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# Illustrated News

VOL. XXV.—No. 2.

MONTREAL SATURDAY, JANUARY, 14, 1882.

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{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



ONE VIEW OF CANADA.

Mr. BULL CANADENSIS reads from *New York Tribune*:—"Union with England is of service only to a small wealthy class of shipping merchants and politicians; who come to Canada to make fortunes which they invariably go back to England to enjoy. Besides this class, the Canadian population is made up of the thrifless, happy-go-lucky French habitants and swarms of Irish emigrants, without capital, experience, or business capacity." Mixed this, Mr. *Tribune*. I came here to get wealthy, and I am going to stay.  
 HIBERNICUS:—"The *Tribune* never loved Canada, John. Everybody isn't blind or a fool! We don't forget poor Greeley's Gentle Shepherds of '66."  
 M. L'HABITANT:—"Il est l'envie. Et ce n'est pas pour vous, M. le Rédacteur, le Chemin Pacifique."

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARRIS and HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Jan. 8th, 1882.				Corresponding week, 1881			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 12°	10°	8°	13°	Max. 40°	38°	35°	32°
Min. 3°	0°	-7°	-2°	Min. 20°	18°	12°	10°
Mean 7.5°	6.5°	0.5°	5.5°	Mean 30.5°	25.5°	20.5°	18.5°
Jan. 9th, 1882.	10th	11th	12th	Jan. 15th, 1881.	16th	17th	18th
Max. 12°	10°	8°	13°	Max. 40°	38°	35°	32°
Min. 3°	0°	-7°	-2°	Min. 20°	18°	12°	10°
Mean 7.5°	6.5°	0.5°	5.5°	Mean 30.5°	25.5°	20.5°	18.5°

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THE WEEK.—Canon Norman's Considerations—The Marquis' Return—Society Journalism in Japan—The Carrying of Infection.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Echoes from London—Coquette—Behind Her Fan—Our Illustrations—Varieties—News of the Week—Bonny Kate—He Was from Deadwood—Echoes from Paris—Hearth and Home—Humorous—In Vienna—Recollections of a Drummer Boy—Herbert Spencer's Theory of the Will—The Roses Shall Not Hear—Maidie—Miscellany—Musical and Dramatic—How Karl Rimmer Began the New Year—Our Chess Column.

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**  
 Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 14, 1882.

THE REV. CANON NORMAN has published an exhaustive treatise on the Revised Edition of the New Testament, the result, apparently, of more close study than has for the most part been bestowed upon the work by commentators in this country at all events. We say apparently, for the review of such a pamphlet demands time for its consideration proportionate to the amount of labour bestowed upon it, and we hope in a later number to be able to deal with it at greater length.

TO-MORROW (Tuesday), if all be well, the Marquis will sail for Canada to complete the term of his Governorship. In spite of the determined way in which many of the papers have endeavoured to prove that he is not coming back, we may take it for granted that his return is as certain as it will be acceptable to all but the few who object in principle to any Governor who may be sent them from England. The Marquis has done much every way since his arrival in Canada to encourage the growing taste for art and literature amongst us, that function which has been the glory of so many hereditary sovereigns, and which is, at least, one main source of usefulness in a Governor, whose spheres of action are limited in other directions. It is to be hoped that the Princess' health may so far improve that before long we may welcome her again amongst us. Whatever fault may be found with the Vice-Regal Court as an institution, there can be no two opinions as to the advantage of its being presided over by a Princess of the blood Royal, and we look forward to her return with scarcely less interest than we have watched for that of the Marquis himself.

SOCIETY Journalism, so called, is spreading its civilizing influences to the Antipodes. Japan has not only adopted the garments of Western civilization and endeavoured to improve upon our laws, but with the advance of the more external requirements of the age, she has developed that taste for scandal which seems to underlie modern fashionable society. Amongst her numerous evidences of progress none are perhaps more striking than the humble, but not altogether unsuccessful, efforts of the native papers to import into that eminently progressive country the true style and flavour of what is known as "Society" journalism. Thus in the *Osaka Nippo* we read that, "The

female hair-dresser who waits upon the lady of a certain statesman was requested by that personage to retail to him all the news she heard in other private houses. The woman," it is added, "thus acquired influence, and every month one or two of her friends received situations under Government. Now she is sought by many persons, and even men of education are paying court to her in order to secure her kindly notice." In such inuendoes does your true Society journalist delight. And a little further down we have an item more directly personal. "Several detectives," it is observed, "are said to have arrived in Kioto, and to be watching the behaviour of those who are intimate with the Imperial Princess and nobles who reside in that city." On the other hand, the *Kobe Shimpo* seems to prefer to cultivate the valuable art of appearing to be on easy terms with the high official and ex-official personages; for here we read that, "when Mr. OKUMA was in office the great respect with which he was treated precluded him from accurately ascertaining the feelings and wishes of the people. Now, however, that he has resigned," we learn that "he can freely mix in all public gatherings, and is only anxious to receive invitations." It is difficult to say what may not be expected of a country which, suddenly throwing off the exclusiveness and self-conceit of ages, begins to develop another sort of civilization at this tremendous pace.

THE CARRYING OF INFECTION.

