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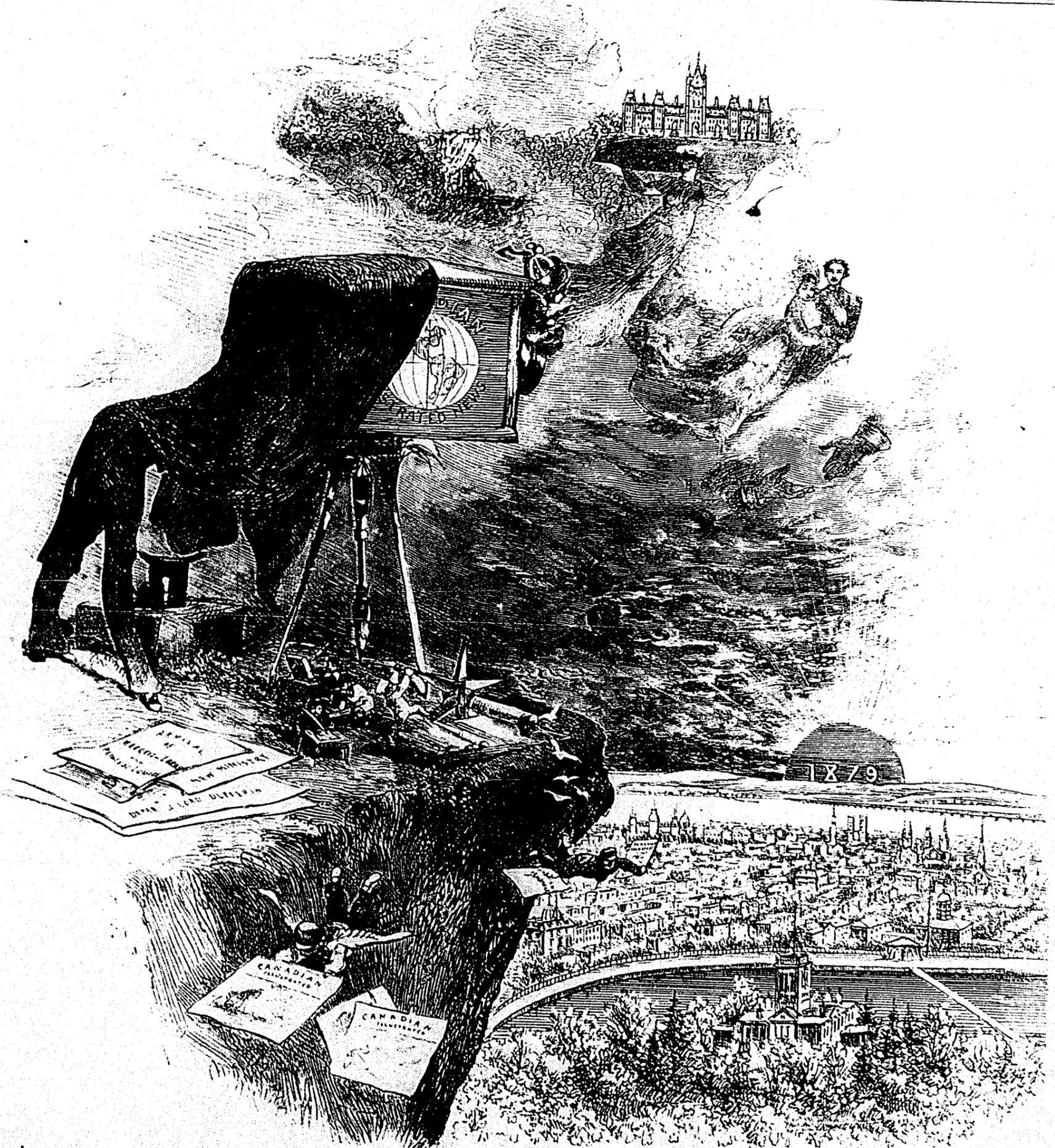
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AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XVIII.—No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

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



1879! OUR CAMERA.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters, in advance.

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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, Dec. 28, 1878.

THE NEW YEAR.

With the present number we close the year and another volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. This circumstance furnishes us the opportunity to extend to all our readers the compliments of the season, and repeat the good wishes which we expressed last week. In the same connection it may not be out of place to bespeak for ourselves the goodwill of our friends and patrons. During the past year we have done whatever we could to render the journal interesting and acceptable; and although we are quite conscious that still more remains to be done, it will not be presumptuous to state that every effort will be made in the direction of amelioration and improvement. The support we have received in the past is an earnest of the increased assistance which we may expect in the present year, and to us it shall be an incentive to more zealous labour and diligent attention for the furtherance of the interests of the paper. It must be remembered that this is the only illustrated journal in the Dominion. As such it has special claims on the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect, pictorially and editorially, the life, sentiments and daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

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- I. The pictorial illustration of all leading Canadian events as they occur.
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V. Stories, sketches, poems and other contributions.
VI. Special attractions for the Home Circle.

Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the paper, and should consider it his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. We warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, nothing will be left untried on our part to introduce a number of most desirable improvements. Let the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support, and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a credit to the Dominion.

The year which we have closed will be a memorable one for the financial stringency and commercial depression which have distinguished it. But it is one of the pleasant features of New Year's day that we can foretell the lifting of the cloud, and a near return to better days of ease and prosperity. With the coming of spring and the opening of navigation there is every

reason to hope that the country will return once more into its normal and necessary career of thrift and progress. Cheered by these prospects, it is with sincere gratification that we wish all our friends the benisons of the New Year. In their hearts and in their homes may they enjoy the benedictions of peace and contentment. May abundance reign in every enclosure and throughout our borders, and may God bless our common country.

GUARDS' RIFLE TEAM, 1878.

Our picture is a collection of portraits of the Guards' Rifle team, presented to their Captain, Major Macpherson, as a recognition, from its members, of the able and satisfactory manner in which he discharged his duties to the team while in command.

The picture, measuring 42 x 29 inches, is the work of Topley, of Ottawa, and is arranged in a very artistic way. The photographs of the trophies of the team, appearing alternately with the portraits of its members, and the regimental colours over the central figure, add a very interesting feature to the picture, and make an agreeable deviation from the usual style of grouping.

The Guards' Rifle team is composed of ten members, and is selected annually by competition during the early part of the season. The team, when formed, chooses from its members a Captain, who becomes responsible for its training, and whose duty it is to find out the individual differences of its members in elevation, sighting, and windage. This is accomplished by his arranging a system of weekly practices, at all of which he attends, closely watching each man's peculiarities of disposition and firing, and so becoming thoroughly familiar with his men. When the team attends the Dominion and Provincial matches, the Captain uses his own discretion, and chooses from the ten the men that he can place the most reliance on to represent the regiment in the various Battalion and Association matches in which they have to compete. To assist him in his duties, he selects from the team an adjutant, who is second in command. In short, the Captain is invested with full and unreserved control of his team.

It is in the discharge of these difficult and responsible duties that Major Macpherson seems to have so ably succeeded in the opinion of his men, and called forth such a hearty expression of loyalty and good will as the presentation and address testify.

The ceremony of presentation took place at the Major's house on the 21st of last month, at ten o'clock in the evening, and was a most imposing affair—the Commanding Officer of the regiment and several of the officers being invited guests on the occasion, when the following address was read by the Adjutant of the team, Captain Todd, on their behalf:

To Major James Pennington Macpherson, Captain Guards' Rifle Team, 1878:

DEAR SIR,—We the members of the Guards' Rifle Team feel it incumbent upon us to present you with some tangible expression of the great appreciation entertained by us of the able and indefatigable manner in which you have discharged the onerous, and often-times difficult, duties of Captain of the Team during the past summer.

In fulfilling these duties, we are conscious that you have had no light task to perform. And in looking back upon the shooting campaign of the past summer, it gives us great pleasure on this occasion to express to you our entire satisfaction and approval of the judicious manner in which you have, upon all occasions, selected the various Teams for the different competitions in which we have taken part.

We attribute our success as a rifle team, greatly to your system of training, and the watchful care with which you have coached us at our practices, both individually and as a Team.

Your thorough knowledge of the rifle, both theoretically and practically; the signal success that you have had with the weapon during the past six years, and the active part that you have taken in the Councils of the Dominion, Provincial, and Ottawa Rifle Associations, have eminently fitted you for the post that you have so ably filled, and have justly established for you, in the militia force, the reputation of being one of the best and most reliable authorities in everything that concerns rifle matters in Canada.

In conclusion, we ask you to accept the accompanying collection of our portraits as a token of our regard and esteem.

Trusting that you may be long spared to be Captain of the Guards' Rifle Team,

We are, dear Sir, Your humble and obedient servants,

- W. P. Anderson, F. Clayton,
H. H. Gray, N. Morrison,
W. J. de C. O'Grady, R. Reardon,
E. D. Sutherland, A. W. Throop,
A. Hamlyn Todd,

Major Macpherson made a sterling reply, as follows:—

Captain Todd, and Gentlemen:—

I thank you very much for your beautiful and valuable present, and for the kind address with which you have accompanied it. There is no gift that you could have selected that would have been so dearly prized by me as the portraits

of those with whom I have been so long and so pleasantly associated. I feel, however, that the language of your address is altogether too flattering, and represents more truly the warmth and goodness of your own hearts than the value of the services I have been able to render to the Team. It is, however, but one more added to the many kindly expressions of feeling that I have received from you. When, last spring, Captain Todd proposed, in language scarcely less complimentary than what you have used to-night, that I should resume my old position of Captain of the Team, and the other members were good enough to endorse his words, and to give to me the broadest powers that have ever been conferred upon any one occupying a similar position in Canada, and to express their confidence in my judgment, skill, and honesty of purpose, by placing unreservedly in my hands the arrangement of practices, the selection of representatives, and the control of the smallest details, and pledged themselves to obey every direction I might consider it necessary to give, in the interests of the Team, I felt that you had paid me the greatest compliment that it was possible for any body of men to pay to one of their number. During all the contests in which we have taken part, our intercourse has been characterized by the utmost harmony and goodwill. In my official position I have been so loyally supported, so implicitly and unselfishly obeyed, that it was only necessary to express a wish to have it at once carried out, and, in our private relations, every member of the Team has made me feel that I was amongst good and kind friends. And now, when, at the close of the season, you come to my house and ask me to accept this beautiful gift at your hands in token of your appreciation of my efforts on behalf of the Team, and of your belief that I have acted fairly and impartially towards all, I may be pardoned for feeling that this is one of the proudest and happiest moments of my life.

So long as life is spared to me, I shall cherish this picture as one of my dearest and most valued possessions, and, while I have health and strength, it will be an incentive to further exertion in the cause of rifle-shooting, and to bring to still greater perfection that skill which has made the name of the Guards' Rifle Team known and respected throughout the length and breadth of this Province. And when failing nerve and eye-sight compel me to yield my place to younger and better men, I shall point to it with pride as an evidence of departed skill, and of the warmth of feeling and kindly estimation in which I was held by the members of my Team.

I trust that a kind Providence will spare us for many years to take part together in the great annual struggles for the possession of those trophies which are offered by our Provincial and Dominion Associations, that the honour and credit of our regiment may be worthily upheld, and that the harmony and good-feeling now existing may be intensified and deepened as years roll on.

Major Macpherson then invited the members of the Rifle Team and guests to a handsome supper prepared for them.

RECORD OF TEAM.

- 1875. At O. R. A. matches—Won Merchants' Challenge Cup for Batt. teams of 10. Won Sir Peter Tait's Challenge Cup for Batt. teams of 6. Won Brassey Challenge Cup for Company teams of 5. Tied for Ladies' Challenge Cup for Association teams of 5. With five others won Gzowski Challenge Cup for District teams of 15.
1876. Won Ladies' Challenge Cup. " 2nd Battalion Prize. " 2nd Company Prize. " 2nd place for Tait Cup.
1877. " 2nd Battalion Prize. " 2nd Company " " 2nd place for Tait Cup.
1878. " Ladies' Challenge Vase. " Brassey Challenge Cup. " 2nd Battalion Prize. " 2nd place for Tait Cup.

During the last four years the Team have competed in sixteen Provincial matches, winning 1st place seven times, and second place eight times.

[The following has been written specially for the benefit of gentlemen who may be in the perplexing quest of "something to read" for a public reading:]

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

"Not a drum was heard," [Beat reading—ask in imitation of a drum.] —The beating of the muffled drum which wasn't heard.

"Not a funeral note," [Whistle a few notes from the Dead March.] —The funeral notes which were not heard on this solemn occasion.

—You see, ladies and gentlemen, I have had it particularly enjoined on me to "suit the action to the word and the word to the action."

Before, however, proceeding with this beautiful poem, it occurs to me that I ought, perhaps, for the edification of my respected audience, to tell under what circumstances I appear before them this evening, and why I venture to revive the melancholy thoughts connected with the burial of the late lamented General.

It is just ten days since I received the following communication from the Secretary of the Addisonian Literary Guild:

"Sir,—I am directed to inform you that you have been appointed to read before the Guild at its next public meeting. You are requested therefore to make an appropriate selection from the wide field of British literature, and to duly appear as 'Reader' on the evening in question."

Now, there was no small stir in our boarding-house when it became known that I, its oldest and most steady-going boarder, had received a commission replete with such honourable responsibility, the interest, too, in the occasion being greater, both to myself and my friends, in that I possessed not the slightest experience in public reading. The question of the hour at once became, "What is Barkins going to read?" I am Barkins.

Indeed, I must admit I had confidentially appealed to every one in the establishment to give me the benefit of his or her advice as to what the selection should be for this the momentous evening, and the question has thus of late formed a staple topic of discussion at the breakfast or dinner table.

"Well, Barkins, old fellow, got your piece ready?" has been Mr. Bilkington's regular form of gruff morning salutation to me for the past week, whilst, when I have remained at all silent or reflective at dinner, he has drawn uncomfortable attention to me by asking that quiet should prevail, "as Mr. Barkins is trying to think out what he is going to read." I hate Bilkington; he is so wanting in true refinement of feeling.

At length, a few evenings ago, a sort of general council of boarders was held in the general parlour, when the important question was discussed in all its bearings, for, as one of the speakers remarked, the reputation of "Roley Poley Hall" (the fond and familiar name of our boarding-house) was at stake.

Mr. Sandy McTaggart was of opinion that if I didn't read something from Robbie Burns I was simply throwing my opportunity away, and he at once places in my hands an old and rather snuffy copy of that bard's productions.

"Hoot, mon, gie them the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' and so, somewhat nervously, I commence thus:

"Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin' in A: service out among the farmers' roun'; Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin A cannie errand to a neebor town: Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown, In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e, Comes hame, perhaps, to show a brow new gown, Or deposit her sair-worn penny fee, To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be."

But Mr. McTaggart, apparently not able to stand my Scotch any better than I myself was able to understand it, breaks in here with—"It's vera weel seen', Mister Bairkins, ye didna cam fram ayont the Tweed." I admit this misfortune, but feel a little discouraged at being thus pulled up so soon; so I suggest that, perhaps, I had better not venture on a Scotch selection, and I notice that even McTaggart himself doesn't now pretend to advise me to do so.

"Roley Poley Hall" would, of course, be incomplete without, at least, one representative from the Emerald Isle, and we possess that one in Mr. Larry Lannigan, who, at this juncture, exclaims—"And it's myself am intoirly proud av ye, Barkins my boy, that ye don't fale at all well with that murtherin' Scotch Gallic inside yer mouth. Shure it was niver invinted for dasint people, at all, at all! Take Lanigan's word for it, ef ye want to make the company hould their sides for laughing, tip them somethin' from out an Oirish story, and faix, what better can ye have than where Thody Delany, jist arrived in Boston, tells of the first visit he had from the census commissioner?" Whereon, taking up from the table a book of "Irish Humor," he continued thus: "Jist listen to how Delany talks to the Yankee commissioner. Ah! jist hear him!"

