparring and re-
lentless Time, bringing in its wake its tribute
of weal and woe, raptures and pains, has left its
trace everywhere.

Once more it is summer-time, and the glow
and beauty of the luxuriant season makes our
weary natures glad. The old oak-tree, so rich
in its past associations, is still in the prime of
its glory and magnificence. The dark, cold
winters have not stripped it of its pristine
strength, nor lessened its umbrageous crown of
superb foliage. It has defied the tooth of
"de courting time," and though drawing its sus-
tenance from earth, it looks as everlasting as
our own immortal hopes.

I ply my needle, enjoying the warmth and
sweetness of this summer's day.

The great calm which floats around me is like
the spirit of Peace, and in the tender silence,
regret and sorrow are stilled. The clouds that
once troubled me are as far off from my soul as
the tiny cloudlets that now sail in the azure
depths above me, which will soon melt and vanish
altogether.

Before I close these pages for ever, let me re-
count the changes which have come on the
wings of the fast-fleeting years, as far as they
affect the personages of this narrative. My
kind old protector, in the fulness of her age,
with all her marvellous faculties keenly pre-
served to the last, has passed away—

"To where, beyond these veils, there is peace!"
In these pages I have often descanted on my
grandmother's character. If there is anything
left untold, it is this—that no words of mine
could ever do her full justice in her life, in the
same way as now no after-thought can ever truly
estimate her beautiful memory.

I have a few words to say about Doctor
Ponder. As can well be imagined, this excel-
lent type of humanity was all kindness and
thoughtfulness to me during my great affliction.
His kindly offices to me were always marked by
a spirit of rare devotion. Without assuming
them the character of a lover, he always proved
himself a true and tried friend.

With an admirable perseverance, worthy of a
better cause, after a while he again preferred his
suit, and, in justice to him, I told him that my
refusal was irrevocable—for the first time I
trusted my secret to the keeping of any one.
As the only one concerned in it had, let us
hope, won a more beneficial heritage than any
earth could have bestowed upon her, there could
be no possible injustice done to her memory by
imparting it to one who, for my sake and hers,
would ever hold it sacred!

I must say that at last he bore his disappoint-
ment heroically, and, yielding to my earnest
solicitations on the subject, took to his heart
and home a younger and more blooming spec-
imen of womanhood than the writer of these
pages. It is pleasant for me to know that the
exuberant love which filled his nature should
not have consumed itself entirely away, so that,
after all, it was destined to make another woman
happy. Mrs. Ponder was a short, plump,
buxom creature, with soft, blue eyes, and a
ravishing smile. Always reticent when she
could not say anything pleasant, gently sym-
pathetic without parading her affections, lulling
care and troublous thought away by the mere
magical influence of her presence, she always
seemed to me the embodiment of Wordsworth's
heroine—

"A household spirit bright,
With something of an angel's light."

No one will wonder that we became close and
fast friends. There was nothing I looked for-
ward to with so much pleasure as a visit from
Mrs. and Dr. Ponder. Their companionship
almost made my days gay again. Their girls,
Flora and Agnes, bright darlings, though rather
too full of a saucy spirit of mischief, generally
accompanied their parents. Who could be sad
in such an atmosphere of kindness and merriment! The evanescent laughter and bright
prattle of children at any time must banish
despondency. And the influence of my friends'
children can divert memory, and once more
rekindle happiness!

Mrs. Dufresne still holds herself out to the
world as a martyr to a thousand and one ail-
ments. And several London doctors, many of
whom are of established prestige, are continually
humouring this interesting lady, while they
pleasantly boast that they make one hundred a
year out of her. She has compiled her various
prescriptions, received from time to time, into a
volume. This relic of hypochondriacism—if it
is still extant—will be bequeathed to the museum

of the town that has the distinguished honour of being her birthplace.

Now, regarding the one who is, and ever will be, shined in my "heart of hearts," whose love, which he once cherished for me, is as sacred as the memory of her who loved him "too well," I can only say this much. He has prospered in his career, and is spoken of as one of the rising men of the day. I have heard that he is considered cold in his manner, reserved in his demeanour, and rigidly formal in his conduct. If this is the case, how unlike he is to the Frank of well-remembered, happier days! Though reckoned an excellent *parti*, no woman has been known to captivate him. The world cannot divine the cause of his being such a confirmed bachelor in his ways and habits, and I, who could, do not intend to enlighten the world. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that my last refusal completely hardened his nature towards my sex, and that his cold and stoical behaviour towards all women is due to his love-disappointment. His disbelief in our truth and sincerity has made that high, generous nature hard and indifferent. And I am the unhappy cause of all this! I am convinced that he will never woo me again. Well, the "painful riddle" of circumstances shall never be unravelled by me. And, besides, it is too late now to undeceive one another. We are both of us long past the age when it is usual to indulge in the ecstasy of devotion. The fitful glow and glamour of love become the season of youth when

"A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

and not to the waning, chilling period of age. So I have come to the conclusion to "let the dead past bury its dead." We may never meet again on this side of eternity. His last bitter words on that terrible day of my despair may never be revoked in this world. Let it be so. When all secrets are revealed he will know the truth. Till then, I can only fold to my soul one comforting thought, one sweet assurance—that I have never swerved from my duty; and so I have kept my trust, my truth, and my troth for evermore!

"While Memory watches o'er the end and review  
Of joys that faded like the morning dew."

Have I now given you good reason for remaining an old maid?

Let me hope I have done so.

THE END.

THE ONTARIO SCHOOL OF ART.

The illustrations of the Ontario School of Art which we publish to-day, are by some of the students who wished to try their hands at a little pictorial work as a relaxation after, and a test of the result of, the session's more sober and severely matter-of-fact course of drawing. The work done during the school term is, as becomes a school mainly supported by Government, of a strictly practical character, calculated to lay a solid foundation for good artistic work in the future, but for the present inclining the students to form a modest estimate of themselves rather than stimulating them to immediate production.

The Ontario School of Art is still in its infancy. The advantages it offers are being multiplied every year, and the quality of the work done has increased steadily in value, but the greater number of the students are yet occupied with mere elementary work, and the highest class in oils, to which none but advanced students are admitted, is small.

The school was started, in 1876, by the Ontario Society of Artists, assisted by a grant from the Government of Ontario. But the grant was small, and for the past three years the school has owed its existence, for at its necessarily low rate of charge it could not be self-supporting, mainly to the Ontario Society of Artists, and to a few individuals among its members. Now, however, that its success has placed it so high above the level of an experiment, and that its importance to the future of art manufacture in Canada is so recognizable, the Government grant has been largely increased, and the school may be said to be permanently established.

The students are as a rule preparing themselves to be designers, engravers, photograph painters, architects, teachers of drawing and artists. Some amateurs there are too, but inclined to take life seriously, and for the most part probably cultivating their talent that it may be useful to them in some definite way, or that they may have it to fall back upon as a *dernier ressort*. In any case, if fate allows them to sign themselves "amateur" through life, there is strong presumption that they will not be found among the ranks of the army of amateurs who carry about sketch books at summer resorts and distribute representations of nature, blottesque if they are bold, skinny if cautious, false in any case, as souvenirs among their hotel acquaintances; nor will they be found, it may be hoped, among the still more abominable band of æsthetic decorators who flood the country with bad art in the shape of *plaques*, platters, screens, carved woodwork and sham oyster shells decorated with correct high art subjects—storks as a rule. Amateur work our friends will probably do, both from nature and, doubtless, in conventional design; but besides having their taste formed upon a solid basis, they will have had the casual advantage of learning to draw—a power apparently not essential to the ordinary amateur. The writer had once the pleasure of sitting beside a young lady, well educated too, with none of

that sort of nonsense about her which Mr. Sparkler objected to, whilst she sketched a landscape. Venturing to criticize her preliminary outline a little she replied, "Oh I can't do outlines. Wait till I get to the colouring."

After the preliminary purification in straight lines and geometrical figures, which, though interesting in their way to one who is bent on training eye and hand, cannot be said to be exactly beautiful, the exercises in design which follow, (to go no further than the freehand outline class) have an intrinsic beauty which no one can help feeling and delighting in, who has any real taste for art. From the freehand outline class, after a slight introduction to the Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Moorish styles of design, the student is passed on to instruction in Perspective, Light and Shade, and Figure Drawing. There is also a class in water colours, under the direction of the President of the Canadian Academy, and an oil class. But the main energy of the school is at present expended upon drawing in black and white. The most important class is the antique class, which is occupied in making careful shaded drawings in crayon from the antique. To this class the gold and silver medals of the school are awarded.

The presentation of prizes at the close of this year's session took place on Saturday, April 24th, at the Exhibition Rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists. The rooms were on this occasion decorated with the pupils' work during the past term, hundreds of yards of outline, and many square feet of shaded drawings. The drawings are said to exhibit decided improvement upon the work of preceding years, showing that the school is steadily increasing in efficiency. The prizes and certificates were presented by the President of the Canadian Academy. Some parting advice was given to the students by the artists teaching at the school, and Mr. Goldwin Smith addressed the audience.

The gold medal for this year, for the best shaded drawing of a full length figure from the antique, was awarded to Miss Walker, of Belleville. The silver medal to Mr. George Reid, of Wingham, for the best shaded drawing of a head. Two other prizes were given by the school, for the best ornamental design in outline, done in school, which was won by J. Lawson, Toronto; and for the best charcoal time sketch, won by T. T. Willing, Toronto. Two special prizes were given, for a time outline from the antique cast, won by F. W. Toppling, Toronto; and one, presented by Mr. Goldwin Smith, for the best original design for a Christmas card from a subject exclusively Canadian. This was also won by Mr. Willing.

The charcoal time sketch, mentioned above, is a very attractive style of drawing. A class for picturesque sketching in charcoal is held on one afternoon in every week, and one evening for the night class. It forms an agreeable and wholesome relaxation from the laborious accuracy of the rest of the week and is deservedly popular. All look forward with interest to "Charcoal day." Only two hours are allowed, and the drawing must be done inside of them. Hence the scene is one of brisk activity. The afternoon class forms the subject of one of our illustrations. It is the advanced class which is represented. The elementary class is indulged in another room with old boxes and barrels from the wine merchants downstairs, tastefully grouped and flowing over recklessly with red baize. The advanced class rejoices in a draped lay figure, and as the term advances is exalted to the living model, in the shape of a news boy at twenty-five cents the sitting. We give a separate illustration of one who was suffering from a bad toothache during the time he sat. We think our artist has caught well his self-absorbed expression and total absence of interest in the very novel scene about him. Some of the ladies petitioned for a little girl as a model—they are so much prettier. So one touzle-haired youngster was tried, and given a twenty-four ounce apple to hold that she might have a pleasant expression—thereby causing some poetic soul to label her drawing "Anticipation." Two or three were tried but were found to be rather a nuisance. They could not sit still for the two hours, no small matter by the way, the length of a good long church service; try it yourself the next time you have a sermon reaching up to seven-tenths and lastly. The boys can sit out the time very well, though they must earn their twenty-five cents in the process. One ambitious youth, who insisted on laying himself out for a neck ache by holding his head too upright, shed tears before it was over. But he never budged an inch; he sat like a statue with teeth and hands clenched and the tears rolling down his cheeks. With the girls it is necessary to chalk out their position on the back of the chair and let them get down to rest. Of course, it is all up with their precious folds then. There is no repeating a fold, they are the children of accident; there is no use urging them, folds "must be humoured not drove."

From the other illustrations it may be gathered that the life of the art student is not without variety and amusement. There is a long intermission in the middle of the day. Many bring their luncheon with them and eat it at the school. At first it was usually eaten in haste and gloomy separation for want of a social centre, until some female mind discovered that water can be boiled at a base burner stove. A co-operative little pot (which would be soon hot) was immediately started, and the next day several champions of progress were to be seen proudly floating their inventive minds in Epps' cocoa out of the water colour class tumblers. Luncheon around the stove speedily became an institution of the

school. The gentlemen were sometimes invited to share the comforts of the little pot. Our illustration represents one endeavouring to make himself agreeable to the circle of pot holders.

That group of three, by the way, in the right hand corner above, is not a picture on the wall, but Mr. Frazer, Mr. Mathews and Mr. O'Brien, members of the School Council, holding a consultation evidently very important, but the subject unknown. The group was merely inserted out of his sketch-book by the artist, in the fullness of his generosity, that the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS might get as much as possible for their money; and also, doubtless, that he might work off some of the plethora of sketches that he has accumulated by strolling about the school at odd times in search of the picturesque. He has become notorious and liable to constant suspicion. Behold him in our illustration, taken off in a rapid act of surreptitious sketching.

Our last illustration represents the mutual criticism upon which the students have to depend out of class hours. It gives rise to much discussion, argument, quotation, enquiry and origination of ideas. An envious lawyer, who dropped in one day, said he would like to be an art student, there is so much standing about and looking at things. It is quite possible to talk too much over the work, but there is no denying the utility of mental friction. Ideas rubbed together sometimes produce a spark of truth.

The Art School is over now, to begin again next October. Meanwhile the students are dispersed pretty widely. If they follow the advice of their instructors, they will occupy themselves during the summer in making careful studies of plants that will be useful to them in the future for design. The most advanced may, perhaps, try their hand at landscape, modestly it is to be hoped, and with due regard for truth, bearing in mind Ruskin's excellent advice—"You need never hope to get on, if you are in the least anxious that the drawing you are actually at work upon should look nice when it is done. All you have to care about is to make it right, and learn as much in doing it as possible."

VARIETIES.

YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM.—Why do we give the name of folly to that courage of a youthful heart which makes it endure all things, and which gives it strength to live in misery, in a desert, in a cabin, provided that it be not separated from the object of its love? Are not sacrifices still sacrifices, even if the object be only ideal? Are the sacrifices which men are daily making for the pursuit of wealth, glory or ambition, more real and more meritorious? And even if it be true that youth sometimes errs by misplacing these warm affections, do we who blame it err less frequently? No! leave to youth its noble enthusiasm of feeling, instead of stifling it by your raileries; direct it towards the good, the beautiful, and the true, instead of allowing it to exhaust itself on trifles. The cares of life, love deceived and friendship betrayed, will come soon enough to chill this ardent heart; too soon will come the time when reason and experience will touch all around with their freezing breath, when man will be tempted to believe no longer that happiness can be found on earth.