A telegram from Port Jervis in to-day's (Monday) *Gazette* announces the closing of the churches there on Sunday on account of the prevalence of small-pox in the town. The lesson to be learned from the news is one which we should not be slow to take. The world over there would be much less disease, and the more virulent forms of epidemic could be far more readily stamped out, were even the most ordinary precautions at all universally adopted.

In Canada, even more than in England, where the lesson is being slowly learned, such precautions are far more honored in the breach than the observance. With the alarming prevalence of diphtheria at present in Montreal it is perfectly astonishing to an outsider to notice the recklessness with which the spread of the disease is encouraged by an entire neglect of any quarantine such as would suggest itself to any but those concerned.

This matter of going to church is an instance in point. The obligations imposed upon the members of any church to attend public worship, can never be paramount to considerations of public health, and those who go straight from an infected house to sit in the midst of a crowded congregation, where perhaps they come actually into-contact with fifteen or twenty of their neighbours, should remember that their observance of supposed religious duty may inflict suffering and, perhaps, death, on many innocent persons.

It was only recently that the writer observed in one of the leading churches of the city a lady, whose daughter was recovering at home from a severe attack of scarlet fever. What, think you, should be her feelings, if one of her friends, who could not avoid touching her or sitting beside her, is stricken down by the poison which her carelessness spread around her.

The sending of children to school from infected houses is another case in which our Board of Health might be expected to interfere—especially in the case of the Public Schools. Instances could be quoted of children who have attended school while actually sickening for diseases which were rampant at their homes. In England such offences against the public health are not only punishable, but are, in fact, severely punished in the case of the Board Schools, while the larger public boarding schools make it an invariable rule to receive no pupil within three weeks after the entire recovery of any member of his family who may have been ill of infectious disease.

Another cause of the carrying of infection, we believe, may be found in the carelessness of many of our doctors in this respect. It is hardly conceivable that in the nineteenth century the superstition should so largely prevail that doctors cannot carry disease. Doctors wear the same clothes and are for the most part made of the same material themselves as other mortals, and the same precautions exactly are required in the case of a visiting physician as of any ordinary visitor. That many of them do take such precautions goes of course without saying, but it is to be feared the majority either never think of the matter at all, or at least excuse themselves on the plea of necessity. The leading doctors of London are fully awake to the importance of due precaution. One in particular, a physician of eminence, has a dressing-room close to his hall-door into which he enters immediately on his return from an infected house, and entirely changes his clothes, washes his hands, etc., before communicating in any way with his family or his other patients. This is, of course, the extreme of precautionary measures, and such a course, however desirable, may not be possible to all the members of a busy and often ill-paid profession. But the principle is one which should never be lost sight of, and doctors, we believe, might do much which they certainly do not do now, to check the spread of disease, or, at least, to alleviate the suspicions which prevail in many quarters that they do not care. As we said before, these remarks do not apply at all to those members of the profession who enjoy deservedly the confidence of their patients and the world outside.

The subject in any case is one which will bear investigation, and we recommend it to the attention of the Board of Health and of all intelligent and thinking persons. Something can be done to arrest the evil by the imposition of penalties for careless exposure, but more, far more, by the action of a healthy public opinion in the matter.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is rumoured that Russia intends to ask for a new loan of £20,000,000.

AN attempt is being made to bring the "Hogarth" hat into fashion. The idea is taken from a picture called "The forfeit." An arch-looking girl has put on a young officer's hat, and the young officer bends over her shoulder and takes "compensation for disturbance." The hat is three-cornered. It will be a brave woman who will dare to wear it.

It appears that an "Anti-Crinoline" League has been formed. The members take the following pledge:—We, the undersigned, believing that the artificial aid to dress known as crinoline or hoop is inconvenient and ungraceful to the last extent, hereby engage ourselves never to wear the same, whatever attempt is made on the part of milliners to impose this tyranny on the ladies of England.

THE deceased wife's sister has lost her best friend—Mr. Henry Thornton, the London banker, who died the other day, and who was the oldest banker in the city of London, and spent more than any other person to give sisters-in-law the right to marry their brothers-in-law. It was against him that those sneers against wealth seeking, after a breach of the law, to condone its offence, were directed.

DR. PARKER is preparing a fresh sensation for his congregation. He has made arrangements to have the City Temple illuminated with the electric light. This will be done in connection with the undertaking of Mr. Edison to light the Holborn Viaduct, and some house in the neighbourhood with his lamps. It is an additional attraction to Dr. Parker that this patronage of science will not cost him anything. Mr. Edison's agents, recognizing the advantage of the advertisement, will light the City Temple for nothing.

THE great bell of St. Paul's is now ready for delivery, and it is hoped that it may be hung in its place ready to ring on Easter morning. The question is, how it is to be got to London. As it now lies in the foundry at Loughborough it weighs 17½ tons. The railway company have declined to convey it; and even if they were willing to try, there would be the necessity of transshipping it to and from the railway station at either terminus. There is no wagon that would carry such a load, and the authorities are slowly coming to the determination that they will have to build one especially for this service, to convey the bell by rail from Loughborough to St. Paul's.

It is stated that, at the earliest possible moment after Parliament meets, a full explanation will be demanded from the Government of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Liverpool, in which he distinctly declared that the Government encouraged the Land League agitation until after the Land Bill was passed—that is for nearly six months after the Protection of Life and Property Act was declared by the Government to be absolutely necessary in order to suppress the lawlessness brought about by the League.