"What's yer wife's furst name?" ses the commissioner. "Biddy, av coorse," ses I. "Ye must be an omaudhaun if ye don't know that."

"I don't mane that," ses he. "I mane her name before she was married."

"Oh, faith," ses I, "that's a matter of curiosity to meself, for the divil a name I iver knew her to have, before we went to the praist, except jist Biddy."

"How many in family have ye?" ses he.

"Five," ses I.

"What are they?" ses he; "are they males or females? And, also, how many of aitch?"

"Well," ses I, "there's meself an' Patsey, that's males, an' Biddy, an' Molly that's females, and as the pig is only a bounnie, I dinno whether she's av the lady or the gintleman persuasion. Oh, be the powers, I spake to him like a geography."

"Oh," ses he, "'tis takin' up my time ye are; the pig isn't wan av the family, 'tis only an ecetera!"

"Well," ses I, "if ye called a poor man's pig such an indasin name as that in Oireland, I'm grately afraid 'tis the ind av a blackthorn ye'd be after breaking wid the back av yer pate. My blood was up then, for he insulted the pig without rime or rayson."

This was all very well, but I listened to the rich Irish brogue of Mr. Lanigan with a feeling of despair, and felt that, even to faintly reproduce it, was beyond the compass of my poor Saxon tongue. So, in thanking the gentleman for his kind intentions towards me, I was compelled to plead that I really was afraid that "that sort of thing wasn't quite in my line."

I shan't, though, forget the look of pity Mr. Lanigan was good enough to bestow on me on receiving this confession.

I took the opportunity, however, of modestly intimating that my own private opinion was that my special talent would be found to lie in portraying the deep and passionate emotions of the soul, in the depiction of moral gloom and fantastic melancholy, and that, in fact, Nature had originally intended me to shine as a "Hamlet," having been simply prevented by other engagements from carrying out her purpose. I said I would endeavour to recite the opening speech of "Hamlet," as a sort of "specimen brick" of my style:—

"Seems, madam, nay it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
Nor the fruitful river of the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem.
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

I, of course, paused here for some encouraging tribute of praise, and was somewhat disappointed in finding it didn't come. There is, though, such a thing as suppressed admiration. Perhaps here was an instance in point? Mr. Lanigan's comment, however, came first: "Beggonia, it's enough to give old Nick himself the blues!" I didn't mind this much, because, after all, delicacy in critical judgment isn't Lanigan's strong point. Professor Peppermint, however (who is, by the way, the "Sir Oracle" of Roley Peley Hall), interposed here, by kindly saying he clearly perceived I had a gift for tragedy, but that, if I would excuse him, he thought I was just a little lacking in the true tragic scowl. Would I oblige by repeating the first line and intensifying my scowl? I hereon screwed down my eye-brows as tightly as I could, and went at it again:—

"Seems, madam, nay it is; I know not seems."

"Vastly better," says the Professor, "but if I might make the remark, you scarcely dwell long enough on the 'seems,' in that opening line. Perhaps you will be good enough to try it again, and beat three with your foot to each 'seems,' so as to secure the proper time? It's so very important, you see, to indicate Hamlet's scorn at the imputation he finds in his mother's question. Now, my dear sir, please once more, and don't forget the scowl."

"Seems, madam, nay it is; I know not seems."

[The foot being conspicuously beat to each "seems."] "Certainly a great improvement. But, by the way," continues the Professor, "if you'll pardon me, when you come to 'customary suits of solemn black,' shouldn't you just pass your hand down—well, if ladies weren't present, I'd say—down your black trousers, so as the better to bring out the full meaning of the speech? You see, there's nothing like trying to catch the true spirit of a great writer. Please watch me—

"Nor customary suits of solemn black."

[Passing his hands down the legs of his trousers two or three times.]

It was, of course, very kind in so eminent a critic as Professor Peppermint to take this interest in me, but I am forced to confess that the general effect on me of his admonitions was rather depressing, and thus, when our little council broke up, no settlement of the momentous question had yet been reached.

But, if others of the household had thus left me in my perplexity, in pursuit of their own pleasures, one, at least, remained behind to comfort and console me. I hesitate before strangers to mention her name, for there seems to me something so sacred in it. Still, with a trustful hope that the communication will be received, as it is given, in strict confidence, I will venture to breathe it. LAURA LAVENDER! Ah! talk of the majesty of loveliness, of graceful innocence, of symmetry of form, of the incarnation of poetry, of the blush of bashfulness! Why, it's all there—and a good deal more—in Laura Lavender.

"Mr. Barker," said Miss Lavender, "do you know why you've not been satisfied with any of the selections made for you this evening?"

I said I couldn't make it out exactly; at all events, I didn't feel quite well; possibly something at dinner.

"Ah, no, Mr. Barker, it's because of the absence of all true sentiment from what has been read. A soul like yours has a natural yearning for the higher flights of poetry, of such poetry as tells of the sweetness and the sorrows of Love! It is this which has been denied to you!"

I was certainly very glad to find what had been the matter with me, and my chord beat a responsive heart, or rather my heart beat a responsive chord, with Miss Laura's, the effect of which was very pretty.

"Ah!" continued Laura, with that artless innocence which is one of her many charms, "how I should love to hear from your lips Claude Melnotte's tender vows to Pauline, and to listen to the description of his heavenly home on the Lake of Como!"

And so, beguiled by the fair siren, I took down the play from the "Roley Peley" library, and thus began:—

A vale,
Shut out by Alpine hills, from the rude world,
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles! glowing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and rosy shadows,
As I would have thy fate!"

I can't say how it happened, but, in my anxiety to have the benefit of Laura's critical

judgment, I had placed myself next to her on the sofa, that she might the better follow the text. So when I reached the beautiful line—

"As I would have thy fate!"

I recollected the Professor's injunction to always try to render the full meaning of the author. I consequently here worked up a very powerful expression of tenderness, and, looking straight into Laura's liquid eyes, directed towards them the full charge—

"As I would have thy fate!"

I must certainly give that young lady the credit of receiving the charge with admirable steadiness. She was quite equal to the occasion, and at once gave Pauline's response, "My own true love!" with such exquisite feeling, that—that—but, really, ladies and gentlemen, I think I should be spared relating the further interesting occurrences which sprang from this literary episode, the more so that Miss Lavender is herself present among us.

It surely, too, must be quite unnecessary to add that we are now engaged.

With associations of so delicate a nature linked with the "Lady of Lyons," it became of course impossible I could trust myself to read from that play before a public audience. Laura, however, soon found a substitute for it, which she assured me would prove charmingly suited to what, with her poetic instinct, she termed "the mournful melody of my voice."

Thus, then, I have told how it has come to pass that I have, this evening, been reading, with such touching pathos, "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

E. F. K.

Montreal, Dec., 1878.

MERCEDES.

The most notable contribution to the last number of *Blackwood* are four sonnets on the death of the young Queen of Spain, from the pen of Lord Rosslyn. His lordship, it will be recollected, was special ambassador at the marriage of Alphonso and Mercedes. The impression made upon him was, we are informed in a prefatory note to the poems, that the alliance was one of pure love—deep, simple and sincere. The warm, generous disposition of the king, and the calm, serene, confiding character of his beloved bride, seemed to promise a life of domestic happiness such as Spain had never witnessed in her rulers. The incidents referred to in the sonnets actually occurred, and a letter to Lord Rosslyn from the king, signed "votre affligé Alphonse," testifies alike to the passionate depths of his love, and the intensity of his sorrow. Lord Rosslyn has given the assurance that the sonnets were written with tears in his eyes, so greatly had the royal pair endeared themselves to him by many acts of personal kindness during his official stay at Madrid. We extract the first of the four sonnets:—The poor king remains leaning on her bed, and calling on her name, "Mercedes! Mercedes mia!" To the last her eyes were turned on the king. I have seen him twice—all he said was "That for him there was no consolation, but that he would do his duty."

Mercedes mia! turn thy eyes away,
I have no power to grant their longing prayer,
Their mute appeal is more that I can bear.
Could I but snatch thee from Death's cruel sway,
God knows how gladly I would give this day
My life for thine. For whom have I to care
When thou art gone? The darkness of despair
Clouds all my heart with terror and dismay.
Mercedes mia! I am brave once more!
Turn thy dear eyes on me until they close
Forever: I will look, love into thine,
Till Death arrest their sight. What! is all o'er!
Then farewell hope! and farewell sweet repose!
Now duty's rugged path be only mine!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ONTARIO FIELD BATTERY.—The Ontario Field Battery is one of the recently organized Batteries of the Canadian Artillery. With headquarters at Guelph, most of its members are students of the Ontario School of Agriculture there, whilst its drivers are composed of farmers' sons in the neighbourhood who own and ride its quota of horses. It is officered by Capt. D. McCrae, Lieut. W. Johnston, Lieut. G. Bruce Hood and Surgeon H. Howitt. The sketch which we give in this issue from the pencil of Gunner E. S. Bonnard, shows the Battery at their first annual target practice on the banks of the Grand River, not far from the village of Elora, County of Wellington. On the 6th November, the Battery marched with two guns, 78 officers and men from their camp near Guelph to the range—a distance of over seventeen miles—completed their practice and returned the same evening. The ground was covered with snow and the target only 4 feet square could with difficulty be distinguished at the distance, which was about 1450 yards. The practice was conducted according to the rules of the Dominion Artillery Association under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Irwin, of Kingston, Inspector of Artillery. He was assisted by Surgeon Henry Howitt, as time-keeper, and by Major Macdonald, Wellington Field Battery, and Capt. Wilson, "A" Battery, as range officers. Sixteen selected marksmen were allowed five shots each. The total score made was 367, the highest individual score being that made by Corporal White—46 points out of a possible 52. The following were the prize winners:—1st, Corporal G. P. White, of Clarksburg, 46 points; 2nd, Corporal W. F. A. E. Presgrave, of Montreal, 40 points; 3rd, Corporal G. H. Gillespie, Hamilton, 37 points; 4th, Sergt. A. Nicol, Cataraqui, 32 points; 5th, Gunner G. H. Grey, Toronto, 31 points.

CANADIAN SCIENCE.

With reference to the remarkable discovery lately announced by Mr. Lockyer to the Paris Academy of Sciences, that there is but one form of matter (hydrogen) which is truly elementary, it may be of interest to know that a similar conclusion was arrived at by the Rev. S. J. Doucet, of Inkerman County, N. B. In his letter under the heading "Another Canadian Astronomer," published in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of December 29th, 1877, the following occurs:—"Having realized, as I thought, the idea of unity in matter and force, I elaborated thereon a theory," &c. In a private communication to me under date February 27th, 1878, he writes, "I made an attempt to trace up all the physical forces to one single force, and all the different substances elementary and compound to one primary substance. How far I have been successful will be for the public to judge when I can submit my work to their judgment." I am not aware whether the work alluded to by the rev. gentleman is yet published, but if it be not, I presume that the following extract from the letter already quoted may account for the reason:—"The work of the ministry, and especially the state of my health, which is anything but satisfactory, does not allow me to be as steadily at work as I could wish."

DUGALD MACDONALD.

HEARTH AND HOME.

ADVICE TO MARRIED PEOPLE.—
Marry in your own religion.
Never both be angry at once.
Never taunt with a past mistake.
Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke.
Never allow a request to be repeated.
Let self-abnegation be the habit of both.
"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.
A good wife is the greatest of earthly blessings.
If you must criticise, let it be done lovingly.
Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.
Marry in a family which you have long known.
Never make a remark at the expense of another.
Never talk at one another, either at home or in company.
Neglect the whole world beside, rather than one another.
Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials.
If one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss.
Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.
Let each strive to yield oftent to the wishes of the other.
Marry into different blood and temperament from your own.
Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.
Never deceive, for the heart once misled can never trust wholly again.
Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed.
It is the mother who moulds the character and fixes the destiny of the child.
Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's taste, habit, or preferences.
A hesitating or grim yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart.
Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation or sphere of the other.
Those who marry for physical characteristics or external considerations will fail of happiness.
Never reflect on the past action, which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.
They who marry for trait of mind and heart will seldom fail of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment.
The beautiful at heart is a million times of more avail, as securing domestic happiness, than the beautiful in person.

FOOT NOTES.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AND ROSA BONHEUR.—Charlotte Cushman was once taken to visit Rosa Bonheur, and gives a very interesting description of that lady and her "perfectly splendid" studio. (Even Charlotte Cushman, it seems, used this effete, senseless, double-superlative; and, by the way, how is it that men never use it?) Her "perfectly splendid" studio is mounted over the stable in which she keeps her animals—ponies, cows, sheep, horses, &c. She designed it all. The celebrated artist received her visitors—for whom she had sent to the depot her own cabriolet—dress in a pique dress, white, cross-barred with lavender. She had put on a short overskirt, evidently for propriety's sake for she did not seem over-comfortable in it. Her manner was very gracious, and face "lovely, refined and full of intense feeling; clear, truthful eyes, exquisitely cut nose, thin but mobile lips and beautiful, small hands." She exhibited her paintings, spreading some detach pieces of a sketch down on the floor that they might get an idea of the whole. Then she had an informal lunch of fruits, which were placed on a studio stool. She gave them some roses, and sent them back for the station in her own cabriolet.

A JOURNALIST IN A DILEMMA.—At least one Detroit boy went to bed happy last night. He decided about four weeks ago to begin the

publication of an 8x10 weekly—"price, 25 cents per year, always in advance"—and his father advanced the necessary funds to buy five or six pounds of old type and a handful of battered rules and dashes. Having the materials, the boy found he had no name for his paper. He had at first thought of calling it "The Rising Sun and Farmer's Advocate," but his sister, who had hired out to work the press, discouraged the idea. She wanted to call it: "The Little Orphan and Car-Driver's Herald," but her brother wouldn't hear to it. He sat down in the woodshed and pondered over the matter for a full hour, and he finally decided that he would call his paper: "The Weekly Lumberman and Sunday-School Advocate." At this stage outside pressure was brought to bear upon him for a different head, and for about twenty-four hours he was decided on: "The Boys of Michigan and Northwestern Cultivator." A dispute having arisen as to whether any girl could subscribe for a boy's paper, he saw the necessity of another change and he made it: "The Boys' and Girls' Story Paper and Theatrical Spy." His mother didn't want to discourage his enterprise, but she felt it her duty to box his ears for daring to become the organ of Lydia Thompson and "Cool Burgess," and the young publisher was on the point of running away to Chicago where boys are allowed to do as they like, when the happy heading struck him like a cobble stone. Next week will appear the first number of "The Rising Moon and General Advertiser." The name was decided on yesterday, and parties desiring to make large contracts for advertising should call early.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