WRITING IN ANCIENT GREECE.—Professor Paley, in *Fraser's Magazine*, takes the novel ground that writing was not used among the Greeks for literary purposes till the age of Plato. He draws attention to the distinction, which has been too little noticed, between the use of writing for public or state purposes and the use of it for book-making. He insists on "the total absence from the Greek vocabulary of all words and terms connected with pen-and-ink writing till a comparatively late period." He suggests that the great development of sculpture and oratory among the Greeks was mainly due to their having no outlet for their intelligence and genius in literature, and thinks that a passage in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes (1,113) points to books being at that time a novelty. He suggests that the well-known work of Hekataeus may have been handed down orally; at all events, there is no proof that written works of Hekataeus and Hellanikus were in existence. He further disputes the view that Thucydides was acquainted with Herodotus, and notes that Thucydides is either obliged or contented to fall back on inferences, memory and hearsay for the sources of his history.

WAS "SHYLOCK" A JEW!—Under the heading, "Was the historical Shylock a Jew?" the *Colony Gazette* extracts the following story from the work of Gregorio Leti, the biographer of Pope Sixtus V.—In the year 1587, or ten years before the date of Shakespeare's famous production, a good Catholic and respectable merchant of Rome, by name Paul Secchie, is told that Francis Drake has conquered St. Domingo, and gained great booty there. He imparts the news to a Jewish tradesman, one Simon Clueda, who declined, however, to believe it. Eventually the two made a wager on the subject. The Jew bet a pound of his own flesh that the story was false, against 1,000 scudi laid by his opponent that it was true. The terms of the wager were that the Christian merchant was, if the winner, himself to cut off a pound of the Jew's flesh from any part of his person he chose to select. The story of Drake's successes was soon confirmed. In vain the Jew offered 1,000 scudi. The Christian swore he would have his bond. In his extremity the Jew had recourse to the Governor of Rome, who,

in his turn, reported the matter to the Pope. His Holiness then played the Portia as we know it. He did not, however, insist upon the conversion of the Jew, but condemned both parties to the galleys, from which fate he only escaped by the payment of 2,000 each to an hospital.

A RECKLESS ADVENTURE OVER THE ICE.—Early on a morning of last week, one Jean Bte. Labischere, a one-armed individual, from Caughnawaga, walked to Laprairie, at which place a number of people endeavoured to dissuade him from endangering his life by attempting to cross the ice to Montreal. Labischere, however, started, carrying a long pole to assist him on his journey. Proceeding carefully for a short distance, he came to a sudden stop at a place where he found the ice detached and floating down in huge cakes. An instant later he made the unpleasant discovery that the ice upon which he stood was also in motion, and gradually crumbling to pieces. With his pole he moved the detached ice here and there, and by means of blocking it up in a few places gathering it in others and springing from piece to piece was enabled to cross in safety. By the time he reached the Victoria Bridge, fully four hundred people were gathered on the shore watching his movements and speculating upon his chances. Close by one of the piers he experienced the greatest difficulty met with during the entire trip. Owing to the floating ice, he was fully twenty minutes in passing under the bridge, which led many people to believe he was lost. He ultimately reached the city in safety, though thoroughly exhausted, after a nine hours' tramp, the greater portion of which was spent upon the ice.

COMPETITION HARMFUL.—A paper on "Architectural Competition," read at the institute of British architects, had for its object to show the harmful effects of competition on the profession at large, and suggest to the institute to "take some practical steps to remedy the evils acknowledged to exist." In the discussion that followed Prof. Kerr made a few remarks, which may perhaps be allowed a place in such a summary as the present. Having protested against the notion that competition favours modest merit, the professor said: "Modesty will wait; it is immodesty that will not. Merit can wait; it is demerit that cannot. The man who, in professional life, is the most fortunate, is he who starts without false aids, without fallacious incentives, without self-conceit and without hurry. Waiting patiently, working diligently and walking uprightly until he has reached the age of matured usefulness alone can permanently hold, because it alone is worthy to hold it. In plain language, at the age of forty (which is recognized as the earliest period at which a man may expect to acquire a position in a profession as distinguished from a trade) he finds himself beginning to know the world well; youth has passed into full manhood, and he has five-and-twenty years before him during which to employ his energies at their best, and to win respect for a meritorious old age."

TEARS AS A WEAPON.—Tears, chemically considered, are a weak solution of chloride of sodium and phosphate of lime. Poetically considered, they are drops splashed into the eyes from the deep springs of the soul, into which a weight of sorrow has fallen. Physiologically they are the overflow of the lachrymal glands, caused by the contraction of certain muscles. It is our present purpose to consider them as a weapon of attack and defence. They are the last resource of the gentler sex, the emotional "last ditch," as it were. To use them with effect, therefore, requires a certain judgment. They should not lightly be resorted to. If the lady appeals to these moist arguments on all occasions, they soon lose their virtue. She simply becomes a damp nuisance. Another important requisite is that they should be used æsthetically. It is the theory that tears, pearly tears, flow down the cheek; but in practice it is found that they usually dribble down the nose. The eyes get red, and the nose sympathizes with the general moisture, and gets a sort of raw look at the end. It may be laid down as a rule that the woman who uses her handkerchief at this moment is lost.

The dignity and effectiveness of tears is gone as soon as the mopping business begins. A light hysterical snuffle may be permitted if artistically executed with a gasp or sob, but no polishing off of eyelid or proboscis is admissible. The best method is to hold the head erect, look the cruel tyrant in the face, and let the tears flow down while the lips feign a smile. If the head is bent forward the tears will run down the nose and drop off the end, and that spoils the whole thing. Let us, for example, suppose that the fair operator wants a spring bonnet, a duck or love of a bonnet. The stern and heartless tyrant refuses, and even speaks in an unfeeling manner about bills. The skilful practitioner will not sulk or complain. She will look up at him smilingly and pleadingly, and softly remark that she will continue to wear her old winter bonnet; then her chin will twitch, and a faint tremor will be heard in her voice, and tears, idle tears, will flow one by one down her cheeks. Thereupon the stern tyrant opens his pocket-book.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.

"To snm it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their own benefit."

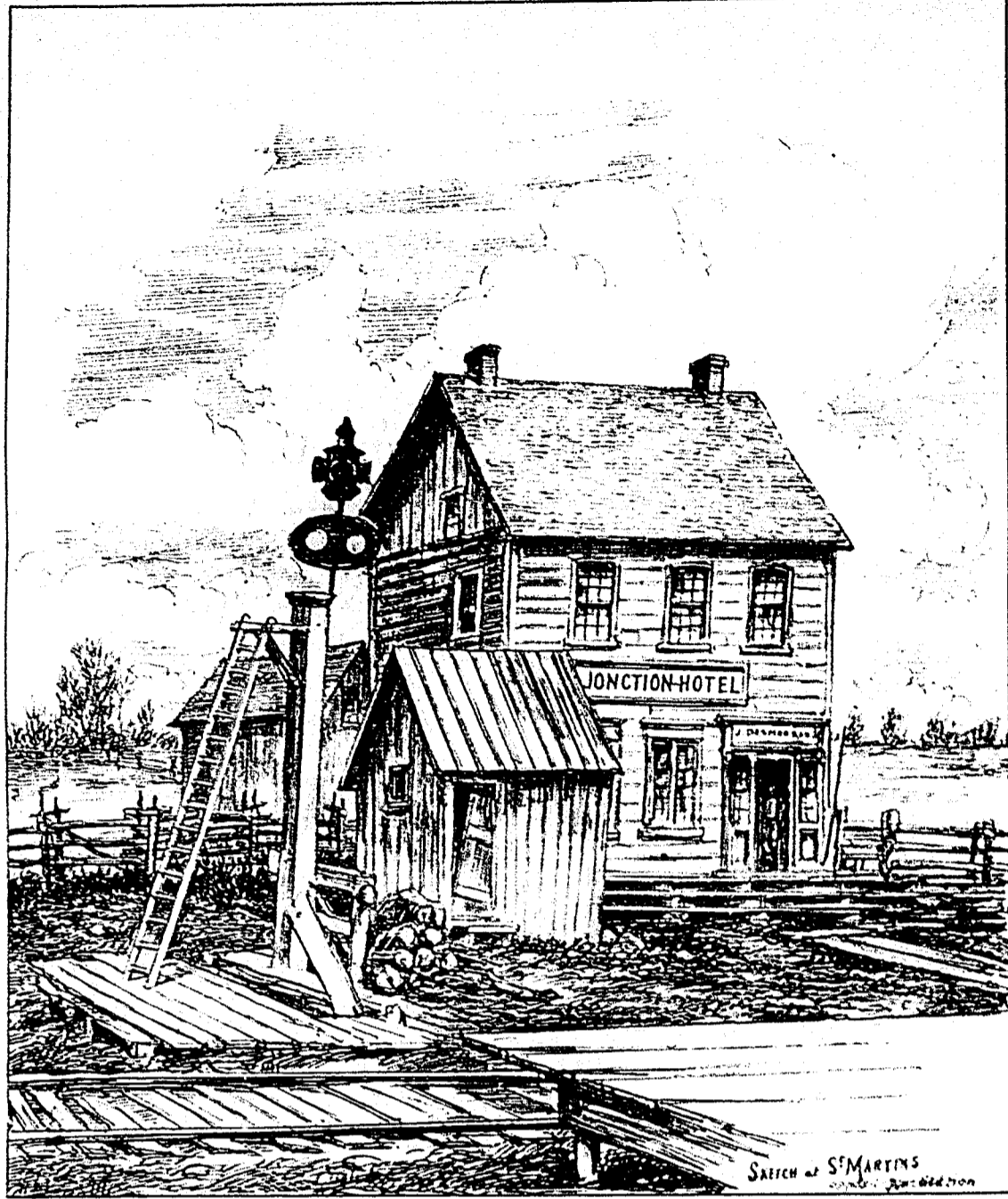
"JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."



**THE QUEEN AND GEORGE IV.**—The Queen's dislike to George IV. has been shown very decidedly in many practical ways. On the walls of one of the drawing-rooms at the palace there hung for many years five large and beautiful family pictures, including the famous portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland, by Gainsborough; in the centre was George IV., by Sir Thomas Lawrence, one of the finest examples. But by way of manifesting her dislike of her uncle, the Queen ordered his picture to be removed and consigned to a staircase, filling the vacant space with a portrait of herself painted shortly after she ascended the throne, and which, being one of the most hideous daubs ever seen, was not only altogether out of place, but it positively spoilt the effect of its neighbours.

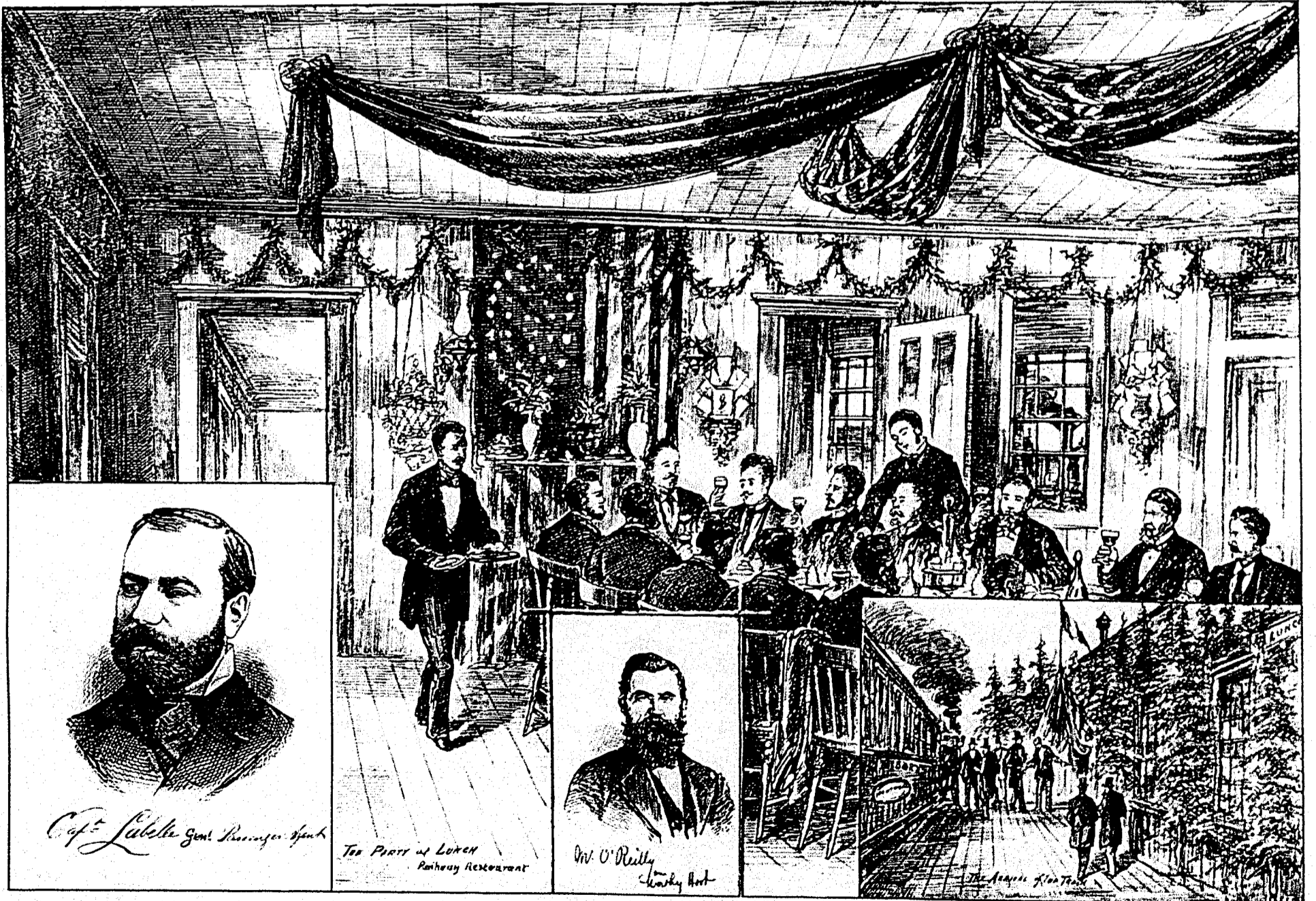
**LOVING PARIS.**—One of Henry Murger's constant subjects of wonderment was the loving power of Paris. In the morning, he used to say, you meet the little *ouvrières* going to work. There is not one of them who is not followed, not one to whom this one does not begin to pay court, while the other one asks a rendezvous for the evening. The *poste restante* is full of *bourgeoises* who go to fetch their love-letters. In the theatres, on the stage and in the audience, there are lovers! Everywhere in the streets, in the corridors, in the back-shops, there is love. He passes up the grand staircase with the masters and mistresses; he passes up the servants' staircase with the cook and the water-carrier, with the chambermaid and the soldier, the nursemaid and the *pompier*! Paris thinks of nothing else but love. Business, glory, riches, only come after it!