THE Neo-Greek costume, one of the latest aesthetic ideas, combines the classic characteristics with the requirements of modern fashion. It is composed of pale blue cashmere draped over a train of white cashmere, and trimmed with gold embroidery done in Greek key pattern. The blue bodice has transparent sleeves of white-pine-apple silk, opened in diamond spaces on the outer arm, and edged with gilt braid. The pointed Greek apron is sewn permanently to the waist, and the back has two softly draped square breadths falling on the square train of white cashmere. Pleatings of white satin are at the foot; white pine-apple silk is gathered inside the square neck. Etruscan gold necklace and bracelets, reproductions of the gold ornaments excavated by Professor Schlieman, should be worn with this costume.

THE excellent idea of the sale of good soup in the poorer streets, so general in Paris, would undoubtedly meet with well deserved popularity here. This system is wisely practised in some populous parts of Paris for the benefit of work-people going to their several employments in the cold and discomfort of a wet winter's morning, and would be more successful in London and other large towns, where tea and coffee, too often most inferior in quality, are the only counter attractions to the "drop of something to keep the cold out" so generally indulged in by the British workman. The art of soup-making is but differently understood in England; but if some enterprising person would set up a small stall at some busy place, like Covent Garden Market, at about 6 a. m., and would sell a good article at a low price it would prove no unprofitable speculation.

HUMOUR is not dead, but sleepeth. "An Egyptian fellah" has written on the *Dun Echt* outrage. In his country—that is, in the land of the Pharaohs—such outrages, he says, are thought nothing of, simply because they are of every day occurrence. The principal resurrectionists, he proceeds to say, in a spirit of irony, are "your own countrymen, who, for the sake of money, I suppose, do not hesitate to plunder our most ancient and sacred tombs, and I have seen some of the bodies here in London among your national treasures; showing, I would presume, that the conduct of these body thieves is approved of the nation. I would, therefore, beg your countrymen, your policemen, your gentry, to let this fuss subside. It is only the body of one earl that is missing." There is a wise saying which may be appropriately quoted here—With what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WARSAW is reported in flames.

THE Nihilists are making preparations for another movement.

A LONDON despatch announces the death of Mr. Ralph Bernal Osborne.

THE Chilean Government has annexed the Peruvian province of Tarapaca.

HERE RICHTER is to resign the leadership of the Progressist Party in Germany.

THERE are 1,150 cases on the list of the Supreme Court of the United States.

JOSEPH CHARRIOL, of Bordeaux, has failed for 15,000,000 francs and absconded.

THE trial trip through the St. Gothard Tunnel on Thursday proved highly successful.

THE Cork police have dropped upon a large stock of arms imported from the United States.

THE packing firm of J. Winslow, Jones & Co., of Portland, Me., has failed, with liabilities of \$182,000.

THE reported massacre of two hundred girls by order of the King of Ashantee has received confirmation.

APACHES attacked the Gavillon mines, near Camp Sonora, Arizona, killing several persons and carrying off a girl.

A *mandamus* is to be applied for to quash the resolution conferring the freedom of Dublin city on Parnell and Dillon.

AN attempt is reported to have been made recently to steal the bodies of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial from the vault at Chislehurst.

THE *Daily News* says Blaine's circular to the Southern Republics amounts to an attempt to establish an American protectorate over Central and South America.

A DETACHMENT of cavalry has been sent to Perry's Landing, on the Upper Yellowstone, to protect the engineering staff and construction company of the Northern Pacific against the Crow Indians.

THE Pontifical Secretary of State has addressed a note to the several Powers enquiring what steps they would take in the event of the Pope being compelled to leave Rome.

COQUETTE.

"Coquette," my love they sometimes call, For she is light of lips and heart;

Like some glad brook she seems to be, That ripples o'er its pebbly bed,

Beneath the heavens' white and blue It curls and sings and laughs and leaps,

I love it when it laughs and leaps, But love it better when at rest—

—January Century.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.—The cartoon on our front page alludes, as will be seen by the dialogue to the recent remarks of the New York Tribune upon Canada and the Canadians.

THE GERMAN PEASANT'S SUNDAY.—For the truth of the satire in our illustration of the German peasant's Sunday at home we cannot be responsible.

THE RISING OF THE WATERS.—A flood, caused by the prolonged heavy rains, has swollen the rivers of a lowland district, and their overflowing waters have covered great part of the meadows, through which are cut several ditches,

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE CRUISING CLEAR WATER LAKE.—This interesting feature of the great trip of the Marquis of Lorne to the extreme north-west territory of Canada last summer shows the vice-regal party nearing the last portage on the beautiful Clear Water Lake, on July 28th.

A NOVEL CREMATION CEREMONY.—The death-bed insurance business in Pennsylvania appears to be falling into disfavour.

of means, held policies to the extent of \$25,000, and had been swindled out of several thousand dollars in assessment.

A KANGAROO COURT IN TEXAS.—The illustration represents one of those extempore courts summoned and presided over by Judge Lynch, the necessity for which, existing undoubtedly in a rough state of civilization

THE BURNING OF THE RING THEATRE AT VIENNA.—Our readers are already familiar with the terrible tragedy of the 8th of December last in which upwards of one thousand victims were hurried into eternity.