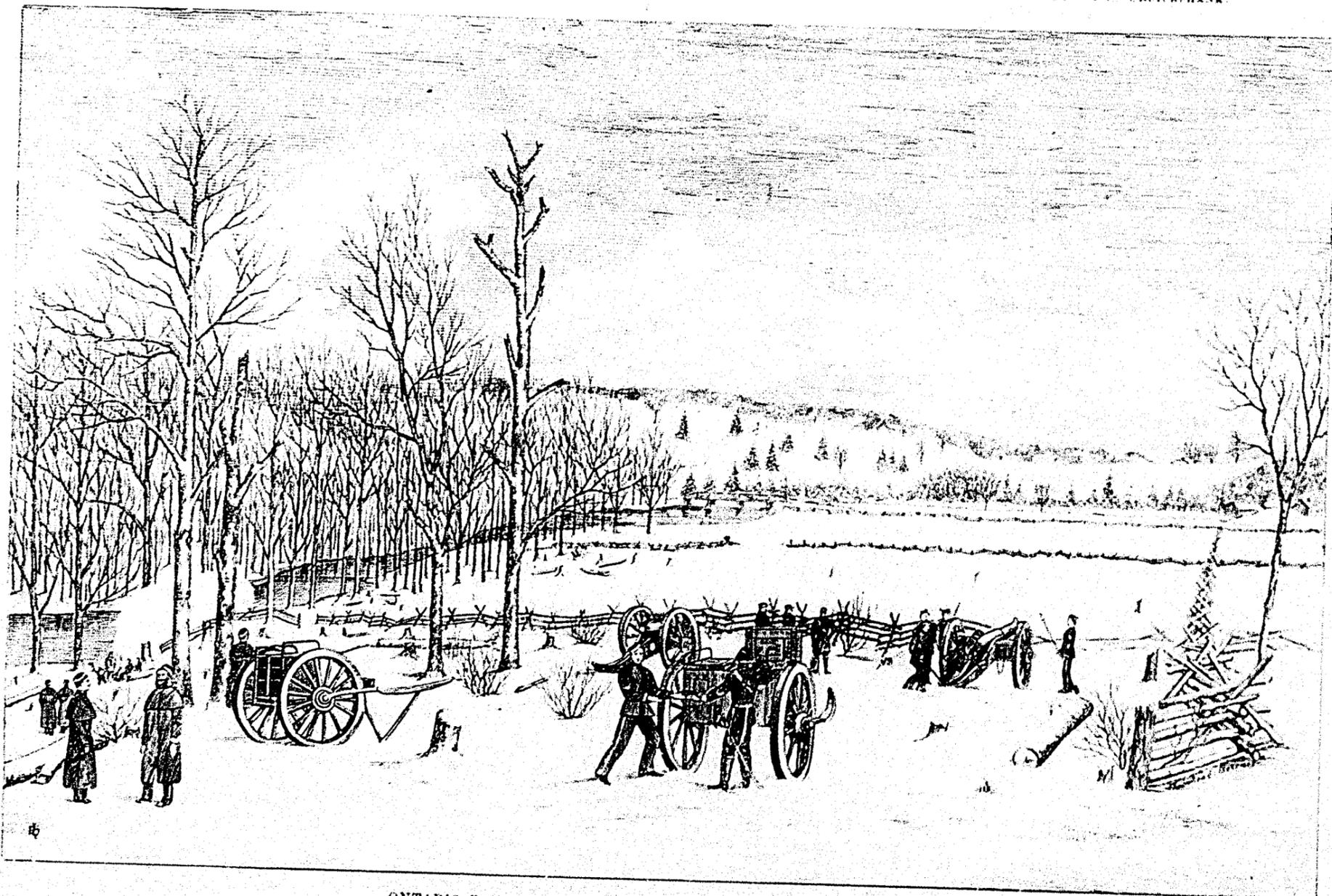
THE Christmas Holiday Number of *St. Nicholas* is superb in its contributions and illustrations. It contains strongly characteristic contributions from John G. Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Julia Hawthorne, Theodore Winthrop, Frances Hodgson Burnett (author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's"), Mary Mapes Dodge, Celia Thaxter, Susan Coolidge, Ezekiah Butterworth (editor of "Youth's Companion"), Frank R. Stockton and Olive Thorne. Among the artists who contribute the three score and more pictures of the number are Frederick Dielman, Alfred Fredericks, James E. Kelly, Alfred Kappes, Adèle Ledyard, Fidella Briggs, Granville Perkins, Jessie Curtis, Sol Eytinge, Jr., Kate Greenaway, of London, F. S. Church and R. Sayre.

Lippincott's Magazine for January, beginning the new volume, has a varied and attractive list of contents. There are three illustrated articles—"Yorkshire Byways," "The Artists' Island," and "Wild Boars and Boar Hunting," by Dr. G. Archie Stockwell. Miss Laffan, the author of that capital novel, "The Honourable Miss Ferrard," contributes a striking story of Irish life called "Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor," which is full of humour, pathos, and incisive sketches of character and manners. "A Young Girl's Experiences during the Two Sieges of Paris," gives a thrilling picture of the life of a Parisian family at the time of the Franco-German war, and the fearful scenes enacted under the Commune. A series of stories under the general title of "Women's Husbands" is begun in this number, and seems likely to pique curiosity by its fresh and trenchant delineations of American life in fashionable circles. Edward C. Bruce gives a graphic account of a "Western Town." D. C. Macdonald describes a "Trip to Newfoundland." Mrs. Hooper sketches the career of Madame Dubarry, and Sidney Lanier gives us "A Fairy Tale for Grown People." There are two very striking poems in the number—"The Poet's Protest," by Alfred H. Louis, and "Christus!" by Julia C. R. Dorr. Miss Olney's charming serial, "Through Winding Ways," grows in interest, and the "Monthly Gossip," contains several papers deserving of notice. The whole number is bright and thoroughly readable from beginning to end. We notice that the publishers furnish free to all new subscribers, in book-form, that portion of "Through Winding Ways" that has appeared previous to the issue of the January number.

WITHOUT having much that bears directly upon the Christmas season, the January *SCHIBNER* has a decided flow of good cheer. The paper on "Old Maryland Manners," by F. B. Mayer, of Annapolis, is an interesting reproduction of the quaint and stately times of the "Maryland Gazette," and the celebrated "Tuesday Club," to the whims and oddities of which considerable space is devoted. "The Tile Club at Work," by W. M. Laffan, describes the methods of an association of artists and others, whose work speaks for itself in the illustrations, which include drawings by E. A. Abbey, W. M. Chase, Hopkinson Smith, Winslow Homer, Alden Weir, Reinhart, Quartley, Wimbridge, Laffan and Paris, and a tile in relief by O'Donovan, the sculptor. A companion paper, "The Tile Club at Play," is to appear in the midwinter number with a large variety of illustrations. The seri-ous side of the holiday season is touched upon by the longest contribution in the number, a paper on "Leonardo da Vinci" by Clarence Cook, who considers his subject both as painter and as mechanical inventor. Among the cuts are two important blocks by Cole: the well-known "Last Supper," and the "Head of Christ," supposed to be a study for its central figure. The "Mona Lisa," by Henry Marsh, is considered to be one of his finest blocks. Detail drawings of the "Last Supper," are given for purposes of comparison with Raphael's "Last Supper," which is also reproduced in whole and in detail. A number of other pictures, drawings of inventions, caricatures, etc., appear through the text. The paper is of a critical-biographical character, and is the first of several by Mr. Cook on the Old Masters. Other illustrated papers are: "The Mountain Lakes of California," by John Muir, with drawings by Thomas Moran; and "At the Old Bull's Head," by C. C. Buel, a picturesque description of the famous cattle and horse market of New York, with sketches by Kelly and Muhman. "Haworth's" contains a humorous scene from the Briarley family, and the plot is rapidly carried on. Of the unillustrated matter there are two stories: "Century Plants," by Miss Isabella T. Hopkins, light and fanciful; and "Ninon," by Miss Annie Porter, a pathetic story of New Orleans. The sixth instalment of Boyesen's "Falconberg"; papers on "College Hazing," by C. F. Thwing; and "The Amendment to the Patent Law," by the Secretary of the Western R. R. Association; and Mr. Baysard Taylor's "Epidemium," on the death of Bryant—are also given. In his department, Dr. Holland discusses "Religion in these Days," "Art as a Steady Diet," and "Popular Despotism." Mrs. Oakey's "Hints to Young Housekeepers" are continued in "Home and Society," the special topics being the engagement, treatment and duties of servants. "Culture and Progress" contains, besides the reviews, a paper on the Second Loan Exhibition, with suggestions of interest to those who may wish to organize similar projects in smaller cities. "The World's Work" department is especially interesting, and among the appliances described are a wonderful "Machine for Measuring Surfaces," a "New Electric Lamp" (others to be described hereafter), "Hydraulic Fire-Escapes," "New Insulated Telegraph Wire," etc., etc. "Brio-à-Brac" is fanciful, humorous and satirical.



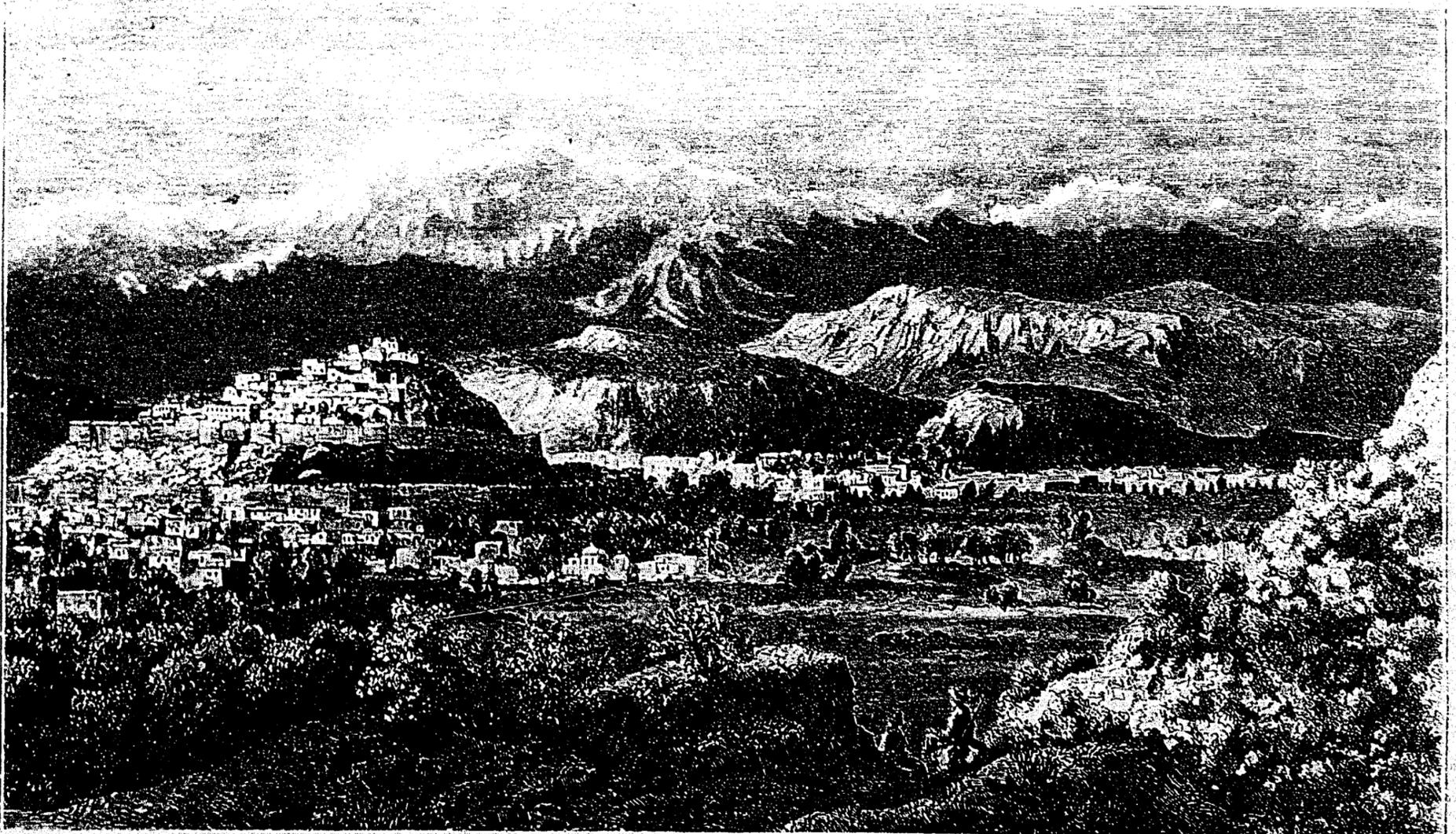
TORONTO.—ANNUAL FIELD DAY OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES AND ENGINEERS' CORPS FROM A SKETCH BY W. C. CRICKCHANK.



ONTARIO FIELD BATTERY.—FIRST ANNUAL TARGET PRACTICE.



OTTAWA.—THE GUARDS' RIFLE TEAM, 1878.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.



THE AFGHAN WAR.—CABOUL, THE CAPITAL OF SHERE ALI.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

"THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW"—"HURRAH FOR OUR COUNTRY!"—CHRISTMAS—SANTA CLAUS—A TOUCHING SCENE—THE MARKET—SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY—ORATORIO—MESSIAH—THE SAD NEWS.

For the first half of the present month of December, in this the central part of Ontario, the weather has not been at all like the orthodox Canadian winter. Rain—rain—rain. It has rained and snowed, and thawed and rained, until, according to meteorological observations, taken at one of the city schools, water to a depth of nearly two inches would have covered the whole face of the land had the ground been level. The surface of the earth about here, however, is not very even, and, instead of the luxury of floating around in flat-bottomed boats, the people have been obliged to wade about in rivers of mud. Our friends from the rural districts have declared the roads to be almost impassable. The city itself, standing on a gentle slope, is naturally well drained, but, notwithstanding this topographical advantage, the streets have been exceedingly muddy and disagreeable. This state of things could have been expected four or six weeks ago, and would have then been endured as a natural consequence, but, at this time of year, the thing is unusual, entirely un-called for, and is, therefore, simply intolerable. A few nights ago, however, without the slightest warning to anybody, it turned suddenly cold—awfully cold. The long-suffering citizens woke up in the morning and were astonished to find the ground frozen as hard as a piece of Aberdeen granite. Then came "the beautiful snow," to a depth of six or eight inches, after which the leaden sky cleared away and the sun once more shone forth in all his glory. Then did the people say yes, yes, to the beautiful remark of the poet—

"The dark and melancholy days have gone."

Winter has, indeed, spread his mantle over the earth. The tempest is over; the elements are at rest. The motionless shrubbery is all enrobed in white. The leafless trees stand around, like sleeping sentinels, as it were, to afford a liberated and joyous people an opportunity to hold high carnival without molestation. Sleights, with their happy, fur-clad occupants, are gliding hither and thither, and the frosty but bracing air is filled with the music of many little jingling bells. Sunbeams glistening on the white snow, appear to dance in unison with the merriment of young and happy hearts. Charming winter! how deftly you place a rosy hue upon each maiden's cheeks, and make their bright eyes sparkle with bewitching sweetness!

Delightful though the days are, there is something still more fascinating about a winter's night. Cold, calm, and wonderfully clear, without the vestige of a cloud floating anywhere beneath the starry canopy; the pale moon shedding her silvery light upon the frozen snow; laughing voices of merry sleighing parties singing out in the still air, as they speed along behind steaming horses that seem to vie with each other in the jingling of their bells, is a scene all too awfully jolly for an ordinary pen to describe.

We can only exclaim, glorious! and our appreciation was, doubtless, much more feelingly expressed the other day, when, accidentally coming across a victorious snow-balling faction of school-children, we joined in with them in shouting—"Hurrah for Canada!"

As in former years, great preparations have been made for the enjoyment of the approaching holiday season. For some time back, the shop-windows have been adorned with all sorts of Christmas decorations, and the fancy goods stores have displayed immense quantities of rocking-horses, dolls, little sleighs, skates, toys, and all the rest of the innumerable et ceteras which are necessary to make thousands of little hearts glad on Christmas morning. The old-time custom of hanging up stockings for old Santa Claus to fill with all sorts of commodities that have been wished for, including a marvellous assortment of sweetmeats, is largely indulged in in Hamilton. Perhaps one of the most touching scenes we have witnessed for a long time, was to see fathers and mothers, belonging to the humbler walks of life, hurrying along, on the evenings before Christmas, with baskets on their arms, to purchase, out of their stunted purse, the playthings which are to fill some little stockings at home. Perhaps the father's face and hands still bear the soils of his work, for they have hurried so as not to be too late at the store, and perhaps the mother is but thinly clad, but what of that? The happiness of those little ones at home is dearer to them than all else, and their parental hearts would prompt them to stint themselves a thousand times over, if necessary, rather than have their little ones disappointed on Christmas morning.

