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Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

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THE GRAND MINISTERIAL OVERTURE
AT THE PARLIAMENTARY OPERA HOUSE, OTTAWA, 13TH FEBRUARY.

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BENEATH THE WAVE.

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 15, 1879.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

By the time that the present issue of this journal shall have reached all its readers, the first session of the fourth Parliament of Canada will have been opened, a Speaker will have been chosen, the Speech from the Throne will have been delivered, and all the preliminaries of legislative work will have been laid before the country. With the single exception of the first session of the first Parliament, in the memorable year of Confederation, twelve years ago, the present session must be regarded as the most remarkable and the most momentous in its expected results. In the first place, there is the presence of the son-in-law of the Queen, in the character of Governor-General, and that of a daughter of Her Most Gracious Majesty, as his companion and supporter. There is no exaggerating the importance of this circumstance, either from a spectacular point of view or as an event in Colonial annals. Then there is the appearance of a Ministry, new in one sense, but familiar in another aspect, as containing the names of men who were nearly all concerned with the great Act of Confederation, and who ruled the country for over six years after the inauguration of that measure. A further circumstance of special interest is that these men are once more in power, after a revolution in public opinion almost unparalleled in the records of popular government, and are the exponents of a policy which is destined to exert the most profound influence on the future of the Dominion. In addition, the present Parliament will contain more new and untried men than ever came together in any of our previous legislatures. It appears that, out of a total of 204 members, no less than 73 have never sat in Parliament before, and 18 did not belong to the last Parliament. As an offset to these, many old and well-tried public men will be missed on account of their absence. Conspicuous among them are BLAKE, YOUNG, DYMOND, the GIBBS, MITCHELL, LAFLAMME, PALMER, FRECHETTE, and JONES. Among the acquisitions are WHITE of Cardwell, IVES of Richmond and Wolfe, COURSOL and GAULT of Montreal, and others who have never sat in Parliament. But above the men the country is curiously interested in the policy of the Government, and that, if it achieves only one half of what is expected of it, will make a place for itself in our history. This policy, if we understand it aright, is not the policy of a party, but that of the country, and hence we do not expect that the Opposition will resist it to any great extent until it is fairly tried. At least, we do not believe that the Opposition are called upon to do so. In two or three years

from this, if it should prove a failure, the Opposition may make use of that circumstance to draw capital therefrom. In the meantime we hold that it is clearly the duty of patriotism to give the new theory of Protection full opportunity to develop itself. The people want it for the present and the people must be obeyed. It is plain to any outsider that the Conservative party, as such, could never have achieved the triumph of the 17th September by relying on and using its own resources. But it carried the day because party lines were completely broken asunder and a distinctively supreme commercial issue took the place of purely political questions. And if the Government are wise in reading the signs of the times, they will adhere primarily, if not exclusively, to these commercial issues. The country has clearly reached this stage that, now its political institutions are firmly established, it must lay the foundation of its commercial and financial future. The material must prevail for the time being over the æsthetic. And as every one of us, man, woman and child, is directly interested in this material prosperity, it is our duty to see that the Government do their duty in this respect, to the full limit of their mandate, and give them all loyal support in the execution of the duty. From this standpoint, which we believe to be the only sound one, we shall look with interest at all the proceedings of the present Parliament, and for that purpose shall give our readers a weekly summary of them.

WINTER SPORTS.

We offer our readers to-day a double page of illustrations representing a snow-shoe tramp over the rugged mountain of Rouville or Belœil, under circumstances of a peculiarly grand and arduous nature. During the present glorious winter—one of the finest within the last decade, at least—we have had only one old-fashioned snowstorm, and that took place precisely on Saturday, January 25, the day on which the members of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club had been invited to a steeplechase from Belœil Station to the Iroquois House, a well known hostelry, perched on the picturesque top of the most beautiful mountain in the Richelieu Valley. Not having been able to accept the polite invitation to be present at this interesting exhibition of pluck and skill, we had been promised a full account of it from another source to accompany the sketches of our artist's pencil. But this account having failed us at the last moment, we cannot do less than say a few general words to commemorate the occasion. There is no country where winter sports are so much indulged in as in Canada, and owing to the favourable quality of the climate, no portion of Canada where they reach a higher development than in this Province and city. We have athletic associations of all sorts, but none that are more characteristic and, we might add, more historic than the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club, which this winter is in the highest state of prosperity. The records of this Club are an honour to the metropolis, and are intimately associated even with its social relations. Among these records, few will be found more interesting than that which we illustrate in the present issue. A large deputation of the Club left the city by rail, on that tempestuous Saturday afternoon, reaching St. Hilaire after five o'clock. Immediately the race was organized and in the blinding snowstorm, with every line of the horizon blotted out and no means of distinguishing either earth or sky, the sturdy trappers took to the mountain, breasting the hurricane and pushing for the summit. It would take too long to enumerate all the scenes which took place on this adventurous journey, and we must content ourselves with saying that the goal was reached in safety, the steeplechase having been a complete success. Of course the reward went to the winners in

the shape of medals and cups, and to all in the form of a generous banquet offered by the enterprising managers of the Iroquois Hotel. After spending the best part of a memorable night on the mountain, the party returned to the city on the Sunday morning thoroughly delighted with their outing.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S TRIUMPH.

After two long years of disquietude and alarm the weary world at last obtains a breathing time, if not a prolonged period of rest. The moment is, therefore, opportune for considering how it has come to pass that Great Britain emerges on this occasion so triumphantly from the perplexities and perils with which the cosmopolitan situation was environed by the grasping ambition of a single Power. What has Russia gained? What has England lost? How chances it that the northern Colossus has been baffled at every point, in spite of lavish expenditure in blood and treasure, by the little Isles of the West? It cannot be denied that the former has been thwarted in all her objects. For whether she really entertained a desire to found a single Slav kingdom in European Turkey, or was tempted to her professedly philanthropic crusade by motives of self-aggrandisement, she has utterly failed. True, Turkey has suffered a considerable alienation of territory, but very little passes into the ownership of her assailant. Russia is richer only by some limited tracts of chiefly marsh land in Bessarabia, and by a small slice of barren Armenia. What has been the cost of these paltry gains? Surely, out of all proportion to their intrinsic value. In the first place, an acknowledged loss of 180,000 trained soldiers; secondly, an accumulation of debt to be reckoned in hundreds of millions sterling; thirdly, commercial paralysis and dangerous discontent within her own borders; lastly, the complete sacrifice of the predominating influence at Constantinople which previous Russian Governments had considered the surest means for eventually cooling the feet of Cossacks' horses in the sunlit waters of the Bosphorus. It is also palpable that the Berlin Treaty, being a compact entered into by all the Great Powers, is better adapted to keep the Muscovite legions north of the Danube, than the arrangements it has superseded. The independence of the new State of Bulgaria will be under a solemn European guarantee, and a similar footing is more or less accorded to the surrounding principalities and to Roumelia. The road to Constantinople is thus barred far more effectually than when only Roumania stood between Russia and her prey, while the Roumanians themselves are not likely to repeat the experimental venture as allies of Russia. Turning to the far East, the St. Petersburg government has absolutely no gains to set against its losses. But for the foolhardy despatch of a Russian Mission to Cabul, England might have long wanted a justification of strengthening her frontier at the cost of Afghanistan. It is on official record that after the failure of Sir Lewis Pelly's Mission, Lord Lytton had determined to maintain an attitude of "vigilant reserve," and he steadfastly adhered to this resolve until the appearance of General Abramoff at Cabul brought matters to a crisis. Instantly the Viceroy availed himself of the opportunity to meet England's old foe on this ground, and once more Russia had to submit to a loss of prestige, while her great Asiatic rival set about acquiring such a position as would give India the power of striking if need be, instead of merely defending herself against assault. Should complications hereafter arise between England and Russia in Europe or Asia Minor, it will be the former Power, and not the latter, that will threaten attack in Central Asia, a very great and happy change compared with the situation previous to the reception of the Russian Mission by Shere Ali.

Having thus summarised, as impartially as possible, the gains and losses of Russia during the last two years, I will now essay a similar task on behalf of England. To begin with the cost. In the first place, there was the expenditure of six millions to place the army and navy in a condition of efficiency for immediate active service. This sum is not, however, altogether lost, as a considerable proportion was expended on ships, guns, stores, small arms, and ammunition which still remain on hand, and which will help to reduce future estimates. Say that a rebate of a million from the gross expenditure ought to be fairly allowed on this head, we may reasonably calculate that England's share of the Afghan war expenses will be virtually defrayed out of the six millions. Coupling England and India together, therefore, I estimate that the total cost of checkmating Russia in Europe and Asia, and of securing a virtually impregnable frontier for Hindostan, will not really amount to more than seven millions sterling to the two exchequers, after due allowance has been made for surplus ships and war materiel in hand. A trifling sum certainly, compared with the prodigious expenditure of Russia, but not so microscopic as our hopes in the field look by the side of hers. Up to the present moment the list of casualties in Afghanistan does not amount to more than about 200 killed and wounded, and it may be reasonably hoped that even when every allowance is made for climatic exigencies, the total loss of life at the end of the campaign will not exceed 1,000, or 180th part of the Russian holocaust. Seven millions sterling and say a thousand lives at the outside will be the gross expenditure

of Great Britain on the re-settlement of affairs in the West and East, in accordance with her Imperial interests. What has she gained? Much, every way. In the first place, she has regained that preponderating influence in the councils of the world which had been so grievously impaired by the blind adherence of successive Liberal Governments to a policy of selfish isolation. Under that ill-starred régime England was made to say to the Continent, "Your affairs have no concern for me, and you need not, therefore, expect me to interfere, come what may." The Continent naturally took her at her word, and whenever any Liberal Foreign Minister presumed to offer friendly advice to a great Power he was usually told, in polite phraseology, to mind his own business, as the matter in question could not concern a Power bent on maintaining an attitude of isolation. Our suggestions were laughed at, our influence derided, our power made a mock of in those days, whereas now the first question of every foreign court, at critical moments, is "What line will England take?" Prince Bismarck is said to have remarked, at the termination of the Berlin Congress, that Lord Beaconsfield had re-created Turkey. In a certain sense, the Prime Minister may with equal truth be credited with having re-created England; that is, re-created her as a great Power entitled to exercise immense influence in the affairs of the world. By itself, this splendid success would be well worth every farthing spent, every life lost by our country during the last two years. But we have gained many other valuable prizes. Whose influence is predominant at Constantinople? England's. Whose authority is beginning to be recognized as paramount from the Levant to the Persian Gulf? England's. In whose hand now lies the command of the only alternative road from Europe to India, besides the Suez Canal and Cape routes? In England's. Who has obtained possession of a Mediterranean island which contains in itself all the essentials for a strategical position of the first class? England. What Power has just shown to Asia that she will suffer no rivalry in the neighbourhood of her Eastern dominions? England. Finally, whose prestige stands on the very highest pinnacle, from the frozen forests of contented Canada to the sweltering plains of burning Bengal? England's men used to speak with awe about the dark shadow cast by Russia over half the world; they now talk without fear of the more beneficent and wider shadow of the mighty British Empire. The change is simply marvellous, and yet it has been wrought in only two years, at no larger expenditure than some half-dozen millions of money and a couple of hundred of lives.

Then comes a question to which England, if she has any sense of gratitude, any desire to steer clear of future pitfalls, will do well to give heed. Who was the magician to work this miracle, and what means has he employed? I do not desire for a moment to depreciate the value of the loyal services he has received from his colleagues, but the world by common accord has recognized the Prime Minister as the master spirit of the Cabinet. Whether it was praise or blame that befel any Ministerial proceeding, whether the Opposition howled or the Conservatives puzzled, Lord Beaconsfield was the recipient of all favours. By what means, then, has he succeeded in so completely baffling Russia and aggrandising Great Britain? The question is of immeasurable importance, because upon its correct solution depends in a great measure the continuity of England's present greatness when there is no longer a Lord Beaconsfield at the helm of State. If we can discover the instrumentality by which he has compassed such grand and glorious objects, the same means might be resorted to under similar circumstances hereafter, thus constituting an integral portion of our national policy. It may seem unduly venturesome in one who does not affect, as some have done, to know the innermost secrets of the master mind which now guides the destinies of England, but I think I discern something like an appropriation of Russia's most potent weapon by Russia's most skillful opponent. To my way of looking at the past two years and their momentous events, the Prime Minister appears to have gained the victory solely through tenacity of purpose, the very element of strength which has always characterized Muscovite policy. Beaten back a score of times from some coveted object, Russia always returns to the attack in the long run, and history shows that her unswerving resolution has generally managed to attain its ends. Taking a leaf out of the enemy's book, Lord Beaconsfield has opposed the tenacity of purpose and of will to this fixity of resolve. However tortuous might be the windings and turnings, the shifts and stratagems of Prince Gortschakoff, however vile the misinterpretations and calumnies of a portion of the English press, the Prime Minister held on the even tenor of his way, without turning aside by a single inch. His purpose was to safeguard the interests of the mighty Empire under his charge, in some fashion which promised a fair measure of permanence; his resolve was, to carry out this purpose at any costs, even that of a general war. Both resolve and purpose possessed a Russian tenacity, and Prince Gortschakoff at last found himself "hoist with his own petard." I am getting a very "old boy" now, and my limbs are not so supple as when I used to stalk the graceful ibex amid the snowclad peaks of bleak Tibet; but "old boy" as I am, I would dance a lively fandango in honour of Lord Beaconsfield at those splendid achievements of his which have raised our dear country to the topmost pinnacle of glory.

DEATH OF THE CANADIAN POET
OCTAVE CREMAZIE.

At a meeting of the *Club National* held a few evenings ago, after routine business, Mr. H. Fagnant, seconded by Mr. A. J. Chartrand, proposed the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

"That the members of the *Club National* have learned with the most profound sorrow of the death of the distinguished poet, Octave Crémazie, which took place at Havre, France, on the 17th of January last."

Mr. Fagnant supported his resolution by an eloquent eulogy of the deceased poet. He was followed by Mr. Alphonse Christin, who proposed, seconded by Mr. H. Beaugrand, a resolution to the effect that the members of the *Club* considered the works of Crémazie equal in merit to those of the great poetical writers of his day, and that it was to be regretted that Canada has allowed to die so far from his native land, the first singer of her national glories. Mr. Christin effectively recited some extracts from Crémazie's *Emigration* and *Les Morts*, two of his best pieces, the meeting greeting their delivery with reiterated applause. Mr. Beaugrand also expressed his appreciation of the poet's productions. Mr. J. N. Bienvenu then proposed, seconded by Mr. Arthur Globensky, the following resolution:

"That, whatever opinion may be entertained as to Crémazie's real or supposed faults, the expiation having exceeded the proportions of the offence, we ought to forget the ill which he may have done as a man, and only recall the merits of the poet, and that it is the duty of French Canadians to set afoot a national movement to restore to his own land the ashes of the illustrious dead."

Mr. Globensky repeated a sonnet, which he had improvised in honor of the poet.

Messrs. Charles Ouimet and J. C. Robillard then spoke with emotion of the poet's life and work.

After some formal resolutions, the meeting then adjourned.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CENTRAL CANADA MACHINE WORKS.—These works, situated on the line of the Canada Central Railway, at Carleton Place, Ont., are among the most complete of their kind in the Dominion. The proprietors, Messrs. Gillies & Beyer, have aimed at superiority in all details, and a walk through the establishment is calculated to convince even an ordinary observer that a large measure of success has been attained. Instead of a motley collection of buildings, erected with no settled purpose, we find the various "shops" designed and located in accordance with a well-thought-out plan, each being admirably adapted for the work to which it is devoted. The buildings are of handsome stone, procured from the basement excavations; the Machine-shop is 104 feet x 44 feet, and the Foundry 53 feet x 33 feet. Messrs. Gillies & Beyer are builders of steam engines, water-wheels, grist and saw mills (circular, upright and shingle), and keep on hand saws, belting, boiler and gas tubing, engine fittings, rubber packing, &c., &c. They undertake the construction of mills from the foundation, furnishing plans and estimates. During the past summer they erected eight grist mills in various parts of the Dominion. To some it may seem strange for a Montreal manufacturer to order machinery outside the metropolis, yet it is a fact that Messrs. Gillies & Beyer, not a great while ago, built a large steam engine for one of the leading Montreal saw mills. At this rate, the metropolitan machinists must look sharp after their laurels, for the proprietors of the Central Canada Machine Works are go-ahead people, and believe in following up every advantage gained. They are manufacturing a water-wheel which is claimed to combine the most valuable modern improvements, with lowness in price. An improvement in the mode of conducting the water to the wheel (introduced by Mr. Beyer) is said to considerably economize the power brought to bear. With respect to the capacity of the works, it may be mentioned that the firm are prepared to build engines up to 120 horse-power, and even larger if required; that they possess first-class facilities for turning out both iron and brass castings, the former up to five tons; they have lathes capable of turning a 24-ft. shaft, or a pulley seven feet in diameter and three feet wide. Among the machinery in the wood-working department is a Daniel planer, which will plane timber three feet wide and forty feet long. Their stock of patterns is very fine, and, indeed, as stated above, the standard of excellence observable in every department is very high. According as trade develops it is intended to enlarge the establishment, and add new features—all provided for in the original plan. It is contemplated to employ from 100 to 150 hands. The facilities for shipping machinery are excellent, the C. C. R. track passing the doors.