**CROWNED HEADS.**—The sovereign families of Europe are made up at the present time of seven hundred and nineteen members. The most titled potentate is the Emperor of Austria, who is once emperor, nine times king, once archduke, twice grand duke, eighteen times duke, once great prince, four times margrave, five times count, and twice prince. The King of Portugal, who has eighteen Christian names, is styled King of the Algarves, and he is also Signor of Guinea and Congo, and Duke of Saxony; his eldest son has twenty and his younger son twenty-nine Christian names. The title of King

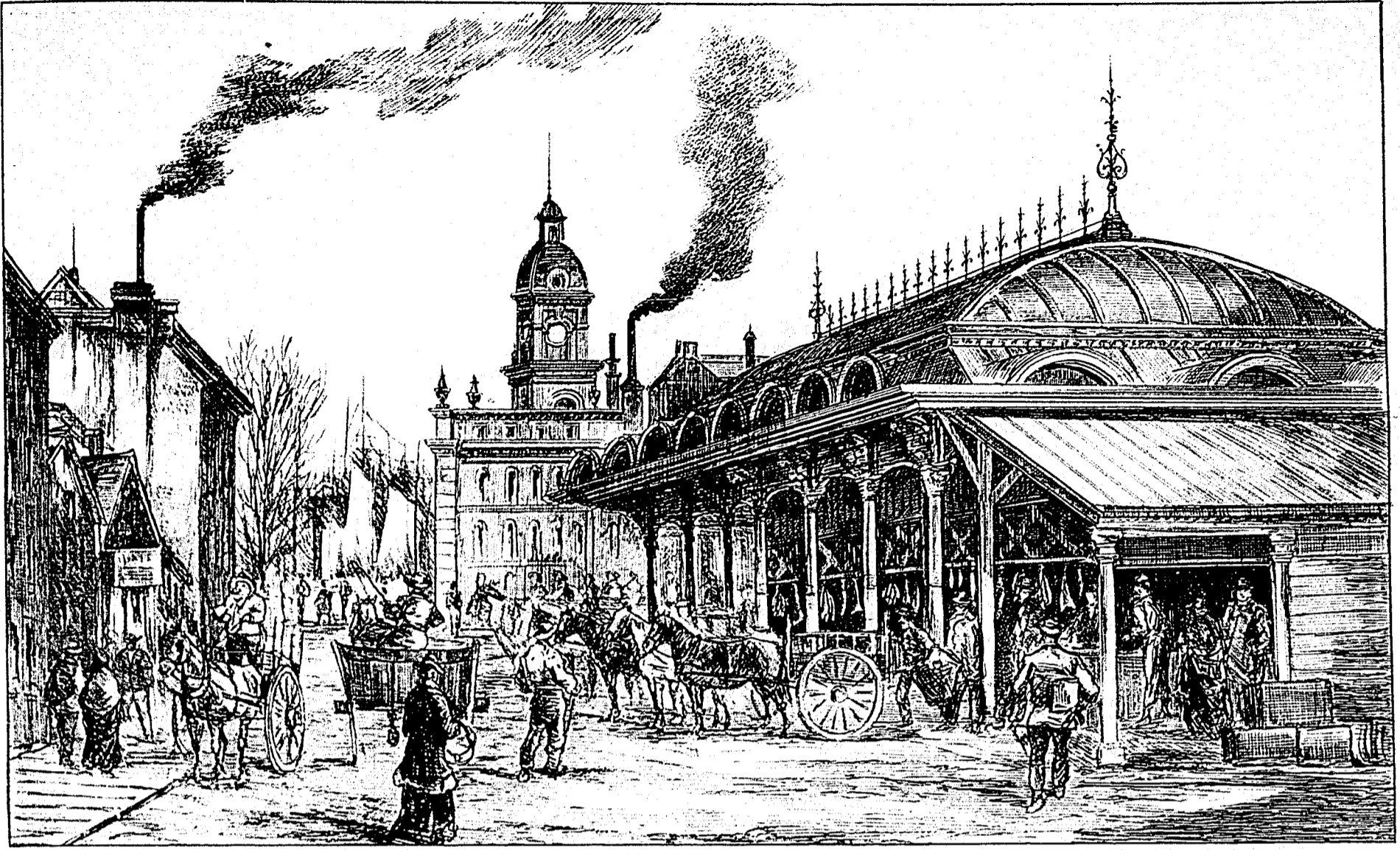


of Jerusalem is borne by the Emperor of Austria, the ex-King of Naples and the so called Prince of Lusignan. In the same way the title of King of the Goths is assumed both by the King of Sweden and by the King of Denmark, and these two monarchs also style themselves King of the Windes and King of the Vandals.

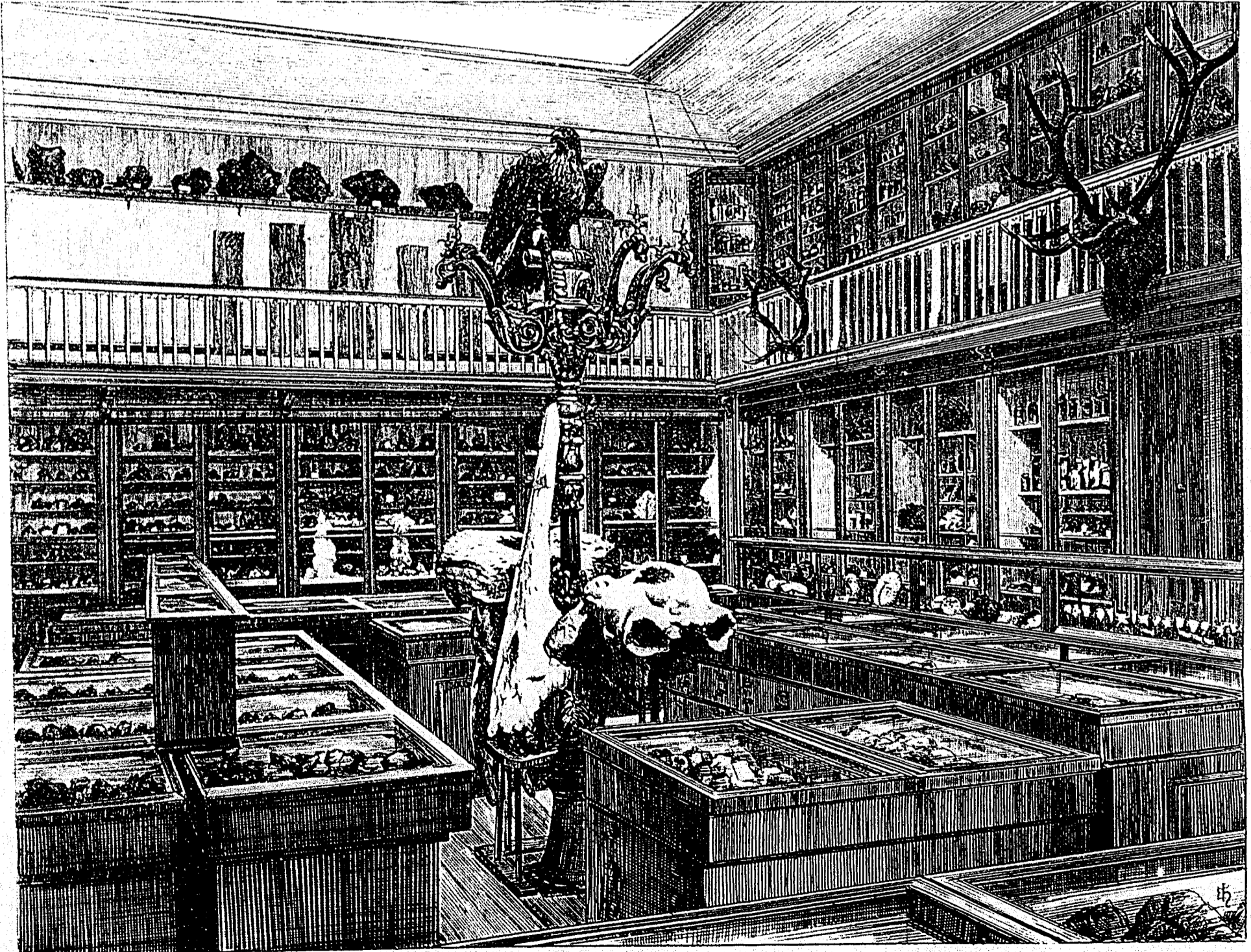
**A SIMPLE INSTRUMENT FOR THE DEAF.**—Accounts were recently published of an instrument called the audiphone, the device of Mr. Rhodes, of Chicago, whereby deaf-mutes are enabled to distinguish promptly musical sounds of some instruments, and even vocal articulations; it is also useful to persons merely deaf. The form is like that of a fire-screen, to be held in the hand, the material of the screen proper, or "disc," being hardened rubber, and the rounded part opposite the handle being curved round slightly, and held in a tense state by a branching cord from the handle. The middle of the curved part is applied to the teeth of the upper jaw. M. Colladon, of Geneva, after testing the usefulness of the audiphone, has tried various other materials, and has at length hit upon a variety of thin pasteboard which gives the same results as the hardened rubber. The material is known in England, as shallon boards. They are very compact, homogeneous, and tenacious; they are also very supple and provided their thickness does not exceed 1-25 of an inch, a slight pressure of the hand maintaining a disc cut from one of these cardboards, with its convex extremity applied to the upper teeth, suffices to give it sufficient curvature, variable at will, without fatigue for hand or teeth. The part of the card applied to the teeth may be made impermeable to moisture by means of a varnish. The handle and the cord to produce the necessary tension in the other audiphone are dispensed with. These card audiphones can also be utilised by persons whose hearing is affected, and who find it troublesome to support acoustic instruments at the ear. Mr. T. Hawksley, of 300 Oxford Street, writes that any one calling at his establishment may see and test the instrument for themselves, and may also have such instructions as to enable them to construct an audiphone for themselves if they are benefited by its use.



SKETCHES AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE PALACE CARS, Q. M. O. & O. R. AT ST. MARTIN'S JUNCTION.



MONTREAL.—ST. ANNE'S FISH MARKET.



MONTREAL.—THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, MCGILL UNIVERSITY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.

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# CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,  
THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U. S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*.

EDITED BY THE

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

## CHAPTER XLII.

## PREPARATION FOR DELIVERANCE.

The intelligence Lisette brought from France excited the friends of Charles Freeman, and Samphire Cottage became the meeting place for consultation. That residence was literally invaded; its former tranquility had departed, and with it, according to old Betty, had also gone the senses of Jacob Winter. That old servant longed to die; she believed from the confusion going on around her that the world was coming to an end, and she was desirous of taking her departure before that event actually occurred. But death did not hurry himself to accommodate her wishes, and, as a consequence, she had to endure the inconvenience of living.

The dull, cold days of November had come, and with them the furious gales, which, sweeping the bosom of the Atlantic and rushing up the English Channel, have made them a proverb in the mouth of the British sailor. It was at this period of the year Clara Chillington ordered her carriage to be in readiness to take her to Folkestone, and at the moment appointed it appeared at the door, with the coachman buttoned and wrapped in such a manner as to defy the wildest wind to penetrate to his precious person. It was a wild afternoon, and as the carriage was driven along the cliff road, the rushing gale seemed to threaten to sweep the driver from his box, or to blow himself and horses into the sea. But safely he drove his charge, whose thoughts were too much absorbed in the duty of the hour to regard the inclemency of the weather.

Lisette had simply told Clara that she had a plan for the rescue of the prisoner, but of its nature she knew nothing; and as that plan was to be matured that night at Samphire Cottage, thither she was being driven to learn particulars. Fearfully the wind howled through the streets of the old town, as Clara passed on to the place of meeting; and such persons as saw her carriage wondered at what could bring "My lady" from home on such an inclement day. Assembled in the parlour of the residence of Uncle Jacob were the little circle familiar to the reader. Their condition in life was extreme, but a common sentiment had touched the chord of feeling in every heart, and corroborated the fact that the same sympathies dwell with mankind, whatever may be their social condition. The heiress of the Priory was an object of reverence with that little circle, and Lisette was the oracle of the hour. The wonderful gypsy possessed a sacredness in the esteem of all present, and they hung on her lips for counsel in a matter affecting the happiness of them all.

"This is my plan," said Lisette; but before proceeding further she hesitated, and cast her eyes enquiringly around the room. This conduct was quickly interpreted by Uncle Jacob, who enquired:

"Are we who have met here all true men? This is what our friend is desirous of knowing before she proceeds further."

"It is so, sir," replied Lisette; "for success in the matter which fills our hearts can only be achieved by united action. One traitor in our midst would baffle all my skill and energy."

"We are true men, even to death," came from the lips of all.