Big brothers are coming home, and sisters have been busy for weeks back on mysterious bits of work. Jewellers and slipper-makers, etc., have, no doubt, been largely patronized, and the result of all such visits will be duly made known at the proper time.

Christmas time is always a festive occasion for the butchers, and the markets this year may be said to excel in the way of ornamentation. The Arcade is literally packed with the choicest meats, and a multitude of farmers' waggons are loaded with turkeys, fruit, dairy products, &c. In fact, the whole place teems with an abundance of the "fat of the land."

The several benevolent societies bestirred themselves in time, so that there is no danger of

the poorer portion of the population being left out in the cold. Altogether, the prospect is truly delightful.

While the citizens generally have been thus preparing for the annual feast, the Sacred Harmonic Society has been quietly at work in arranging for the production of two renditions of Handel's sublime oratorio, "The Messiah." Readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will remember that it was this same Society which rendered the oratorio of the "Creation" so successfully last spring. Mr. George Robinson, Bandmaster of the XIIth Battalion Band, a musician of more than provincial reputation, is the conductor. The orchestra will be very full, and will include all the first-class musicians of the city. The vocal force will also be very strong. The soloists will be Mrs. Caldwell, soprano; Mrs. Parker, contralto; Miss Howard, alto; Mr. James F. Egan, bass; Mr. Clark, bass; Mr. Herald, tenor, &c., &c., and upwards of a hundred voices will mingle in the choruses. "The Messiah" will be given in the Mechanics' Hall on two evenings (26th and 27th) during the holiday week, and is looked forward to with delight. The musical reputation of those who have the work in hand justifies the expectation that the renditions of this grand oratorio will be of a high order.

Ever since the receipt of the sad news from Darmstadt, flags have been floating at half-mast in this city out of respect to the memory of the beloved daughter of Her Majesty. Their Excellencies at Ottawa, especially H. R. H., have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community in the sad affliction. Adieu.

W. F. McMAHON.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

SHE returned his love, but even then he wasn't satisfied. She said she did not want it.

MRS. PARTINGTON declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she couldn't stand the electrical franchise.

A GIRL at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up a woman she objects to having one.

A ROMANTIC young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

THE most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

As soon as a young man can make his girl believe that rolled plate jewellery protects the wearer from lightning, he is all O. K. for Christmas.

By our old bachelor: There's no special style of engraving engagement rings. A spider's web with a fly in it is a very pretty device.

ONE of the privileges of a wife is to coax \$25 from her husband and then make him a Christmas present of a pair of ten-shilling slippers.

IT is melancholy, says Ouida in her latest novel, to see how large the proportion is of young ladies who marry solely to get rid of their mothers.

LADIES are like watches—pretty enough to look at; sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are set a-going.

HE was bound to be accurate, and he described the woman's costume thus: "She wore an elegant suit of something or other, cut bias, and trimmed endwise."

FONTENELLE thus daintily compliments the sex when he compares women and clocks: "The latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them."

A FRENCHMAN, eight days after marriage and while on his wedding trip, receives a telegram announcing the death of his mother-in-law, and with touching sincerity writes her epitaph: "To the best of mothers-in-law."

A LEARNED young lady the other day astonished the company by asking for the loan of a diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations. She wanted a thimble.

THAT was a good reply the young fellow made at the wedding party the other night, as he was assisting the ladies to remove their wraps, and was asked if he "was ready with his ring," and said, "Oh, yes; I'm peeling the belles now."

The post-office department has ruled that a husband has no control over the correspondence of his wife. But this decision will not prevent a man from carrying his wife's letter around in his inside pocket three weeks before mailing it.

WHEN Johnny was questioned as to why his engagement with Miss H. had been broken off, he rolled his eyes, looked very much pained, and groaned: "Oh, she turned out a deceiver." But he forgot to mention that he was the deceiver whom she had turned out.

AMONG the gifts of a bride was a broom, with the following:

"This trifling gift accept of me;
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."

A LITTLE Portland girl recently testified innocently to the life of drudgery experienced by

the average "queen of the household" who does her own housework. Somebody asked the child if her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know," she said, "she is too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down!"

"WILLIAM," observed a Milwaukee woman to her husband, "Mrs. Holcomb feels pretty badly now, since the loss of her child, and I wish you would drop over there and see her. You might say that all flesh is grass; that we've all got to go the same way; and see if she is going to use her dripping-pan this afternoon."

HE had broken his promise to marry the girl, and her father wanted a money consideration to help heal a wounded heart. The young man said he would consider a reasonable proposition. "Well, then," said the irate father, who was seeking justice for his daughter, "young man, how does a dollar and a half strike you?"

IF Edison will turn in now and invent some kind of a calcium light that will light up all the street except front gates, and leave them in a sombre shadow that will prevent an old man in an upper bedroom window from telling whether two people are close together or wide apart, it will do. Otherwise it will be exceedingly unpopular.

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond the other week to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

"FORGET thee?" wrote a young man to his girl—"forget thee? When the earth forgets to revolve; when the stars forget to shine; when the rain forgets to fall; when the flowers forget to bloom—then, and not till then, will I forget thee." Three months later he was going to see another girl with a wart on her nose, and \$40,000 in the bank.

IT was at a Chicago dancing party: "A little more animation, my dear," whispered a fashionable mother to a daughter, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Let me manage my own business, mamma," said the latter; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love, but I was not aware who your partner was," replied the mother.

THE Springfield Republican says: "One seldom sees anything voluptuous or flamboyant, or, on the other hand, anything blanched and etiolated" among the Boston girls. Right. But what you always do see, when you meet a representative Boston girl, is her last translation of the *Dies Ire*, clasped in her right hand, and in her left a sonnet, either to Brahma, the Over-soul or the Old South.

THE price of a wife among the Sioux Indians is twenty ponies. And when the young brave has won the girl and got her father's consent at ruling rates, and the only thing that remains is to plunk down the ponies, he sits down and sometimes occupies a whole night thinking whether he had better steal the ponies from his own father or the girl's. He generally steals them from his prospective father-in-law.

THE women of Prague are shouting the battle cry of freedom. The local board of health is attempting to enforce measures of dress reform. It has issued an edict prohibiting the fair sex from wearing long dresses. Considering, say the doctors, "that training robes raise a dust in the streets which is highly prejudicial to the public health, it is henceforth forbidden to wear the robes in question in the public thoroughfares." There are vague apprehensions of a riot.

"WHAT," the young man asked the young woman who was waiting for him to ask for his hat, "what do I put you in mind of?" "A French clock," she said, softly. And pretty soon he arose and went on his way. The next morning he called upon an eminent horologist and asked him what was the distinguishing trait of a French clock. The horologist said: "Why, it never goes." And the young man was sorely cast down, and he grieved, and told no man of his hurt.

The wife of a well-known literary gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as she went along—and the errors were somewhat numerous. "Why, husband," she exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules of grammar, or else you are very negligent!" "Well, well, my love," he exclaimed, looking up from his work, "what's the matter now?" "Why, in three cases you speak of our sex in the plural, and write it in the singular number." "I can't help it," was the retort; "woman is a singular being."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

HER Majesty has commanded that the ancient tapestries of Holyrood Palace shall be restored at the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works. An exhibition of ancient tapestries will be held in the Windsor Town-hall, probably early next month, and specimens of ancient and modern carved woodwork will be displayed at the same time.

THERE is no foundation for the statement that Earl Cairns is about to retire from the woollen-sack. The delicate health which weighed

heavily on the Lord Chancellor about eighteen months ago has given way to persistent and careful treatment, and this gifted Irishman will, in all probability, occupy the woolsack until the close of the present Parliament.

THE promised abbreviated edition of that *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, of which, through the death of Mr. S. O. Beeton, only one volume was published, will be ready in three or four weeks. The original edition, so far as it went, was found so interesting and useful that the complete one-volume edition will probably have a large circulation.

THE Socialist leaders, driven out of Germany, are determined to make London the headquarters of the movement. There was a meeting the other day of the International Labour Union, which is really the English branch of the International. It was decided to hold a Socialist Congress in London next year, and to appeal to the English trade unionists to take part in the movement.

MR. LEMON, the engraver, is engaged upon a large portrait-picture of the Conservative Cabinet as it was composed at the commencement of Lord Beaconsfield's Premiership. The artist was Mr. Mercier, to whom the various members of the Ministry gave sittings, and by whom excellent full-length likenesses were obtained and transferred to canvas. Mr. Lemon has been hard at work engraving the originals for some time, but he has now nearly completed his task.

WEARING FLANNEL.—Put it on at once Winter or summer, nothing better can be worn next the skin than a loose, red woollen flannel shirt; "loose," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there, and, when that is the case, no one can take a cold; "red," for white flannel pulls up, mats together and becomes tight, stiff, heavy and impervious; "woollen," the product of a sheep and not of a gentleman of color, not of cotton wool, because that merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woollen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and, by its nearer exposure to the exterior air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red woollen flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer.

SOME NOTABLE CHILDREN.—Baillet mentions 163 children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes, who, at the age of fifteen, taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at twenty-four lost his faculties and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pica di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at twenty-five, having at the age of fifteen composed admirable Greek and Latin verses, and become profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius developed itself at ten years old, did not attain the third of a century. In 1791 a child was born at Lubeck, named Henri Heinekem, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age he spoke distinctly; at twelve, learned the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years of age he was as familiar with Ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sanson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge; Cicero would have thought him an "alter ego" on hearing him converse in Latin, and in modern languages he was equally proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year. According to a popular proverb—"The sword wore out the sheath."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

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

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

VARIETIES.

A HAPPY CONCLUSION.—A fair dame of Ureka, Nevada, threatened to sue a wealthy gentleman for breach of promise. Rather than have his fellowmen suspect that he was not a man who lived up to his word, he offered to marry her, and procured a license from the county clerk. At the hour appointed for the ceremony the bride and groom were upon the floor of an hotel, before the magistrate, with their hand joined. The bridegroom promptly made his responses and promised to protect and cherish her. The magistrate turned to the bride with the question: Will you take this man to be your wedded husband? The response came quickly and angrily, "No, I won't," and tearing herself away from the bridegroom, she sailed out of the room under full head of steam, with her mother in tow. The bridegroom was stunned for a moment, and then recovering his self-possession accepted the congratulations of the wedding guest on his unexpected deliverance and ordered up two baskets of champagne.

CARLYLE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.—On the 4 of December next Thomas Carlyle will complete his eighty-third year, and, although he has aged visibly during the last eighteen months, it may be hoped that he will yet survive long enough to witness the fulfilment of his famous prediction respecting "the unspeakable Turk." That a man who was born when Napoleon was still a young republican general, and who corresponded familiarly with Goeth in 1825, should still be living and working among us, after all his manifold labors, is a sufficiently noteworthy fact, and double so inasmuch as the majority of his most famous contemporaries were cut off in their prime. Byron died in 1824, at the age of 36. Shelley, whose health had already begun to fail, before his life was cut short by drowning, compressed his whole career into the brief space between 1792 and 1822. Henry Kirke White succumbed to the pressure of overwork in 1806, at the age of 21. Keats died in his twenty-fifth year, early in 1821. Edward Irving, Carlyle's famous fellow-townsmen, barely reached 42. It is true that this fatal race has several striking conceptions. Scott, despite his superhuman labors, saw his sixty-first year. Moore died just before the outbreak of the Crimean war, at the age of 73. Coleridge lived to 62, Southey to 69, Wordsworth to 80; but on the other hand, Mackworth Praed died at 37, and Lord Castle-reagh, when barely turned, of 50, and in the zenith of his renown, put an end to his own life.

WHO WAS IT.—When the streets are as muddy as yesterday the cars full of ladies coming and going and the trick played by a man yesterday on the fourteen ladies in a Woodward avenue car should be frowned upon by every true citizen. If again attempted he may get himself into trouble. He boarded the car with a rubber shoe in his pocket big enough to fit over a No. 8 cowhide boot, and at a proper moment, when all eyes were turned upon the car switching past, he dropped the rubber on the floor and then suddenly, pretended to see it. Bending over and picking it up he called out:

"Which of you ladies lost this rubber?"

Every face turned pale at the size of it, and each lady gave the other a sly glance.

"Some one in this car lost this rubber?" continued the human hyena as he waived it around.

Not a lady moved. Each one wondered if one of her rubbers had dropped off, but her mind was made to wade in mud two feet deep before claiming that one.

"The owner can have it—I charge nothing for my services," calmly observed the fiend, as he looked down one side of the car and up the other.

Not a hand was raised, but all feet were drawn under the seat, as if by machinery.

"Very well," said the man, as he rose to leave the car, "I'm a rubber shoe ahead. It won't do the loser any good to call at my office, or to send a boy and a basket after this shoe, for I won't give it up."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.—It is in his dialogue that Dumas' real secret consists, and it is this which is the reason that none of his imitators have ever succeeded in stealing, however confident they may be that they have got the fiddle. Its extraordinary volume would be the most remarkable point about it, if its goodness, considering its volume, were not equally remarkable. The rapidity of it deprives it necessarily of much literary grace, and prevents it from supplying any jewels five words long. Indeed, Dumas is one of the least quotable of writers. But still, if not quotable, his dialogue is extraordinarily readable, and carries the reader along with it in a manner hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Dumas possesses fully the secret of making dialogue express action, and this is where he is supreme. His gift, however, in this respect is of the kind which is always necessarily a snare. He abuses his dialogic facility constantly, and the result is the exorbitant length of some of his books. It is absolutely impossible for him to be concise. He will make a single interview extend over half a dozen chapters, and give a volume to the talk of a single day. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*. That vast book contains two of his best, if not his very best, pieces of work—the kidnapping, namely, of Monk, and the death of Porthos in the grotto of Locmaria. But the *longueurs* of its middle, of the endless court conversations and the conspiracies that come to nothing, are almost incredible. It is undeniable, again, that his situations

have a tendency to repeat themselves, though, as in the case of his characters, the repetition is often very skillfully masked and colored. But on the whole he succeeds not merely in riveting the attention of the reader, but also in securing his affection and interest in his characters. No one has ever managed the process called "working up" better than he has. In such scenes as that where the four princes wait at Marguerite's door ready to assassinate La Mole, where the powder is found in the wine-casks, where D'Artagnan extracts the queen and Mazarin from the clutches of the Parisians, and scores of others, it is impossible to avert the attention when once fairly engaged, and impossible to avoid identifying one's self with the characters. That is the triumph of this sort of novel-writing.

A DIVISION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The division proper is a curiously-managed ceremony—very roundabout in the estimate of many persons. After the Speaker has cried "Order, order!" the Sergeant-at-Arms, with his doorkeepers and messengers, close and lock all the doors leading into the lobbies, corridors, passages, &c. No member outside can enter, nor can any within make their exit; the number within the chamber is thus strictly definite, and all must vote. Until 1836 it was the custom for one party or section to go into a lobby, while the other remained in the house; but since that year the eyes have been directed to pass into the lobby at the Speaker's right hand, while the nays walk into the lobby at his left. The Speaker names members to act as tellers, selected impartially from among the supporters and opponents of the motion, two each; and the members named are not allowed to shirk the duty. They place themselves at the lobby doors, two and two, each to check the counting of the other. Two clerks, as well as two tellers, are placed at each door, holding alphabetical lists of all the members of the house printed on large sheets of stiff pasteboard or cardboard. As the members return into the house from the lobbies the clerks mark off the names, while at the same time the tellers count the total number without noting names. (If anyone is disabled by infirmity from entering and quitting the lobbies, he is counted at his seat in the house.) When all have re-entered from the lobbies the four tellers approach the table; one of them, belonging to the majority on this particular question, announces the numbers, and when the Speaker has indorsed or sanctioned this announcement, the important but slowly-managed ceremony ends—often amid loud cheers from those members who constitute the majority on that particular occasion. A member sometimes goes into the wrong lobby through inadvertence; then there is no escape for him; *nolens volens* his vote is recorded according to the lobby in which he finds himself. During the past sessions, instances of such misadventure were not unfrequent. Instances have been known in which even a cabinet minister's vote is recorded on the side which he really intended to oppose—much to his own mortification. A member thus awkwardly placed usually takes some mode of making the facts known to his constituents and the public; but the official record remains unalterable. It has occasionally happened that only one member approves of a particular question or motion; he is the only aye; and as he is not allowed to count himself, the house at once decides that "the nays have it." Many sessions ago a stranger was desecrated in one of the lobbies after the door had been closed, and was counted by two of the tellers; but the clerks found him out and reported the case to the Speaker, who duly admonished the intruder.

The marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with the Princess Thyra will be celebrated on the 21st or 22nd of December.

It is stated that Mr. Kinglake has decided not to continue his narrative of the Crimean War, as he is unable to do so satisfactorily.

A WEEKLY newspaper is to be published simultaneously in five languages, under the direct inspiration of the Pope.

It is said that the late Mr. A. T. Stewart's only recreation from the toils of his enormous business was the occasional reading of an ode of Horace.

A SYNDICATE is actually in process of consolidation which has for its sole object the purchase of Palestine from the Turkish Government, and its restoration to the Jews in some form.

GUSTAVE DORE'S new work, Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," with 550 illustrations by Gustave Doré, is nearly ready. It has been in progress for more than eight years.

A COMPLETE collection of the published engravings of the works of the late President of the Royal Academy has been made by Lieutenant-Colonel Grant, his son, and will be exhibited.

"Imperial India."—Mr. Val Prinsep's account of his travels in Hindostan, and of the Rajahs whose portraits he painted for the forthcoming picture of the Durbar at Delhi, will be out in a very few days. It is copiously illustrated with sketches of Indian princes and places.

A SOCIALIST almanac is largely circulated among the German Democrats, according to the *Paris Figaro*. In this calendar the usual Saint's Days and Festivities are replaced by notices of prominent enemies of the revolutionary cause. This almanac is specially intended for workmen; 50,000 copies were distributed last year.

It is said that when Lord Dufferin went to Balmoral he had offered to him a Marquisate, if he cared for a "step in the Peerage." It will be seen in the course of a few days whether his lordship cares or not to accept a Marquis's coronet. If he takes it, nobody will grudge it to him on whichever side of the House of Lords or Commons he may sit.

A GOOD story is related of an amateur pianist: He some time ago wrote a grand symphony, with three parts. Now a grand symphony has four parts, and this fundamental principle of composition the composer seems to have forgotten. The grave mistake was discovered by several of his friends, and was the occasion of some merriment. "But," says one of them, "for goodness sake don't tell him, or he may write the fourth part."

A YOUNG lady, after passing the Cambridge local examination, suddenly broke off her engagement with her sweetheart. A friend expostulated with her, but she replied, "I must merely say that his views on the theosophic doctrine of cosmogony are loose, and you must at once understand how impossible it is for any true woman to risk her happiness on such a person."

It is rumoured that the sum of money which the Government will ask on the meeting of Parliament is to be three millions. The intention is to divide the cost of the war between India and England, and if only three millions are required for the country, it would seem to show that the estimated cost of the war would be about six millions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will not propose any fresh taxation to meet the sum which is required. He intends to raise it by loan.

At a meeting of London cabmen the other day some curious facts were stated. In London there are 18,900 cabmen, and among them there are men who have been lawyers, clergymen, and doctors, and there is one who has a right to the title of "lord." What custom he would get if he were known! It would be touching hats to him, and "Oblige me, my lord, by condescending, my lord, to take five shillings, my lord, instead of a shilling, my lord, which is your lordship's legal fare."

VARIOUS have been the speculations as to what extent Miss Hannah Rothschild abjured the faith of Judaism on uniting her destinies with her Christian husband, the Earl of Rosebery. The matter is now, however, set at rest. It seems that on the last anniversary of her mother's death the Countess sent her usual donation of £20 to the synagogue which she was in the custom of attending before her marriage, and that Dr. Aldis, the chief rabbi, stated that it could not be received as from the Countess, inasmuch as she had left the faith. These donations are sent by the Jews that their deceased relatives may be remembered in the prayers of the congregation, and the money is devoted to charitable purposes. A present of flowers sent by the Countess for the decoration of the synagogue was returned.

CURIOUS THINGS.—A pair of ladies' shoes that aren't "a mile too big."

A newspaper communication that wasn't "struck off in a hurry."

A clown's joke less than forty years old.

A country residence for sale that isn't "within five minutes walk of the railway station."

A newspaper that isn't "the best advertising medium in the country."

An impartial base ball umpire.

An infant that isn't "just the sweetest baby in the world."

Anything advertised three weeks before Christmas that isn't "suitable for holiday presents."

A paragraphist that never made a pun on turkey, in connection with Thanksgiving day.

A didn't-know-it-was-loaded gun that never killed anybody.

A political stump speaker who never abused the opposition candidates.

A young lady who can pass a plate-glass window on the Sabbath without turning her head.

LITERARY.

MR. R. H. SHEPHERD has produced a curious bit of bibliography. It is a list, "in chronological order, of the published writings in prose and verse of John Ruskin, M.A., from 1834 to the present time." It is intended, of course, only for the Ruskinites—those who collect every scrap of the master's writings, and are never happy if any is missing. The chief interest of the bibliography lies in its discovery of early pieces.

THE first of Clarence Cook's promised papers on the Old Masters, is on "Leonardo da Vinci," and appears in SCRIBNER for January. Among the masterpieces reproduced are the "Last Supper," and the "Head of Christ," engraved by Cole, and the "Mona Lisa," by Henry Marsh—all blocks of remarkable beauty. Raphael's Last Supper, and detail drawings of that and of Leonardo's are given for purposes of comparison, and much space is also given to reproductions of his work as a mechanical inventor. In many cases, the machinery invented by him is now in general use.

ST. NICHOLAS, which has of late been mingling with its lighter elements a good many realistic articles conveying wholesome teaching or practical information, in its Christmas issue, aims at giving the young folk a full store of fun and amusement fitted to the merry holiday time. To this end, the editor has secured an unusual number of fairy stories. Mrs. Fanny Hodgson Burnett, author of "The Lass o' Lowrie's," will contribute a long fairy-tale, "Behold the White Brick," written originally for some little friends of hers, but never before printed. Julian Hawthorne, too, enters for the first time the field of children's literature, with the opening installment of a long fairy story entitled, "Rumpty-Dudger's Tower." In addition to these, some shorter fairy tales are announced for the number, and several of the other contributions contain touches of the fairy element, as in Mrs. Dodge's story of "Wondering Tom."

ARTISTIC.

AN engraving after a fine portrait-group by William Page, painted when Page was recognized by many as the Titian of America, and before he fell into the series of experiments that have bewildered his greatest admirers forms the frontispiece of the holiday issue of ST. NICHOLAS. It represents three little girls, children of the late Professor Mapes, one of whom, as is well known, is new editor of the magazine.

At a meeting recently of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, referring to the opening address of the Chairman, spoke of the obelisk and its site in the following terms:—"You alluded to that ancient obelisk which has been laid—I had almost said mislaid—by the parapet of the Thames Embankment. I rejoice at this opportunity of expressing my hearty concurrence with your views concerning the latest vicissitudes of that venerable monolith. It is an old friend of mine. I have had the pleasure of seeing it slumbering in the sands of Egypt, by the margin of waters bluer even than those of Father Thames. I saw it again cased in the *Cleopatra*, ploughing the blue waters over against the coast of Morocco."

An effort is being made among "Old Carthusians" to purchase for the library of the Charterhouse School a large collection of the original sketches of John Leech, who was himself a Carthusian. His family have offered to his old school for purchase at a fair and reasonable price a considerable number of his original sketches, including those of the "Comic History of Rome," the "Comic History of England," &c., which would find an appropriate home in the library of the school in which John Leech received the first lessons in history. The managing committee of the library have given £50 towards the purchase, and about £100 more has been raised already among the masters and former scholars of the Charterhouse.

THE *Golos*, in a series of articles on Art at the Paris Exhibition, warmly eulogises the English school of painting for its "marvellous originality and national character." "The English have a way of looking at things," the *Golos* says, "which is essentially their own, and this gives a distinctive character to their canvases which we found in no other schools. In other countries the painters seem to have a habit of looking through other nation's spectacles, and the result is a sort of cosmopolitanism which is destructive to development of character. The English painters, on the other hand, express the spirit of their country in every stroke of the brush, and the result is a display of freshness and original thought marvellous to artists on the Continent."

HUMOROUS.

WHEN printers grow old their marble brows are marked with display head-lines.

THERE is no mistaking a real gentleman. When he approaches a free-lunch table he always wants a napkin and a chair.

A FLORIDA preacher closed an unsuccessful revival meeting recently with the remark, "I tell you, my hearers, it don't pay for the gas."

THE best anti-fat remedy we know of is trying to carve up a chunk of hard wood with a hatchet that was originally cut out for a hammer.

THE repartee of a mule is said to be unequalled, and the way to draw him out is by pulling out one little hair from the tip-end of his stumpy tail.

"I HAVE a theory about the dead languages," said a new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they were killed by being studied too hard."

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath," but a tough answer turneth away the carving-fork, slides all over the dish, and covers the head of the family with gravy and confusion.

ONE of the mysteries connected with Oriental life that we fear will never be explained, is why the people of that hot region go barefoot, while they muffle their heads in voluminous folds of cloth.

OUR Wheeling inventor is getting up a new patent chair for dentists. A concealed spring in it runs a tack up through the seat, and while the patient is howling, and his attention is diverted by the attack below, the tooth is yanked out.

RESUMPTION will certainly take place in January, says the *Pittsburg Telegraph*. Certainly of course it will. Men will swear off their bad habits, on the first, and then resumption of them will take place a few days after.

A LITTLE boy, weeping most piteously, was interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; the thought was broken. "Ma," said he, resuming his sobs, "what was I crying about just now?"

WE do not ask any dead aunt to leave us \$50,000, but we should like to have some of the dead men about town drop in with a little advertising. When a dead man begins to advertise it is a sure sign he is approaching the resurrection.

"GET right out of this," shouted an irritated merchant to a mendacious clerk, "this is the third lie I have caught you in since 10 o'clock this morning." "Oh, well," said the new man, "don't be too hard on me. Give a fellow time to learn the rules of the house."

THE English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of a room—that's called a sociable. When a hungry crowd call upon a poor minister and eat him out of house and home—that's called a donation party.

A CATERPILLAR, attired in his winter ulster, was overtaken by a gentleman on Franklin street, the other afternoon. Other caterpillars have been seen, recently, by other gentlemen about the city. Mosquitoes are also plentiful, and if we could only call back the flies we should be enjoying most of the luxuries of summer.

A BRIDGEPORT man stopped his paper because it didn't contain a sure cure for dyspepsia, as usual. The infallible cure for consumption was there all right, but by some accident the dyspepsia cure was left out. He was awfully indignant, and said he was 75 years old, and had never known a paper to fail like that before.

It is a little singular, but the average citizen, who will fly around, get red in the face, and work like a steam engine for a half hour at a runaway accident, will spend five minutes debating whether it is best to have a "scene" or comply when his wife asks him to get a hod of coal for the kitchen stove. A public spirit is a beautiful thing, but somehow it's not at home in domestic affairs.

"Do you think," writes a young student of human economy, "do you think the human race is decaying?" Not at all, not at all. Part of it isn't decaying because it is yet alive, and the portion of it that is dead doesn't decay because the medical student don't give it a chance. Oh no, the human race was never, in all its history, so well protected against decay as at present. Be thankful that you live in an age when the grave has been so shorn of its power that it can't hold a man so long as a sieve would hold a spoonful of quick silver.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR and many of them



WINTER CLOUDS.

Arise, ye winter clouds, and fill
The sky with rich array!
Come, in your majesty, and rule
The northern night and day!
With your great wings of vapor spread
O'er arctic regions of snow,
Sail out and drop the white gold down
Upon the land below!

No vanished season can rebuke
Our greeting to you here.
We bade the summer fond farewell
With no unmanly tear;
We praised the prospect of the spring;
The autumn's fullness knew:
And now, O winter clouds, arise,
For strong hearts wait for you!

From snowy roadways of the land
Our song shall greet you clear;
On icy plains of stream and lake
Shall you behold our cheer;
By many blazing hearthstones, warm
Through frosty night and day,
Shall friendly hearts and faces meet
And own your genial sway!

Arise, ye winter clouds, arise
To your vast homes again!
Sail in the clear wind o'er the hill,
The valley, and the plain!
Let the high mountains be your throne
Aneath the circling skies!
Arise unto your northern realm,
Ye winter clouds, arise!

Mississiquoi.

C. L. CLEVELAND.

BENEATH THE WAVE

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

CHAPTER XIII.

FALSE!

Isabel was very gracious in her manner to the tutor when they met at dinner. She smiled upon him, and all the world seemed very bright and beautiful to Philip Hayward in that hour. He scarcely noticed the gloomy looks of his patron Sir George. He did not notice, or at least did not care for Mr. Trevor's marked coldness of manner, and he scarcely noticed that Hilda Marston's soft, clear eyes wandered more than once involuntarily to his face. This foolish girl was comparing him with Mr. Trevor. She was listening to his simple words; words which told of thought, of strong will, of deep and tender feelings—feelings which she knew were all wasted on the heartless, beautiful woman by his side.

Then she looked at the Squire of Sanda, her lover. For his years, Mr. Trevor was a good-looking man. He was tall, thin, grey-haired, and gentlemanly. He had a high nose, a clear, fresh skin, a narrow forehead, and small, meagre, pale-coloured eyes.

Then, when he spoke. Hilda's ears were naturally sharpened just now, and she blushed and bit her lips when she heard his shallow, pompous words. Not that any particular fault could have been alleged against his conversation, but it was like an endless echo. Nothing new or fresh flowed from Mr. Trevor's thin lips. And poor, clever Hilda? Was she to sit all her life listening to this correct, but weary babble? The poor girl sighed a heavy, audible sigh when she thought of it. She was an honest girl, this; honest and pure, and she began at that moment to think that even little Ned's welfare could be purchased at too heavy a price.

"Your brother sent his best love to you, Miss Marston," said Philip Hayward to her presently, in his sweet, clear-toned voice.

"Did he?" she answered. "Dear little Ned!" and she sighed again.

This sigh reached Mr. Trevor's ears. "I trust that young Edward is fairly attentive to his studies, Mr. Hayward?" asked the Squire.

"Oh, yes," answered Hayward with a smile. "As attentive as we can expect a fine, bold, healthy lad to be."

"Which means, I fear, that he loves play better than work," said the Squire.

"We all do that, Mr. Trevor," said Hayward, with another smile; "only we grown-up people know that we must work or be nothing."

"No doubt," replied the Squire, "industrious habits are essential to success."

There you see, he talked as well as his neighbours, and yet what a dull, weary man the Squire of Sanda was!

"I hope you came him well, Mr. Hayward?" said Isabel, smiling.

"I have never struck a boy, and never will," replied Hayward, gravely.

"Of course not. I was only jesting," said Isabel.

"Yes, I knew you were only jesting," said Hayward, looking at her with his thoughtful, trustful, eyes.

What a sweet expression he had. You read this young man's chivalrous, simple nature in every line of his pleasant face. He was not handsome; not absolutely handsome, at least, and yet he was so good-looking that he was generally called so. He was still very pale from the effects of his late accident, and his arm was in a sling, but this first evening at Massam he looked so bright, happy, and confident. He was so proud, poor fellow; proud because he believed he was not quite indifferent to Isabel.