A WAIF IN THE SNOW.—During a raging snowstorm, on Saturday week last, a Mrs. Latour, of this city, found a bundle of rags lying in the street. On stooping down she found, to her horror and astonishment, a female child, apparently about four months old, wrapped in part of an old dress. The child was partly covered with snow, and must have been placed there a few minutes previously. She carried her bundle of animate rags home, and attended to the child. She announces her intention of sending the little one to the Grey Nunnery. She seems to have

luck in this way, or a special Providence to direct her footsteps where infant waifs are plentiful. She is said to have been the finder of four foundlings in past years, all of which she has come upon accidentally, and all of which have been provided for in the Nunnery. She said that, had she not happened along just as she did, the little innocent would have been frozen to death.

DEATH OF "OLD JIM."—"Jim," the oldest horse in the service of the C. P. R. Co., Montreal, died on Thursday last, aged 35 years. "Jim" had seen good service. He assisted in drawing the first car for the Company, seventeen years ago, and helped to draw the Fenian prisoners from the St. Bonaventure station to the gaol, in 1866. It is alleged, by one authentic bostler, that "Jim" had never been a day off duty by illness up to two days before his death.

A FLORAL EXHIBITION.—The fine greenhouses of Mrs. Donald Ross, so kindly thrown open to the members of the Horticultural Society for several Saturdays past, present a charming picture. The Camellias are loaded with bloom of various colours, and, being backed up by the rich glossy foliage, look truly magnificent. There are a few truly splendid blooms of the rose "Reibens," also fine Abutilous, Tropeolums, Cinerarias and other plants. The Azaleas are just breaking into bloom, and will be in fine order about the 15th instant, when it is to be hoped Mrs. Ross will again kindly throw open the greenhouses. There are some fine ferns, including a very handsome hanging basket, of the staghorn species.

COLLISION ON THE CANADA SOUTHERN.—On the morning of Feb. 2nd, freight train No. 13 on the Canada Southern Railway, mostly empties, bound West, was left standing on the Lyon's Creek bridge, about one mile and a half east of Welland, when the engine ran to the tank near Welland station for water. While there No. 119, special, also mostly empty cars, ran into the car at the end of the former train, causing great destruction of property and serious if not fatal injury to Geo. Tyler, brakeman on No. 13. Eighteen cars were entirely destroyed; the locomotive of the rear train ran into the caboose of the other, and both were burned so as to be entirely useless, nothing being left of the caboose except the trucks. The fire occurred about the middle of the bridge, which was also considerably burned, being saved only by the exertions of the farmers living in the immediate vicinity of the collision. One car of clocks were so smashed up as to be a total loss, and one car of dry goods was badly damaged. The escape of the engineer and fireman of No. 119 was almost miraculous, as they knew nothing of their danger until the engine was stopped, having been almost entirely telescoped in the caboose. The usual signals were seen. By 8 o'clock a.m. Supt. Skinner was on the ground, and a telegraph office established in an inverted car; timber, rails and other material were brought; the debris was removed by 5 p.m. The brakeman Tyler was attended by Dr. Cook, of Welland. His leg was badly broken near the ankle, and it is feared amputation will be necessary.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A SOCIETY has been formed for the purpose of finding situations for returned Communists.

Father Hyacinthe is about to open a "Gallican Catholic church" in the Rue Rochecouart.

Chapeaux in the style of the First Empire are beginning to make their way in the fashionable world.

THE Pays celebrated the sixth anniversary of the death of Napoleon III. last week by appearing in mourning.

THE city of Bucharest has ordered a diadem in Paris as a New Year's present to Princess Elizabeth of Roumania.

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

THE space in the Place du Carrousel, rented to the proprietors of the Ballon Captif, which attracted so much attention during the Exhibition months, will not be used by them again in the spring, the City Administration having refused their application to that effect.

AN "Owl Costume" is the latest Parisian eccentricity, worn by a foreigner at a recent ball. The dress was of dark blue satin, trimmed with feathers like those of the little grey owl, the front being covered with fringes of the same feathers; an owl's head in diamonds sparkled in front of the bodice, and another owl adorned the lady's head.

Cham says: "If one of the principals in a duel be thinner than his adversary, it is his duty as a man of honour to button up his first second in his great coat with him to give him the volume necessary." Another caricature by Cham represents a blind beggar on one of the bridges yell-

ing, "Oh, the heartless knave! I thought he had given me two sous. He has given me his bronze medal as an exhibitor. Heartless! heartless! heartless knave!"

The first of the Bals Masqués, at the Grand Opera, to judge from the number of boxes and tickets disposed of, will be a brilliant affair. The masquerades are no longer so entertaining or amusing as was the case years since, when it was *la mode* to frequent such places. Still, in the superb foyer of the Opera House, a *bal masqué* is a wonderful sight, and though only the common folk indulge in dancing, the *coup-d'œil* in the *Salle de Spectacle* is singularly attractive. Parisians enter heartily into the fun and frolic of these balls.

VARIETIES.

A TOUCHING SCENE.—A touching scene was witnessed lately at Halifax. Standing on the gang-way of the steamship *Polynesian*, Dr. Clay, immigration agent at the winter port, said to one of the passengers who was holding an infant in his arms, "My good fellow, I want all the children kept out of the cold this sharp morning; you had better give the baby to its mother." There was no answer for a few moments. The man's heart was too full to reply, and the tears stood on his cheeks as he slowly said, hugging the child more closely to his bosom, "Ah, sir, she has no mother. I went home to England to bring out my wife and family to make their home in Canada, but just as I arrived my wife and little boy went down in the *Princess Alice* in the Thames, and I have no one left but this baby, sir." Sympathy for the lonely little one and her father was expressed by all who heard the sad story.

TOUGH ENOUGH.—Hugh Gough, of Borough-bridge, was a rough soldier on a furlough, but a man of doughy deeds in war, though before he fought for his country he was a thorough dough-face ploughman. His horse having been houghed in an engagement with the enemy, Hugh was taken prisoner, and, I ought to add, was kept on a short enough clough of food, and suffered from drought as well as from hunger. Having on his return home drunk too large a draught of usquebaugh, he became intoxicated, and was laughing, coughing and hiccuping by a trough, against which he sought to steady himself. There he was accosted by another rough, who showed him a cough which he had caught on a clough near; also the slough of a clough near; also the slough of a snake which he held at the end of a tough bough of eugh-tree, and which his shaggy slough had found and brought to him from the entrance to a slough which ran through and drained a slough that was close to a slough in the neighborhood.

MAD KING.—Much amusement has been caused in the diplomatic world by the last freak of King Louis II. of Bavaria. He gave a dinner, the table being laid for fourteen covers, at his castle of Hohenschwangau, in honour of Louis XIV. and his court. One place was for himself, the other thirteen for Louis XIV. and twelve persons of his *courage* most celebrated for their wit. The banquet was, under the circumstances, melancholy. After dinner the King went into his riding-school. He had accurately calculated the time which he would require to ride from his castle to Innsbruck, and rode round the school as many times as would equal the distance, in order that he might be able to boast that he had ridden on horseback from Innsbruck. On the road, or rather on the tan, the King dined and breakfasted, just as though he were really on a journey.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.—It is curious to learn that the "glass slipper" in Cinderella, of which from our youth upwards we never questioned the authenticity, though well aware that no one who was not a *protégée* of fairies would think of dancing in such an article, was not part of the original story, but has been due to a misunderstanding of a word used in the French version of the tale. The slipper, we have been told by a writer in the *Sunday Times*, supported by "Littre's Dictionary," was originally a slipper trimmed with a particular kind of rare fur, called in French *vair*, the fur of a creature of the weasel kind. But this fur not being known to ordinary French story-tellers, they spoke of a *pantoufle de verre*—a glass slipper, by a sort of unconscious pun. Certainly the new reading is far more creditable to the sagacity of Cinderella's godmother, as a purveyor of comfortable clothes; for whatever magic power the glass slippers might have had of surviving a dance, it is impossible that they could have been comfortable to the feet, and must have resulted in all probability in serious corns.

EFFECT OF GASLIGHT ON THE EYES.—The German Minister of Instruction has recently issued a report on the influence of gaslight on the eye. The conclusion arrived at in this report—the result of frequent conference with well-known physicians—is that no evil results follow a moderate use of gas, if the direct action of the yellow flame on the eye is prevented. For this purpose screens or shades are employed. Very great objections, however, exist to the use of zinc or lead shades, most evils affecting the eye being traceable to them. Their use, it is said, inevitably tends to blindness or inflammation, and other and harmful effects. The milky-white glass shade is the best, and it distributes the light and has a grateful effect on the eyes. The burner should not be too close

to the head, as congestions of the forehead and headaches result from the radiated heat. The glass plate below the gas, employed in some places, is especially useful for the purpose, as it causes an equal distribution of the light—necessary where a number are working at one burner—prevents the radiation of heat, and tends to a steady illumination by shielding the flames from currents of air. In cases of highly inflamed eyes, dark blue globes can be very beneficially employed. With precautions of this kind, no evil effects from the burning of gas need be feared.

BRITISH DUKEDOMS.—Two British peerages were created last year, and two became extinct. As matters stand, two dukedoms, Cleveland and Buckingham, will become extinct on the death of the existing dukes, but the duke of Buckingham, who is middle-aged and a widower, may marry again. The inferior dignities of these noblemen would, however, descend to their relatives, so that their death would not affect the number of seats in the House of Lords. Only two dukedoms other than royal, Abercorn and Westminster, have been created by the Queen. The former is in the peerage of Ireland. There is not at the present time any Whig nobleman who have just claims to such a distinction, but on the Tory side Lord Salisbury, who has a wife, is more than likely to end his career with only strawberry around his coronet. Lord Derby, even had he remained in the running—and he may be in it again—would have cared for such distinction even less than his sire, who, of course, might have had a dukedom had he pleased. But what was a brand-new coronet to the fourteenth Earl of Derby, prime-minister, renowned scholar, and of whom "the travelled Thane Athenian Aberdeen," in his decline, nearly as crusty, caustic, and uncomplimentary as Rogers himself, said: "I have heard Pitt, Fox and Sheridan, but our own Lord Derby, when he is at his best, is equal to them all." Only some four or five of the dukes can match Lord Derby in point of income, and, while living in a princely semi-feudal style, the Stanleys have never been spend-thrifts.

SUBSTITUTES FOR LIQUOR.—A curious feature of the operation of the no-license law of Norwich, Conn., is the substitute by drinkers of other stimulants in the place of liquors. Perhaps the most natural substitute of all is Jamaica ginger. The extract has about double the alcoholic strength of whiskey, and as it is a medicine in constant demand and kept by all druggists, it makes a very satisfactory substitute for the habitual old toper, who is bound to get drunk on something. That it is used in this way to a considerable extent is shown from the increased sales of the drug as well as the confession of the user. One dealer estimates his sales of Jamaica ginger since the 1st of November as fully three times as great as they were before; another sells perhaps a third more now than before that date; another has noticed but a small increase—not over five per centum, while a fourth estimates the calls upon him as five times as large now as they were up to Nov. 1. It is also said that the sale of paregoric has slightly increased in some cases.

THE FOUR STAGES.

"What is life?" sang a maiden gay,
As she tossed her golden tresses.
"Why, life is only an hour of play,
With silks and satins and dresses."
"What is life?" sighed a mother gray,
Who had walked across the sea.
"Good gracious, dear, I've waited all day
For a cup of strong, black tea!"
"What is life?" the small boy sang—
His book hung by his side—
When on the air a shrill voice rang,
"Now, boys, let's hook a ride!"
"What is life?" the old man said,
Whose age was growing ripe,
"Friends who don't wish to see me dead
Will pass me tobacco and pipe."

LITERARY.

A NEW comic paper has just appeared in London called *Fr.*

THE Duke of Argyll has a new book in press, but its name and subject have not yet been made public.

ADMIRAL HOBART PASHA is about to publish his personal experiences during the recent Russo-Turkish war. This will be a most interesting book.

IN a few weeks will be published "The Life of Rattazzi," written by his widow, the Princess Maria Bonaparte Rattazzi.

MR. CHARLES LOWE, who has for some time acted as foreign sub-editor of the *Times*, has been sent to Berlin to represent that journal.

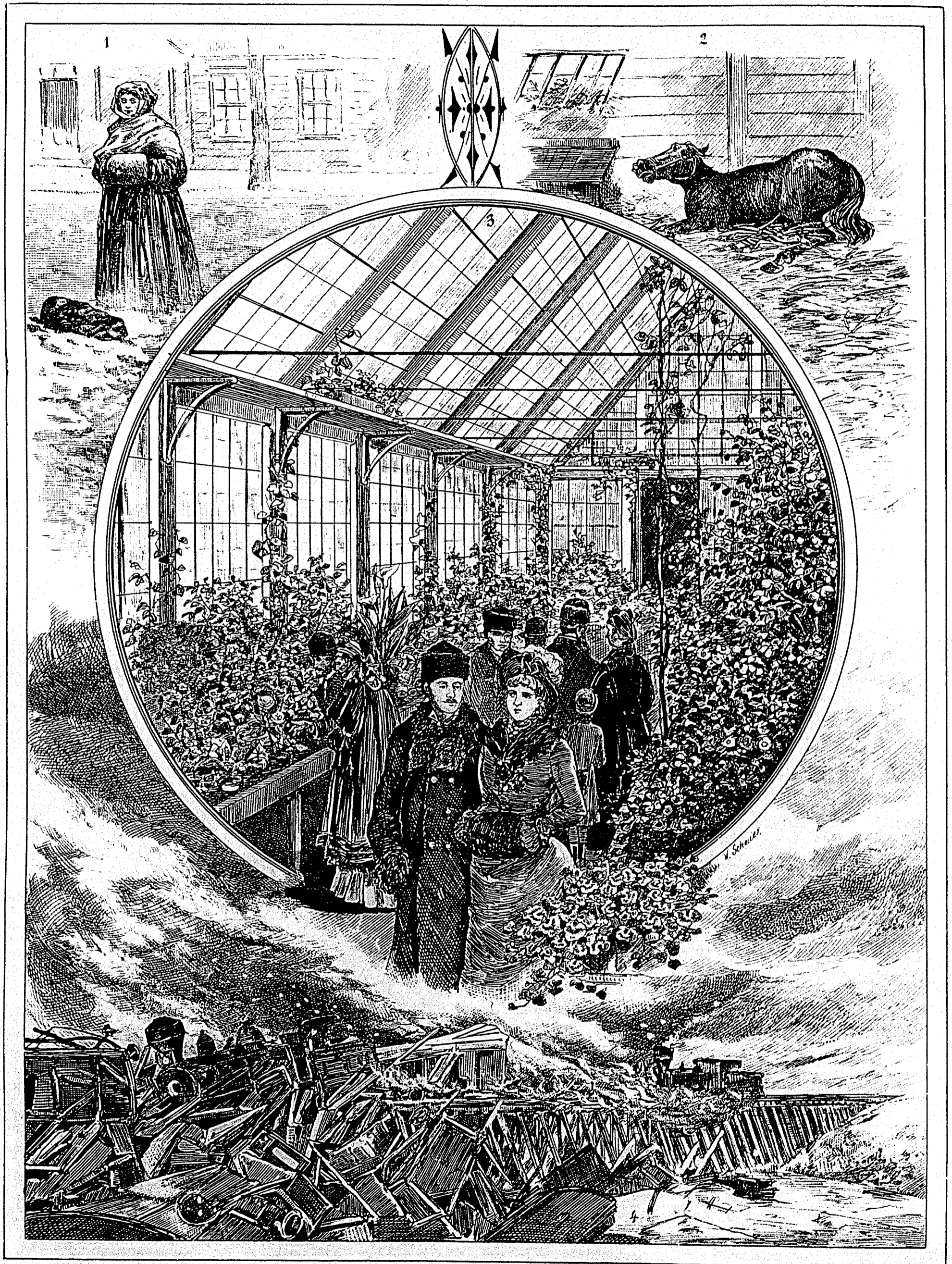
IT is said that the Goethe collection of the late Mr. Bayard Taylor, consisting of rich and rare volumes, some dating from 1790, will soon be sold.

THE Archbishop of York is going to publish through Mr. Murray a collection of miscellaneous papers under the title of "Word, Work, and Will."

MR. SPURGEON has published the first of a twenty-fifth volume of sermons, having issued a sermon week by week for 24 years—1,450 in all.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has prepared a book of memoirs, which is to be published next spring simultaneously in New York and London, with a French edition in Paris.

IT is announced that Mr. Theodore Martin has found it impossible satisfactorily to complete his "Life of the Prince Consort" in four volumes, as had been intended. The fourth and fifth volumes, concluding the work, will be published together, probably about the close of the present year.