THE ROBBERY OF EARL CRAWFORD'S TOMB.—This latest incident of body-snatching has caused great excitement in fashionable circles the world over.

THE BARQUE OF HOPE IS TRIM AND TOUGH.—So out I venture on the rough, Uncertain sea of girlish pride.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY. HOW WE GOT A SHELLING.

The men are in good spirits and all ready for the fray, but as the day wears on without further developments, arms are stacked, and we begin to roam about the hills;

I wish I could convey to my readers some faint idea of the noise made by a shell as it flies shrieking and screaming through the air, and of that peculiar whirring sound made by the pieces after the shell has burst overhead

shell was like, having derived it probably from accounts of sieges in the Mexican war. I had thought a shell was a hollow ball of iron filled with powder and furnished with a fuse,

Throwing myself flat on my face while that terrible shriek is in the air, I cling closer to the ground while I hear that low, whirring sound near by, which I foolishly imagine to be the sound of a burning fuse,

Colonel, move your regiment a little to the right, so as to get under cover of yonder bank." It is soon done; and there, seated on a bank about twenty feet high, with our backs to the enemy, we let them blaze away.

Now comes an artillery duel that keeps the air quivering and quaking about our ears for an hour and a half, and it is all the more exciting that we can see the drill of the batteries beside us, with that steady swabbing and ramming, running and sighting and bang! bang! bang!

"Hold a moment!"—and the general dismounts and sights the gun. "Try that elevation once, Sergeant," he says; and the shell goes crashing through the barn a mile and a half away, and the sharp-shooters come pouring out of it like bees out of a hive.

After repeated attempts to run and repeated frog-leaps backward, the poor fellow takes heart and cuts for the woods, pursued by the laughter and shouts of the regiment—for which he cares far less, however, than for that terrible shriek in the air, which, he afterward told us, "was a-sayin' all de time, 'Where's dat nigger! Where's dat nigger! Where's dat nigger!'

We have orders to move. A staff officer is delivering orders to our colonel, who is surrounded by his staff. They press in toward the messenger, standing immediately below me as I sit on the bank, when the enemy gives us a morning salute, and the shell comes ricochetting over the hill and tumbles into a mud puddle about which the group is gathered;

faces into the mud; the drummer-boy is bespattered with mud and dirt; but fortunately the shell does not explode, or the readers of St. Nicholas would never have heard how we got our first shelling.

VARIETIES.

"Look here, Matilda," said a Galveston lady to the colored servant, "you sleet right close to the chicken house, and you must have heard those thieves stealing the chickens."

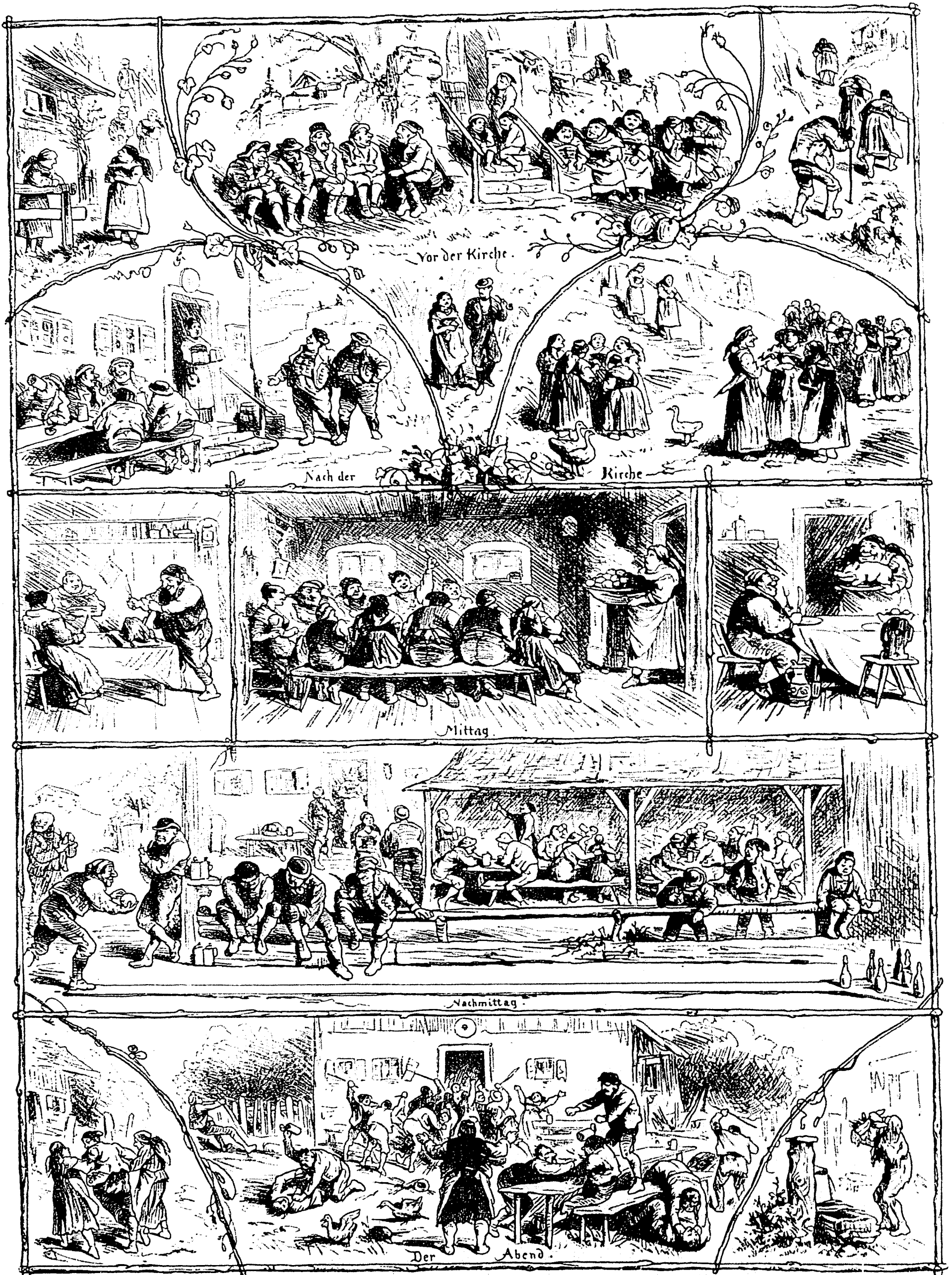
COL. MACDONALD, late Director of Public Instruction at Madras, India, in a recent lecture in London pointed out that in many parts of India education was regarded as unbecoming the modesty of the female sex; inasmuch as it facilitated intrigue, it was fit only for the profligate females who engaged in public dancing and singing.