Sir George, indeed, grew pale and bit his lip, when he saw the smiles Isabel lavished on the tutor. He was a madman, he told himself; utterly mad to be jealous of every look that this woman bestowed on another man, and yet he could not help himself. Isabel, who was tired of him, as she tired of most things, never noticed his restless ways and agitated manner. She was amusing herself with Hayward, and gratified at the unmistakable devotion that his looks displayed.

"And how did you leave the 'Spectre,' and the lovely Amelia Shadwell?" asked Isabel, in her careless way, during a pause in the conversation.

"Both very well," answered Hayward, good-naturedly.

"How terribly tired you must have been of Miss Amelia's beef-tea," went on Isabel, smiling.

"It was very good of her to make it," said Hayward. "I never can repay either Mrs. or Miss Irvine for all their kindness."

"You could repay Miss Irvine, you know," half-whispered Isabel.

"You should not say that," answered Hayward, with sudden gravity.

"Nay, if you look so serious, I shall think you mean to do so," went on Isabel jestingly. But to this Hayward made no reply. He only looked at Isabel with some reproach in his grey eyes, who dropped hers as he did so with affected penitence.

"You must forgive me," she said in a low voice; "you know I am always jesting."

"You must not jest about my kind friends any more, then," answered Hayward. He was indeed too chivalrous to allow it, and yet many a man would have smiled and even jested over the remembrance of his parting with Miss Amelia Irvine.

This young woman having made up her mind that she was in love with the tutor, was not one of those who allow "concealment like a worm to feed on her damask cheek." When Hayward announced his intention of proceeding to Massam, Amelia, indeed, grew desperate, and, bursting into tears, began sobbing bitterly.

"My dear Miss Amelia," said Hayward approaching her, though it must be admitted that he was very much afraid to do so.

"Don't go," cried Amelia, "Hayward, don't!" And she threw herself on a seat, stiffening her form rigidly, and making contortions as if she were about to choke.

"But I must," said Hayward, nervously. "You see, my dear Miss Amelia, Sir George Hamilton expects me, and it would never do for me to offend him."

"Will you return?" said Amelia, still apparently choking.

"Of course, I will return," answered Hayward, kindly; and, indeed, it was only after making the most solemn promises to do so, that he was allowed to go away.

"She is only a child," Hayward told himself in good natured excuse for her conduct, though in reality Miss Amelia was at least twenty. "A kind-hearted child, to whom I must always be indebted for her goodness to me." And in this kindly spirit the tutor endeavoured to think of Amelia Shadwell. Thus he would not allow even Isabel to laugh at her, and Hilda Marston liked him all the better for the way in which he spoke of this foolish girl.

"Well, what do you think of our hero?" Isabel said to Hilda when they returned to the small drawing-room together.

"I think what I always thought," said Hilda, quietly, "even before he was a hero."

"And what do you think?" asked Isabel, surveying herself in one of the long glasses.

"That he is a gentleman," replied Hilda.

"A gentleman!" repeated Isabel, arranging a curl, "that does not express much."

"To me it does," answered Hilda quickly, "for I know few gentlemen."

Upon this Isabel turned round, and looked at her companion, whose face had suddenly flushed, and whose eyes were sparkling.

"Indeed!" said Isabel. "Do you mean that you know few who possess the qualities that you think a gentleman should possess?"

"I know few," said Hilda, with a little quiver in her voice, "on whose lips you never hear a mean or ignoble word, few who regard the humblest woman with respect and honour, and in whose simple assertion I could entirely trust."

"So that is your idea of a gentleman," said Isabel, again turning her attention to the glass.

"And you think that Mr. Hayward is all this, do you?"

"I have always seen him act as a gentleman," answered Hilda, and after saying this she left the room; Isabel looked after her as she did so, with an amused smile.

"So, she has lost her heart," she was thinking. "Poor Hilda Marston, she may spare herself the trouble." And she smiled again, for she knew it was not Hilda that Hayward cared for.

But the very fact that she thought another woman did like him, added piquancy to Isabel's wish to entirely captivate the tutor. Sometimes she had read unspoken disapproval of her ways in Hilda's grey eyes, and as Isabel deemed such disapproval impertinence, she was not displeased to have it in her power to revenge herself by tacitly wounding her humble companion.

Never, therefore, did Isabel make herself more charming than she did this evening to the penniless tutor. And what could he think? He heard her speak in tones of polite indifference to the owner of the broad acres of Massam. He met her sweet smiling glances, listened to her winning,

flattering tongue, and the old infatuation grew stronger, the old passionate admiration more powerful in the young man's heart.

During the whole of the next day it was the same thing. Isabel had agreed to ride again in the afternoon with her military admirer, Capt. Warrington, but in the morning she received a note of apology from him. He had been recalled to town, to be present at a court-martial, but he trusted to meet Miss Trevor again, and so on. Thus Isabel was thrown back for amusement on the unfortunate tutor. She drove him over during the morning, in the late Lady Hamilton's pony chaise, to see the Featherstones, and told them before him of his bravery in rescuing Sir George Hamilton.

"Why did you tell them that?" he asked as they were returning from this visit.

"Why should I not?" answered Isabel.

"Why should people not know how brave you are?"

"I fear bravery had very little to do with it," said Hayward, casting down his eyes.

"What had to do with it, then?" asked Isabel, in her bright, fearless way.

"I went because you bid me go," answered Hayward, with a passionate ring in his voice, that almost touched Isabel's cold heart.

"No, no, that is folly," she murmured, and she jerked the reins that she was holding nervously as she spoke.

"Is it all folly, Isabel?" asked Hayward.

"Of course it is," she answered in her old coquetish manner. "But I am glad, sir, you went at my bidding," she added. "Remember, you have always to do my bidding."

"Yes, I will always do it," answered Hayward; and he stooped down and kissed the small gauntleted hand that held the reins.

Thus you see Isabel was playing with fire. She was arousing feelings for her amusement that she could not quench. She had done this with Sir George Hamilton, but his gloom and taciturnity had disgusted her; and now she was doing it again with a noble, honest-hearted man.

Sir George watched all the day with passionate anger and jealousy her intimacy with the tutor. He began to believe that they must have been lovers long ago; to torment himself, in fact with a hundred fancies. But Mr. Hannaway, the lawyer, dined at Massam the second evening that Hayward was there, and the acute man of the world had a word to say to his patron on the subject.

After dinner Isabel was playing billiards with Hayward, and Sir George and Mr. Hannaway were watching the game, though at a considerable distance from the players. Sir George's face was pale, and his brows were bent. Mr. Hannaway, having enjoyed a good dinner, was rosy and smiling, and in the humour to do a good turn to everyone around him.

"That seems an intelligent young fellow," he said to Sir George, alluding to Hayward.

"Yes," answered Sir George; "do you think him good-looking?"

Mr. Hannaway's quick ears detected the anxiety expressed in the last sentence, and he answered affably,

"Yes—ah yes, tolerably so. It is good-natured of Miss Trevor to be so kind to him."

"Perhaps she likes him," answered Sir George, with a forced smile.

"Or perhaps she likes somebody else, and is too proud to show it, eh, Sir George?" suggested the acute man of law.

Sir George made no answer to this, but the idea was balm and pleasantness to his soul. What if this were true, he thought? He remembered at this moment how she had asked him to be her friend in the conservatory. How she had seemed to care for him then, and how he had repelled her kindness. Perhaps it was but her maiden pride all this indifference, he began to argue; watching with eager eyes the beautiful smiling face and supple, graceful form.

By chance Isabel's eyes fell on his eager, anxious, set white face. The expression there of deep and concentrated emotion immediately attracted her attention, and she smiled, calling Sir George with a gesture to her side.

"Shall we have a game now, Sir George?" she said. "I have beaten Mr. Hayward. You have never once played with me?"

"No," he answered in an agitated voice, "but do not let us play. Miss Trevor," he went on, in a low, earnest tone, "I wish to say a few words to you—I must say a few words to you?"

Mr. Hannaway by this time had advanced towards Hayward, and had engaged him in conversation. Isabel glanced for a moment at the tutor, and then said—

"What is it you wish to say, Sir George? I am—always ready, you know, to listen."

"Not here," he answered hurriedly. "I cannot say what I would say to you here. You once said you were fond of flowers," he went on, "will you let me gather some now?"

"Yes," said Isabel slowly. She saw something momentous was coming; and Mr. Hannaway, whose face was turned toward Sir George and herself, perhaps saw this also.

"Let us try our luck, Mr. Hayward," he said, taking up a cue. "I am no great player, but I feel in the humour to try my luck to-night."

Hayward glanced at Isabel, but he only saw her talking apparently quietly to their host. He had monopolised her nearly all day, he remembered, and so he smiled pleasantly at Mr. Hannaway.

"I am a bad player also," he said, "but I shall be glad to play."

As the two men commenced their game, Sir George offered his arm in silence to Isabel. She took it gravely. She was speculating on what he was going to say; was interested in the sudden change which had overcome him. "Is he going to tell me the secret, I wonder?" thought Isabel. "The secret, that people are always hinting at to me, about his life?"

She could feel his arm tremble as he led her down the dimly-lighted corridors of the house. He went straight on until they came to the left wing, and then entered the morning-room, closing the door behind them. This room opened into the small conservatory, where Isabel had gathered the flowers on the first evening that she had spent at Massam, and where she had told Sir George that she had wished to be his friend.

Sir George was thinking of that interview now, of that, and of other things. He placed a seat for Isabel, and then with a sudden vehemence took her hand.

"Isabel," he said, his voice trembling and broken with emotion, "do you remember what you once said to me in this room?"

"What was it, Sir George?" asked Isabel.

"You—a young and lovely girl," went on Sir George, with increasing agitation, "told me—a man, old before my time—that you wished to be my friend. Do you still wish this Isabel?"

he continued. "Or are you changed?"

"I thought that—you were changed, Sir George," answered Isabel.

"No, no. But perhaps I am changed," he added, and his voice sank almost to a whisper, "for now I know your power."

Isabel's heart gave a great, triumphant throb as these words reached her ears.

"You mean?" she said, and she looked at him with her bright, inquiring eyes.

"I mean," answered Sir George, "that when you came here—when, in fact, I first knew you, I was, I felt, too old—not in age perhaps exactly—but, Isabel, I have had cares and griefs, such cares and griefs that I cannot tell you!"

And Sir George covered his face, apparently overcome with emotion.

"You mean," said Isabel, speaking as no loving woman could have spoken, "that there is an obstacle between us?"

"Yes," answered Sir George, in brief and bitter tones.

"That cannot be overcome?" went on Isabel.

"No, no, I do not say that!" cried Sir George, passionately. "I do not say that cannot be overcome." And he began to pace the room with hasty strides. "Isabel," he went on, coming back to her after a few moments, and once more taking her hand, "what I mean is this: There was an obstacle, there is an obstacle between us; but—if you love me—"

"Yes?" said Isabel, still enquiringly.

"It need not part us. If you love me—remember—if you love me, Isabel—I ask you to be my wife!"

Isabel was silent for a moment, and she then said—

"And you can legally do this?"

If Sir George had not been so impulsive and passionate, and so deeply in love himself, he might have heard her true answer to his inquiry if she loved him, in these cold words. As it was, his real feelings blinded him to her want of any. He was, in fact, too much excited to notice her calculating coldness.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "I can do this. But remember, Isabel, he went on, almost warningly, "that there is still a great gulf between us. You are young, bright, and happy—I am a gloomy, care-worn man."

"And these stories that they tell about you?" asked Isabel.

"What stories?" replied Sir George, sharply.

"They say," said Isabel, with the fearlessness and defiance of her nature, "that you are connected with some woman."

"The person to whom you allude," answered Sir George, with quivering lips, as Isabel waited to hear his answer, "is dead."

For a moment or two there was silence in the room after this announcement, Sir George beginning once more to pace up and down with restless steps and knitted brow. Then Isabel made up her mind. She followed Sir George's uneven steps. She laid her white, supple hand upon his arm.

"You asked me," she said, "if—if if I were changed to you. I tried to change. They told me even that you had a wife."

"It is a lie!" fiercely interrupted Sir George, grasping her hand.

"But—but I did not know," went on Isabel. "I was afraid to show my feelings—I tried to hide them."

"Then," went on Sir George, with passionate eagerness, "I am not indifferent to you?"

"No," whispered Isabel, and she hid her face upon his arm.

So she won. With a murmured cry of joy Sir George now caught her to his breast, holding her there, and whispering words of love. Then, suddenly, as if some fresh thought had struck him, he put her away; pushing her apart from him for a moment, and looking straight into her lovely face.

"You will never make me jealous, Isabel, will you?" he said.

"Foolish one," she answered, smilingly, "why do you ask? You, whom I have chosen before all other men."

CHAPTER XIV.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

By Isabel's wish, this strange engagement was kept a secret for the next few days between Sir

George and herself. She had various reasons for this, one of which was a sort of feeling of compassion, a faint tenderness even (if such a thing as tenderness existed in her cold heart) for Philip Hayward.

Yes, she had a sort of liking for the tutor, for the honest, grey, manly eyes that followed her movements with such simple chivalrous devotion. Isabel liked to know her power, and this young man had risked his life to please her. She caught herself wishing sometimes that Hayward was the master of Massam, and not the gloomy man, whose successful love-suit had by no means cleared away the cloud from his brow.

But she did not intend to draw back. She loved the world and the world's good things too well to lose the prize that she had won. She meant to marry Sir George Hamilton, but the company of her future husband was often not a little wearisome to her.

Thus things went on for a day or two; Isabel in the meanwhile playing with Hayward's heart, as if she were actually studying how, when he learnt the truth, to cost him the most pain. Yet she did not mean this. It was the innate coquetry of her nature that induced her to trifle with this young man's feelings, and not from any wish to hurt him. She liked him too well for that. But she could not resist the pleasure of seeing him devoted to her; of knowing that these two men were jealous of her slightest word.

But Sir George was too proud to show this now, though he hinted to her with some gravity of manner that it was unwise of her to spend so much of her time with Hayward.

"What do you mean?" asked Isabel, smiling.

Then Sir George ventured to explain. The young man might naturally suppose that she was greatly interested in him, he told Isabel.

"Well, I am interested in him," she answered.

"But is it kind to show this?" urged Sir George. "Hayward is young, perhaps he might even think—"

"That I am in love with him, perhaps?" said Isabel, with a mocking laugh. "No, he is not presumptuous enough for that."

This conversation left a painful impression on Sir George's mind. There was a heartless carelessness in Isabel's words that found no echo in his heart. Yet he was jealous of her still, though he did not appear so, and under the influence of this feeling, one evening after dinner, he asked Hayward to stroll out on the terrace with him. Then, when they were there, as they smoked their cigars, he inquired of the tutor if he yet had come to any decision regarding his future profession.

Hayward was surprised for a moment at the question. Sir George had invited him to pay a long visit to Massam, and he had been there little more than a week when Sir George asked it. But before he could reply, the Baronet added—

"The reason I ask you is, that Hannaway told me yesterday that a living, that I have in my gift, will probably soon be vacant. Do you think that you would like to go into the Church?"

Hayward coloured for a moment as Sir George said this, and then answered—

"It is my mother's dearest wish that I should do so, but I cannot reconcile myself to the idea."

"Why?" asked Sir George.

"Sir George," said Hayward, with an earnest ring in his voice, "should a man undertake what he cannot conscientiously fulfil? I cannot satisfy my own mind about what I should then be called upon to teach and preach to others."

"About hereafter?" said Sir George, slowly.

"Yes—to me so many great questions are unsolved, that I am utterly unfit for the office of a teacher."

Sir George gave a heavy sigh.

"And you have a mother?" he said.