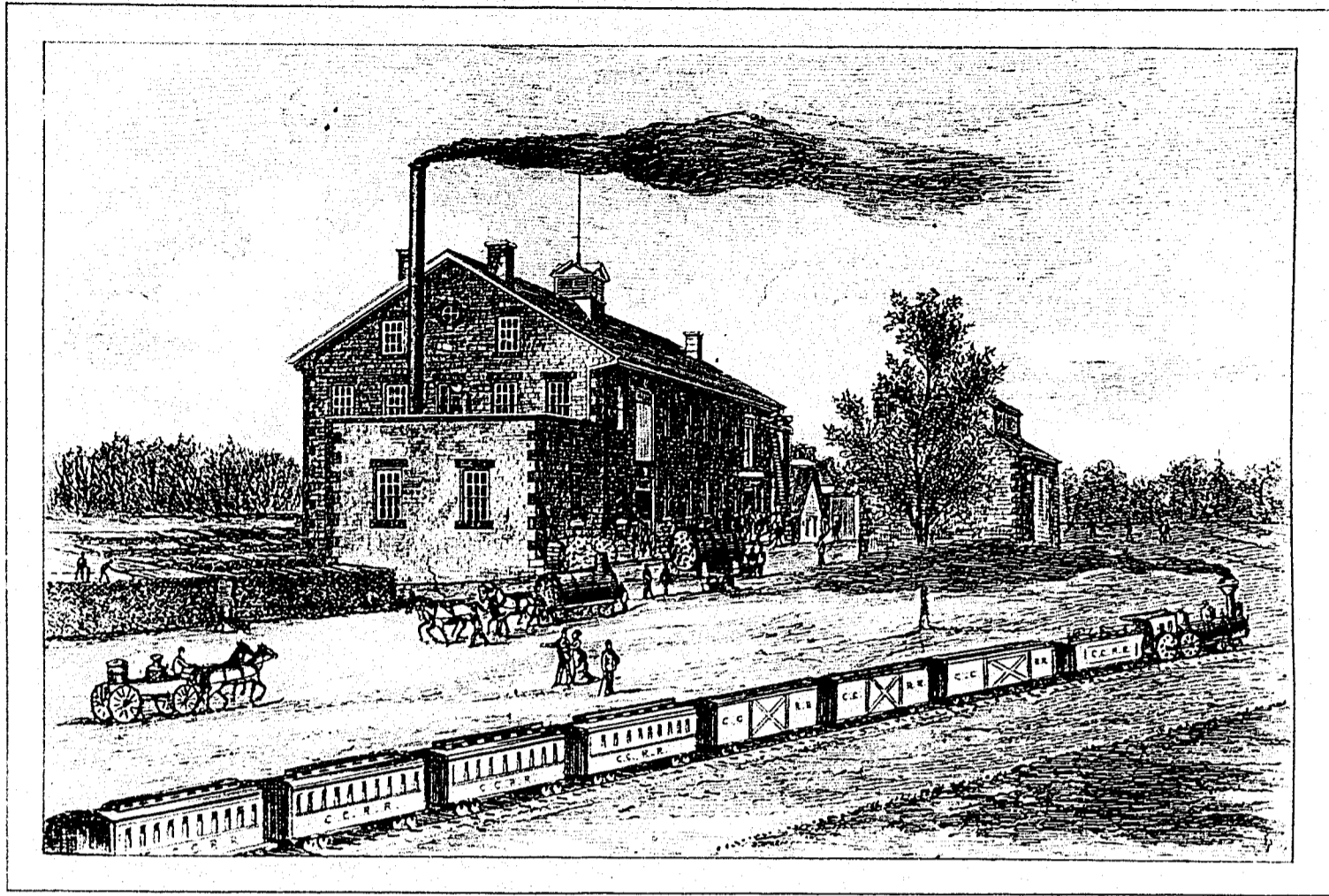
1. A Waif in the Snow.

2. Death of "Old Jim."

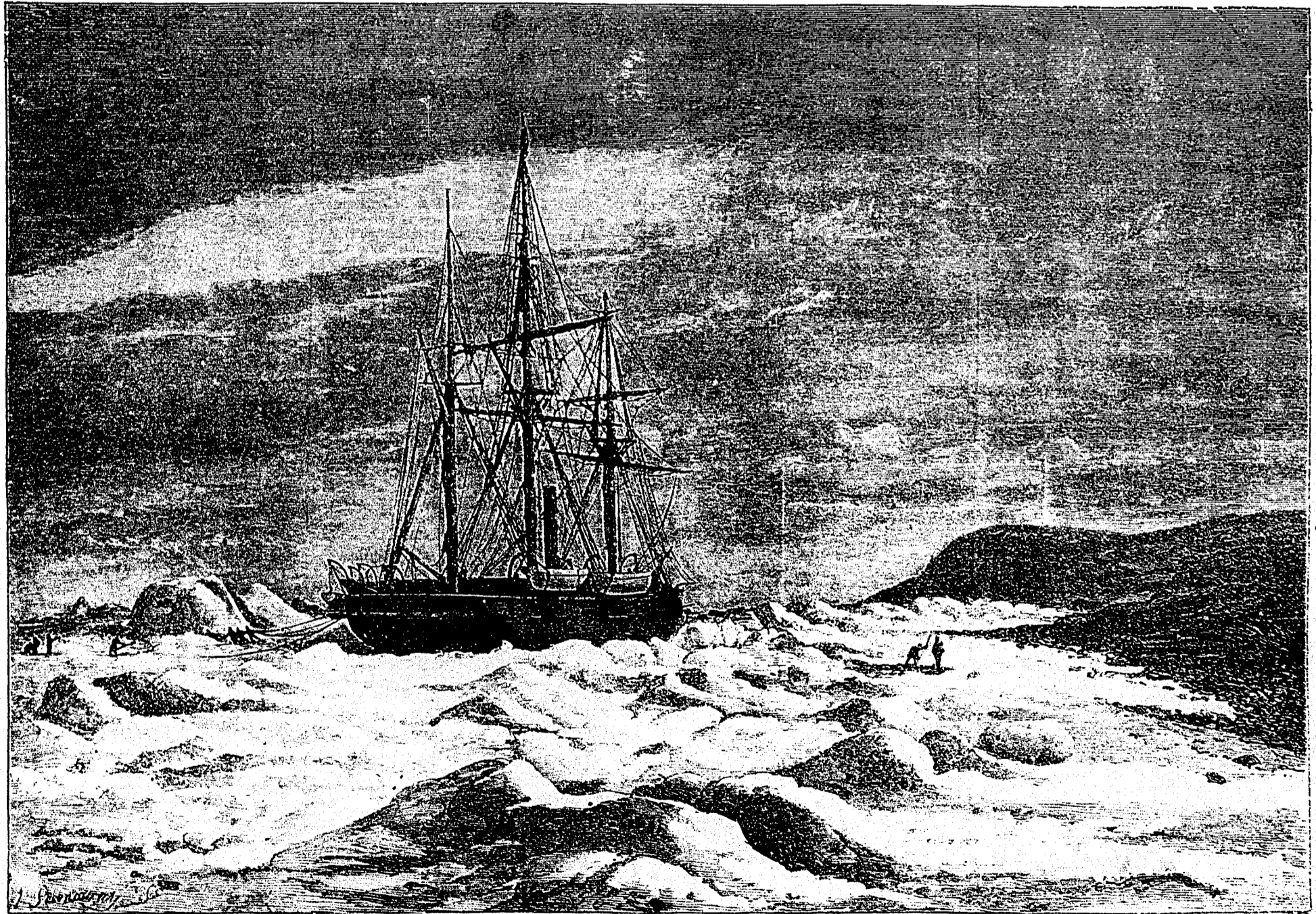
3. A Floral Exhibition. The Conservatories of Mrs. Donald Ross, Cote des Neiges.

4. Collision on the Canada Southern Railway, near Welland.

PICTORIAL INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.



CARLETON PLACE, ONT.—CENTRAL CANADA MACHINE WORKS, MESSRS. GILLIES & BEYER.



A NORWEGIAN VESSEL FROZEN IN AT THE POLE.

THE NEW PLAY.

Seated in stall, with a frown of frigidity.
Mark the stern critic, the type of his race;
Quailing in box, in a state of timidity.
Watch the poor author, with care in his face,
Pouring in pit crowd a critical gathering.
Middle-class Schlegels, and Hazlitts, and Lamb; ;
While the front row of the gallery bath a ring
Formed of "first-nighters," defiers of "jams."

Down in the circle, close-packed, sit collected a
Motelley assembly who "missed taking stalls."
Some of the "free list," and some who'd "expected a
Box," and some friends who are sent in for "calls."
Meanwhile the hum and the bustle increases,
Bright flares the gas, and the music begins;
Now, the poor fellow who's written the piece is
Certain his chair's stuffed with needles and pins.

Up goes the curtain, and down comes the audience.
Friendly first nighters applaud the new scene,
Which is elaborate, not to say gaudy; hence
Gallery calls for the "Eminent Green."
First act "goes" slowly, till Muggins, the favourite,
Enters, when laughter greets every word;
Fun he's to utter, with insults to flavour it:
Act drop descends on a "picture absurd."

Then comes the chattering, sneering, sarcastical;
Brown says it's weak. White declares that it's trash;
Smith says the story is crude and fantastical;
Jones says it's French, and a horrible hash;
Black says to Gray, "Actors—stage—both declining."
Gray says, "Alas! undeniable facts."
Robinson, who's been extensively dining,
Hiccups, "A dooshe of a time 'tween the acts!"

Finally curtain comes down; all is ended.
Verdict!—A triumph for author and all.
Captain Hawhaw (who at heart thinks it splendid)
Languidly taps with his stick in his stall.
Strong-lunged old pitites express their approval,
Gallery shout in their usual way:
The critics observe that "perhaps the removal
Of half of the piece may much strengthen the play."

Flushed and excited, the actors delighted,
Feel a relief, and the author's polite,
Praising all round; not the smallest is slighted;
"No need to call in to-morrow Good-night."
Thus all successful, rosy, pleasantly,
Comes to a finish the latest new play.
"Ah!" growls the manager; "let us see presently
What those confounded newspapers will say."

A NEW STAGE MANAGER.

There are a few critics who have stood by Henry Irving from the first real opening of his career, and who felt a personal concern in his success of Monday night, when he played "Hamlet" in his own theater, and in his own way, with artists selected by himself, with a new leading lady, with a new arrangement of scenes, and in so far as decorations and fittings are concerned, in a new and beautiful house. There are other critics who have more than once turned upon the popular idol, and it would seem when you are opposed to Mr. Irving and his method, you must be bitter and personal; you must attack his legs, you must sneer at his gait, and, if you are a caricaturist as well as a critic, you must draw hideous pictures of him, forgetting that mannerism is individuality, and that a man does not make his own legs. But to-day it is all sunshine. The courageous artist, the thoughtful actor, the conscientious student, the generous and high minded man has conquered. It would be eccentric, nay clownish, to stand apart amid the general congratulations, and during the week not a journal of note but has paid tribute to the actor and the manager, who on the re-opening of the Lyceum on Monday night was welcomed in the double capacity by a brilliant and enthusiastic audience, which in the stalls waved handkerchiefs at him, and in the pit raised hats and cheered with one voice. It was a scene not to be forgotten when Mr. Irving came on, for, apart from his own personal popularity, he had abolished the fee system, he had cushioned the seats of both pit and gallery, he had made each stall a comfortable and elegant seat, and transformed the heavy looking house into a very temple of art. Behind the scenes, as in front, the manager-actor had introduced notable reforms. The dressing rooms had been decorated and properly furnished, hot and cold water being provided, and everything done to uphold the decencies and promote the comforts of life on the actor's side of the curtain. Until very lately, the conditions under which artists have had to dress in London theatres, as a rule, have been simply disgraceful. Strange to say, the provinces set the example in this direction, but even now, behind the scenes of one of the London theaters is worthy of a back-slam in Seven Dials or a Bowery gaff. The Lyceum, Prince of Wales', Covent Garden, the Gaiety, the Court, and the Olympic are more or less exceptions to this, and now that managers are in the humor to "reform it altogether," we shall soon have no reason to complain, for the managers of London are like sheep—they follow a bellwether pellmell. Mr. Irving has shown them the way, and in due course things will be pushed to extremes, changing from Seven Dials rooms to West-End boudoirs, from a Bowery gaff to a Fifth Avenue theater. The Lyceum scenery for the new version of "Hamlet" is of the highest order of stage art, and it moved on the first night with the regularity of clock-work and with the silence of greased wheels and list shoes. No entr'acte music was set down, no prompter's bell rang; the play went on without warning; the curtain went up and down with a mysterious regularity; and when, after each act, calls were made for the artists, they did not come on before the curtain, but received their honors on the scene. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Lombell Clarke, was out of sight, and the church-yard scene was played to a characteristic organ accompaniment. The interview between Hamlet and the Ghost took place on a wild rock-bound coast, the apparition addressing the Prince from

the summit of a rock, and afterwards gradually fading out, as it seemed, among the cliffs, as the russet morning broke over the sea. The court of the King was a fine solid-looking set, and the furnishing of the Queen's room was an archaeological triumph, full of well-studied mediæval detail, hung with tapestry and suggesting an atmosphere of superstition and religious exercise grimly suitable to the incident of the play which belongs to the scene. The funeral of Ophelia was performed at even-tide, which is defended by Mrs. Frank Marshall on the ground of the "maimed rights" accorded to a supposed suicide; though this view of the time when the ceremony should take place is not borne out by the text, for neither Hamlet nor Horatio see anything unusual of a funeral taking place at such an hour. But this is a small matter. The scene is laid on the slope of an old fashioned burial ground, in the solemn twilight, the processional chant of the monkish choir breaking out at intervals to the requiem strains of the organ. The business of Hamlet's leaping into the grave is kept out, and the Prince's exit is made behind the group of mourners, who represent a rare picture, both as to composition and color, as the curtain goes down. There is something incongruous yet curiously impressive in playing the last awfully tragic scene in a hall of the palace looking upon a pastoral scene of lawn and silvery birch trees in their first spring leaves. With this brief outline of scenery, which omits several exquisitely painted cloths for front scenes, the reader will have sufficient notes for realizing the fact that without loading the tragedy with gorgeous scenery, Mr. Irving has had the play mounted in a worthy setting, in which the poet and the artist have worked carefully together. When the audience insisted upon the new manager saying something at the end of the performance, Mr. Irving, in a short address, said he had been working all his life to realize that night's representation of "Hamlet," and London is agreed that the effort is honorable to the manager-actor and not unworthy of Shakespeare. As to the merits of Mr. Irving's Hamlet, itself, sufficient has been said on previous occasions. His scenes with the players, with Ophelia and with his mother, are unequalled on the modern stage for their subtle power. The princely graciousness of his manner to the actors is not only surpassed by his half disguised tenderness toward Ophelia, and the struggle of his affectionate nature to "speak daggers" to his mother. In the Ophelia scenes he was assisted by Miss Ellen Terry, who is to-day the most popular actress in England. Mr. Forrester played the King; Mr. Mead, the Ghost; Mr. Swinburne, Horatio; Mr. Kyle Bellew, Osrice; Mr. Beamont, the First Player; Mr. F. Cooper, Laertes, and Miss l'aucefort, the Queen. It is believed that "Faust and Marguerite" will follow "Hamlet," with Irving as Mephistopheles and Miss Terry as Marguerite.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THERE is a London toy which is popular in town at the present time. It represents two athletes, wound up by clock work, walking a race round "a board of green cloth," and it is certainly amusing to watch their antics. They pass and repass each other in the most natural manner, and put on a most determined spurt at intervals, when occasion demands.

MANY have seen in the Paris Exhibition, the popular statue of "The Dirty Boy." A very good caricature has been done of this, photographs of which are now on sale in the London shops, in which the Earl of Beaconsfield is the nurse and Mr. Gladstone the boy who objects to the soap getting into his eyes. The parody is executed with excellent effect.

"DAISY CUTTER" is the slang word of the day. Anything you like may be a "daisy cutter." A fascinating actress, a crack horse, or a pugilist are all in the vocabulary of the young man about town "daisy cutters." The word occurs in the Covent Garden pantomime, and seems to have commended itself at once to the *beaux esprits* on whom "Whoa, Emma!" had begun to pall.

ATTENTION has been called to a rather amusing slip Mr. Simpson, of the *Illustrated London News*, has perpetrated in his drawing of himself, as sound asleep, during a night bivouac in the Khyber Pass! Of course, the motive of the sketch is legitimate enough—only, on the surface, it looks rather odd how "a drawing by our special artist" could be done by "our special artist" when he was asleep.

It is in contemplation to publish a biography of the late Princess Alice. If the Queen's name is not wholly given to this work on the title page, Her Majesty will, at least, take a considerable part in the duties, and a good deal in the career of the Princess not hitherto known will be revealed in the book. Some curious anecdotes respecting her intellectual character, and also some bearing on the benevolent side of her nature, may be expected.

WE hear that an ancient document consisting of thirty folios which has been missing from the archives of Gloucester Cathedral for some eighty years, has been discovered in the possession of a

book-dealer in Berlin, who asks the modest sum of £160 of the Dean and Chapter as the price of its restoration. The document was written in the fourteenth century, and contains historical matter relating to the Cathedral for the previous two hundred years.

Is Greek to be given up in our public schools? Mr. Oscar Browning, whose former position at Eton gives him a right to speak and to be heard, says "No." And there are many who would cry out "No; perish Latin rather than Greek!" It is to be hoped that it will be long ere it will be exiled from Eton and Harrow. Greek is the basis of all scientific nomenclature, both French and English; and without a little knowledge of it, our doctors, chemists, geologists and zoologists would be utterly at sea.