"Good," returned Lisette, who then told the arrangement between herself and Anthony, in playing the part of an idiot brother until her return. "He is," she continued, "well capable of sustaining that character, and will be ready to aid me further at the proper moment. Now, on my return, should I so far succeed as to release the prisoner, a vessel must be in readiness to bear us across the channel. There must be no delay. The delay of an hour might frustrate all our designs, for should Monsieur find that his prisoner has escaped, rather than we should succeed, he would betray us to the French Government as spies, and we should soon find ourselves in prison. To carry out my plan, then, it is essential that a vessel should be cruising in the offing, and holding daily intercourse with the shore. Who, then, is prepared to furnish a vessel, to man it, and to leave the control of it to my command?" A short silence followed this appeal—a very short one, and then, Uncle Jacob, leaping from his chair, exclaimed:

"Clever girl! here is a blank draft, fill it up with what amount you choose; purchase a man-of-war with the money; do anything, so long as Charles Freeman can escape."

"Money can buy ships, but what I want is men."

"I'll make one to go, marm, if you please," said Dick Backstay, touching his forelock; "I couldn't be drowned with his father, but if Mr. Charles dies in the struggle so will I."

"Silence, Dick; not so fast, for if you are to be mate in this expedition, I mean to be Captain. I don't know what good I am alive, and if there is to be any danger in this job I mean to be in the front." The old spirit of rivalry was not dead; Dick felt that it was not, and replied:

"I beg your pardon, Uncle Jacob, but I thought marm to be asking for men, and Dick Backstay has never been used to be the last man at his quarters."

"You are a good fellow, Dick! Friends, I have a strong affection for Charles Freeman; I love him better than my own life; I never knew what it was to have a special regard for any person until I saw him; and I have no notion of a man liking in word, and not in deed. Friends, I will hire a vessel, and, old as I am, I'll once more tread the plank for his deliverance. Friends, I cannot make a long speech; sailors were never made to talk; but who will go with us on this expedition?"

Both John Williams and Fred Holman volunteered to take part, and they knew they could hire the rest. Matters being so far arranged, after thanking her friends, Clara retired, praying for their success. On seeing the carriage door closed, Fred Holman, hastily telling those within the house that he was theirs to command at any hour, unknown to the occupant of the vehicle, mounted the box and seated himself by the side of the coachman. A short explanation was sufficient to make that worthy quite satisfied with having him by his side.

The storm of the morning had now increased to a fearful hurricane, and the night was darkness itself. So dense was the darkness that the two lamps suspended from the corners of the carriage scattered their rays without scarcely showing sufficient light to direct their path. Not a word was spoken by either Fred Holman or his companion. It would have been useless to attempt to speak, as their voices would have been lost amidst the fury of the tempest. Clara herself trembled, as she heard the rattle of the terrible blast. Folkestone was now left behind, and they began to ascend the hill leading to the Priory. Passing a lime-kiln at work, the lurid glare from the burning mass lighted up the scene with a horrible distinctness. Just beyond this is a place where two roads meet, and where it would be possible for any desirous of inflicting an injury on travellers to secrete themselves, secure from observation, until the approach of their victim brought them within their grasp.

As the carriage drew near to this point, the storm bellowed forth in fresh fury, and the loud thunder peal reverberated in awful tones across the sky. The posture of Fred Holman was that of a person eagerly watching for something he expected to appear. Sitting on the box, he bent his head toward the wind-ward side, as though listening for any sound which might be borne upon the blast. While thus sitting, a flash of lightning burst forth, and, playing around the withered grass, lighted up the scene, and revealed to his quick eye that there were horses standing sheltered by a rising on the side of the hill. The darkness which followed this flash seemed denser than before, and it was with difficulty the coachman could drive his fiery steeds, alarmed by the fury of the elements. On seeing the horses standing, Fred Holman shouted in the ear of his companion:

"Drive for your life!" As he did so, he drew forth a pistol from his pocket. Flash! crack went the report of firearms. "Poor practice," said Fred, as he raised himself on the seat. Another and another shot followed, but neither of them struck the carriage. Waiting the bursting forth of a fresh flash of lightning, as it illumined the sky, he fired at the figure of a man he saw running toward them, and a piercing shriek borne upon the blast told that some one was hit. Again another report, and, striking the carriage, the ball smashed one of the window-panes. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed; and then bawled to the driver not to stop. Indeed, had he felt inclined to, he would have found it impossible, for the affrighted horses, now more fearful, were dashing along at full gallop. Fortunately the road was good, and the creatures were not so alarmed as to lose all consciousness whether they were going. A few minutes brought them to a turning in the road leading up to the Priory. On leaving the more direct highway, a feeling of security came over the horses, and, with flanks smoking and still trembling, they permitted themselves to be reined up.

Instantly their speed was checked, Fred Holman leaped from his seat, and, opening the door, beheld Clara lying in a state of insensibility. In a moment he saw she was not hurt, and, growing word to drive on, placed himself opposite her in the carriage. Being prepared for any emergency, he drew from his pocket a flask and, applying the restorative, suspended anima-

tion quickly returned. The sight of a person sitting beside her, and not knowing who it was, suddenly imparted to Clara a supernatural strength, and she prepared herself for resistance. But a moment served to dispel the illusion, and by the time a short explanation was offered they arrived at the Priory. Having delivered his companion over to the safe-keeping of Alice, without remaining longer than was necessary to obtain a little refreshment, he went forth again to breast the storm.

When Clara had left Samphire Cottage, those remaining entered into the details demanded by the adventure. Uncle Jacob, although not mixing up directly in trade, had numerous shares in the different ships leaving the port of Folkestone.

"What vessels are there at home idle?" he enquired of Dick Backstay.

There is the *Speedwell*; she is a vessel which would ride out a gale o' wind in the chops of the channel without shipping as much water as would make tears for a soldier's widder to shed at her husband's funeral."

"But we don't want to go near the chops of the channel."

"You never can tell where you'll go when you get afloat."

"The *Speedwell* is a good craft, and just the thing for the work."

"There arn't a better vessel for that job sails out o' this port."

"And her captain, Dick?"

"Her cap'n is a good fellow; but I thought you were to be cap'n."

"So I am, but I shall have a sailing master."

"I don't care what I am, so long as I can once more grab the fin of Mister Charles."

"What an awful villain that Sir Harry Chillington is!" said John Williams; "I feel that killing him would be doing good service to mankind."

"It's only nat'ral for you to feel so, John," replied Dick Backstay; "but don't worry yourself about him. I always said it, and say it now, that it'll come home to him some day. A man may get into the trade winds, and they may carry him a long distance, but he'll be sure to find the breeze will chop round, and then he'll have the gale right in his teeth."

"The sooner the better, in his case."

"For how long, do you think, shall we require the vessel?" enquired Uncle Jacob of Lisette.

"Not less than a week, if everything succeeds as I desire; but it may be for a much longer time."

"It doesn't matter for a week or two; therefore, I think, we had better victual her for a month."

"A month?" enquired Dick Backstay.

"Yes, and what cannot be eaten aboard will serve you when we get ashore."

"I've been thinking that it wouldn't be amiss to see old Luff, and to give him just a hint of what is going on; for if we have to wait long we shall have to stand over to the English shore a good many times, and he may so wonder what we are about as to send something to interrupt us just when we ought to be off back."

"I don't think it will matter about seeing him. Still, as you say, he might wonder what we are about, and he is a good fellow to the backbone."

"He is. Well, we shall leave the matter with you, and shall be ready whenever you say the word."

The arrangement being left with Uncle Jacob, proud of the confidence placed in him, and willing for the work, he soon had the *Speedwell* secretly fitted out, and engaged a crew to sail with him under sealed orders.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## LISETTE RETURNS TO HER SITUATION.

Sir Harry Chillington, being anxious for the scheme which was to afford him a mad revenge, on learning that it had failed, became desirous that he might see Lord Lushington. That he might obtain the interview, he started immediately for Canterbury. But he arrived too soon; his noble friend was known to have gone away, but no one had seen him return. Finding his mistake, the baronet retraced his steps toward the place the capture was to have been made. Reaching the spot, he found traces of rough work, and, following the track of carriage wheels, came upon the imprisoned party in the situation the sailors had left them. Hearing the noise made by the shouting and knocking of the prisoners, his rigid countenance relaxed into such an apology for a smile as the feelings of his own heart and the circumstances of the hour would admit of.

There stood the carriage in the pond, but where were the horses? Fortunately, a short, sweet grass, growing in the place where they were liberated, had tempted their appetite, and confined them to the locality. Used only to obey, the privilege of liberty was scarcely appreciated by those worn down creatures, and fearful of indulging too freely, they suffered themselves to be readily caught. But that he had a thousand pounds at stake, the baronet would not have interfered with them.

Having caught the horses, and with some difficulty attached them to the chaise, the prisoners were dragged forth to dry land. The baronet now broke open the shutters and admitted light and air. Bound together, pale from fear, and drenched from perspiration through being so closely confined, on their release they presented a serio-comic aspect. Having cut the cords which bound them, the miserable creatures felt as though they had arisen from the dead.

The first act of Lord Lushington, on regaining his freedom, was to curse everything in existence, and then to include the members of his own body. On the sailors he vowed eternal vengeance, should he ever meet with them, as also on the unknown revealer of the plot. Finding he had reduced the inflation distended by the raging of his passion, Sir Harry turned coolly round and requested the thousand pounds. This fresh invitation again aroused his lordship, who renewed his favourite employment of cursing, and this time included the baronet with all his kith and kin.

On hearing this latter effort, Sir Harry felt strongly inclined to lay violent hands on the object of his former adoration, and this he was powerful enough to do with damaging effect, for as many, whose worship is ostensibly of a higher order than anything he attempted, he was likely to let fall the object of his veneration when there was a fear that he would become pecuniarily a loser by holding on to him. But he restrained his passion, and quietly informed his lordship that cursing and swearing left the thousand pounds still unpaid. Before parting, the two plotters agreed that another attempt should be made, and spies were set to watch the movements of Clara.

On the afternoon Clara left the Priory for Samphire Cottage, the report was carried to Lord Lushington, who remained in the neighbourhood to avail himself of any opportunity that might occur. Receiving the news, he formed the plan to waylay her on her return—to shoot the horses, and then to carry her off. This time he was certain of success; the plan was formed so hastily, and the spot for reducing it to practice was so well chosen, that failure seemed impossible.

Fred Holman had never forgotten that he owed his life to Clara Chillington, and knowing that, urged by necessity, his lordship would renew his effort with the first advantage, he kept a secret watch. On the morning of that day he had come across two men in the neighbourhood of the Priory; they were unknown to him, and this strengthened his conviction of a further design. From this conclusion he mounted the box with the coachman, for he knew, was any attempt to be made, the entire route did not present a more favourable spot than the one he listened at that he might catch the sound of human voices. Whoever it was he shot on that stormy night, he was sufficiently a principal in the affair as to stop all pursuit.

The *Speedwell* being ready for sea, those old seamen, who had for various purposes sailed over every ocean, embarked to carry out their mission of love. The night was dark, but calm, with a heavy ground swell, when that gallant vessel dipped her prow to the rolling undulations over which she was to ride as a living thing. Every heart on board that trim built craft throbbled with anxiety as she drew herself forward on her voyage; and Uncle Jacob, with that superstition of his class which was with him a religion, bringing a bottle of brandy from the cabin, poured forth a glassful on the helm of the vessel, accompanied with a short prayer for a successful cruise. This little ceremony being ended, he then passed glasses of the liquor to the crew, until the entire number had tasted it. Lisette smiled as she saw him pour forth the libation, and envied him that simplicity of soul which could make of such an act a source of consolation. Trained in the school of cunning and deceit, the world had been represented to her only as a vast jungle, through which as a wild beast she was to roam to seek her prey. But this simple act led her again to long for the repose of confidence, and increased the vehemence of her desire to become a house-dweller.

Habit, forming a kind of second nature with mankind, Jacob Winter was no exception to the rule. From walking so long only on dry land, he had lost that peculiarity of seamen—his sea legs. He had not thought of such a possibility when he engaged to go once more to sea, and indulged the delusive expectation of suffering no greater inconvenience than when he plied his calling in the Indian Ocean. Indeed, he felt a positive delight in the thought of the pleasure returning to an old and long tried habit would produce; but having for years been only accustomed to the oscillating motion of walking ashore, the pitch and toss of a vessel at sea not only disturbed his equilibrium, but slightly interfered with the state of his health. This latter fact would have mantled his cheek with the blush of wounded pride had not the state of his stomach precluded such a possibility; as it was, therefore, he turned for aid to a glass of brandy, and sought a remedy for the derangement of his system in lying on the flat of his back. The combined efforts of spirits and sleep soon restored the old captain to the former pleasures of his sea-faring life, and the colour having returned to his cheeks, he walked proudly the deck, and pitched and rolled with as little inconvenience to his feelings as though he had formed part of the vessel.

It was thought best on board the *Speedwell* not to take direct course for the coast of France, lest falling in with any ship to whose captain or crew she was known, suspicion should be aroused that might interfere with their arrangements. Having the wind in the North-West, the bow of the vessel was, therefore, turned up the channel.