"Yes," answered Hayward, and a faint flush came into his face, and a soft light into his eyes, "a dear little mother. You don't know, perhaps," he added smiling, "that I am her only child and she is a widow?"

Sir George sighed again.

"I, too, was an only child," he said, "and my mother was a widow. But we will not talk of it," he went on abruptly. "Do you know, Hayward, what I think the greatest curse on earth?" he added.

"No—among the various evils that flesh is heir to, which do you consider the greatest, then, Sir George?"

"Memory," answered Sir George, darkly and briefly.

"Memory!" repeated Hayward, as if surprised, "I do not think that, Sir George. What would life be if we had only the present? The past and future from their very dimness always seem to me to have peculiar charms. About the past I try to remember only what was pleasant, and for the future I have always hope."

"It is well—you have a happy disposition, then?" said Sir George.

"Perhaps I have," answered Hayward, and he smiled. Both these men were thinking at that moment of the same woman. Hayward with chivalrous, passionate devotion; Sir George with vague, passionate distrust and disappointment. He had won her, but she did not satisfy him. He felt there was something wanting even then in the bright beauty that had enslaved him. But he was enslaved still. Enslaved, though his heart was unquiet within him; though he told himself that there were many things unlovable about Isabel Trevor.

Presently he began talking to Hayward again

about his future prospects, urging him to accept such a lavish allowance from his hands for the present that Hayward declined it, with modest pride.

"You count my life so cheap, then, Hayward," answered Sir George, half bitterly, half sadly, "that you will not allow me in any way to attempt to recompense you for saving it?"

"Do not say that, Sir George," said Hayward, in his pleasant voice. "I shall gratefully accept help from you, but only sufficient to supply my moderate wants. And even this," he added, "you must allow me at some future time to repay."

"It is false pride of you to say this, Hayward," said Sir George, almost harshly.

"Is it?" answered Hayward, gently. "Then forgive me, Sir George. But one recompense for my slight service I shall ask," he continued, in his winning manner, "which is to be allowed to call myself your friend."

"That is a poor recompense indeed," said Sir George, moodily, turning away his head.

"God knows my friendship is of little worth."

As Sir George said this they were passing near some of the windows of the house, and as they did so there came a little tapping on one of the panes. Both turned their heads at this sound, and then they saw Isabel standing inside the lighted room beyond, and endeavouring to unfasten one of the windows that opened upon the terrace. Sir George at once advanced to her assistance and undid the fastening.

"You must come in," she said, addressing him smilingly, "a visitor has arrived—Mr. Hannaway."

"Oh—" said Sir George, indifferently.

"But he wishes particularly to see you," went on Isabel. "Oh, here he is to answer for himself." And as she spoke, the tall form and good-looking face of the lawyer appeared behind Isabel.

"Can I have a word with you, Sir George?" he said, "I have a letter here," he added, "that I think it is important that you should see."

"I will come with you," answered Sir George. "Excuse me," and he looked at Isabel.

"Certainly," she answered, as Sir George followed Mr. Hannaway. "That is a man," she went on speaking to Hayward, and giving a little nod of her head to indicate the lawyer, "who has a remarkably high opinion of Mr. Hannaway."

"Well, why should he not?" answered Hayward, with a little laugh. "He is good-looking, agreeable, and rich."

"Good-looking, agreeable, and rich," replied Isabel, "and yet to me he has no charm."

Hayward's heart beat fast at these words, and at the subtle insinuation they contained.

"And what qualities have charms for you then, Isabel?" he faltered.

The moon came from behind the drifting clouds, and flickered for a moment on their two faces as Hayward asked this—flickered on hers so beautiful, on his so earnest and full of hope.

Isabel cast down her eyes. "Why do you ask?" she said. "Everyone knows when they charm."

In her waist-band was a faded rose, and as these words fell from her lips, Hayward saw it.

"Give me that rose, Isabel?" he said, "I am jealous of a flower."

"What folly," she answered, still without looking up; but she unfastened the rose. "It is dead," she said, holding it towards him.

"It has died where I too would die," murmured Hayward.

"Poor rose!" said Isabel. "Poor Hayward!" she thought, and one of those momentary pangs of regret crossed her heart, as she glanced coyly up once more in the young man's earnest face.

"We had better go inside," she said. "We must not forget that propriety in the shape of Papa and Miss Marston are watching us."

Indeed, at this moment the Squire himself appeared advancing towards the window near where Isabel and Hayward were standing.

"My dear Isabel," he said, "are you not afraid of the chill night air? You are causing a most serious draught in the room." And the Squire shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear papa," answered Isabel, shrugging hers also, "I hope it won't give you rheumatism!"

"Shall I shut the window, Mr. Trevor?" asked Hayward.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Trevor, stiffly; and while Hayward was thus employed, Sir George Hamilton came again into the room, and walked straight up to Isabel.

"Isabel," he said in a low tone, "will you excuse me if I run up to town for one day?"

"It depends on whom you run with," replied Isabel, looking smilingly at her lover.

"I wish to go with Hannaway," answered Sir George, who looked pale and disturbed. "A letter, an important letter, that he has just shown me, calls me away. But I shall return to-morrow night."

"Very well," said Isabel, still smiling.

"And—will you look after everyone for me?" asked Sir George, hesitatingly, and as if he were thinking of something else.

"Yes, I will make an excellent chatelaine, or hostess, or whatever is the right thing," answered Isabel, still lightly.

"And—Isabel—will you come out with me for one moment?" then asked Sir George, this time fixing his eyes on her face.

"Yes," said Isabel, after an instant's hesitation, and she followed him from the room to the corridor outside.

When they were there, Sir George, after

glancing round to see that they were alone, put his arm round her.

"Give me one kiss, Isabel," he said, "before we say good-bye?"

Isabel, too, looked round, and then lifted her rosy lips to his.

"Good-bye," she said, but Sir George would not let her go. He held her there to his breast, pale and agitated. Isabel, on the contrary, was quite unmoved. She was a little uncomfortable, perhaps, in Sir George's embrace, but that was all. Through the half-closed door, however, of the small drawing-room that they had just quitted, she could see the side of the cabinet of uncut gems that she had often coveted. This reminded her of what Sir George was—the master of all this wealth, and so again she held her lips up for his kiss.

"Good-bye," she said once more, and Sir George kissed her, pressed her closer in his arms, and then with a murmured word or two, bid her farewell. After he was gone, Isabel returned to the drawing-room, and advanced, smilingly, to where her father, Hilda Marston, and Philip Hayward were standing.

"Our host has left me in charge of you all," she said, "so I hope you mean to make yourselves very agreeable."

The next day was Sunday—a wet Sunday. In the morning the whole party drove to the parish church, and heard Mr. Woodford's very mild and inoffensive discourse. Mrs. Woodford, with her insignificant features and faded complexion, was yawning during its delivery on one side of the pulpit, and the beadle on the other. The Featherstone girls were there, but they never yawned. Antony Featherstone, their father, however, slept through the whole of the parson's discourse. The Squire of Sanda rigidly kept himself awake, "as an example," but his pale eyes winked and blinked unceasingly with abortive efforts not to close.

"We were the only two awake, I believe, Mr. Hayward," said Isabel, laughing, as they drove home.

"My dear Isabel, do not make such foolish assertions," said the Squire. "I will not deny that Mr. Woodford's sermon was not striking, but I never thought of going to sleep."

"You thought you would not," answered Isabel, maliciously.

"I was not asleep," said Hilda Marston.

"Were you not?" replied Isabel, as if it were a matter of no consequence, and then the subject dropped.

In the afternoon the weather grew worse. The blinding rain came beating against the windows of the house, and the wind swept moaning through the trees. They lingered as long as they could over the luncheon table, and then first Hilda retired. After she was gone the Squire went to the reading room of the library, took up Saturday's *Times*, and sank back in an easy chair before a blazing fire. Isabel and Hayward were thus left to amuse themselves as best they could. Isabel having looked out of the window at the storm, and regretted that as she supposed they could not play billiards (at which suggestion Hayward smilingly shook his head), she proposed that they should go over the house, and look at the pictures.

So they went together up the broad staircase, where many valuable ones were hung. The great masters, whose hands have made the canvas live, were nearly all represented at Massam. Catalogue in hand, Isabel went up and down the long gallery, pointing out this gem or that, to the tutor. She had been here with Sir George, and knew where the Rembrandt hung, and where the Poussin. But she lingered longest before the smiling beauties, that Sir Peter Lely's art had portrayed. Amongst these were some of the ancestresses of Hamilton's. Fair women who had played their part in the comedies and tragedies of their time, and then had vanished from the scene. Isabel kept speculating about them to the tutor, and wondering if a certain necklace, clasped round the plump throat of one fair dame, was yet among the treasures of the house.

"I always envy jewels," said Isabel. "My good lady," she went on mockingly, addressing the pictured lady smiling on the wall, "will you give me your necklace?"

Hayward made no reply. He was looking at Isabel. At the wonderful tints of her lovely face, at the glimmer of her golden hair, shining even in the dark gallery, with the darkening clouds overhead. She was fairer than all these dead women hanging round, who have been painted, and passed away. "Too fair," Hayward thought, almost with a groan at that moment.

"Why are you silent?" said Isabel, turning round suddenly, and looking at him.

Then, carried away by the impetuous feelings surging in his heart, Hayward caught both her white and supple hands in his.

"I was thinking," he said, "thinking of Isabel—of you."

Isabel was started for an instant by the passionate ring of his voice, by the light in his eyes, and by his unexpected touch. Then she recovered herself.

"A very stupid occupation, Mr. Hayward," she said, trying to pull her hands from his.

"Oh! do not jest any more, Isabel," went on Hayward. "I must speak—I cannot be silent now."

"But—" said Isabel, embarrassed.

"You have known it long; I know you have known it long," continued Hayward, interrupting her, "but, lately I have dared to think, Isabel—"

"What?" she asked, and she looked into his face.

"That you care for me—that I am not indifferent to you," faltered Hayward. And then, with honest, manly pride and love ringing in his voice and shining in his face, he went on, "You know what I am. A poor man, who has yet to win his way. But, Isabel, I will win it," he continued, in his fond tenderness. "Whisper one word, say one word—tell me what shall be my reward!"

As Hayward paused, Isabel's eyes fell from his face.

"I—I—do like you," she said, hesitatingly; "but you must know—"

"What?" it was now Hayward's turn to ask, as he quickly looked up.

"That in our relative positions," went on Isabel with some discomfort in her voice, "that is—if you mean anything serious."

"I am not jesting," said Hayward, with sudden sternness.

"I mean if you think anything about marrying," continued Isabel.

"Of what else could I think?" said Hayward. "Isabel—surely, you have not been playing with me?"

"It is impossible," said Isabel, "you know it is impossible."

"Then why," asked Hayward indignantly, "have you trifled with me? If marriage is impossible between us, why have you seemed as if you wished me to love you?"

"Perhaps I have acted wrongly," said Isabel. "But, Mr. Hayward—I wish to be your friend." And she held out her hand to him.

"Friend!" echoed Hayward bitterly. "No, Miss Trevor, that can never be! I—I—love you—love you as a man loves the woman he asks to be his wife—nothing else will satisfy me now!"

"Then I repeat," said Isabel, "it is impossible."

"And you have been fooling me all this time?" went on Hayward, yet more bitterly. "What was your motive, Miss Trevor? What honour or glory could you gain by deceiving a man so contemptible in your eyes as I am?"

"You are not contemptible," said Isabel. "I—I—as I said before, I like you, and wish to be your friend. Everything else is impossible between us—because—I may as well tell you the truth—I am engaged to Sir George Hamilton."

Even Isabel's cold heart felt ashamed and stricken, when she saw the grey look of despair that passed over the tutor's face at this announcement. But he uttered no word. He only pressed his teeth tightly over his under lip, and his face turned white, and then a cold, sickly grey.

"I—I am sorry if this pains you," faltered Isabel, "but it is better that you should know the truth."

"Yes, much better," said Hayward. "And now I will go away." And he turned to leave her.

"Nay, stay; let us talk it over," said Isabel. But he never looked back. He passed straight and silently down the long gallery; and straight and silently, and with a heart bursting with intolerable pain, he went out into the rain-soaked, storm-beaten park.

(To be continued.)

FASHION NOTES.

GRAY camel's hair cloth caps trimmed with bands of fur or feathers are novelties in children's wear.

SCOTCH plaid circulars lined with red opera flannel or red silk are stylish garments for school girls' wear.

ACCORDING to Emmeline Raymond, crinoline of very small proportions is beginning to make its appearance.

COSMETIC masks are revived as beautifying articles of the toilet, and are in demand among fashionable women.

BONNET strings are no longer crossed in the back over the hair or in the nape of the neck by fashionable women.

LARGE Alsatian bows of wide black velvet ribbon are worn as evening head-dresses with "at home" reception toilets.

WHITE satin dresses, trimmed with medieval laces, yellow with age, are the most stylish evening toilets of the season.

A NOVELTY in gentlemen's ulsters is made reversible, one side to be worn to business, the other for calls and the opera.

THE fashion correspondent of *Harper's Bazaar* says that bonnets are much larger than they have been for some years past.

CLOTH circulars have heavy cords and tassels fastening the garments in front, knotted loosely and then thrown over the shoulders.

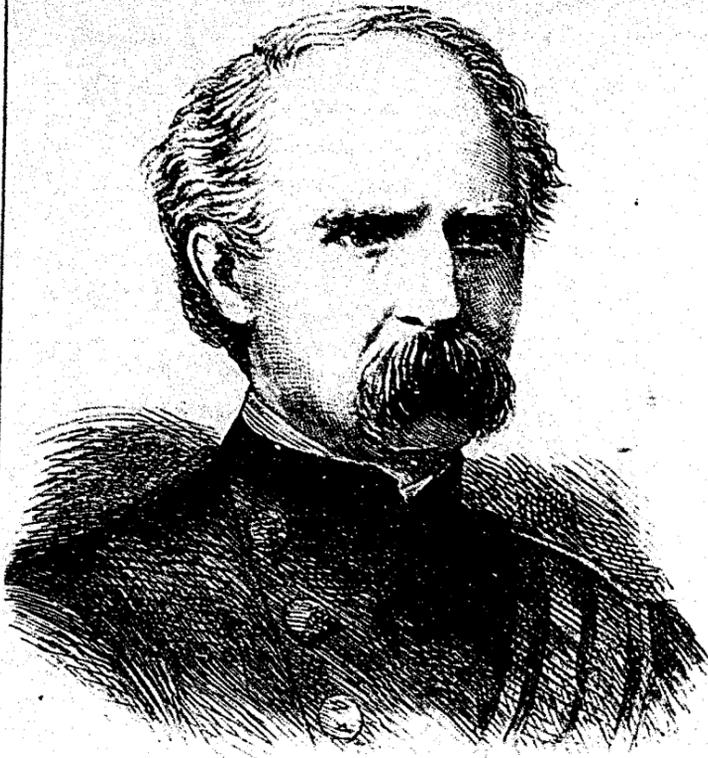
BIAS bands of many-coloured, striped and plaided cloths are used in trimming costumes de fatigue and simple house dresses of solid colours.

BLACK silk dresses for house and evening wear are usually combinations of several materials made into a full-flowing trained skirt, and tight basque attached to the same.