THE authorities at the British Museum—or rather those in the Print Department of that excellent art educational establishment—are elated at the really splendid bequest of original pictures and drawings by Turner, De Wint, David Cox, and other similar notabilities, on the point of being received from the executors of the late Mr. Henderson. It is a choice, though small, collection of some 200 specimens of pure aquarelle art, and as it is well worthy of exhibition, the public will have an opportunity of seeing it.

It is said that Monivea Castle, in the county of Galway, and province of Connaught, is likely to be chosen as the future residence of the Duke of Connaught. It is situated in a fine sporting district with respect both to hunting and shooting; and belongs—as a reference to Burke's *Landed Gentry* or to Hardwicke's *County Families* will show—to an old family named French, who have been seated there for centuries, in fact, ever since the Irish Invasion, and who formed one of the fourteen ancient "tribes" of Galway so celebrated in Hibernian history.

THE Urban Club at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, held their boar's head supper, as usual, at which the dish was preceded in the old style by choristers singing—

Caput aprî defero.
Reddens laudes Domino.

as it is sung at Queen's College, Oxford. Those who were present on the occasion—and most of the literary and artistic world were there—might have fancied themselves placed back a couple of hundred years in the diary of Father Time. In the room where the repast was held David Garrick made his first essay as an actor in Fielding's *Mock Doctor*. Johnson, whose chair is in the same building, and the property of the club, was then writing for the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, and it was he who introduced "Little Davy" to Cave, who originated the said amateur performance for the *début* of one who was afterwards destined to be one of the greatest actors of any age.

To the use of the post card it is constantly and reasonably objected that one is not safe in confiding thereto any communication other than those of a public character, which all who "run may read." There are many things we should like to write for one pair of eyes only, which if found on a post card would be patent to all. Cryptograms are tedious and difficult, and one must have the key always at hand. An invention of a very simple and ingenious character has lately been devised by Sir Edward Lee. At first sight the series of curves, dots, and right lines seem puzzling and complicated, but with the aid of the key, which can be mastered in five minutes, and then finally discarded, it is seen that the curves form symmetrical segments of a circle—the right lines are made up of the intersecting diameters, and the number of dots alter the value of the characters. The simplicity of the arrangement is as remarkable as its ingenuity; and for practical purposes the method is very safe and secret enough.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A BOOK that is always filled with good points for women—a needle-book.

A DELICATE way of complimenting the old lady—"Ah! madame, you grow every day to look more like your daughter."

MARRIED men are apt to forget that if it had not been for their mothers-in-law they would not have their wives.

A WESTERN paper wants to know why a woman always sits on the floor to pull on her stockings? We suppose it is simply because she can't sit on the ceiling.

AN excited old man came in recently to inform us that he had seen six women sit a whole hour in a social conversation without once referring to what they were.

"WHAT," said an inquisitive young lady, "is the most popular colour for a bride?" We may be a little particular in such matters, but we should prefer a white one.

MUSICAL and dramatic criticism by the intelligent public: Young lady to her escort at the end of the second act of "Faust": "Why, that Mephistoffe is an awful feller, ain't he?"

In view of the great sufferings of the poor this winter weather, a sentimental young lady worked until midnight for three nights embroidering a blue flannel ulster for her favorite black-and-tan-terrier.

"I NEVER shall invite her to visit me again," said an English girl; "she shut herself up in her own room the whole morning while she was with us, and copied all my towels." Here's a new social sin; civilization grows more complicated daily.

A MAN can fasten skates on his sister in much less than half the time he can fix a pair on some other fellow's sister. Why is this? Figure it out and send us the answer on ice. That's easy enough. It's because he would let his sister slide before the other girl.

THE Mormon women say their husbands are the bravest of men. We believe it. Here the man who ventures on treble blessedness is regarded as a truly heroic character, but there are no words to express the true estimate of the man of whom sixteen women are able to say—he is a darling and devoted husband.

A VETERAN observer says that ladies, in crossing a street, get one-third over, see a team approaching and the driver trying to pass behind them, then invariably turn around, and unless the driver is quick will throw themselves under the horses. If they would go on or stand still they would be safe, but they will turn back. Watch them and see for yourself.

GIRLS, if you want to encourage young men, get an album. It's the first thing a bashful young man grabs when he enters a strange house where there are girls. We've seen them look through one until they knew every picture by heart, from page one to General Grant in the back part. It's wonderful what interest a bashful man will take in a girl's grandmother and pug-nosed uncle at the first visit, but it's always so. Get 'em, girls. It's best thing in the world to occupy a fellow's hands, and it's a sure cure for bashfulness.

HUMOROUS.

STATISTICIANS affirm that countries raising the most onions have the fewest marriages.

A LADY, describing an ill-natured man, says he never smiles but he feels ashamed of it.

A NEW brand of cigars is called "The Lottery Ticket," because only one in a thousand draws.

A GREAT many men are of the opinion that a certain quantity of wine is good for a man. It is the uncertain quantity that hurts him.

A LITTLE four-year-old came as near right as any one else, when she said that the Lord was the author of "the beautiful snow."

THE man who wrote that "nothing was impossible" never tried to find the pocket in his wife's dress when it was hanging up in a clothes-press.

A CHATTANOOGA dandy, who was one of a jury which failed to convict for want of evidence, explained to his brethren that the culprit was "released on a piccon."

A SCHOOLMASTER spoke of his pupils as having been so thoroughly disciplined that they were as quiet and orderly as the chairs themselves. It was probably because they were came bottomed.

WHAT this country most needs at present is a species of honey bee which will work all winter and give us spring honey. The idea of a bee loaning away six months of the twelve is absurd.

WILLIAM sends a letter to this office asking us to explain what is depressed currency. A depressed currency, William, an awfully depressed one, is the buttons found in a church collection basket.

ABOUT this time Prince Bismarck steps around to his tailor's and remarks: "Say, Schneider, just put a copper lining in dem goats and bants, will you? I dinks ye have anoder Zoocialist schutzenfest poody sudden, maype."

"THE Lord loveth a cheerful giver;" but there's no use chucking a copper cent into the contribution box loud enough to make the folks on the back seat think the communion service has tumbled off the altar.

PROBABLY the last, dreadful day, when Gabriel sounds his trumpet, if he doesn't stop once or twice between the blasts and shouts, "General! general! colonel, I say?" not more than two-fifths of the men in American cemeteries will get up.

A MISER's character described in two lines: "You who are acquainted with Mr. B., can you tell me the reason, being so rich, he always takes a third-class passage to go to his villa?" "Oh! it is very simple. It is because there is no fourth-class."

SPEAKING of dull times, a wicked Mobile man says that a few weeks ago a stranger arrived there and bought a bale of cotton, and a pleasant rumour was at once started that the cotton buyers had arrived, but it only proved to be a Chicago man with the earache.

WHEN a snow-ball as hard as a door knob hits you in the back of the head as you are crossing the street, no matter how quickly you turn, the only thing you can see is one boy, with the most innocent face and the emptiest hands that ever confronted a false accusation.

SHE figured up: "Two cans at 20 cents, 40 cents—that is 150 oysters; milk, butter and sundries, \$1.50—that is 150 stew's; at 25 cents, will be \$40. A net profit of over \$35." Then she smiled sweetly, and the oyster-man knew that she was the refreshment committee of the church festival.

FIRST small boy: "Your father's going to lecture to night, ain't he? My father and mother are going, and I'm going too. Ain't you?" Second small boy: "Pooh! I guess I've heard it afore you will. Dad speaks it afore the looking-glass every night. It's fun to see him, I tell yer."

"MAMMA," said a wicked youngster, "am I a canoe?" "No, child, why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own canoe, and I didn't know but maybe I was yours." The boy went out of the door with more reference to speed than grace.

A COUNTRYMAN startled the waiter in an up-town restaurant recently by his stowing-away capacity. After he had eaten enough apparently for four men, the waiter pressed him to have something to drink. "Thank you," came the reply between mouthfuls, "I never drink until I am half through eating."

What are little boys made of?
Snipe and snails, and puppy-dogs' tail,
And that's what they are made of.

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that's what they are made of.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SYMPATHY.—Where husband and wife really love each other, they get along well through all the vicissitudes of life, because one immeasurable source of happiness always remains to them, whatever disaster betide—and that is their unflinching sympathy with each other. Nothing less than this enables a couple to endure with equanimity all the cares and disappointments of married life.

OUTSIDE HELP.—We should gladly welcome all assistance, eagerly grasp it, and earnestly strive to profit by it, only remembering that it can never supplant, but only supplement and invigorate, our own exertions. Just as the warm sun-rays and refreshing rain-drops descend to bless the plant that is charged with vitality, but fall powerless on one without root or sap, so outside help is invaluable to the energetic living worker, but impotent to one who lacks brains or energy, or the will to exert either.

DESPONDENCY.—The most perilous time of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more moral hope for him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world, if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills, but what is within, that makes or unmakes.

CALM MIND.—Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing and thrust it forward to to-morrow's events, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your thirst by fearing you will want to drink next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own time comes. Enjoy the blessings of to-day, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead yesterday, and not yet born to to-morrow.

"HARDENING" CHILDREN.—The system of "hardening" children, by allowing them to go thinly clad and exposing them to all sorts of weather, is a delusion from which the minds of some parents are even now not altogether free. It is thought that, if the little ones' chests are kept warm, there is no need of caring about their arms and legs. But that is a great mistake. In proportion as the upper and lower extremities are well clothed will the circulation be kept up and determined to the surface of those parts, and in proportion to the quickness and equable distribution of the circulation will be the protection against those internal congestions which are but the first stage of the most fatal diseases of childhood. The same observation holds good with respect to grown-up people who are predisposed to pulmonary complaints.

SMILES.—Nothing is so certain to bring genuine happy smiles to our own faces as to watch such smiles grow in those of others as the result of our sympathy, our gentle words or helpful deeds. Who ever did a real kindness for another without feeling a warm glow of satisfaction creep into some shady corner of the heart and fill it with sweetness and peace? It is like fastening a knot of violets and mignonette in the button-hole, just where the perfume may rise deliciously to our sense all day. And what a pleasure it will be, when the present trouble is over, to remember that even in darkest days we found time and inclination to give to others some portion of that tenderness or practical helpfulness which was the overflow of that generous spirit which finally bore us through it all to a happy and peaceful ending!

TO ATTAIN LONG LIFE.—He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to attain continual equanimity, and carefully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigour of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear, even excess of joy, become deadly. They who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited by either great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happily after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

FAMILY QUARRELS.—Avoid family quarrels. Such quarrels possess great vitality; indeed when once healthily established, they generally last at least one generation. The difference invariably springs from one of two causes—money or marriage. Probably few are implicated in the quarrel at first. The father and his son, then the married brother, are drawn in; the sisters espouse sides, and all is in train for a fine old-fashioned dispute. Indeed a family quarrel resembles a cyclone; it continually moves in wider circles, and involves even distant branches of the stock in the affray. Daughters-in-law and connections who would fain avoid all complicity are compelled, sooner or later, to take sides and wrangle. Indifference and neutrality only draw down the hatred and contempt of both contending factions, just as no one suffers

so much in a revolution as those who refuse to join the extreme parties. A quarrel with a neighbour, when once patched up, does not forbid the two becoming cordial in future. But a family quarrel never again admits of intimate and trustful relations. Both sides in it have their pet skeletons; and, though these may be locked up in dark closets, still their remembrance lives and is cherished.

THE GLEANER.

A NEW HAVEN woman recently applied for a divorce the day after she was married.

It is understood that there is no truth in a rumour that Rear-Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh will shortly hoist his flag.

It is said that the Queen is about to have a monument erected to the memory of the Princess Alice in Whippingham Church.

JEWELLERY is being made in Germany from the pure blood of the ox. The blood is dried, reduced to powder, and then moulded and polished.

THE door of the Wittenberg Church on which Luther nailed his famous thesis has been removed to Berlin, where it is in use at St. Bartholomew's Church.

THE Pope, the Bishop of Bayonne being his proxy, has become godfather to the infant daughter of ex-Duchess of Parma, who has been named Beatrice.

AN adventurous American proposes to run across the Atlantic, double the Cape of Good Hope, and cross the Indian Ocean to Australia in a boat 19 feet over all.

MR. VAL PRINSEP has made considerable progress with his large and important picture designed to represent the proclamation of the Empress of India before Lord Lytton.

A PHILADELPHIA dry goods merchant has added a children's room to his store, where mothers may leave their children to be amused with rocking-horses, pictures, and toys, while they do their shopping. Babies in arms are not admitted, lest they should not be called for.

MISS LEE, the eldest daughter of the late Confederate General, is said to be an energetic traveller. She was not long ago entertained by Lord and Lady Napier, at Gibraltar, and a few weeks before was within the Russian lines in Turkey.

A BLUE sapphire of marvellous size has been recently found in the gem district of Colombo, in the island of Ceylon. It weighs 2lbs. in the rough, and was discovered by two boys, who sold it for a trifle, not aware of its nature. It is said to be worth £10,000.

THE most important piece of foreign news that has reached us since the dawning of the new year, is the announcement that Paris belles are wearing black silk stockings with white satin clocks. This information should go far toward dispelling the remainder of the gloom resting in business circles.

A NEW YORK journalist has seen the minut dancier. He thus describes it: You take four steps in a solemn manner, squint over your right shoulder at nobody in particular, and then walk in a funereal way back to the point you started from. Our great-grandfathers probably enjoyed it. We wouldn't.

GENERAL TOM THUMB died last week, at his native place, Bergen, in the Province of West Friesland, in Holland, whither he had only recently retired after realizing a handsome fortune from exhibiting himself in the chief countries of Europe and America. The cause of death was dropsy. The real name of the general was Haneman.

THE subscription in Hong Kong for a statue to Lord Beaconsfield is making considerable progress. Upwards of £1,000 has already been placed in the hands of Governor Hennessy for this purpose. The statue, which is now being executed in England, will be placed on a site overlooking the parade ground at Hong Kong.

WHERE are our great-guns to stop? The "Woolwich infants" were considered frightful monsters in their day; but they were eclipsed by the 80-ton gun, which in its turn was thrown into the shade by the Armstrong 100-ton gun. Now, however, it is said, we are to have a 160-ton gun, a monster lathe for constructing which is now being manufactured at Woolwich.

AMONG the latest novelties are some very odd designs in ladies' and gentlemen's pins. The scarfpins are very quaint corkscrews, shoe-buttoners, jack-knives imbedded in apples, and many other designs are found among the newest. For ladies there is a pretty pattern of four-leaved clovers or shamrocks set on the horizontal barpin, but every possible combination and ideas which are odd beyond description are found in the silver jewellery which is now so much in vogue; and the selection in gold is not less limited.

THE marriage of the Duke of Connaught will, it is expected, take place at Windsor Castle early in the month of March. Several of the State apartments of the palace have already been got in readiness for the Royal nuptials, and other preparations will be made prior to the ceremonial. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the lords and ladies of the Court, are expected to leave Osborne towards the close of next month and return to Windsor Castle in order to attend the marriage.

THE two sons of the Prince of Wales—Prince

George and Prince Victor—have made a highly creditable examination, and returned last month to their mother, laden with prizes. They are immensely popular with the people of Dartmouth, where their ship, the *Bullantia*, lies. The two boys on joining, were at once christened "Herring" and "Sprat," and by these sobriquets are known to this day. The princes respond to their nicknames with jaunty frankness and sailor-like good humour.

THE German army horses are now fed on biscuits of three parts each of rye flour, oat flour and dextrinated pea flour, and one part of linseed flour. The biscuits are made with a hole in the middle of each, so that they can be strung on a cord and hung to the saddle bow, or hung by the trooper around his waist. Each biscuit weighs about two ounces, and seven of them are broken up and given to the horses night and morning, and twelve at noon. Officers generally agree that these biscuits are better than oats, and each trooper can carry thirty pounds' weight, which will furnish his horse with full rations for eight days.

ACCORDING to a London paper one of the most eminent pianists having suffered much from the irrepressible conversation of drawing-room audiences, devised the other day a means of giving a lesson to the town. He arranged with his violin, his violoncello and the rest that the music should come to a sudden stop in the midst of the loudest passage of the piece at a given signal from him. It was done. The bawling and shouting voices were left, in the twinkling of an eye, high and dry, as it were, upon a shore of silence. Joyous, clear and distinct above them all rose a voice from the foremost seats, the voice of Lady: "We always fry ours in lard."

THE Princess Louise is reported to be very sympathetic and considerate of all who are in any way connected with her household. The other day, while at Niagara, she noticed that one of her servants frequently placed his hand upon his face, and learned that he had a raging toothache. Placing her hand upon his cheek she prescribed as follows:—"Now George, you go directly and get a great, large fig; cut it open and heat it as hot as you can; place it upon your face over the ache, and in a little time I am sure you will feel much better." George was overwhelmed with her highness' kindness and declared positively that when her hand rested upon his face every bit of the pain was driven away.

BURLESQUE.

A MYSTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH.—"It's berry singular," remarked Uncle Joe Johnson, as he laid down the morning paper and reflectively surveyed the toes of his list slippers as they reposed on the guard-bar of the cylinder stove. "It's berry singular det of a man lives to be over fifty, an' cumulates stamps, and dies gen'ally admired and 'spected, dat one-half ob his survivin' friends is a'most sartin to prove in de courts dat he was of unsoun' min', an' dat he wasn't fit in his later years to plan out a v'y'ge for a mud-scow. But you'll fin' de papers full ob stories ob ole fellars dat die about a hundred years ole in de poorhouse, an' dey is al'ays senserbul to de las'!" and Uncle Joe shook his head solemnly, as if there were some things in this world which modern science has not yet investigated.