The night, though dark, was not entirely immersed in gloom. The stars twinkled small and feebly in the half-obscured firmament, and the objects on board the *Speedwell* appeared only in indistinct outline. Lisette could not sleep, neither could she be prevailed on to descend to the warm and comfortable cabin. Wrapped in

her long cloak she paced the deck in silence. Her thoughts were deep and anxious. Another chapter in her plan was entered on, and what would be the issue? Brave and faithful hearts surrounded her: men grown hoary in life's campaign, and whose cool judgment had weighed well the chances of success were in attendance on her; but what could abstract courage do in the matter? The work in which she was engaged not only required courage, but cunning. The courage and faithfulness of those with her she knew would lead them to take their share in the undertaking, and to discharge their duty at any risk. But their venture was on the sea, and at any moment they could hoist their sail and flee before the face of danger. Her own work was on the land, in an enemy's country, and in the society of a man almost, if not altogether, unfathomable to herself. She thought she knew the depth of his soul in the matter engaging her effort, and she only thought so. He might at any time present a new appearance, which might frustrate her designs. It was true she had gained the confidence of Monsieur; but what had been his reflections since her departure? It was also a matter of deep consideration with her how he whom she loved, and whom she had left behind to take part in the plan during her absence, had conducted himself. That he was clever and brave she knew; that for her sake he would willingly discharge the duty laid upon him she was certain; but he was sometimes impetuous, and it was possible that in hurriedly seeking to fulfill his promise to her he had become prompted to perform some act of indiscretion which had revealed him to Monsieur. She knew, should such be the case, that in self-defence he might commit an act which would separate them for ever. Then, again, how had the prisoner conducted himself? Had he lost heart through the long delay of release? And, deeming the matter to be only a *ruse*, an effort to betray him to commit himself to Monsieur, had he refused to listen to the counsels of Anthony? Or had he by his impatience showed any suspicious sign which could be construed into a sufficient cause for removing him, none could tell whither? These thoughts filled the mind of Lisette with anxiety for the ultimate success of her plan, and with the tactfulness of her race, when any purpose is to be reached by silence, she kept them concealed in her own mind, and paced the deck absorbed in her own reflections. Once only she paused in her walk, and then it was to lean over the bulwark of the vessel and to watch in a dreamy silence the shining of the light on the pier-head at Calais.

Toward morning the sky became overcast, the stars became shut out from view, and the darkness became denser. Still Lisette paced the deck in silence. What would she not at that moment have given for a friend to whom she might confide the feelings of her heart. She could have told her thoughts and apprehensions to Uncle Jacob, but his manner was too impulsive, and his thoughts too wild and vague to afford her sympathy. She wished to relieve her burdened spirit to someone, whose faithful mind would not repeat, even to herself, what she might relate.

Had Lisette possessed a Christian education, when thus perplexed and oppressed in striving to carry out a work of humanity and restitution, she would have opened her mind and laid bare her thoughts and desires before the eye of Providence. But the want of this formed a blank in the moral existence of the gypsy. The idea that Heaven takes an interest in the doings of mortals had never been conveyed to her mind; she had been taught that the success of every enterprise alone rested in human resources and perseverance, and now, when her own capability, insignificant, and, perhaps, useless, and when the hope of her doings trembled in the balance against the possibility of failure, she had nowhere to turn to seek relief for her agitated mind but to herself. Yet, more than once, guided by the power of instinct, she turned her eyes upward as though she would speak with Heaven. The voice of Nature within her—a voice to her unknown, called on her so to do; but her soul was not trained to walk in such a path, and faltering at the first step, it turned aside discouraged, and she again sought to find rest within herself. While Lisette was thus walking the deck, agitated and distressed with perplexing thoughts, the voice of the "look-out" rang out to the helmsman:

"Port your helm! Heard a port!"

In a moment the head of the vessel obeyed the will of the steersman, and her sails shivered in the passing breeze. This quick response came just in time to prevent a collision. Looming through the darkness, and now just at hand, was seen approaching a vessel, before whose bows the waters hissed in seething foam. That vessel had caught the wind abeam, and was rushing through the water with a force destructive, in the event of colliding. It being evidently the intention of the stranger to conceal her course, she had no lights burning, and this fact, together with the increased darkness, prevented her from being sooner seen by the "look-out" on board the *Speedwell*.

"That rascal ought to have a round dozen at the gangway," said John Williams, as the stranger shot past, bawling to the man at the helm to keep her away.

"He'll have something more than that some day," replied Dick Backstay.

"Do you know the vessel, Dick?"

"I shouldn't have known the ship, for it is too dark even to see the colour of a black pig; but anybody knows that fellow's jaw bawling to the man at the helm."

"Anybody may, but I don't."

"Don't know Jack Pegden?"

"Was that he?"

"In course it was." On hearing the name of the smuggler skipper, Lisette awoke from her reverie, and walking forward to where the sailors were standing, she eagerly enquired:

"Are you sure that vessel which has just passed us is the *Nancy*?"

"Well, marm," replied Dick Backstay, "I couldn't swear to the vessel, you see, because it is so dark, and I shouldn't like to take a Bible oath unless I was sartin; but I would swear by anything, from the cap'n's wig to the Bible, covers and all, that it was Jack Pegden as shouted as he went to the leeward of us."

"Do you think he knows us?" enquired Lisette in a voice tremulous from excitement.

"It isn't likely, marm, unless he's got cat's eyes and can see in the dark, and I don't believe he has, or he wouldn't a come so near to us; and none of us opened our mouth."

"It is good," she replied, and again walked abaft.

The *Speedwell*, yielding to the breeze, dashed onward through the water as if in sport. The object of Uncle Jacob was to keep out of sight of land during daylight and at nightfall to drop down along the French coast and land Lisette. This being his design, the vessel held on her easterly course until long after break of day, and then he threw her up in the wind that she might lie to until darkness again approached. With the dawning Lisette retired to rest, nor did she leave her cabin again until night had covered the surrounding scene. Nothing occurred to interrupt the plan of the adventurers through the day, and the wind, shifting a little more northward, gave a renewed hope to Uncle Jacob, and confirmed his opinion of the good luck attending the sprinkling of the helm with a glass of spirits at the commencement of a voyage.

As the sun, having pursued its now shorter way across the sky, was again descending below the line of the horizon, the sails of the *Speedwell* were hoisted to the wind. Onward again dashed the gallant vessel, and this time running along the French coast with a cheerful speed, as though conscious of the work she was engaged in, and anxious to do her best to perform it. Soon the distant lights appeared, marking the position of the shore to the benighted mariner—lights the captain of that vessel was better acquainted with than with his alphabet and could read their meaning better. To him, every nook and headland from Flushing to Havre was distinctly known; and being from this conscious of the certainty of his situation, he disdained to consult the chart, which Uncle Jacob, with the utmost carefulness, was employed in picking out.

"Starboard your helm; ease away the jib sheet! That's it!" shouted the captain of the cutter; and in obedience to his orders the *Speedwell* turned her prow toward the Frenchman's land. "Lower the boat," was the next order given; and the little boat floated on the water. Having stood in a few minutes toward the shore, the vessel was hove to, and the boat was hauled alongside.

"All right at the gangway!" shouted the captain down the companion hatchway, to where Lisette and Uncle Jacob were sitting.

In a moment after the old man ascended to the deck, followed by the gypsy, and together they stood, looking toward the shores of France. It was a noble sight, as Uncle Jacob stood holding the hand of Lisette in his own, to see those two—one in the beauty of youth, the other drawing nigh to the grave, with their hearts filled with the lofty sympathy of humanity, and prepared to risk life itself that they might do good to a fellow-creature.

Leading Lisette to the gangway, as she descended to the boat, Uncle Jacob placed his hand on her head, and as the tears arose to his eyes, exclaimed:

"Good-bye, my daughter! May the Justice of Heaven give success to your endeavour!"

"Thank you," was the reply.

"She is gone," said the old man to himself, as the dull thud and splashing oars told that the boat was being rowed to the shore. "She is gone," he repeated; "and shall we ever see her again? and, should we, will she come to us in company with my dear young friend?"

Slowly, and almost noiselessly, the boat was rowed toward the shore. It was imperative such should be the case, as one could tell the sort of lookout kept by the Frenchman. In a few minutes the keel grated on the strand, and as Lisette leaped out, the best wishes of that boat's crew were showered upon her. Landing, she refused to permit any of them to accompany her a single yard. She wished now to be alone, and to take the risk of her doings on herself.

A heaviness fell on the soul of Lisette as the boat pushed off. Her friends were leaving her exposed to difficulty and danger, and as she thought of it, while standing in the darkness, she felt the loneliness of her situation. Seating herself on a rock, she listened in painful emotion to the sound of the parting oars, until it became lost in the distance.

"This is no time for reflection!" she exclaimed, as she leaped to her feet. "I have commenced the work, and I must go through with it. As the soldier on the battlefield, I must think only of conquest. Come, courage! You it is that must support me now."

Summoning to her aid that natural energy which had somewhat cooled in the moment of parting with her friends, Lisette prepared for action. Ascending a road cut in the face of the chalk cliff, she was quickly on the road to the

chateau. Her appearance was now once more that of a French peasant girl.

Almost as soon as those at the old house were awake, Lisette was at the door. The first person she saw was Anthony, who, with apparently idiotic glee, ran to meet her, and taking her hand in his own, kissed it and patted it in well-sustained simplicity. A few words, uttered in the jargon of the gypsies, passed between them, which set her mind at rest on the progress made by him during her absence.

The meeting of these two had been secretly observed by Monsieur, but he little thought that keener eyes than his own were aware of her presence, and worked accordingly. Coming forward to meet Lisette, he welcomed her back to the chateau, extolling the good conduct of Anthony during her absence.

(To be continued.)

FOOT NOTES.

**THE DOMINION OF CANADA.**—In the May number of *Scribner's Monthly Magazine* there begins a series of finely illustrated articles on Canada, which it is proposed to make the most comprehensive series on this great subject ever published in a magazine. The illustrations, drawn by Henry Sandham and others, and cut by the best engravers in America, will be an interesting feature. The first four papers, written by Rev. Dr. Grant, President of Queen's University, Kingston, are as follows: "The Brave Days of Old," "The Political and Social History," "The Dominion," "The North-West," "The Present Position and Out-Look." There will then follow papers by Charles H. Farnham and Charles de Kay, on special features of Canada,—including a finely illustrated account of the picturesque city of Quebec; a paper on the Ursuline Convent in that city; and probably the most complete description of the wonders of the Saguenay River yet printed, written by one who has thoroughly explored its beauties, in a canoe, from source to outlet. The series from the pen of Dr. Grant covers the political, social, and material development of Canada from its discovery, nearly three centuries and a half ago, by Jacques Cartier, traces the history of the settlements by de la Roche and Champlain, the French and English wars, the consolidation of the British colonies in 1867, the formation of the Dominion of Canada, and brings the reader down to the present day of a powerful and united government.

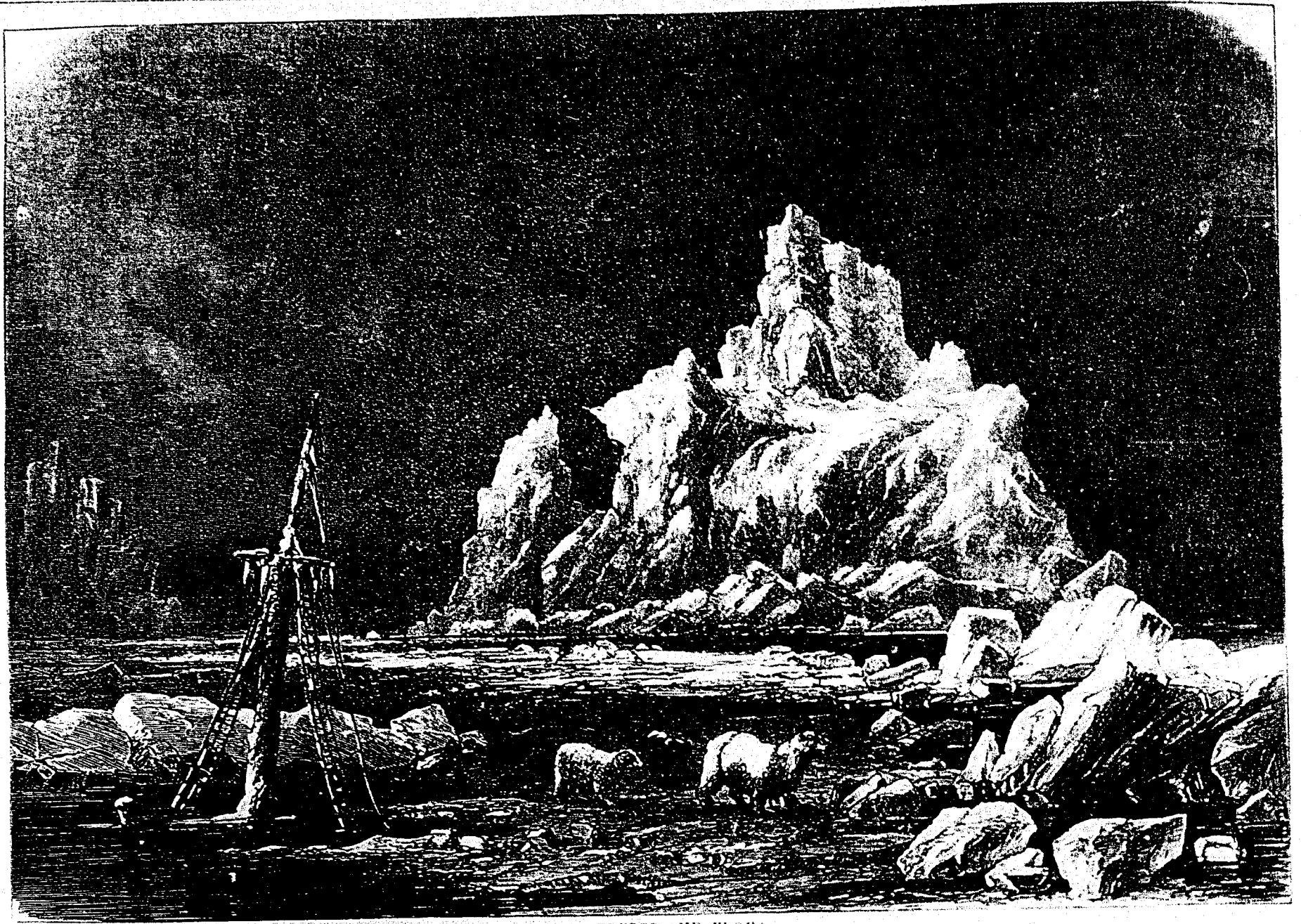
**RUSSIANS AT COURT.**—In the Romanoff gallery of the Winter Palace, at St. Petersburg, the attention of the visitor is attracted by a green curtain on one of the walls; it conceals a table inscribed with the very curious rules which Catherine the Great caused to be observed at her assemblies. These regulations were as follows—(1) Leave your rank outside as well as your hat, and especially your sword. (2) Leave your right of precedence, your pride and any similar feeling, outside the door. (3) Be gay but do not sport anything; do not break or gnaw anything. (4) Sit, stand, walk as you will, without reference to any body. (5) Talk moderately, and not very loud, so as not to make the ears and heads of others ache. (6) Argue without anger, and without excitement. (7) Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull and heavy. (8) In all innocent games, whatever one proposes let all join. (9) Eat whatever is sweet and savoury, but drink with moderation, so that each one may find his legs on leaving the room. (10) Tell no tales out of school; whatever goes in one ear must come out at the other before leaving the room. A transgressor against these rules shall, on the testimony of two witnesses, for every offence drink a glass of cold water, excepting the ladies, and, further, read a page of the *Telemachid* aloud. [The *Telemachid* was the work of a very feeble and evidently much despised poet named Trediakolsky.] Whoever breaks any three of these rules during the same evening shall commit six lines of the *Telemachid* to memory; and whoever offends against the tenth rule shall not again be admitted.