THE Directory bonnet is a leading Parisian novelty. It is high above the forehead, narrow on the sides, the strings cover the ears, tying under the chin, and the trimmings are a mixture of feathers, fur, ribbon, and ornaments. The whole affair is frightfully ugly, but is the rage at the moment in the French capital.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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



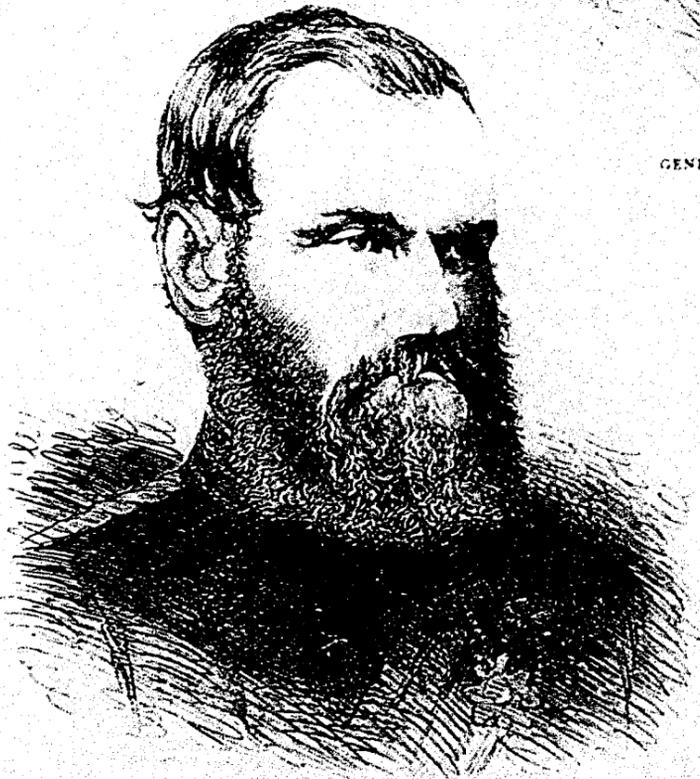
LIEUT.-GENERAL DONALD STEWART, C.B.
Commanding the Mooltan Reserve Column



MAJOR-GENERAL F. S. ROBERTS, V.C., C.B.
Commanding the Kuram Valley Column



GENERAL SIR FREDERICK P. HAINES, G.C.B., C.I.E.
Commander in Chief of the Army in India

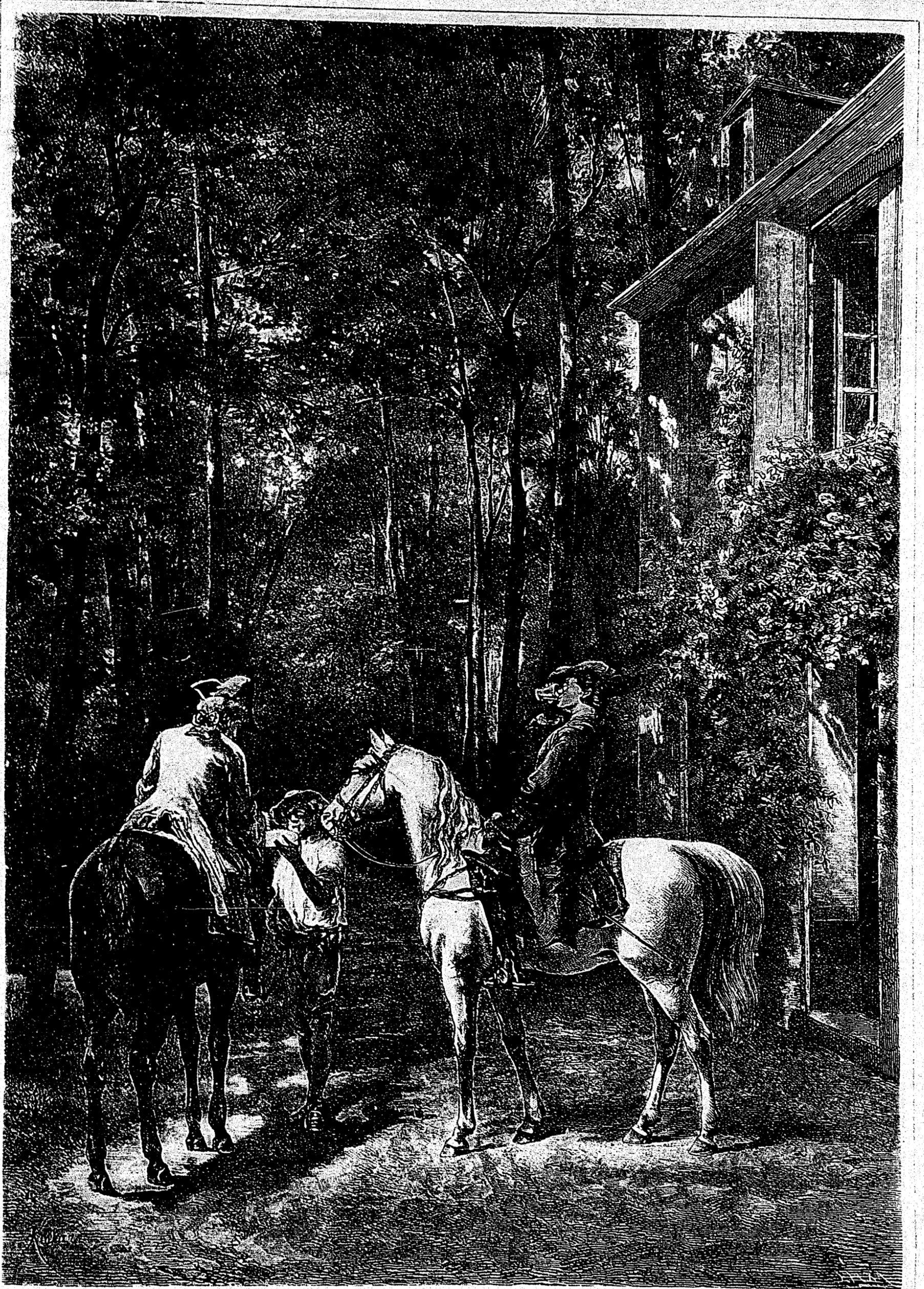


LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR SAMUEL BROWNE, V.C., C.B., K.C.S.I.
Commanding the Peshawar and Khyber Pass Column



MAJOR-GENERAL A. S. BIDDULPH, C.B., R.A.
Commanding the Quetta Column

THE AFGHAN WAR — THE GENERALS COMMANDING THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES



IN FRONT OF THE INN.—FROM THE ORIGINAL OF MEISSONIER.

ANOTHER attempt is to be made to lessen the cost of cable telegrams across the Atlantic. M. Pouyer-Quertier, a wealthy French manufacturer, and who was Minister of Finance for a short time, has obtained a concession from the French Government for a new Atlantic Cable. It is proposed to make it much lighter than the present ones, and thereby to lessen the outlay both in manufacturing and laying it. But what the projected company look forward to as their chief advantage is the adoption of a new system of telegraphing. An Italian has discovered means of sending more words through a cable in a given time than can be done by any existing method. He holds that by his plan it will be possible to use the Hughes printing apparatus, the result being to obviate many of the blunders made by the system in use. Indeed, the scheme promises well; but so did the Direct Cable Company, which, as is too well known, has not cheapened Atlantic telegrams.

MORPHINE DRINKING.—But I set out to speak of a habit which prevails to an alarming extent among women—the use of morphine to quiet pain of one kind or another. I can easily imagine that the habit may grow from ignorance of danger. A fearful pain is lulled by seemingly simple means—an opiate in the shape of morphine. The suffering one rests easy and pitying friends may believe that morphine was just the thing needed. But has the opiate cured the disease which caused the pain? Not a bit of it. It has only beaten down and silenced the faithful monitor, the nerves, which, in the shape of pain, told of injury and begged that help be given to the injured part. Mothers, it is believed that those who are most likely to become the victims of morphine are women who, as children, were lulled with soothing-syrup (and let it always be remembered that this syrup derives its "soothing" power from the morphine it contains), or dosed with paregoric or the more potent landanum. They grow up inclined to self-indulgence, and if hard work and sickness overtakes them, they fall an easy prey to morphine. Do you know that a person who becomes addicted to morphine cannot be decent without it? It is said that a morphine drunkard can never be trusted to tell the truth. She becomes at last so unbearable in disposition, when not under the influence of her medicine, that her friends make every effort to gratify her morbid appetite. All this that I have said applies equally to the use of opium, morphine being but another form of opium. Neither should be used, except in some emergency, when given by a skilful physician.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several communications. Solution of Problem No. 203 received. Correct. You are right in considering this a very pretty problem.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 203 received.

M. F. E., Halifax, N.S.—Correct solution of Problem No. 200 received.

Black Knight, St. John, N.B.—Look over Problem No. 203 again. It is worth the trouble.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 201 received. Correct.

THE AMENITIES OF THE CHESS BOARD.

Play over the chess board is such an absorbing occupation that, in many cases, those who are otherwise noted for their attention to the conventionalities of daily life are apt to be thrown off their guard, and exhibit traits of character which require constant restraint to keep them from being annoying and offensive to others. We may, also, state that sometimes individuals, not at all inclined to be assertive, will maintain a point connected with the game with a pertinacity which they would rarely manifest in the ordinary affairs of life. How many of our readers have noticed the difference which is produced in the bearing of some men by the simple act of either winning or losing a game. We recollect an opponent of years gone by, who almost invariably rose from the table after a defeat, and paced up and down the room, giving vent to his anger in self-denunciations which would have been fearful, had they not been ludicrous. Turning towards his adversary he used to say, "That game, Sir, was lost by a mere slip. I had it in my own hands. I always lose my games in that manner. I must, Sir, come to a determination to give up Chess altogether." The same person after winning a game was full of smiles, and as radiant as a summer's afternoon. Rubbing his hands with fulness of heart, his usual exclamations on such an occasion were: "Now, Sir, that is what I call a good game! I enjoy a game like that! On the twentieth move, Sir, I saw clearly your game was gone, and that you had not a ghost of a chance." When suffering under such infirmities we always felt sure that our friend had lost his customary guardedness, and that he would, after a little reflection, be sorry for his ebullitions of temper; but they were, nevertheless, disagreeable, and took a great deal away from the pleasure which we commonly expect from a contest over the board. Coolness and resignation under defeat have been exhibited by the greatest of beings in contests on which depended the fate of nations, but the trifling result of a game of chess is not considered worthy of more than ordinary care, and thus offence is often unintentionally given, which becomes generally a matter of regret when it is too late to remedy the evil. We hope to return to this subject in some future Column.

(From the Hartford (Conn.) Times.)

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH.

The International Correspondence Tourney is now almost daily developing something of interest. Last week Mr. Holmes's brilliant victory lifted the American team out of the "nine hole" and tied the score at twelve. But our joy was of brief duration, for the next foreign mail brought the intelligence that Mr. Romeyn had again surrendered to his British antagonist, and this defeat for our side gave the British a lead of one. At this

juncture, Mr. Delmar, a New York rifleman, scored a bull's-eye by announcing a win against Mr. Biewer. This ties the score again—thirteen to thirteen. In alluding to Mr. Romeyn's second defeat, the New York Forest and Stream says: "This is the second which Mr. Romeyn has lost to his skillful opponent. It is far from our intentions to question the fairness of Mr. Belden's pairing of the players of the American team, as we can only too easily conceive of the difficulty that he encountered at the outset, without even attempting to closely scrutinize the actual skill of each competitor; than divide them into classes, and give to each player his position in a class. As a whole, we think Mr. Belden displayed excellent judgment, and, should this contest result in the defeat of the American team, which we do not think improbable, we feel that it cannot be justly attributed to the want of good judgment or the lack of discernment of the American manager."

PROBLEM No. 205.

A competing problem in the British Association Tourney.—Motto, "Why so, prithee."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 324TH.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY GAMES.

Between Mr. H. Holmes, of Bay City, Mich., and Mr. G. W. Stevens, of England.

NOTES BY A. N. CUNNINGHAM.

(Double Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Stevens.) BLACK.—(Holmes.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. B to B 4 2. B to B 4
3. P to Q Kt 4 3. B takes P
4. P to K B 4

This move, the invention of Mr. McDonnell, the celebrated opponent of La Bourdonais, is radically unsound, and in a serious contest ought not to be ventured.

4. P to Q 4

This reply first indicated by La Bourdonais, completely repels the attack.

- 5. P takes Q P 5. P to K 5
6. Kt to K 2 6. Kt to K B 3
7. P to B 3

Castling was the correct play at this juncture.

- 8. P to Q 4 7. B to Q B 4
9. Q takes P 8. P takes P (en passant)
10. B to R 3 9. Castles
11. Kt takes B 10. B takes B
11. B to Kt 5

This fine move necessitates for White the loss of a pawn.

- 12. Castles (K R) 12. B takes Kt
13. Q takes B 13. Kt takes P
14. Q to B 3 14. P to Q B 3
15. Q R to Q Kt sq 15. Q to Q R 4
16. B takes Kt 16. P takes B
17. R to Kt 3 17. Kt to Q 2
18. P to B 4

This is a bad move, but he appears to have no better at command.

- 19. R takes Kt P 18. P takes P
19. P to B 6

This pawn now becomes very formidable.

- 20. R to Kt 3 20. Q R to B sq
21. R to Q B sq 21. P to B 7
22. R to Kt 5

This is scarcely his best move, although it may be that had is the best,

- 22. Q to B sq 22. Q to Q 7
23. K to R sq 23. Q to K 6 (ch)
24. R to Q 5 24. Q takes Kt
25. R to Q 5 25. Kt to B 3
26. R to Q 2 26. Q to Kt 7
27. R to K 2 27. K R to Q sq
28. R to K sq 28. R to Q 7
29. Q to B 3 29. Q R to Q sq
30. Resigns.

GAME 325RD.

(From Land and Water.)

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following smart affair occurred some time ago, at Simpson's Divan, between Mr. G. R. Dick, and another strong amateur.

(Phillidor's Defence.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Dick.) BLACK.—(Mr. A.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3 2. P to Q 3
3. P to Q 4 3. P to K B 4
4. B to B 4 4. Kt to K B 3 (a)
5. P takes K P 5. Kt takes P
6. Kt to B 3 6. Kt takes Kt
7. P takes Kt 7. Kt to B 3
8. Kt to Kt 5 8. Kf takes P
9. Castles 9. Kt takes B (b)
10. Q to Q 5 10. Kt to K 4
11. R to K sq 11. Q to B 3
12. P to K B 4 12. P to B 3
13. P takes Kt (c) 13. Q takes Kt
14. P takes P (dis ch) 14. B to K 2
15. B takes Q 15. P takes Q
16. R takes B (ch) 16. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Kt to Q B 3 would have resolved the opening into a variation of the Lopez Counter Gambit productive of an equal game.
(b) Black loses valuable time by this hasty move. We think P to Q B 3 would have been better.
(c) White plays all this very prettily. If Black takes the Q then follows P takes Q, discovered check, etc.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 203.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R from B 5 to B 4 1. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 201.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. K moves 1. Kt moves
2. Kt mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 202.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at K R 7 K at K 2
B at Q R 5 Pawn at Q B 4
Kt at K R 4
Pawns at K 5 and 6,
K B 7, Q B 4 and 7
White to play and mate in two moves.



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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 24th, 1878.



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Public Works Department, Ottawa, 24th October, 1878.

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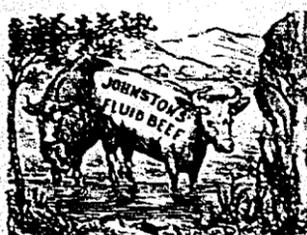
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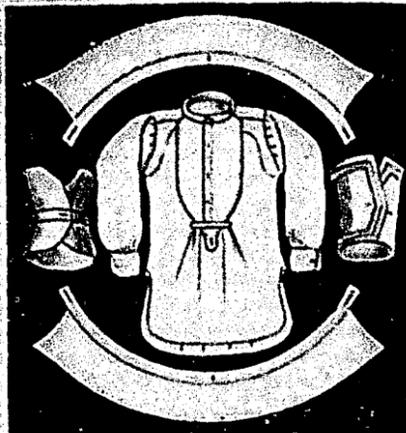
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..... Dalhousie 10:31 "

..... Bathurst 12:32 A.M.

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Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.



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