A HEALTHY APPETITE.—About six o'clock last evening an able-bodied man entered a restaurant on C street, and telling the waiter that he felt a trifle hungry, ordered and disposed of, with evident satisfaction, the following articles: A plate of soup, 9 dozen oysters, 1½ pounds of porterhouse steaks, 3 cups of coffee without milk, 2 small cups of coffee, with milk 1 bottle of ale, 1 cigar, 2 tumblers full of celery, together with entrees. When he had finished he threw a \$20 gold piece on the counter and was given back \$3.25 change, his meal costing him exactly \$16.75. As he was going out the door he asked the proprietor: "What time do you close up? I may want another little snack when the theatre is out." Hotel and boarding-house keepers are warned to look out for this man, as he may try to engage board by the week.

THE STATISTICIAN.—A city man is writing a sonnet to me, the darling, thought the maiden, but her ideas were somewhat disarranged by the following strange question, while his pencil placidly caressed the tip of his nose: "How many meals do you eat every day?" "Why, three of course; but of all the oddest questions—" "Never mind, dear; I'll tell you all about it in a moment." And still his pencil was rapidly at work. At last, fondly clasping her slender waist, "Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed through that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years, I can give you the exact figures." "Good gracious! What can you mean!" "Now just listen," says he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happiness of my life." "But I don't want to hear." "Ah, you are surprised, no doubt; but statistics are wonderful things; just listen: You are now seventeen years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed—oxen or calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens, 327; ducks, 304; geese, 12; turkeys, 100; game of various kinds, 824; fishes, 160; eggs, 3,120; vegetables (bunches), 700; fruit (baskets), 603; cheese, 173; bread, cake, &c., (in sacks of flour), 40; wine (barrels), 11; water (gallons), 3,000."

HUMAN NATURE IN A LOAD OF WOOD.—There is a better, more truthful portrayal of human nature in a load of wood, i. e., in the way it is loaded, than in half the "plays" we see, and for fear that some will not read the signs aright, an unerring guide is given. When the outside of the load is straight, body oak, and the inside crooked basswood and elm, you may know the man who loaded it is an honest confiding soul, who wouldn't cheat his own mother if the old lady watched him too closely. Then there is the load of solid oak; oak clear through—except about sixty cubic feet of daylight which the ingenious owner has incorporated by a fanciful arrangement of the less ethereal element of his load. The business of this man's life is to sell three-quarters for four, and he most always succeeds. The arrangement of this load indicates rock-bottomed integrity on the part of the owner. There are many other kinds of loads, and the owner never fails to hold the mirror up to his own nature when he piles it on, but we skip them all except one; a scarce variety it is, and probably always will be. It is composed of good honest wood, and there is just as much of it as the owner claims. This indicates an entire lack of knowledge of the wood business on the part of the owner, but such dense ignorance is seldom exhibited here.

FINDING A SEAT.—Genesee. A woman with three bird cages and a little girl, has just got on the train. She arranges the three bird cages on a seat, and then she and the little girl stand up in the aisle and she glares around upon the ungallant men who remain glued to their seats and look dreamily out of the window. I bend my face down to the tablet and write furiously, for I feel her eyes fastened upon me. Somehow or other, I am always the victim in cases of this delicate nature. Just as I expected. She speaks, fastening her commanding gaze upon me.

"Sir, would it be asking too much if I begged you to let myself and my little girl have that seat? A gentleman can always find a seat so much more easily than a lady."

And she smiled. Not the charmingest kind of a smile. It was too triumphant to be very pleasing. Of course, I surrendered. I said:

"Oh, certainly, certainly. I could find another seat without any trouble."

She thanked me, and I crawled out of my comfortable seat, and gathered up my overcoat, manuscript, my shawl strap package, my valise, and my overshoes, and she and the little girl went into the vacant premises as soon as the writ of ejection had been served, and they looked happy and comfortable.

Then I stepped across the aisle; I took up those bird cages and set them along on top of the coal box, and sat down in the seat thus vacated. I apologetically remarked to the woman, who was gazing at me with an expression that boded trouble, that "it was much warmer for the canaries up by the stove." She didn't say anything, but she gave me a look that made it much warmer for me, for about five minutes, than the stove can make it for the canaries. I don't believe she likes me, and I am uncomfortably confident that she disapproves of my conduct.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JEFFERSON will shortly drop "Rip Van Winkle" and try a new rôle.

LONDON is looking forward with interest to Henry Irving's promised revival of Otway's Venice Preserved.

THE Villa Rossini, at Passy, formerly the residence of the great composer, is offered for sale at the price of 300,000 francs.

THE fourth anniversary of the production of "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville, occurred lately. Large audiences were attracted by its performance.

SEVERAL English managers have recently visited Paris to look after the novelties, particularly *Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant*.

RUBINSTEIN is threatened with total blindness. He is in Dresden, where one of his operas will soon be performed.

It is announced that Mme. Christine Nilsson has signed an engagement of two months for Spain, at the rate of 40,000 francs a month.

OFFENBACH and Lecocq both have three operas playing at the present time. Lecocq's productions are *La Camargo* at the Renaissance, *Le Grand Cuirassier* at the Variétés, and *Le Mari de la Débutante* at the Palais Royal.

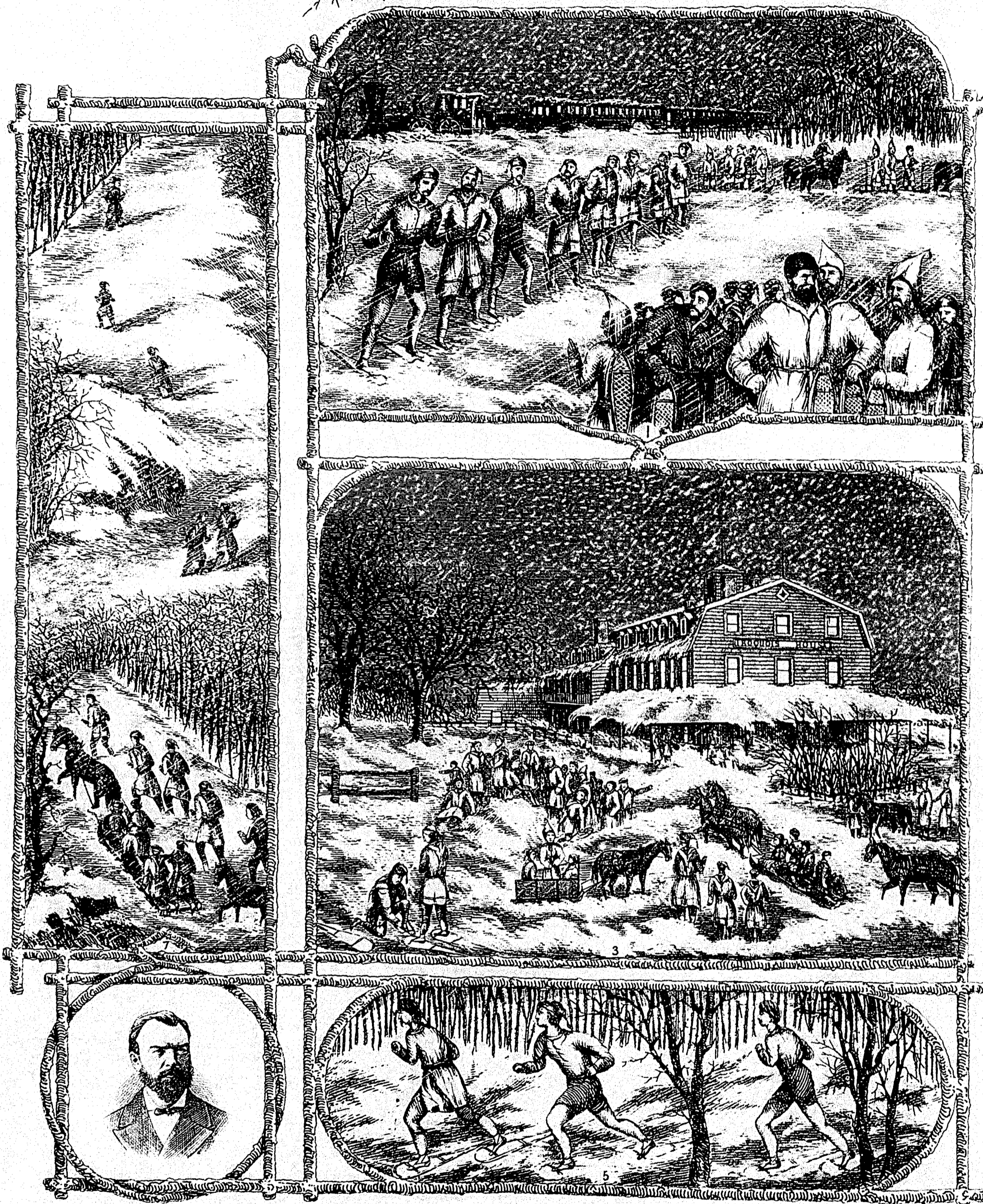
A NEW "alto flute," the pitch of which is an octave below that of the ordinary instrument, has just been invented by F. Wallner, of Vienna. The tone is said to be very rich, full, and, according to the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, of a "highly mysterious quality."

THE drama written for the proprietors of the Boston Theatre by M. Victorien Sardou is entitled "André Fortier, the Hero of the Calaveras," and its scenes are laid in California and Mexico. It is said to give opportunity for fine acting, and to require the most elaborate setting, and the management promise it shall have both.

THE wife of the celebrated tragedian, Salvini, recently died at Florence, in her twenty-fourth year. The couple first met in London. Madame Salvini was an accomplished linguist, and was in the habit of translating *viva voce* the newspaper articles in different languages collected by her husband during his travels. A short time before her death she had commenced a translation of one of Schiller's plays for Salvini's repertoire.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT, the prima donna is said to have recently come into possession of a necklace that once belonged to an old French family. It is composed of 357 diamonds, made first into a plain chain set in square blocks of gold. Through the centre of this runs a large coil of the precious stones, supplemented by other coils diminishing in size, and from their lower edge falls a shower of pendants, long and swinging, giving, when on, the effect of a rope of fire around the throat, radiating in every direction. This is worn with a heavy diamond cross, in which the gems are of unusual size.

MONTREAL SNOW SHOE ST. HILAIRE



ANGUS GRANT, Esq.,
President Montreal Snow-Shoe Club.

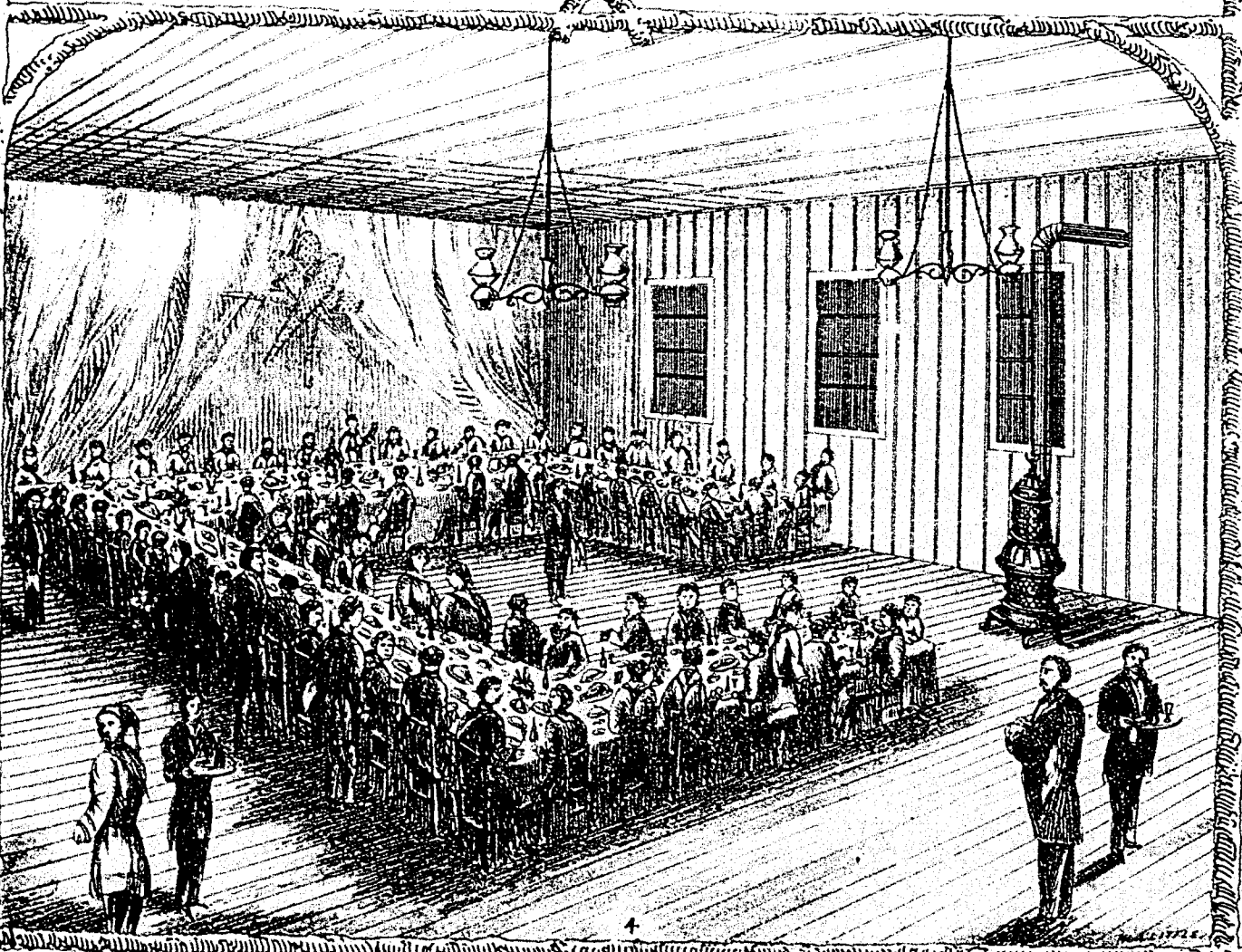
1. The start from St. Hilaire Station.

2. Judges and Reporters taking up their position.

3. Arrival at the Iroquois House.



CLUB STEEPLECHASE LAIRE



1. The Banquet. 5. Through the Bush. 6. Over the Fence. 7. Up the Mountain Side. 8. Where are we now!

CAPT. N. H. HUGHES,
Hon. President Montreal Snow-Shoe Club.

SIMON'S WIDOW.

Who smiled as sweet as a summer day?
Who rolled her eyes in a killing way?
And when I'd leave would whisper, "Stay!"
That widow!

Who ran to meet me, sick or well,
And cast on me a magic spell,
And played on me that horrid sell!
That widow!

Who haunts my dreams at dead of night?
Who haunts my hours of waking light,
And gives me many a scare and fright?
That widow!

Who sues me for a marriage rite,
And tries to tie me up so tight,
And means to make a first-class fight?
That widow!

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RANK AND FILE.

While great doings went on at Massam, and all the people in the neighbourhood, who considered themselves in a position to do so, crowded round Isabel to do her homage, Hilda Marston was fighting her way amid the vast army of the toilers of the earth.

She was getting on pretty well. Besides her two grown-up pupils at Florentia Villa, she had got one or two young children in the same neighbourhood, and one or two humbler pupils in the immediate vicinity of where she lived.

So when Christmas dawned—Christmas, which came to Isabel in her splendid home, surrounded by everything that wealth could procure, it came also not quite unhappily to her late companion.

For one thing it brought little Ned. This new mouth to feed—this new care seemed to brighten Hilda's life. The boy had never been in London before, and it was therefore a region of delight to him. Hilda took him to the bazaars, and bought what she could for him out of her slender means, and tried all she could to make his young life pleasant to him.

The shop windows too were an unending source of delight to him. The pantomimes Hilda could not afford, though Ned frequently expatiated on his desire to behold one.

"We must wait until the ship comes in," Hilda used to say.

"Oh, bother the ship," Ned would answer, with the thoughtless selfishness of a boy. "Don't you think you could treat us just to one, Hil?"

But Hilda was forced to decline. One treat meant many shillings; shillings too rare and precious to be thus disposed of, and so Master Ned had to content himself with reading the bills of the various theatres, and speculating to Hilda on which entertainment would probably be the best.

But a great pleasure was in store for them both. Miss May arrived one morning during the Christmas holidays, and took them back to Brixton with her to spend a few days. Octavia Lodge proved a sort of earthly paradise to Master Ned. It happened to be a snowstorm while he was there, and the boy had the run of the grounds, and could make snow men and snow balls to his heart's content.

But this was not all. A day came when Miss May told him that she was going to take his sister and himself that evening to the pantomime at Drury-lane. Ned could not contain his joy. He was ready dressed in his outer coat and warm scarf and mittens long before the time to start, and when they did start in the tramway-car that went down the road, no boy in the best appointed carriage in London went that night to the theatre with a happier heart.