PNEUMATIC BELL-CALL.—A system of pneumatic call-bells annunciators that has been in use for some time in England has been recently modified and improved for introduction into America.

"BEHIND HER FAN."

Beneath her fan o'downy fluff, Sewed on soft saffron satin stuff, With peacock feathers, purple-eyed, Caught daintily on either side,

The elements of bone, brain and muscle, are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs.



THE GERMAN PEASANT'S "SUNDAY AT HOME."

# "BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY  
CHRISTIAN REID.

### CHAPTER VI.

"I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man."

"Can that be Kate coming in the gate?" says Sophy, looking out of the window. "And, if so, who is that with her?"

The persons whom she addresses—to wit, Mr. Proctor and Janet, who are practising a duet with piano and flute, without the faintest prospect of accord in the matter of time or harmony—rise, and, approaching the window, also look out, one over her shoulder, the other over her head.

"It is Miss Kate," announces Mr. Proctor. "I recognize her, and I recognize Lightfoot; but I don't recognize the man with her—not at all."

"It must be some one whom we know," says Janet. "Kate would never allow a stranger to accompany her. Is there any new arrival in the neighbourhood? Eureka!" she cries, suddenly, "it is Frank Tarleton!"

"Tarleton!" echoes Mr. Proctor, in a tone altogether devoid of pleasure. "Do you think so? But where would Miss Kate have met him? He was not with the hunt."

"I don't know where she could have met him," says Janet; "but I am ready to wager anything that it is Frank Tarleton."

"You are right," says Sophy, who has been looking intently at the approaching horseman; "it is Frank Tarleton, and he has changed scarcely at all."

As she utters the last words, she passes out on the veranda; so Kate and Tarleton find her standing at the head of the steps when they ride up, apparently as much at ease with each other as if their acquaintance had been of weeks, instead of hours.

"Sophy," cries Kate's gay voice, "do you know who this is! I have promised not to introduce him."

"As if there was any need for you to do so!" Sophy replies. "Frank, I am delighted to see you back again."



"Dear Janet, don't mention it."

fingers sends a thrill to Mr. Proctor's inmost heart. With herself, the sources of the impulse which thus result in action are so complex, that it is difficult to trace them. Chief, however, is a remorseful sense of having totally ignored and forgotten, in her "delightful ride," the man who sacrificed his own pleasure for hers, and a sense, for the first time, of the pain which she may yet be forced to inflict upon him. Why it is that she realizes for the first time that his love for her is not merely matter for a jest, she does not

to be oddly conscious of astonishment and resentment. He looks at Proctor, and, as Proctor meets his glance, they, at least, understand each other from that moment.

A little earlier, the heart of the former would have sunk within him at the thought of such a formidable rival; but Kate's sweet tones, and above all that involuntary familiar action, have given him a new hope and courage. So he says, quickly:

"I will not think anything you don't wish me to think; and I am truly glad your ride was pleasant, though I could not be with you. If you like Lightfoot, pray remember that he is at your service whenever you choose to command him."

"Thanks—you are very kind," she answers; but a slight tone of constraint has come into her voice, and, saying, "I must change my dress," she enters the hall and goes up-stairs.

She is not allowed to gain the haven of her chamber without another delay. In the hall above she meets Mrs. Lawrence, and that lady stops her.

"What is this I hear, Kate, about your taking Mr. Proctor's horse, and going after the hounds alone?" she asks. "You must know that such conduct is very rash, and not what your uncle would approve. I disapprove of your going hunting at all, as you are aware; and, at least, I insist upon your keeping within certain bounds."

"I did not suppose there was any harm in taking Mr. Proctor's horse," Kate answers. "He insisted upon coming home with me in any case, and I saw no reason why we should both miss the chase because Diana fell lame. So I took Lightfoot, and followed the rest of the party."

"Did you find them?"



"Eureka! It is Frank Tarleton."

"Neither do I," says Janet. "Who can he be? He is dressed well, and mounted well—he looks well, altogether, but I don't know him."