**CHEAP LIVING.**—In these days of dire distress we call the attention of our readers to the following:—Dr. Charles Mackay, in his "Recollections," gives an interesting account of Colonel Fitzgibbon, an agent of the Canadian Government. "The Colonel at this time was upwards of seventy years of age, and while in London was wholly dependent upon remittances from Canada. On one occasion these remittances, anxiously expected, failed to arrive, and he found himself alone in the mighty city, reduced to his last sovereign. He resolved, if possible, to make that sovereign suffice for his subsistence until he could write to his Canadian friends to know the reason of the non-arrival of his funds and receive the answer. He found that he could live on sixpence a day—upon four pennyworth of bread, one pennyworth of milk, and one pennyworth of sugar. He cut the bread into three equal portions, sprinkled it with sugar, and made a kind of pudding of it by the aid of a cupful of boiling water. These served for breakfast, dinner, and supper—the pennyworth of milk in addition being reserved for the latest meal. He threw so well upon this frugal diet, and found his health and strength so greatly increase upon it that he continued it for many months—long after the necessity for the experiment had disappeared—and found when the delayed remittances arrived, in about a month afterwards, that there still

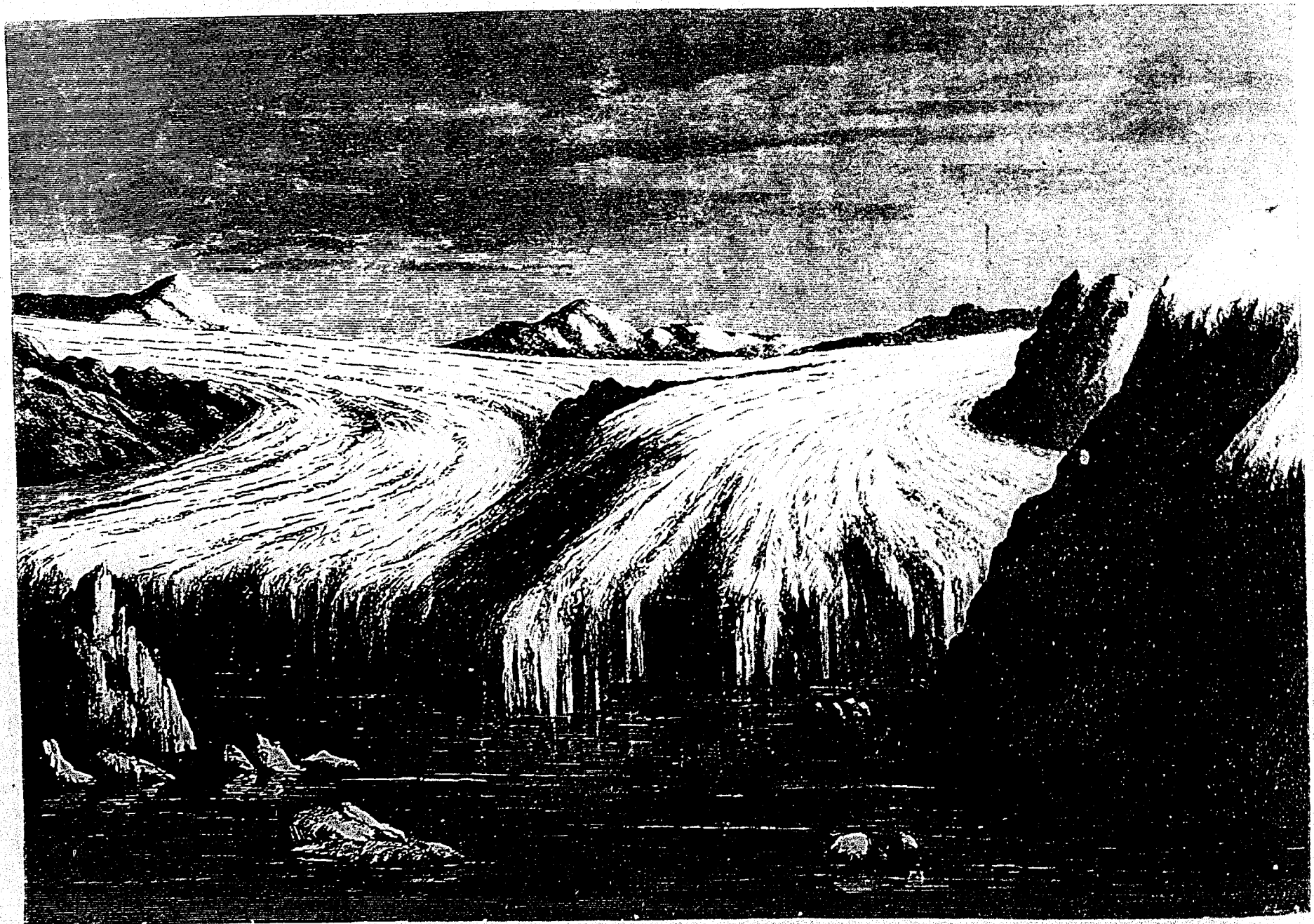
remained five shillings of the sovereign. At the time when Colonel Fitzgibbon told this story he had persevered in his temperate diet for two years, and had devoted all the money which he had thus been enabled to save to the support or establishment of infant-schools in various of the poorest districts of London."

**PARTY COLOURS.**—Ere another week has passed there will scarcely be a dead wall or boarding, or a public-house window in the United Kingdom which will not exhibit a printed appeal, or appeals, to local voters, to decide this way or that on the momentous issues now before the country. It may be that the placard which will meet their eyes will urge them to record their suffrages in the furtherance of these principles to which England owes, wholly and entirely, her present material prosperity—the time-honoured ones of peace, retrenchment and reform. On the other hand, they may be solicited to declare that they believe in the Beaconfield policy of brag, bounce, and broils, as that most calculated to sustain the honour and dignity of Great Britain, and to further her chief interests. Wherever, though, such addresses appear side by side we may be absolutely sure that they will be printed on paper of different colours, as a tangible means of appealing to the less thoughtful or more ignorant of those in whom the franchise is vested. Now, it is a very curious fact that these distinctive colours vary all over the country. The Tory party at present affect "True Blue" as their distinguishing colour; but this was a Presbyterian badge in the days of the Commonwealth. The Gordon rioters, too, in 1789, when engaged in sacking Loudon in defence of Protestantism, all wore blue ribbons. Blue and buff have long been recognized as pertaining to the Whigs. Charles James Fox always dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, and a buff waistcoat—colours worn both by the men and women whose political views were coincident with his own. It is a familiar fact that they continue to co-exist on the cover of the *Edinburgh Review*, which is or was until it has recently exhibited a certain tendency to backsliding regarded as the acknowledged organ of the Whig party. In Cumberland and Westmoreland blue and yellow are dissociated, blue being the Liberal colour and yellow the Conservative one. During the pending election, it is certain "blue" and "yellow" will be much more often in the mouths of the Dalemen than the names either of Tufton, Lowther, or Lord Bective. A Westmoreland man invariably speaks of himself as "a Blue" or "a Yellow." Blue is the Liberal colour in Lincolnshire, and the Tory colour in Suffolk; as it is in that stronghold of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Exeter. At Norwich Mr. Colman's supporters fight under a blue and white banner. The Liberal party have adopted green as their colour in many parts of England. In Sussex it is pink, while the Tories have appropriated the blue.

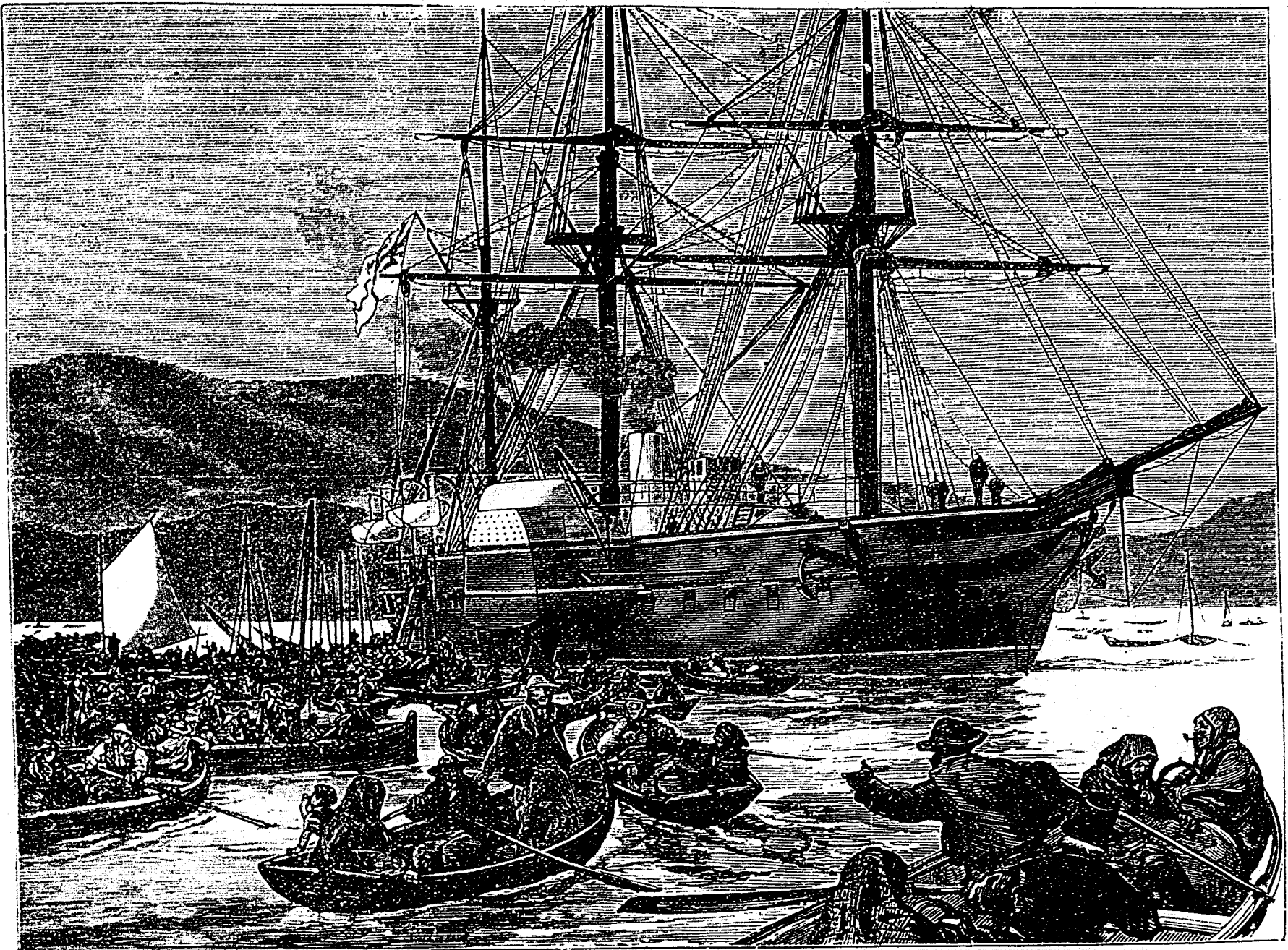
**DR. RICHARDSON ON DRESS IN RELATION TO HEALTH.**—Dr. Richardson lectured to the members of the London Institution recently, on "Dress in Relation to Health," the object being to indicate what reforms in the dress of both sexes were most required in order that dress might minister to health. The lecturer said that the character of dress stands so closely to the character of the person who wears it that it is hard to touch on one without introducing the other. All kinds of sympathies are evoked by dress. Political sympathies are in the most intimate of relationships with dress; social sympathies are indexed by it; artistic sympathies are a part of it. Proceeding to lay out the plan of the lecture, the lecturer begged it to be understood that it was altogether apart from his purpose to deprecate good fashion in dress. It was the duty of every one to cultivate good fashion, and every woman ought to make herself as becomingly beautiful as she possibly could. Good health and good fashion would always go well together. What was wanted in the reform of dress was good fashion for both sexes, and for everyday life in social intercourse some uniform costume that shall tend to bind more closely together the various classes of the community. He deprecated an adaptation that led to unequal pressure and to tight bindings about the body in any way. A dress should be loose, and the weight of it should be borne by the shoulders. In men's modern dress this was fairly accomplished, but in women's dress, dragging from the waist, there was produced such a waste of physical power that if women were in all respects free as men they could never approach to the position of men as active workers until they had emancipated themselves from this physical bondage. Dr. Richardson equally condemned the strap and belt worn by boys and some by working men when they were about to run, leap, lift or perform other physical feats. Comparing the clothing of men with that of women, the lecturer expressed the view that, faulty as the male attire might be in artistic points of view, it was in relation to health perfection as compared with the dress worn by women. The reform he suggested in the dress of women was that it should in all practical details have the same advantages, and should be, in fact, the same, with the exception of the exterior robe or gown. The long dress for women, which even trespassed slightly on the ground, was the most becoming. Among the other subjects considered were the proper ventilating powers of materials used for dress and their colour, the colour of material worn in contact with the skin, and the colour of outer garments in relation to climate.