Humble people, after all, have their pleasures as well as great ones. Miss May was pleased to see the little lad's pleasure, and Hilda also enjoyed the prospect before them, and looked well and handsome—so handsome that she attracted the attention of a young gentleman of very meagre and unpleasant appearance, who edged up nearer to the party, and finally addressed Miss May, who had been sitting with her head determinedly turned to the window, since she had recognized him.

"I say, ain't you Miss May, who keeps the school?" at last asked the young gentleman, laying one of his ugly hands on Miss May's arm, who turned sharply round on being thus addressed.

"Yes, I am Miss May," she answered. "And how are you, Mr. Joseph Moxam?"

"Oh, pretty well," replied Mr. Joe. "I say," he added, putting his long nose and protruding teeth close to the old mistress's face, "is that one of your pupils?" and he indicated Hilda by a slight movement of his thumb.

"No," answered Miss May, briefly.

"Pretty girl, uncommon pretty girl," continued Mr. Joe, eyeing her approvingly. "I say, old lady, introduce me, won't you?"

"Don't see any occasion, Mr. Joe," replied Miss May.

"Oh, yes, do now," said Mr. Joe, and to her great annoyance Miss May was thus forced to do so.

"Miss Marston," she said, coldly, "Mr. Moxam."

"Miss Marston!" repeated Mr. Joe, "why you are not the girl who teaches music, are you?"

"Yes, I am," said Hilda, rather amused.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Joe, as if in the uttermost astonishment, and then he collapsed; sitting gazing at Hilda contemplatively during the rest of the journey.

"Where are you going?" he said at last, to the party generally.

"To the Pantomime," replied little Ned, grandly, before the ladies could speak.

"Which one?" asked Mr. Joe.

"To Drury-lane," again answered Ned. "They say it's the best."

"I wouldn't mind going with you," said Mr. Joe, looking at Miss May.

"Thank you," said Miss May, curtly, "but we don't want any gentleman. I'm an old woman, and can take care of Miss Marston—and mean to—" she added.

So she would have nothing to say to Mr. Joe, who, however, grew profuse in his offers, pressing the ladies to have supper with him, but Miss May was firm.

"Thank you, no," she said. "Good evening, Mr. Joe." And Mr. Joe was obliged to leave them, but this accidental encounter afterwards brought some very disagreeable consequences to Hilda.

But she forgot all about Mr. Joe Moxam when she got into the theatre. As for little Ned, his usual loquacious tongue grew silent with astonishment and awe. Once, however, he gave vent to his feelings. This was during one of the transformation scenes, when the fairies seemed to his dazzled eye most beautiful to behold.

"I say, Hil," he said, pulling at his sister's dress, "are these real women, now? They can't be the common sort, like you and Miss May?"

Hilda laughed merrily at the question.

"My dear," she said, "I've no doubt if I were dressed up and painted that I would look just as well."

"Don't believe it," replied Ned, seriously, shaking his curly head. "You're not bad looking, but oh, you could never look like them."

They had a nice little hot supper when they got home, and the day remained imprinted for some time on Ned's memory, as one of the red-letter days of his existence. He was never tired of talking about the treat to Hilda when they returned to their lodgings, and took a more intense interest in theatrical affairs than ever.

What distressed Hilda very much was being obliged so constantly to leave him. On these occasions Master Ned naturally resented being shut up in two small rooms, and therefore insisted upon roaming about the streets at his pleasure. Hilda was always afraid that he would get into some mischief or other, and we may be sure, gave him many charges each day before she set out on her ordinary duties.

The next time that she went to Florentia Villa after meeting Mr. Joe Moxam in the tramway car, that young gentleman walked into the drawing-room, where she was giving his sisters their lesson.

"Well, Joe," said Ellen Moxam, looking round as he entered, "are you going to have a lesson?"

"All right," replied Mr. Joe, and without taking any notice of Hilda he went up to the piano, and joined in the duet that they were singing in one of the most discordant voices imaginable.

"Put me right when I'm out," he said to Hilda; but to put Mr. Joe right was beyond Hilda's capabilities.

However, he seemed quite satisfied with his own performances, though his elder half-sister, Miss Moxam, once or twice (after her usual fashion) said something unpleasant to him. But Mr. Joe, though it was not usual to him, kept his temper. He was facetious indeed after his manner, and grinned out his prominent teeth, and made jokes, and demeaned himself in what he believed to be a highly attractive way. When the lesson was over he bowed to Hilda, and left the room before she did, and Hilda felt certainly more comfortable after he was gone.

She walked down to the railway station, as she intended travelling to Victoria station by train, and having taken a second-class ticket stood waiting on the platform. Great, then, was her annoyance at seeing the mean little form of Mr. Joe Moxam emerge out of the darkness, and the next moment he had walked up to her side.

"Well, you see," he said, with his odiously familiar air, "I have not lost sight of you! Couldn't say much, you know, before those old sisters of mine, or they would have made a fine row, but I wanted to have a little talk with you, for all that."

Hilda felt so annoyed that she did not know what to say.

"Couldn't believe at first that a good-looking girl like you was a music teacher," continued Mr. Joe. "You ain't the style, somehow. Drab-coloured skins and ancient, that lot, mostly. But here's the train. I'm going to see you home, if you'll allow me?"

"Oh! please don't," said Hilda, but Mr. Joe was persistent. He sat close to Hilda in the railway carriage, and paid her coarse compliments, and altogether made her very uncomfortable. Luckily there was a respectable-looking man in the carriage, or Hilda would have been yet more annoyed. As it was, she felt greatly

relieved when they reached Victoria Station, but she found even then that Mr. Joe was not to be shaken off.

"I'll see you home. Don't be prudish. What nonsense," he said, when Hilda, politely, but coldly, bade him good evening.

"Thank you, but I would rather you would not," said Hilda.

"You're too pretty a girl to walk about alone," said Mr. Joe, with his grin, and so he followed Hilda, or rather walked by Hilda's side along the platform in front of Victoria Station.

But in the crowd suddenly Hilda came face to face with Philip Hayward. She knew him at once. He looked paler and thinner, but that was all.

"Mr. Hayward," she said, stopping, and she held out her hand.

Then Hayward looked down at the flushed, rather startled face before him, and he recognized Hilda.

"Miss Marston!" he said, kindly. "I never expected to see you here!"

"No," answered Hilda. "But," she added, timidly and quickly, "will you turn with me? I have something to tell you—about little Ned."

"Of course I will," said Hayward, and he turned as he spoke.

"Oh—" said Mr. Joe insolently to Hilda, "I was in the way, was I? Another young man, eh? Oh!" he exclaimed the next instant, looking up and remembering Hayward, "it's you, is it? Well, good evening to you both," he added, "I won't spoil sport." And with a nod to Hilda he turned away.

"What does that fellow mean?" asked Hayward quickly. "Do you know him?"

"I teach his sisters music, and he came into the room to-day," answered Hilda, "and he annoyed me very much in the train."

"Annoyed you!" repeated Hayward sharply. "He has not been rude to you I hope?"

"Only by forcing his company upon me," replied Hilda. "But do not let us talk of him any more. Do you know that I am living near here now, and who do you think is living with me?"

"I cannot guess," said Hayward.

"Your old pupil, little Ned," said Hilda, smiling. "Won't he be delighted to see you? He often speaks about you."

"And he has left Mr. Irvine?" asked Hayward.

"Yes—" and Hilda blushed. "You know—I offended Mr. Trevor somehow, and—he declined any longer to pay for poor little Ned's education, and as I could not afford to keep him at Sanda, I try to teach him myself."

"I must come and give him a lesson in Latin sometimes," said Hayward, smiling.

"Will you? I shall be so glad if you will." And Hilda blushed and looked very pleased as she spoke.

"Yes, indeed I will," answered Hayward, kindly; and then when they reached Hilda's modest home, he accepted her invitation to go in.

The street that she lodged in was a quiet little street, and the people of the house were humble but respectable. The husband was coachman to a nobleman in one of the adjoining squares, and the wife and landlady had been a cook. They had one son, who was a groom in the same stables, and they kept the dining-room of the house for themselves, and let the neat little drawing-room and bed-room above. This Hilda had taken, and she had no particular reason to regret having done so. Mrs. Bargate, the landlady, was a kind woman, with a warm heart and a warm temper. Mr. Bargate, the coachman, was ruled by Mrs. Bargate in all things, and smoked his pipe through all domestic storms, and the household, therefore, might be fairly considered a very quiet one.

Mrs. Bargate opened the house door for Hilda and Hayward, and she smiled as she did so.

"Well, Miss Marston," she said, "it's well you're back. Master Ned has been making a fine row with the cat next door."

"Naughty boy," said Hilda, and she ran upstairs, and as she opened the drawing-room door a great grey cat, with every hair on its tail erected, sprang past her, and fled down stairs, followed by Master Ned, all excitement at the chase.

But Hayward caught him by the arm after he had escaped past Hilda.

"Well, Master Ned," he said, "this is fine play. Whatever have you been doing to the cat?"

"Teaching her to walk in walnut shells," answered Ned. And then, recognizing Hayward, he exclaimed: "Oh! Mr. Hayward, is it you?"

"Yes, it's I," said Hayward, still holding the boy's arm; "come, old fellow, let the cat alone."

"She's only one on," confided Master Ned wistfully, alluding to the walnut shells. "If only Hil had come in a moment or two later she would have had four."

"Well, never mind," said Hayward, "come up now," and so holding Ned by the arm he followed Hilda into her sitting-room.

It was a neat little place. A tasteful woman's hand had evidently arranged the furniture, and added some small decorations to the original stiffness of its appearance.

"You will stay and have some tea with us?" said Hilda, turning to Hayward, who smiled, sat down, and threw Master Ned on his knee.

Master Ned became very jubilant over his old master's re-appearance.

"So you're living in London, too?" he said.

"That's jolly. You'll take me out to see things

sometimes, won't you? Girls are all very well, you know, but Hil's frightened by crowds and that lot, and so she'll scarcely go anywhere. But we'll go together, won't we?"

While Ned was making these arrangements for his future amusement, "Hil" had gone out of the room to seek her landlady the ex-cook, and make arrangements for Hayward's refreshment. Mrs. Bargate was quite agreeable. She cooked a dish of chops to perfection, and some fish, and in half an hour the little party of young people in the drawing-room were sitting enjoying their humble repast.

Hilda had a bright fresh colour in her face, and a glad light in her eyes. She was so pleased to see Hayward; to see some one she had known before, and in whom she had always felt a strong interest.

"Of course you were at Lady Hamilton's wedding?" said Hayward, quietly, as the meal went on, but Hilda noticed the effort with which he said these simple words.

"Yes," answered Hilda, "I was at the breakfast, though not at the church. It was very quiet—only the two Miss Featherstones were there—and you've heard the news about Mr. Trevor, I suppose?"

"That he has married Miss Featherstone?" answered Hayward. "Yes, I have heard. I have heard lately once or twice from Sir George Hamilton, and he told me about it."

After his mother's death, Hayward had written to Sir George Hamilton. He had written courteously and gratefully; returning at the same time by far the larger portion of the money that Sir George had advanced him during his mother's illness. In this first letter Hayward made no allusion to Sir George's marriage. He merely told him the fact of his mother's death, and gratefully declined all further assistance.

"Mr. Newcome will take me back, I believe," he added, "and the salary he gives me will satisfy my modest wants."

Sir George was annoyed at this letter. He showed it to Isabel, expressing himself strongly on the subject.

"If he is so very independent, why not let him alone?" said Isabel, carelessly, who had almost forgotten Hayward by this time in the new pleasures and excitement of her life.

"You forget what I owe him," said Sir George, gravely.

"But if he won't take anything," answered Isabel, "you are not to blame."

"He is sensitive, proud, and refined," said Sir George, "and these qualities only make me respect him more. That foolish fancy he took for you, Isabel—"

Isabel shrugged her fine shoulders.

"But it was so, love," said Sir George, "and it hurts his pride, therefore, to accept anything from me. But I shall not allow this feeling to come between us; I mean always to be his friend."

So Sir George had written several times to Hayward since his mother's death, but Hayward had gratefully declined all Sir George's offers, but he had not quite declined his friendship. He had returned to his old employer, Mr. Newcome, and was agreeably surprised when, shortly after he had done so, Mr. Newcome voluntarily proposed to double his salary. This increase did not come out of Mr. Newcome's purse. Sir George, in fact, finding that Hayward declined help from him, determined indirectly to assist him. A correspondence, therefore, had taken place between Sir George and Mr. Newcome, and the immediate consequence of this was that Hayward's salary was doubled.

The printer regarded Hayward often now, through his small shrewd eyes, with positive astonishment. That a man would refuse such offers, was to Mr. Newcome almost incomprehensible. Yet he knew it was so. Sir George made no secret to the printer, of his wish to help Hayward, and his reasons for doing so. But Mr. Newcome kept Sir George's secret. It suited him to do so. He got a good man for a low salary (the part that came out of his pocket), and he got credit for being a generous man with Hayward, which he was not.

The first thing that Hayward did with the larger means at his command, was to return all the money he owed to Sir George. Sir George thus received his own money back, as it were, but he did not think less of the young man for his scrupulous honesty. Then Hayward sent back the parson's ten pounds. The Rev. Matthew's kind eyes grew moist as he read his old tutor's letter, and learned that he was alone in the world. He immediately wrote, pressing Hayward most cordially to pay a long visit to Sanda; but Hayward could not leave his work, and to have seen Sanda again would only have recalled most painful memories.

Thus when Hayward met Hilda Marston in London, he was once more the "reader" in Messrs. Salkeld & Newcome's establishment. He told Hilda this, and then gradually the conversation drifted to Hayward's mother. Ned perched himself on his old tutor's knee, and they sat round the fire and talked. Hilda's sweet, womanly sympathy, and her gentle questions about Mrs. Hayward's illness, touched Hayward, and he found himself telling Hilda of his mother's death; of Mr. Jervis's kindness to her; and how, when she had felt the end approaching, she had sent for the curate and asked him, with her last breath, to be a brother to her son.

"And he is a brother," said Hayward, his earnest face lighting up when he spoke of his friend. "Without him I could not have borne her loss; he has been everything to me, and he is—but why talk of him—you would think I am

an enthusiast if I were to tell you my real opinion of Horace Jervis."

"What is he like?" asked Hilda, with interest.

"He has a good face, made absolutely beautiful by its expression," answered Hayward. "Somehow you think of heaven, when you look in Jervis's face."

"Oh! Mr. Hayward!"

"And his life," continued Hayward, "is the most utterly self-denying one that it is possible to conceive. He has a good fortune, but how does he spend it? Literally in going out into the highways and by-ways and helping the poor. He seeks not those who sit in the high places of the world, but those who are hungry, sick, and in prison."

"A good and faithful servant," said Hilda thoughtfully.

"It is impossible to live with him, I think," said Hayward in a low tone, "and not to believe."

A great change, indeed, had come over Hayward's heart since his intimacy with Horace Jervis. After Mrs. Hayward's death Philip had returned to town with the curate, and had spent a week or two with him, and had thus seen much of his daily life. That practice is better than precept, is an old adage, and a sort of calm seemed to come over Hayward's restless, dissatisfied heart when he found himself constantly thrown with a man who sought not happiness or gain for himself, but simply the good of others. He had an aim in life at least, Philip Hayward perceived; an aim which he followed with serene serenity. He was not tossed backwards and forwards by the waves and tides of circumstances around him. As he stood on the shore of Time, his eyes were fixed on the great ocean of Eternity. Unconsciously his perfect faith influenced Hayward. He who had cried out in his despair, and whose soul had been crushed by the idol he had set up, now began to realise that there were many other things to live for than a selfish and absorbing passion. Horace Jervis always spoke of things here as for a little while. He prized not, therefore, the treasures that the "moth and rust doth corrupt." Between the starlight and the lamplight there was no greater difference than between this man's soul and the most of those around him.

We can understand, therefore, his influence on Hayward; on Hayward, who was so earnest, impassioned and enthusiastic. Here was a man he could honour, a man he could love. The mean aims, the small ambitions, the petty follies and vanities, that with a young man's strongly biased judgment he had despised and hated, were utterly absent in Jervis.

"I feel ashamed of myself beside him," Hayward told Hilda, and the girl smiled, well pleased to hear his generous praise of his friend.

"Would you like to know him, Ned?" asked Hayward of his ex-pupil, who was still sitting perched upon his knee.

Upon this question being asked, little Ned smiled and wriggled. He had in fact not been paying much attention to the conversation, but had been vaguely contemplating the possibility of Hayward taking him some evening to see the representation of the "Forty Thieves," of which he had seen engaging pictures (the "forty thieves" being enclosed in brown jars) pasted on the city walls.

Before Hilda and Hayward parted that night, they agreed that each alternate evening Hayward was to call and give little Ned a lesson in Latin.

"And you must tell me," said Hayward, kindly shaking Hilda's hand in farewell before he left, "if ever my interesting connexion, Mr. Joe Moxam, annoys you with his company again." And Hayward smiled.

Hilda smiled also as she returned Hayward's hand-shake. This evening had been very bright to her. It seemed to the poor girl that in all that great city she had now one person at least whom she could call a friend.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNEXPECTED BLOW.