"It is odd that he should be a stranger to all of us; and yet Kate is riding with him," says Sophy, craning her neck for a better view. "She is such a madcap, that I am never quite certain what she may or may not do—though she means no harm."

"Not half so delighted as I am to be back," Tarleton answers, springing from his horse. It is the work of an instant to lift Kate down, and then he mounts the steps, and Sophy finds the hand she extends clasped in both of his. "How glad I am to see you," he says, "and how familiar you look!—only changed a little, and prettier than ever. An old friend may say as much as that, may he not?"

"An old friend has no license to become a new flatterer," Sophy responds, shaking her head with a smile. "Where did you two pick each other up? We have been wondering over the question ever since you come in the gate."

"Oh, it is a long story," says Kate. "I lost the hounds, and found Mr. Tarleton—that is the sum of it. Have the huntsmen come in yet?"

"Nobody except Mr. Proctor," Sophy is beginning, when that gentleman appears on the scene to speak for himself.

"I hope Lightfoot carried you well, Miss Kate," he says, solicitously; for he entertains a suspicion that something unusual must have occurred to bring Kate back before the rest of the party.

"Oh, very well—very well, indeed!" she replies, glibly. "It was not Lightfoot's fault that the saddle turned," she says to her conscience.—"But I lost the hounds completely," she goes on; the first time I ever did such a stupid thing. I might have lost myself, too, if I had not found Mr. Tarleton; and he brought me home."

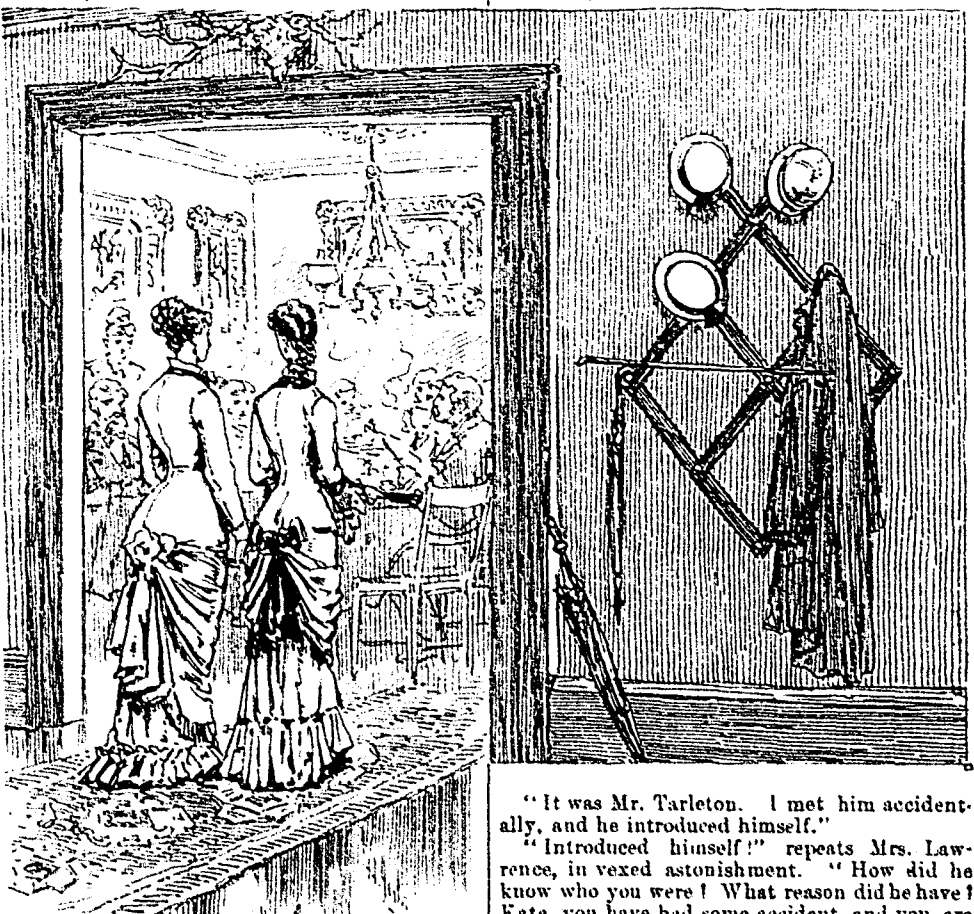
"I am sure we are very much obliged to you," says Sophy to Tarleton, who looks a picture of innocence and virtue. "I felt uneasy when Mr. Proctor reported that he had mounted Kate on his horse, and left her alone."

"It was wrong," says Mr. Proctor, in a self-convicted tone. "I felt that after we parted, and wished very much that I had not suggested the exchange."

"It was not wrong," says Kate, in her pretty, imperious way. "You must not think so for a moment. It was kind and obliging, and unselfish, and if I did not find the hounds, I had a delightful ride—for which I must thank you," she adds, involuntarily laying her hand on his arm.

It is the first time she has ever done such a thing, and the slight momentary touch of her

know; but she does realize it, and hence she is inclined to an unusual consideration of his feelings. The consequence of this consideration, however, is a trifle awkward. Her hand falls



Kate and Janet enter the dining-room.

light as thistle-down on his coat-sleeve, and does not rest there an instant; but that instant is long enough for her to read her mistake in his face, for Sophy to be surprised, and for Tarleton

"It was Mr. Tarleton. I met him accidentally, and he introduced himself."