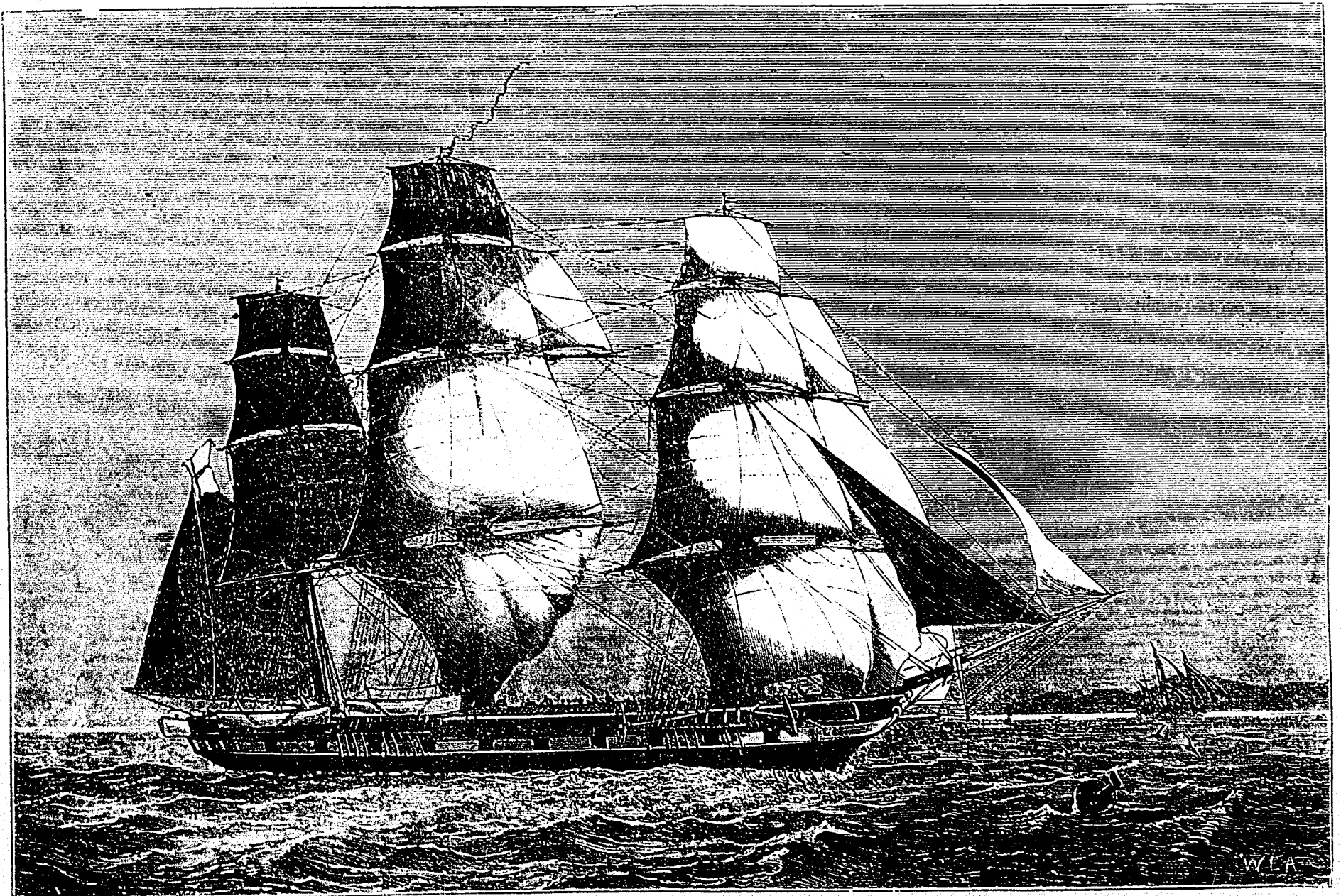
ICEBERGS AND FLOES.



FORMATION OF ICEBERGS. A MOVING GLACIER.  
OUR NORTHERN SEAS.



THE IRISH DISTRESS.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DISTRIBUTING SUPPLIES AT KILKERRAN.



THE MISSING TRAINING SHIP *ATALANTA*.

SPRING.

Merry sunshine, sweet and bright—
Rushing of the river;
Love-voices of the birds, whose songs
Make the sweet air quiver.

Enough of fragrance in the woods
To make one wish for more;
The sleepy drip-drip of the sap
O'er and o'er and o'er.

Balmv winds so fresh and clear
Brush our faces over;
Meadow lands are turning green
With soft grass and clover.

Long, long strolls for sweethearts
In the dewy air;
Love in eyes, and love in words,
Love, unmixed with care.

The year is in her maidenhood,
Sweet and fresh and pure;
Soon the sun with ardent glance
To a taller life will woo her.

H. I.

ALGIERS.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

Jewish vendors, in front of their small shops,
are recognized at once by their grasping-like,
bold set of features. The regime in Algeria has
been a happy event for this race, who are here
what they are elsewhere, who are what they
were when a sort of distinct people—and, there-
fore, detested by those who have any dealings
with them. As the Koran forbids lending
money at interest, the Jews of Algiers have ever
been the pliant and exacting lenders or usurers
of the Mussulmans in straightened circum-
stances. As a consequence of their sharkish
propensities and habits, it used to occur, now
and then, before the French occupation, that
the excited rabble, during revolutionary mo-
ments, would make raids on the Jews, exter-
minate them by wholesale, men and women,
and seizing the young ones by the feet, would
dash their heads against the walls. That sum-
mary process can no more be carried on, but the
Algerine Jews have lost none of their disfavour
among other citizens.

The old upper town, where the great bulk of
the Mahomedans reside, is closely packed with
stone houses varying a good deal in height
according to location. The upper ones are
scarcely ever more than one or two stories. The
streets which lead up the steep hill or mountain
are far from being straight, and like those on
the continent dating from the middle ages, they
are so narrow that vehicles cannot pass through
most of them. Their steepness, besides, is such
that they are furnished all along with wide
steps. The most frequented of these streets is in
Kasba, the name of the old fort on the peak bear-
ing that title, and to which it leads most
directly. The buildings in this antiquated
ward, which serve as residences to the Arabs,
Moors, &c., are without windows, the only
thing of that kind being a small barred opening
alongside of the low arched door, often carved
with inscriptions from the Koran, and which is
seldom seen open for any length of time. The
flat roof, now and then ornamented with gar-
dens, is the only place where women are occa-
sionally seen peeping discreetly or otherwise at
what is going on outside of their prison-like
houses. An open interior court, with a gallery
above, around which the rooms are situated,
admits a good flood of light. In the lower part
the general household duties are performed.
There the women and children congregate,
squatting down on mats; there female visitors
are received and the light topics of the day
discussed.

The fair sex when outside wear the same uni-
form costume, generally white, consisting in a
sort of cloak, haik (cotton, woolen or silk) ar-
ranged around the head and falling in large
folds to the ankles; seccama, pulled trousers
reaching the ankles, and the hadjar, veil, which
leaves exposed but the eyes. When the haik is
opened in front the under garment, the
chemise is seen to be of a very light texture, ex-
posing more or less the breast. None would
think of going out with the face uncovered;
young girls even wear the hadjar. At home,
however, the street costume is set aside and the
under garments alone are kept. Being fond of
dress and ornament the women then go to great
pains to deck themselves in fanciful ways. They
often make use of a reddish dye called
haine or copul to stain and elongate their eye-
brows so as to get them to join in a single line;
adding mouches, or points of beauty (!) here and
there on the face; the finger nails are also
stained; being often without stockings the
ankles and the upper portion of the feet are
seen adorned in the same way. In the house,
therefore, the Moorish women put on the frimla,
vest, which is at times richly embroidered with
gold or silver threads, intermixed with silk of
brilliant colors, trinkets, gewgaws of every de-
scription; sometimes the Kafan is added as a
second outer vest, lapping over the first in a
coquettish way, and being different from the
other in cut, color and style, it becomes a valu-
able auxiliary to complete the toilette and render
it flashing. A rich silk sash of many hues
encircles the waist, and trinkets on the brow
and bosom, and bracelets on the wrists and even
on the ankles make the wearer attractive and
satisfied with herself.

The Moorish women, as generally all the beau-
tiful is called in Algiers, are of middle size, with
regular rounded features; their complexion,
light olive, is animated with a good deal of ex-
pression; the eyes, brown or black, are full of

tenderness, quasi langor, and sparkle at times
like meteors, when excitement sets them into
activity; the mouth is small and the teeth are reg-
ular and pretty; the hair is abundant, fine and
often matted. The Algerine women, in fact,
are called the prettiest in Algeria, and it is
owing to their predominant Moorish blood. The
children of both sexes are remarkably hand-
some, and the men, Moors especially, are, as a
rule, the most aristocratically refined and beauti-
ful I ever met anywhere; they dress well and
the dress suits them so well; the ample folds
of the burnon, snowy white, seem alive with the
importance and inherent dignity of the wearers;
their colored panitch, under vest, and beadaia,
over vest, harmonized with gold and silver em-
broidery, harmonize well with the brilliant silk
sashes that encircle loosely their waist. The
appearance, indeed, of most Moors is truly
courtly and reminds one of the gallant nobles
who so ornamented the courts of Louis XIV and
XV in France.

The Arabs, of pure blood, are dark, tall and
spare, with sharp beaked noses, jet black eyes
and angular features. Like the Moors they
generally wear the full beadaia. Those enrolled
as Spahis or Zouaves, in the French cavalry and
infantry, seem at home in their military rôle and
deport themselves with strict mechanical preci-
sion even out of the ranks. They are a warlike
people and feel ill at ease without a gun or cut-
lass. As agriculturists or workers they are far
behind the Kabyles. Like half tamed lions
their taciturnity seems ominous, while the
springy elastic motions of their legs, strong and
wiry, would indicate that they are ever on the
qui vive. The Arabs thow one another and
even address strangers in that good familiar
Quaker style.

Algiers is said to be the busiest city of the
east; its ancient and modern character and as-
pect blend together well and make it a charm-
ing resort for tourists and invalids who seek a
mild climate in winter. During my stay of
seven weeks to the middle of December, I
enjoyed almost the whole time the caressing
rays of a gorgeous sun. There is just outside of
the city, above Mastaba-Superieur, in the
thick foliaged midst of the mountain, perched
up high—an elegant English quarter—with
pretty villas and large palatial mansions, where
most of the owners come to spend the winter;
others reside there the year around.

The citadel, Kasba, on the extreme height
above the city, is enclosed within enormous high
walls. Its buildings, old forts, palaces and
mosques of the Deys, have been transformed into
barracks, losing thereby much of their picture-
queness. It was here where the last Day
slapped the French Consul in the face with his
fan, which event led to the occupation of the
country by its new masters. That pavilion
where that uncourteous act took place is still
kept up, and is called—the partition de Coup
d'Eventail. The view all around from the
Kasba is magnificent. The archeologist will
find about the citadel interesting ruins of forts,
walls, the latter containing a row of four and
five cement pipes, one above another, for the
conveyance of water from the interior—dating
back to the ancient time of the Roman occupa-
tion. Many artistic relics, consisting in statues,
rich mosaics, &c., have been found in dif-
ferent parts of the country; many fine specimens are
exhibited in the museum of Algiers.

Many practical endeavors have been made to
improve the condition of the natives. Several
institutions for the manual, moral and social
education of young girls exist in Algiers. In
the Lycée, for young men, out of 100 pupils 200
are Arabs. This government institution or
building, of cut stone and elegant plan, was
erected in 1863. In digging for the foundations
some precious Roman relics, lamps, &c., dating
back evidently to the cremation period were
found; these are exhibited in the Lyceum.

The mystic Orient is somewhat represented in
Algiers by the society or sect of the Aissaoua—so
named from Aissa, who founded the order some
few centuries since. Strangers visiting Algiers
are always induced by the ceremonies to attend a
seance and witness the feats performed by the
adepts during their abnormal trance. A small
fee introduces one into the sanctum or seance-
room, where a large number of men and boys
are seen congregated, squatted down in an irreg-
ular circle on the ground floor, partaking before-
hand of the national dish, couscous, contained
in a large wooden bowl, and which is eaten with
wooden spoons and the fingers as well. After
this customary repast the adepts are called by
the presiding officer or minister to form a regu-
lar circle at one end of the inner court, where all
congregate. Each one is then furnished with a
large tamtam or sort of tambourine, which is
previously presented to the officiating master of
ceremonies for his muttering blessing of the
same. Chants, plaintive and increasing grad-
ually into commanding notes until the musicians
seem themselves possessed with the paroxysm
of wildness, accompanied by rhythmical beatings
on the tamtams, soon bring one, two, three, four
or more of the wished for performers, who
jump, whirl and twist themselves while singing,
bellowing, screeching wildly and imitating the
roarings and other sounds of beasts of prey.
They stream with sweat and foam at the mouth
during the process of working themselves up to
the proper pitch, when from a small adjoining
room an attendant is seen issuing with a large
red hot poker, which he hands now to one and
then to the others of the performers, who lick it
with their tongues and pass its glaring end over
their breasts and limbs—with perfect impunity.
This first act is repeated several times. Then a

sharp sword is held by two men, edge upwards,
upon which, one after another of the "invul-
nerables" jump and dance with naked feet. A
scorpion is afterwards exhibited in a small paste-
board box and shown around, twirling itself
around the fingers of several of the performers,
when at last one is seen deliberately swallowing
the horrid poisonous reptile. The culminating
act consists in one or two gouging out their eyes
with a dagger, the balls most evidently hanging
on the cheeks; replaced in their orbits, no sign
of the operation is seen. Impurity throughout
is invariably the result of every such action.
The grossness of the exhibition was such, how-
ever, as to convince every unbiased mind to
what extremes human nature may be made to
attain under certain conditions constituting
abnormality in the system. Since the above
was written, Algeria has been granted, for the
first time, a civil government.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Paper to hand. Many Thanks.
T. S. St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution re-
ceived of Problem No. 272.
F. A. K. Montreal.—Letter received. We will send an
answer by post.
E. H. Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for
Young Players No. 274. Correct.