The next two weeks were very jolly ones for little Ned. Hayward not only taught him Latin (which Ned felt he could have dispensed with), but he also took him to nearly every sight in town suitable to his years. The Zoological Gardens and the pantomimes were, however, his greatest delight. Hilda sometimes went with them to the gardens, and while Ned was gazing with entranced delight at the animals, Hayward and Hilda would talk together. They soon grew very intimate with each other. They were not unlike in mind, but Hilda was gentler and not so enthusiastic as Hayward. It seemed almost as if she were the older of the two during their conversations, yet this was not so. Her training in the school of adversity, perhaps, had been longer, or at least she had learnt to bear herself more meekly and wisely along life's troublesome way.

But they were great friends. Lovers, Hayward never contemplated that they should be, for his means were utterly inadequate to maintain a wife, and besides, it seemed to him that his heart was dead and cold. He had exhausted all his emotions, he thought, in the deep and ardent love that he had lavished on Isabel Trevor. He knew now that love had been an unworthy one. He had given it unworthily, unthinkingly, for the sake of the beautiful face, and winning tongue, and he had reaped the bitter fruits. But he had loved her too

well soon to forget the exquisite pleasure and the cruel misery that she had given him.

Hilda saw quite well that Hayward was not in love with her. She had seen him in love with Isabel, and she knew that the even kindness of his manner to herself sprang from a very different feeling to the jealous, engrossing one of love. Was this knowledge pain to Hilda? If so she made no sign. She was not a girl to let a man see that she cared for him more than he cared for her, or in any way to seek to gain his affection. She accepted his friendship, and an incident which presently occurred made her feel that she had a right to be grateful to him, and to show her gratitude.

This happened through the unwelcome agency of Mr. Joe Moxam. This young gentleman had continued to annoy Hilda, and during her visits to Florentia Villa frequently came into the room while his sisters' singing lessons were going on, and would glance knowingly with his odious little green, blood-shot eyes at Hilda whenever he had an opportunity to do so unobserved. Then twice he had met her when she was returning home, and had insisted on escorting her to the station. But a crowning injury was yet to come, and one which Hilda felt in her unprotected position that she was compelled to resent.

One evening she received a letter by the post from him, whose purport at first she could not understand. It commenced as follows:—

"My dear girl, don't go humbugging on any longer, but let a fellow who likes you see you sometimes, though for reasons we both know, our meetings must be for the present under the rose—" and so on.

Hilda's face had turned literally scarlet as she read the impertinent words, and when Hayward called in the evening to give little Ned his Latin lesson, she placed the vile letter in his hands.

"You said you would speak to this person if he insulted me," she said. "What do you think of this?"

Hayward read the letter through with an angry frown. Then he put it into his pocket.

"Let me answer it," he said. "Insolent scoundrel!"

"You—might tell him, at least, not to annoy me any more," continued Hilda, beginning to be afraid of getting Hayward into some trouble. "Surely if he knew who I am—if he knew I was born a lady" (and Hilda blushed) "he would let me alone."

"Whether you were born a lady or not, he has no right to molest you," answered Hayward. "I'll tell him to-morrow, that if he ever speaks to you again, that I'll horse-whip him."

And Hayward carried his intentions into effect. He went down on the following morning to his uncle's place of business in the city, and found there (after sending up his card) his uncle and Mr. Joe Moxam in their private office.

He spoke civilly to his uncle, who had heard of his connection with Sir George Hamilton from his brother-in-law, Newcome, and was therefore inclined to treat him with more respect than usual. Then he turned to Mr. Joe.

"Can I have a few words with you?" he said, and Mr. Joe looked rather uncomfortable, and fidgeted on his high office stool.

"With me?" he said. "What can you want with me?"

"Just to say a few words," answered Hayward; and so after winking at his father, Joe Moxam descended from his stool, and followed Hayward into the street.

"Mr. Moxam," said Hayward, as soon as they got there, drawing out from his pocket the letter Mr. Joe had addressed to Hilda, "you sent this letter to a young lady I've known for some time."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Joe sharply, his yellow skin turning suddenly red. "What business of yours is it, if I choose to write letters to any girl I like?"

"It is if you write to this young lady," answered Hayward.

"Lady," sneered Mr. Joe. "A fine lady, who goes out to give lessons for a few shillings."

"Yet Miss Marston is a lady," said Hayward, "and moreover she is a lady whom I mean to protect from receiving such insulting letters as this."

"You mean to protect, indeed!" retorted Mr. Joe. "You are a fine protector, I must say—a fellow who only the other day came begging to the governor to get something to do to keep you from starving."

Hayward could scarcely restrain himself, but he did.

"I came to give you warning to-day," he said coolly enough, after a moment's consideration, "but if you write again to Miss Marston, or address her, or annoy her in any way, I'll horse-whip you."

Mr. Joe turned almost livid with rage.

"You," he screamed, "you, you, beggar! You horse-whip me! See if you dare."

"I will dare if you don't leave Miss Marston alone," answered Hayward; and then without another word he turned and left Mr. Joe, who kept muttering imprecations and vowing vengeance for some time after on "Newcome's beggerly clerk," as he designated Hayward.

Hayward did not tell Hilda of this encounter, but his blood was up, and he determined to keep his word, and really horse-whip Mr. Joe Moxam if he annoyed the poor girl any more. He knew the hour that she returned from Florentia Villa, and on the following evening, after arming himself with a serviceable whip,

he took the train to Brixton and was loitering on the road which leads to the station, when Hilda passed him, walking very quickly. A minute later Mr. Joe Moxam pounced out of a shop near the railway bridge, where he had been waiting for her, and immediately joined her.

"My dear girl," began Mr. Joe, "don't walk so fast."

"Don't speak to me, please," said Hilda.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Joe, rudely laying his hand on her shrinking arm, and trying forcibly to detain her, while Hilda gave a half cry of fear, and endeavoured in vain to shake off his odious grasp. But the next minute with a scream of terror Mr. Joe had released her, for a stinging cut from Hayward's whip (who by this time had overtaken them) fell across his face, and he turned hastily round to see who was his assailant.

"There!" cried Hayward, "take that, and that! Remember, I gave you warning. Scoundrel, to persecute an unprotected girl!"

But as the third lash fell, with a shriek of terror Mr. Joseph fled. He ran as fast as his feet could carry him, straight into the station, and when a few minutes later Hayward and Hilda entered it, he was clinging spasmodically to a policeman.

"There!" he screamed, when he saw Hayward and his whip appear, "that's him! I give him in charge. He's assaulted me! I give him in charge; do you hear? take him up!"

For this assault Hayward was summoned the next morning to the police court. Mr. Joe gave his evidence with the bitterest rancour, describing himself as walking innocently down the road when he was sprang upon by the ruffian before them, who without any provocation struck him across the face.

Perhaps Hayward's appearance was in his favour, but the magistrate asked him what he had to say to this. Hayward replied by handing Mr. Joe Moxam's letter to Hilda to the Magistrate for perusal.

"That was my provocation, sir," he said. "That letter was addressed to an old friend of mine, the daughter of a clergyman and a young lady of the highest respectability, by the person who accuses me of assaulting him. I called upon him after reading the letter, and by the young lady's wish requested him never to address her again, or I would horse-whip him—which I did."

The magistrate read the letter and then returned it to Hayward.

"It is a disgraceful letter," he said, "to address to any lady, or indeed any respectable woman. Am I to understand that Mr. Moxam did annoy this lady again after you spoke to him on the subject?"

Then Hayward related what had happened, how Mr. Joe had sprang out of the shop, and rudely seized Hilda's arm; and on this testimony being corroborated by witnesses the magistrate dismissed the charge.

"You assaulted the young lady," he said, addressing Mr. Joe, "and it was the duty of any man to protect her. I trust that it will be a warning to you in future not to annoy innocent women with your base advances. I do not attach any blame to Mr. Hayward."

Nothing could exceed the indignation of the Moxam family about this occurrence. It appeared in the police reports, and Mr. Joe was chaffed by his male and female acquaintances until his life was simply a burden to him. Old Mr. Moxam was furious. He went down to his brother-in-law Newcome's offices, and demanded that he should at once dismiss Hayward, or repay him the two thousand pounds that he had advanced to the printer.

But Newcome took high grounds. He declined to dismiss Hayward; said it served him (Joe) right; and as for the two thousand pounds, he would see about it.

"You shall see about it, and hear about it too, sir," roared Mr. Moxam, purple with rage, "if you keep this ungrateful scoundrel in your services! What! Didn't I educate him? Didn't I keep him from starving?—and to drag my name before the public like this!"

"Maria utterly spoils this lad of yours, that's the truth," said Newcome.

"Well, sir, spoilt or not spoilt, it's no concern of yours," answered the angry old man seizing his hat. "But that money I lent is a concern of yours, and if it isn't paid up this day fortnight, I'll proceed against you, as certain as my name is Joseph Moxam, after this day's work."

The money, however, was paid up before the stated time. Mr. Newcome, in fact, had an interview with Sir George Hamilton concerning it, and became the debtor for the amount instead of his brother-in-law, Moxam. We may be sure he made a good case out to Sir George. He was not going to give up his brave, clever young friend, for any man's bullying—but then this confounded two thousand pounds.

He managed it all very cleverly. Sir George thought better of the printer, and so did Hayward, after the affair. As for Hilda, she was very grateful to Hayward, though she received an indignant note of dismissal at once from Florentia Villa in consequence.

But she had got a few more pupils, now, and kept on hoping that she would get more still. Miss May, however, was, or pretended to be, angry about it. She told Hilda, sharply, that she had no business to have acted as she had done; and that she should have protected herself from Joe Moxam's advances.

"You forget you have your bread to make, I think," remarked the old lady. "My dear,

young women who have to go out into the world are required to have no fine feelings."

But it drew Hilda and Hayward closer to each other, and that was really very sweet to poor Hilda's heart. She had a right to be grateful to him now, she told herself; a right to trust and confide in him, when he had risked so much for her sake.

Thus things went on. The winter passed away, and the pale, cold spring came as if unwillingly. Then—just at the end of March—poor little Ned, over whom Hilda had watched with such tender care, sickened and grew ill.

How he caught it no one knew. Whether the poison came in the white mists, or whether some infected child or person had touched him in the streets, they could only surmise, but the boy was struck with fever, and with a sinking heart Hilda heard the opinion of the doctor when she first called him in.

"It was a bad case of scarlet fever," he said; "the boy was very ill."

"He—is not in danger, I hope?" faltered Hilda.

The doctor declined at this early period of the case to give any positive opinion. He recommended Hilda to get a nurse; he prescribed for poor little Ned, and then after promising to call again in the morning, he went away.

It was night when Hilda (after becoming alarmed at her little brother's increasing illness) had sent for him, and when, in about an hour after the doctor's departure, Hayward called, the poor girl completely broke down.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she sobbed. "I shall have to give up my pupils. Oh! Ned, poor little Ned!"

Hayward did his best to comfort her. She must not distress herself about her pupils, he told her. As for money, that would be all right. She could pay him back when little Ned got well. And Hayward smiled and took her hand.

These were kindly words. Poor Hilda had been breaking her heart as she sat by the little sufferer's bed during the last hour. If she gave up her pupils they would starve, she thought, and she must give up her pupils while the house was infected by a dangerous disease.

But Hayward tried to cheer her, and offered his services also to sit up during the night with the sick boy. This Hilda would not hear of, but she felt grateful to him. She looked up into his face, with her soft grey eyes almost piteously.

"Oh, if he gets worse!" she said.

"We must hope he won't get worse," answered Hayward, trying to speak hopefully.

But he also felt uneasy. The boy was in high fever, and wandered in his talk. As Hilda sat through the dismal hours of her night watch, little Ned's brain took strange fancies, and he frequently addressed the forty brown jars that he had seen depicted on the walls, supposed to contain the forty thieves, and which he imagined were standing in the room, tenanted by their celebrated guests.

It was a dreary night watch. The girl, full of her sad thoughts, heard hour after hour pass eternally away. On the bed the little fevered patient tossed and struggled. Then he began to cry, and call for "Papa,"—the father who on his death-bed had confided this child of his old age to his daughter's care. Poor Hilda cried too. Had she done her duty to him, she was thinking; had the struggling life that they were forced to lead, led to this dire illness, perhaps to the child's death?

"O God, spare him, spare him," prayed poor Hilda many a time during her lonely vigil. But when the dawn broke little Ned was no better. The doctor came about nine o'clock, and looked very grave after he had examined his young patient.

"He is very ill," he said, "it is a bad case." And with these words ringing in her ears Hilda was forced to sit down and write to her pupils; was forced to write to her sister Marion; and forced to face the painful reality that for the present she was deprived of the means of winning their daily bread.

(To be continued.)

A CARD.

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

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GRAND WINTER SCENE.—A CARIBOO ATTACKED BY WOLVES.



CUPID IN PRISON.

THE WHITE CHEST.

It was just the house I wanted. In size and situation it suited me exactly, as the phrase goes, literally down to the ground. Facing the park and placed back from the high road, with nothing in front of it but the broad strip of garden belonging to the terrace in which it stood, and the open stretch of turf and trees, it was the very abode for a London season. Its rent, too, was extremely moderate: it was in sound repair; drainage without a flaw; fixtures, furniture and decorations in the best taste; the owner only desiring to let it occasionally, because he went away from town each spring. Why, then, did I hesitate to take it? Why did everybody hesitate to take it? For the last seven years and more it never had been let. All the house agents at that end of town had had it in hand one after another. The terms had been reduced each season that it came into the market, and still there was no finding a tenant for it. Everybody who went over the house was charmed with it. The entrance being in the rear, all the best rooms had a delightful southern aspect, and going up from floor to floor on their first visit of inspection, everybody grew more delighted the higher they got. The apartments increased in cheerfulness, if not in size, the outlook from the windows became more extensive and airy, while, when one reached the top story, and ascended by a narrow stair on to the leaded flat roof, with a high balustrade running around it, the view was, as the house-agents expressed it, "very unique."

I had heard the rumours about the house often when I had been in town, and my curiosity had always been piqued, so that now, when I wanted just such a house for the season, I determined to go and look at it for myself.

Finding all satisfactory and just as I expected from bottom to top, I was stepping out on to the roof with Mr. Crumble, the agent, and was saying to him:

"Well, I can't conceive why people won't live here," when my eye fell upon a curious object erected upon the leads at the rear, and surrounded by a high railing. It looked like a huge skylight or glass lantern, about ten feet long, three high and three broad. But instead of forming a light for a staircase or room beneath, it seemed to have been built for the purpose of covering another curious object, which, occupying nearly the whole of the space under the glass, was plainly visible through it. This was a long white box resembling a seaman's chest more than anything, only much larger. It rested upon four legs or feet, which raised it about a foot from the flat surface of the roof. It was painted a creamy white and varnished, and apparently not being intended to open, any more than its glass covering, had no hinges or lock to its top or lid.

"What the deuce is that?" said I to Mr. Crumble.

"Ah!" replied that functionary, with an odd expression of the face, "that's it, sir."

"What's it, pray?"

"Why, the secret, sir."

"The secret? How is it a secret? What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, what is it, what's it meant for, what's inside of it?"

"Don't you know?"

"No, sir."

"Doesn't any one know?"

"I suppose somebody does, sir, but we don't; we are forbidden to inquire or to attempt to find out; if we knew we should be able to let the house, perhaps."

"How long has it been there?"

"A long while, I believe, sir—ten or twelve years. Before my time."

"But who put it up?"

"Well, Mr. Gayling, we suppose; nobody seems to know exactly when it first appeared there."

"But the servants," I protested, "they must know."

"Oh! I have heard there were none in the house at the time; they were all dismissed just before it was put up. Mr. Gayling never keeps many servants; sometimes he has only one, sometimes none. Nobody lives in the house when he's away, but he always leaves the keys with us. He is always changing his servants, Mr. Gayling is; I have always heard him say that he likes new brooms."

"What is he, or what was he?"

"A gentleman in the naval line, I believe, sir—they're rather rum 'uns, I'm told."

"Humph!" I said, "very odd. But do you mean, to tell me that nobody will live here because they don't know what's in that box?"

"That's partly the reason, sir."

"Absurd," I was going on when the man continued:

"But there's a clause in the agreement about it; that's what does it, sir."

"Explain," I said.

"Well, sir, here is the clause," and he produced the document; "perhaps you would like to read it yourself?"

Thus it ran:

"And in taking the house at the rental and for the term specified as above, I hereby solemnly pledge my oath never directly or indirectly, through my own agency or that of others, to attempt to meddle with, to disturb the white chest under the glass case on the roof, or to seek in any way to discover for what purpose it has been placed there, or what it contains; and I further guarantee that no person in my employ, nor anyone entering the house during my

tenancy thereof, shall make any such attempt, and I hereby undertake that in the event of their being detected in doing so, or of my doing so, to forfeit the sum of £1,000, and in accordance with the agreement, have, in the proper legal form, lodged the said sum with the bankers of Thomas Gayling, Esq., the lessor, as a guarantee of my good faith."

"But for that clause," went on the agent, as I finished reading it with surprise, "we should have no difficulty in letting the house."

"Pray, is the owner out of his mind?" I asked in a minute.

"Not that I am aware of, sir; he is a very pleasant, affable gentleman, Mr. Gayling is; only, as I say, a little rum on some points; nothing would induce him to strike out that clause, for instance. Lor' bless you, sir, parties never entertain it for a moment when they come to that part of the business, they drop it like a hot potato."