"Introduced himself!" repeats Mrs. Lawrence, in vexed astonishment. "How did he know who you were? What reason did he have? Kate, you have had some accident, and you are trying to deceive me."

"How suspicious you are, Aunt Margaret!" cries Kate. "Lightfoot behaved beautifully, and Mr. Tarleton will tell you that it was my unprotected condition which alone appealed to his chivalry. He saw me riding rather fast, and



Clasped in both of his.









A DONKEY STORY.

WITH A MORAL.

In summer time the folks from town  
To Feldberg flock, one with another,  
They climb it, up one side, and down  
The other.

On donkey back the mother sits,  
"Warranted free from vice" her steed is;  
The others march, as best befits,  
Per pedes.

A little brook obstructs the way,  
They urge the steed with reasons various;  
The donkey much prefers to stay  
Just where he is.

In vain they urge: in donkey fashion  
He grunts—his meaning undisputed—  
"It's no use getting in a passion,  
I'm rooted."

With sticks and stones, and noisy roar,  
Determined to o'ercome the creature,  
The tourists charge, of vict'ry or  
Defeat sure.

The gov'nor pulls in front, while Miss  
And Mrs. strive to make the mare go  
By studiously applying vis  
*A tergo.*



The guide boy yells, the babies cry,  
When suddenly, as if for fun  
Off goes the ass, and victory  
Is won.

MORAL.

We ever seek some wished-for lot,  
And when in time Dame Fortune's brought it,  
We're apt to find it isn't what  
We thought it.





THE RISING OF THE WATERS.—DRAWN BY A. E. ELSLIE.



THE ROSES SHALL NOT HEAR.

Come out to a voice! come down by the shore  
Of silence to whisper one word in my ear;  
Nor sea, nor the winds, nor waves that implore,  
Not even the star-kissed roses shall hear.

And if thou'lt be mine, speak low, speak low  
The word my spirit is pining to hear;  
None but my heart shall the miracle know  
While the sun by the sea and earth is held dear.

Oh, I shall be happier than birds that sing  
O'er roses and rain just born in the year  
Of their wedding, their passionate, flowery spring—  
But thy words not even the roses shall hear.

Oh, I shall be brighter than morning that flies  
To the kisses of light, to her god without fear,  
Sweeter than perfume and mystery that lies  
On the lips of the lily or song-wavelets near.

Oh, I shall be glad as the evening that loves  
To muse by the sea when the storm has gone by  
With stars and the sunset, and heart like the dove's,  
And music and passion asleep in her eye.

Speak it low, very low, lest the zephyrs forget  
To stay with the violet trembling with fear;  
Nor dewdrop, nor pansy, nor sweet violet—  
Not even the roses that music shall hear.

So happy I'll be, so sweet, true and strong  
When comes the one word, ever making life dear—  
So lovely, existence will blossom in song  
So precious, not even the roses shall hear!

MAIDIE.

I.

A Scotch stile with rough pointed handles like the horns of the altar. Perched upon the said stile, her head thrown back against one of the handles, her white soft dress swathing her in clinging folds, a fair picture was Maidie.

The sky glowed salmon and gold, the river ran down below, trees rustled, cattle left browsing and drew near, scanning Maidie with curious eyes.

But Maidie noted nothing of all this, for truly she had much to think about, and she had come out to that particular place fully determined to think it all out at as great a length as she pleased. A happy afternoon's dreaming had seemed to her a very desirable thing from the moment when the object of those dreams had gone off with the shooters, and now she was enjoying it thoroughly.

Maidie, Jinny, and Cecil Dundas lived, and had lived, nearly as long as they could remember, with their uncle the Admiral.

Uncle Andrew loved them all, but Maidie was the apple of his eye.

Storgheid was uncle Andrew's house; the rushing Storg the river at Maidie's feet.

Maidie was an exquisite being; tall, slight, and fair, with tender dark-gray eyes, and a skin of which the delicate bloom gave one the idea that even a touch would wound her, an indication of feelings and susceptibilities almost too highly strung for this workaday world. Not seldom, indeed, would she bewail the loss of some pleasure from which she had absented herself through a sort of morbid dread of having her feelings trodden on, and would then fully agree with her sister Guinever (shortened to Jinny in babyhood) when she encouragingly remarked, "But you know, Maidie, you really are a quite too ridiculous old shrinkest!"

Sweet Maidie! All alone with Nature she could dream at her ease, and smile and wonder over this new and delightful incident in her life; that Neil Campbell should have fallen in love with her, instead of with any of the thousand other girls he had met.

"I wonder if he would find this place very dull? Old he should like to go with all those uninteresting men, though of course he had to. How handsome he looked last night among all those old fogies! And how he took it out of General Towney at billiards! That pleased me. Conceited old thing! What a splendid head Neil has! O," looking at her watch, "I've stayed out too long. They will be back, and Jinny will be home! I wonder how he will like Jinny!"

For Jinny had been away when the conquering hero arrived, and had moreover never seen the said hero; Maidie's little romance having taken place at an old house further north, where she and Captain Neil Campbell had been on a visit, and where, the weather being wild and much companionship unavoidable, and Maidie being charming and Neil impressionable, and what with one thing and another, the usual results followed, and they were engaged; and last night Neil had arrived at Storgheid to make acquaintance with his betrothed's people.