TELEGRAPHIC CHESS MATCH BETWEEN MON-
TREAL AND QUEBEC.

On Thursday evening last, May 13th, twelve members
of the Montreal Chess Club attended at the office of the
Montreal Telegraph Company for the purpose of playing
a chess match with a like number of the Quebec Club.
The Company had kindly placed at the disposal of the
players one of their large rooms, and after some pre-
liminary arrangements and the blotting for opponents,
at about 9 p.m. the twelve contestants had fully entered
into the business of the evening.
The following were the Montreal players: Messrs.
Ascher, Baker, J. Barry, Henderson, F. Hicks, W. H.
Hicks, Howe, Pouchard, Shaw, Steacie, Watkins and
Workman.
The Quebec players were: Messrs. Andrews, Back-
ston, Bradley, Champion, Henche, Holt, Lefort, Le-
Blanc, McLeod, Pope, Sanderson and Sanderson jun.
Mr. J. Steacie was Umpire at Montreal, and Mr. J.
Fletcher at Quebec.
For six hours play was uninterruptedly carried on,
and not a game having been brought to a conclusion
it was decided to adjourn the contest till the following
evening, Friday, May 14th, when it was resumed at about
7 p.m. and continued for several hours, with the results
as shown in the following table.

Table with 4 columns: Board, Montreal, Quebec, Winner. Lists names of players and outcomes for 12 boards.

It is necessary to say with reference to the above state-
ment of results that Dr. Howe and Mr. Watkins were
absent on the second evening's play, and that Mr. Ascher
had made arrangements to finish his game with his op-
ponent on Tuesday next, at Quebec.

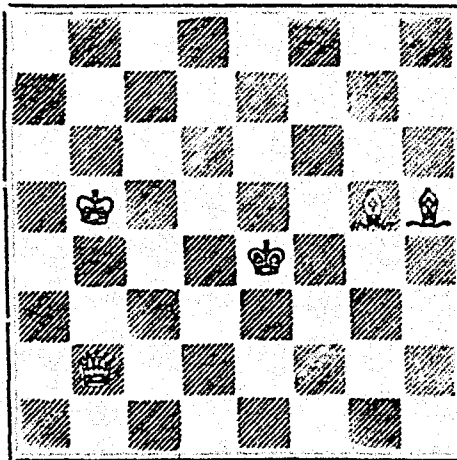
A recent number of Land and Water, in giving an ac-
count of a chess tourney connected with the College
Chess Club of London, Eng., stated that there were
twenty-seven contestants, of whom eight were lady
players. Another lady amateur is spoken of at the same
time as having joined the club, so that we may fairly
presume that chess play is gaining favour with the fair
sex across the Atlantic, and that we may now cease to
think it a novelty if we hear of their taking a prominent
part in tournaments and other chess encounters.

We insert in our Column this week a specimen of the
skill of a lady player, and we are convinced that the re-
marks which accompany it made by so skilful a chess-
player as Herr Lowenthal, will add greatly to its in-
terest.

PROBLEM No. 276

By A. HAWKINS, U.S.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 406TH.

"I am about to introduce to your notice one of the
most brilliant games on record. Brief as it is, it is re-
plete with genius, and was recently played by a lady.
It is a mistaken notion, too prevalent among persons
who are not chessplayers themselves, that the fair sex,
whatever its other qualifications, cannot excel at chess.
The contrary is really the case." (Herr J. J. Lowenthal.)

King's Kt's Gambit.

Chess notation table for King's Kt's Gambit, showing moves for White (Attack) and Black (Defense).

NOTES.

- (a) Threatening B takes Kt, and then Kt takes Q P.
(b) Highly ingenious, and the key to a masterly com-
position.
(c) H13 Kt to B sq., attack mates in two moves.
(d) Beautifully followed up and worthy a player of
first-rate ability.
(e) B takes R costs mate in two moves or causes loss of
Queen.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 274.

- 1. Q to K B 4. 1. Any move
2. Mates accordingly. 2. Any move.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 274.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to K R 6. 1. Any move
2. Kt to K 5. 2. Any move
3. Kt to B 7 mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 275.

Composed by Paul Morphy, when he was only 12
years old. His first problem.

Chess notation table for Problem No. 275, showing moves for White and Black.

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vincial, Toronto, 1878.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Tanks and Pumping Machinery.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15th MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, Frost-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

Drawings can be seen and Specifications and other particulars obtained at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th APRIL.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO MACHINIST-CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of June, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 29th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for and to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 19th March, 1880.

D. MORRICE & CO., ICE DEALERS, 24 Victoria Square.

Prices Reduced for 1880. Prompt Delivery and Pure Ice.

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Awarded Extra Prize, Grand International Exhibition.

Is specially designed for Stout Ladies, to meet the requirements of fashion. Is not only elegant in form, but very comfortable to wear. Once worn, will wear no other.

Sateen Jean, \$2.50. Cotton, \$1.50 and upwards.

Sent by post to any part of the Dominion on receipt of price and address.

Send measure Round the Waist and Bust, tight not too tight—also length of Waist under arm and length of front.

Ottawa Corset Factory, 70 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

A NELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing About 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in Gold, no 1 24 quotations, all postpaid, 15c. Popular Game of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for an act to incorporate "The Montreal Steam Heating Company."

Montreal, 7th April, 1880.

MR. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW (Times Building), NEW YORK, is authorized to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.

CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case Name on all 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st DAY OF MAY, next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

Notice to Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 29th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for and to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

- 20 Locomotive Engines.
16 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers).
20 Second-class Cars, do.
3 Express and Baggage Cars, do.
3 Postal and Smoking Cars.
240 Box Freight Cars.
100 Flat Cars.
2 Wing Ploughs.
2 Snow Ploughs.
2 Flangers.
40 Hand Cars.

The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon on THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE



MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach."

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Iron Bridge Superstructure.

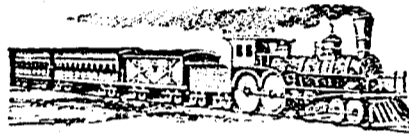
TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, next, for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

Specifications and other particulars will be furnished on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

EASTERN DIVISION.

COMMENCING ON Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Trains will run on this Division as follows:

Table with columns MAIL and MIXED, listing train times between Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square. STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents, Offices, 252 St. James Street, and 178 Notre Dame Street.

J. T. PRINCE, General Passenger Agent.

Montreal, March 16th, 1880.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 17-19-52-362, 55 College Street.

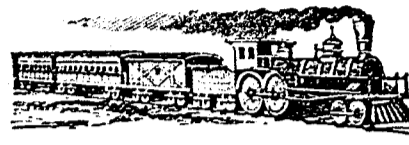
REFRIGERATORS.

All well-tried and approved patterns, the "NORTH STAR," "PALACE," "ARCTIC," "GROCER," "POLAR," and Kimball's Patent Wood-lined. 25 sizes to choose from. Prices from \$8 upwards. At G. W. REED'S.

Manufacturer and Dealer in Refrigerators, &c., Slate Metal and Gravel Roofer, and Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Roofing Materials.

783 and 785 Craig Street West.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

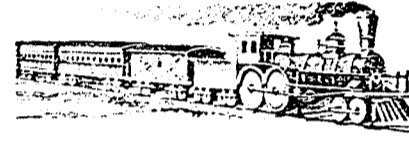


Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

Commencing SUNDAY, MAY 16th, and on each succeeding SUNDAY until further notice, an Express Train with Palace Car attached, will leave Hochelaga for Quebec at 4 P.M., and a similar train will leave Quebec for Montreal at same hour, arriving at destination at 10.30 P.M.

L. A. SENECAI, General Superintendent.

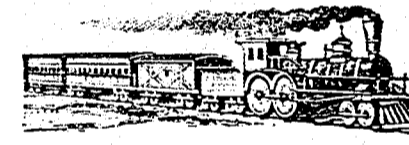


Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

On and after SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, Saturday Excursion Tickets will be issued at one single first-class fare, good to return from Hull and all intermediate stations by first train on MONDAY morning, and from Quebec and all stations by SUNDAY EVENING Train.

L. A. SENECAI, General Superintendent.

Montreal, May 14th, 1880.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON Monday, May 3rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns MAIL and EXPRESS, listing train times between Hochelaga, Hull, and Quebec.

Local trains between Hull and Aylmer. Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec. All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

GENERAL OFFICE, 13 Place d'Armes Square. TICKET OFFICE, 252 St. James Street.

L. A. SENECAI, Gen'l Sup't.

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SNIFFIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES.

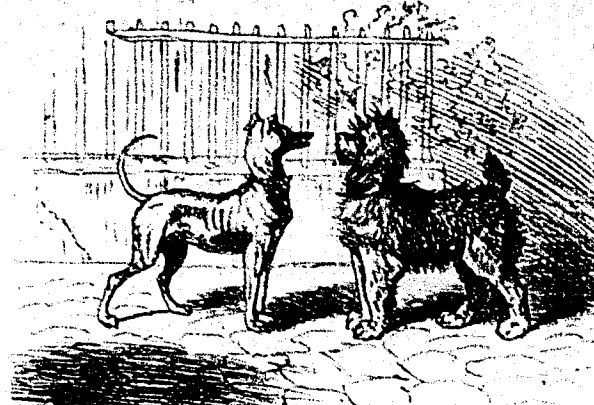
40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto and glass; name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

25 all Gold and Silver, Motto and Floral Cards 10c. Stevens Card Co., Northford, Ct.





THE MEETING.



SETTLING THE PRELIMINARIES.



WHO WILL BEGIN?



THE TUG OF WAR.



UP AND DOWN.  
A PICTURE OF LIFE.



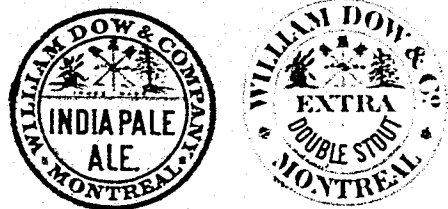
AFTER THE BATTLE.

**CAMPBELL'S**  
  
**QUININE WINE.**  
 THE TONIC OF THE DAY.

**THE QUEEN'S**  
  
**LAUNDRY BAR.**  
 Ask for it, and take no other.  
 BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
 Trade Mark. | Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

**JOHNSTON'S**  
  
**FLUID BEEF** is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.**  
 BREWERS and MALTSTERS,  
 MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt, India Pale, and other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-6-52-392

**BANK OF MONTREAL.**

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of **FOUR PER CENT.** upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after **Tuesday, the first day of June, next.**

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st MAY next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, **On Monday, the Seventh day of June, next.** The Chair to be taken at **ONE o'clock.**

**CHS. F. SMITHERS,**  
 General Manager.  
 Montreal, 20th April, 1880.

**DIAMONDS OF SCIENCE.**  
 Ballantyne Hannay, F.C.S. Lon., Eng., Crystalization of Carbon Staetelite.

These dazzling stones are so hard and brilliant as to deceive such eminent experts of chemistry as Professors Tyndall and Smith of the Glasgow Academy of Science, who declared for a time that these were the real Diamonds. The leading newspapers, such as the *London Times*, *New York Herald*, and *Chicago Tribune* contained in their columns, December, 1878, the news that the real gem was discovered, and that perfect panes existed among the great Diamond merchants of London, Paris and New York.

**No. 1 \$4.**  
 Exact fac-simile of pure 18-karat gold ring plain Palais mounting, with select 2-karat diamond of great beauty, price \$4.

**No. 2 \$6.**  
 This cut shows 18-karat gold ring, heavier than No. 1, artistic Parisian Royale design of mounting, with perfectly dazzling 2-karat stone, a veritable star of brilliancy, price \$6.

**No. 3 \$7.**  
 This shows 18-karat gold cluster ring for ladies—masterpiece of Jewellers' art in design and finish, and contains 7-13 karat Diamonds, price \$7.

**No. 4 \$10.**  
 Ladies' latest style—Empress Crown pattern—18-karat gold ring, contains 7-half karat Diamonds, and is a perfect paragon of elegance, price \$10.

Carbon Crystallizing section of Prof. Ballantyne Hannay's wonderful Electric machine for producing the Diamond. These rings are each put into a morocco leather covered and satin lined ring box, and sent to any address on receipt of price. They are perfectly dazzling in brilliancy both night and day, and mounted in *mint coin gold* with exquisite art in workmanship, in fact every one who sees these beautiful ornaments say that they equal any \$500 rings they ever saw.

The often cleaned the brighter they become—a drop of haruhorn dry in saw-dust—same as natural stone. Referees furnished to leading banks and manufacturers. Goods sent by registered mail on receipt of price, or on approval by express C.O.D., on receipt of \$1. to cover charges. Address,  
**W.M. WALKERTON & CO.,**  
 23 St. Nicholas Street, Montreal.  
 P. O. Box 1886.

**RUSSELL**  
  
**St. Louis Hotel,**  
 ST. LOUIS STREET  
**QUEBEC**  
**The Russell Hotel Company**  
 WILLIS RUSSELL, President.

This Hotel, which is unrivalled for size, style and locality in Quebec, is open throughout the year for pleasure and business travel, having accommodations for 500 Guests.

**TRUTHS.**  
**HOP BITTERS,**  
 (A Medicine, not a Drink.)  
 CONTAINS  
**HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,**  
 AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

**THEY CURE**  
 All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints and Drunkenness.

**\$1000 IN GOLD**  
 Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and free books, and try the Bitters before you sleep. Take no other.

**HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING COMPANY,**  
 Rochester, New York and Toronto, Ont.  
 FOR SALE AT  
**LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal**  
**D. S. EVANS & CO.,**  
**H. HASWELL & CO.,**

In consequence of spurious imitations of  
**LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,**  
 which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,  
  
 which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of  
 52-13-12 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S**  
  
**EXTRACT OF MEAT**  
 FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See *Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c.*  
 "Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."  
 To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

**Gray's**  
  
**SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM**  
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS  
 FOR COLIC & COUGHS

50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all, 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples, 10c. Heavy Gold plated Ring for club of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford, Ct.