"Humph!" said I again, "it's queer certainly, but I don't see why one shouldn't acquiesce; it doesn't matter a rap to me what's inside the chest. I should never want to meddle with or disturb it, and I'd take very good care no one else did; I would padlock the trap-door on the roof, and that would settle that. Ah!" I continued, after walking round the structure and looking about me a bit—"ah! see; precautions have been taken to prevent any access to this roof from the others on either side, by this iron chevaux-de-frise; yes, no one can get over this. Well, it's an odd freak, but I am not sure that I am going to be talked by it; I'll think about it, Mr. Crumble."

And the result of my thinking was, that I signed the agreement two days afterwards, having conformed to the peculiar stipulation regarding the deposit. I had no fear of losing the thousand pounds; the interest on it was a mere addition to the rent, and the house was so exactly what I wanted, that it would even then be cheap to me, with my large family of motherless children.

Nevertheless, I do not deny that after all was signed, sealed and settled, I was conscious of a lurking curiosity and suspicion regarding that mysterious erection. What could it be? What could it contain? I was constantly saying to myself:

Before I had been in the house a month, it began to act as a nightmare on me, an incubus I could not shake off. I was oppressed and depressed by it in a way quite unaccountable.

Another month passed, during which, more than once, I was tempted to go secretly on to the roof and to look at the thing again; there was no harm in that; that was not forbidden in the bond, and, I need hardly say, I saw nothing to provoke any new comment.

About a week after my last visit to the roof a lengthy debate kept me late at the society, and walking home for the sake of fresh air, I found the mid-summer dawn breaking as I struck into Park Lane. Reaching Oxford street I was startled by observing in the western sky a strong light, not due to reflected sunrise. At the moment I saw it a fire-engine passed me at full speed, and presently the first signs of the commotion which a conflagration causes in the streets became evident. No man undergoes this experience when he has been away from home many hours, and sees the red glare rising in the direction of his own house, without a pang of anxiety, if not of terror. How well founded was this sensation in the present case was made evident ere I had walked 200 yards; yes, merciful power! it was my house that was on fire!

I can scarcely record what followed; I only know that somehow I found myself in the midst of the police and firemen. That I explained to the superintendent who I was, and that, under his escort, I soon ascertained that all the inmates of my house, my children, the governess and the servants were in safety, and had been taken into a neighbour's at the rear; that, as soon as I found this to be the case, I, accompanied still by the superintendent, mounted to the top of the adjacent residence, whence the firemen were directing the hose upon the flames.

Once on this vantage-point, my mind reverted to the white chest. Was it still there? Yes; the flames, though bursting out from all the windows of the upper stories, back and front, had not yet done more than wrench and crack portions of the glass-case. For a time it seemed as if this would be the most that might happen. The water seemed to be getting the upper-hand, and as it fell in torrents on the hot roof such clouds of steam were thrown up with the smoke as would have completely hidden everything from view, but that our position had been skilfully selected, and was well to windward of the burning mass.

But presently, amid the roar of flames, there came a dull, heavy rumble for a moment, and then with a tremendous crash the roof fell in. With it, of course, went the fragments and framework of the glass case and the now charred and blackened chest itself. I had my eyes upon it at the moment, and down it went deep into the utter obscurity of the dense smoke and steam which always succeeds to this climax of a conflagration. For several minutes nothing was to be discerned through the overwhelming wreaths of black-gray fumes. But presently, though the light from the fire had been quenched, there began to be visible by the aid of the increased light of the morning, the depths of this pit of Acheron. Yet it was not so very deep after all, for the fire having originated on the second floor, the falling roof

had only crashed down as yet as far as the drawing-room, and there, when my eyes had become accustomed to the spectacle of the indescribable debris, I plainly beheld resting slantways across a stubborn remnant of wall what had been the white chest; it was now split and smashed, and its contents were revealed.

Good heavens! What was it that I looked down upon? I turned my face away for a moment with a shudder, for there, protruding through the splintered fragments of its once creamy-white wooden case, was a huge leaden coffin, which, in its turn melting and bursting with the heat, displayed within the unmistakable form of a shrouded corpse. I was in the act of drawing my companion's attention to it in horror, when suddenly there flew up around it with redoubled fury, such a mass of flame and smoke that it was entirely hidden, and soon the fire had so spread and burst out again that the horrible spectacle of this unintentional incineration was shut from sight and the house was finally burned to the ground.

I pass over what immediately followed after I had made my way back to the friendly abode where the members of my family were sheltered. In a few days they were snugly settled again in another home, fortunately not very much the worse for the terrible scare.

In due course the time arrived for looking into my losses, and while I was doing so I received a letter from Mr. Gayling, who had come to town requesting an interview. I was glad of this, for I foresaw that it must lead to some explanation of the strange circumstances surrounding the agreement I had signed. My curiosity as to the contents of the white chest had been rudely satisfied, it was true, but what had been the reason for placing such an object in such a place? and this I was determined to find out. Unexpectedly Mr. Gayling disclosed it to me immediately we met.

"I have asked for this interview, sir," he said abruptly, "because I am a ruined man."

"But," I interposed, "I am told you were fully insured."

"That has nothing to do with it," he answered; "no insurance can restore the three thousand a year which I lose by what has happened. I am simply going to tell you certain facts, because, when you have heard them, I shall put it to you whether you will not out of your ample means feel that some compensation is due to me. The fact is that it has been during your tenancy of my house, and through accident or negligence on the part of some one for whom you are responsible, that my ruin has been brought about."

"I don't understand you."

"Listen, sir," he went on, "and you will. I was brought up to the sea and followed it till mid-life, for I was entirely dependent on my own earnings. My only relative at this time was an old uncle, also a sailor, and a most eccentric man, as you will presently see. Fifteen years ago he suddenly came into a large sum of money; I never knew how, but he retired and took that house. He had only been in it three years when a mortal sickness overtook him; he sent for me."

"Tom," said he, "I am dying, and I don't like it; I am terrified, not so much at the thought of death as at the thought of burial; a sailor's grave I would not mind, but to be boxed up and thrust into the earth—no, Tom, I won't stand it. I look to you to see that it doesn't happen. I've made my will, Tom—I've left you all I possess—but on one condition, and it is that you are my heir so long as I am well above ground, and no longer—mark the words, well above ground. Directly I am buried, or my remains are allowed to mingle with mother earth, as she is called—she was no mother to me, the sea was my mother, for I was born at sea—all my money, mind, goes straight to the Seaman's Hospital, every penny of it."

"But what am I to do?" I asked of my uncle; "how shall I be able to carry out such a strange condition? Have you so expressed it in your will?"

"Yes, indeed I have," he answered, "and legal and binding you'll find it, as expressed in the words, 'so long as I am well above ground.'"

"But what am I to do with you?" I again asked.

"Oh, run me up aloft, masthead me, anything you like, but don't bury me."

"Well," went on Mr. Gayling, "to make a long story short, I found that the conditions of the old man's will were binding, and his executors and myself hit upon the plan of hoisting the coffin upon the roof of his house. Under certain conditions we found that it was possible for us legally to do this. So I dismissed my three servants, and employed a country undertaker, my old ship's carpenter, for the purpose."

THE French Army has just been supplied with new colours and standards. A wreath of laurel traversed by a golden dart takes the place of the old Imperial Eagle, and the letters "R.F." together with the regimental number, cast in bronze, add to the ornamentation. The flag itself bears the inscription, "République Française, honneur et patrie," in the middle, whilst each of the four corners is filled with large golden wreaths, having the regimental number in the centre. On the other side of the colours the name of the regiment is inscribed, and a list of battles, drawn up by a special commission. They will likewise be decorated with wreaths at the corners.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several communications.
A. C., Wolfhill, N. S.—Your letter just received. Will answer in next Column.
R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 207.
S. R.—The position is a drawn game.
E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 207 received. Correct.

We see it stated in the chess columns of the United States that the friends of Mr. Max Judd are desirous of bringing about a match between him and Captain Mackenzie for the championship of America and a large sum of money. We are convinced that this contest should it come off, will be most interesting to the lovers of the game in all parts of the world. The successful play of the Captain at Paris during the late Tournament has called especial attention to his skill in all chess circles, and, of this we are sure, that whoever may undertake to deprive him of his present proud position, will find that he has no easy task to accomplish. Contests of this nature, however, are at all times necessary and useful. They afford excitement to those who have a thorough knowledge and appreciation of the game, and they also increase the ranks of those who are to be in the future the leading players of this and other countries.

Captain Mackenzie returned to New York on Wednesday last. His visit to Boston was of a more private nature than some others, and but little public chess playing was indulged in. A few games with Mr. Hammond and Mr. Ware comprising about all that was done. He speaks enthusiastically of his reception everywhere, and especially so of his experiences in Montreal.—Tour, Field and Farm.

We learn from La Revue des Jeux, etc., that the Tourney which is going to take place at St. Petersburg will be the most brilliant which has as yet been in Russia. Messieurs Winawer, who will go express from Warsaw, Telegorine, the editor of the Russian chess journal, A. Charine, Mapiine, Schiflers, and Schenmoff will take part in it. The first prize will likely be 1,000 francs.—Argus and Express.

Paul Morphy has petitioned a court to eject from the house he occupies in New Orleans some tenants whom he accuses of coming into his room at night and tearing his clothes, hats and cravats. Poor Paul!—Hartford, Conn. Times.

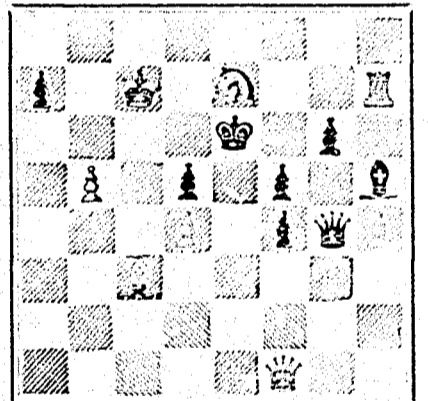
Another game of chess with living chessmen will be played in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 20th of February; the spectacle will be presented at the Local Exhibition for the benefit of the Mercantile Library Chess Room. A tourney is now in progress between ten representatives of the chess clubs of that city; the two leading players are to conduct the public game. The pieces and pawns will be represented by some of the finest of Pittsburgh in brilliant costumes, and the event is looked forward to with great interest.

SCORE OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.
WON. | WON. | DR.
America..... 16 | Great Britain..... 15 | 3

PROBLEM No. 212.

By M. J. Murphy, Quebec

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

GAME 336TH.

Played between Mr. Joshua Clawson, of St. John N.B. and Mr. W. Braithwaite, of Unionsville, Ont.

(Scottish Gambit)

Table with two columns: WHITE.—(Mr. Clawson) and BLACK.—(Mr. Braithwaite). Moves listed in numbered list format.

NOTES.

- (a) So far all is according to the book.
(b) Castling is recommended at this point.
(c) The beginning of a strong attack, resulting from White's tenth move, which led to an exchange of Queens.
(d) A fatal move, which loses the game at once. He should have changed off the Rook, &c.

GAME 337TH.

(From "Chess Chips.")

Mr. John Watkinson (Ed. Huddersfield College Magazine) gives Mr. W. Allan the odds of Q Kt.

- WHITE—(Mr. Watkinson.) BLACK—(Mr. Allan.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 2. P takes P 3. Kt to K B 3 3. P to K Kt 4 4. B to Q B 4 4. P to K R 3 5. Castles 5. P to Q 3 6. P to Q 4 6. B to K Kt 5 7. P to Q B 3 7. Kt to K B 3 8. Q to Q Kt 3 8. R to K R 2 9. P to K 5 9. B takes Kt 10. P takes Kt 10. B to K Kt 5 11. Q takes Q Kt P 11. Kt to Q 2 12. R to K sq (ch) 12. B to K 3 13. P to Q 5 (a) 13. R to Q Kt sq 14. P takes B 14. Kt to K 4 15. Q to Q B 6 (ch) 15. Kt takes Q 16. P takes P (dble ch) 16. K to Q 2 17. B to K 6 mate.

NOTES.

(a) The beginning of a series of beautiful moves.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

GAME 338TH

An International Tourney game resigned by Henry Wright, of Halifax, England, to L. S. Atkinson, of Tilton, N.H.

- WHITE.—(Wright.) BLACK.—(Atkinson.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q B 3 2. P to Q 4 3. Kt to K B 3 3. Kt to K B 3 4. P to Q 4 4. Kt takes P 5. Kt takes P 5. B to Q 3 6. Kt to Q 3 6. P to Q B 4 7. P takes P 7. Kt takes B 2d P 8. B to K 3 8. Kt takes Kt (ch) 9. B takes Kt 9. Kt to B 3 10. Castles 10. Castles

Up to this point the moves were proposed by Mr. Wright and accepted by Mr. Atkinson. The Handbuch leaves the game as even.

11. Q to R 5 It is generally considered poor play to bring out the Q thus early in the game, and subsequent moves show this is no exception to the rule.

- 11. P to B 4 A good move. 12. R to B 3 13. Q to B 3 13. Kt to K 2 B to K 3 looks like a promising move. 14. B to Q 4 14. R to R 3 15. Kt to Q 2 15. B to Q 2 16. P to K R 3 16. B to B 3 17. P to K Kt 4

Poor play. The advance of this P permits Black to almost immediately gain a winning advantage.

- 17. Kt to Kt 3 Promptly taking advantage of the situation. 18. P takes P Still playing Black's game.

- 18. Kt takes P 19. Q to Kt 4 19. Kt takes P (ch) 20. K to Kt 2 20. B to B 8 21. Q takes Q 21. Kt takes Q 22. R to R sq 22. R takes R 23. R takes K 23. R to K B sq 24. R to R 5 24. B to B 5 25. Kt to B 3 25. Kt to K 5 26. Kt to K 5 26. Kt to Kt 6 27. Kt takes B

- 27. Kt takes R 28. Kt to K 7 (ch) 28. K to R sq 29. Kt takes P 29. B to B 8 30. P to Kt 4 30. R to Q sq 31. B to K 2 31. R takes Kt 32. B takes Kt 32. R takes P 33. B to K B 3 33. P to Q Kt 3 34. Kt to Kt 3 34. R to K Kt 4 (ch) Resigns. White could prolong the game for several moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 210.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to K B 4 1. B to K 4 2. B takes Q P 2. B takes Q 3. Kt mates if 2. P to Q 6 3. Kt mates 2. B takes B 3. Q takes B mate 2. B to Q 6 3. Q takes B P mate 2. K to K 3 3. Q takes B P mate 2. P to B 3 3. Kt mates 1. B to Q 6 2. Q takes B P (ch) 2. K moves 3. B takes P mate 1. P to Q 6 2. Kt to B 7 (ch) 2. K takes P 3. B to R 7 mate 1. K to K 3 2. Q takes B P (ch) 2. K to K 4 3. Q takes Q P mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 208.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. P to K 5 1. P moves 2. Kt mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 209.

- WHITE. BLACK. K at Q 3 K at Q 4 R at K 3 R at K R 2 Kt at K 2 B at Q B sq Kt at Q 6 Pawns at K B 4 Q B 2 and 5 and Q Kt 4

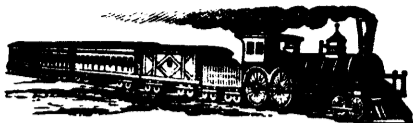
White to play and mate in three moves.

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Feb'y. 7th, 1879.



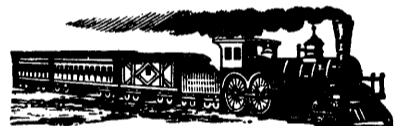
DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

QUEBEC, 23rd January, 1879.

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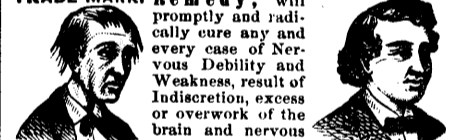
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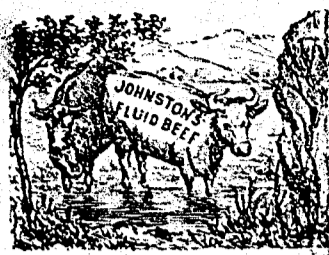
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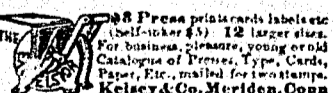
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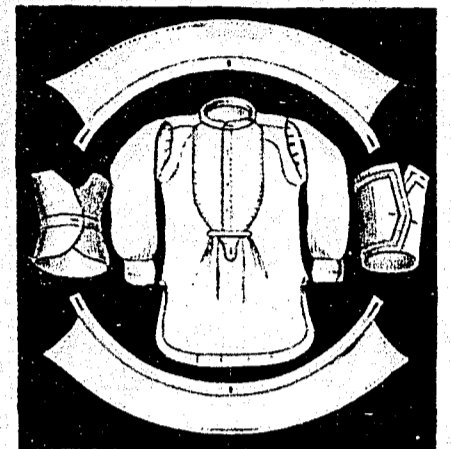
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1878-79.

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" River de Loup	2.00 P.M.
(Arrive) Trois Pictoules (Dinner)	3.00
" Rimouki	4.49 "
" Campbellton (Supper)	10.00 "
" Dalhousie	10.21 "
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" Newcastle	2.10 "
" Moncton	5.00 "
" St. John	9.15 "
" Halifax	1.30 P.M.

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G. W. ROBINSON,
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177 St. James Street,
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General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.
Montreal, 19th Nov., 1878.

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