The sun dropped suddenly behind the low hills; the gude-wife from the farm on the other side of the river began to call home her ducks; and Maidie, gathering up her sweeping folds with a deft hand, walked through the grass along the river-path.

Past the first hedge she saw two forms advancing to meet her—one in a shooting suit of rough gray, the other all in white garments like her own, swinging a large hat in her hand.

Neil and Jinny!

And a gray mist swept up from the river, and the day grew suddenly dim.

II.

Maidie awoke the next morning with a feeling of considerable depression upon her—a feeling that did not wear off, but deepened as the days ran by.

Neil had said, "By Jove, your sister's the most beautiful woman going!"

And Jinny had "allowed" that there was something very sympathetic about Neil, when Maidie had delicately sounded them as to their opinions of each other.

And their tastes fitted so well!

Maidie, sitting in the old window-seat in the great hall, it might have been a fortnight after Neil's coming, could hear them trying melodies together.

Perhaps it was as well Maidie was in the hall and not in the music-room; for Neil, leaning against the piano, with his dark eyes fixed on Jinny's profile, was putting far too much expression into his violin-strings, and Jinny seemed rather confused and self-conscious.

"I'm tired of playing," she said, lifting her radiant eyes to Neil's from under her rippling russet hair.

Neil had been absorbed in thoughts vague and sweet, and had been translating those meditations into music. This sudden lunge of Jinny's gave him a shock, though he did not show any signs of discomfort; but merely stroked his dark moustache reflectively, quietly observing:

"O fie! Why add to the mass of falsehood already going in this wicked world! Are you ever tired of playing! Did you ever try work! You didn't give that last phrase rightly; let me show you;" and, stooping over her, he played a few notes. Was it for the chance of touching Jinny's straying fingers! The touch was almost too much for him; and Jinny's flush became crimson. He could almost feel the hot glow of her cheek; the brown hair and the golden were perilously close.

Jinny sprang up.

"O, don't go!" said Neil. "I was on the brink of composing the most lovely sonata in fifty thousand parts!"

"Rather lengthy, isn't it?" said Jinny.

"The subject demanded it," said Neil; his eyes adding, "You were the subject."

Jinny dropped hers.

"Are you going with us to-night?" she asked.

"Certainly. Lady Townley talked to me like a mother about it; she seemed quite anxious to prevent my finding Deerdale dull. I don't feel it so in the least; rather too exciting, in fact. Do you find it dull, Miss Jinny?"

"Sometimes," responded Jinny, "try billiards for a distraction, shall we?"

"Pooh," said Neil; and I will let you take all my lives with pleasure."

So the day waned, and presently Maidie, coming down stairs attired in cream satin, with a mass of palest roses on her fair bosom, caught sight of Neil and Jinny standing together, waiting in the hall till the party assembled; and Neil took a flower from Jinny's bouquet, and did not put it in his coat, although it disappeared into some inner recess.

"A talisman!" he said.

"Against me?" queried Jinny, raising her eyebrows.

Maidie was paler than ever that night; but Jinny! In a white-lace dress, the only touch of colour a huge cardinal fan, with her radiant violet eyes, her russet gold hair rippling all over her charming little head, her whitest shoulders and superb arms, and over all that indefinable air of a wood-nymph!

"How lovely your sister looks to-night!" said Maidie's old admirer, Frank Murray, in the pause of a waltz. "I suppose—that's the fellow she's engaged to," he continued; for he had only come over for the dance, and had not heard the story correctly. "He seems awfully smitten, and no wonder! Lucky man!"

"Lucky man! Lu-uc-ky man!" sighed the orchestra, and then began swaying round in the most absurd fashion.

"I think I'll sit down," Maidie gasped. "I feel giddy."

"Fearfully hot," sympathized Frank. "Ventilation conspicuous by its absence. Come into the conservatory, it's better there."

So Maidie went with him, a mist before her eyes, a buzzing in her ears, and the band playing softly in waltz time, "Lucky man! Lu-uc-ky man!"

Out of the mist a picture took form—Jinny sitting against dark shining leaves, the soft glow from a Japanese lantern lighting her gleaming eyes, and falling like sunset over her shadowy dress. Close by, Neil lounging with long lithe limbs against a pillar; while, like an angry cloud, hovered between them Jinny's cardinal fan, of which Neil had possessed himself, and was making it do duty for both.

III.

Restlessly turning, weary with thinking, unable to stay the iteration, "Lucky man! Lu-uc-ky man!" in her ears, Maidie's feverish night merged into morning.

"It's absurd! After all, why do I worry myself! He danced a good deal with her; but that's nothing, coming from the same house, and my sister, Jinny, I know, is irresistible to most people. I should be jealous if it were any one except Neil; but I feel sure of him!"

Did she!

"And Jinny, she always flirts with every one; but she means nothing by it. Nothing! Yet—O, I cannot bear it! If—if—but only yesterday Neil was talking to uncle Andrew about our wedding. O, I wish I could sleep, if only for a couple of hours. I shall look a fright!"

A "fright" she did not look, but pale and fragile as a wood flower after a storm.

At the late breakfast next day, "Maidie's wearied," said Aunt Margaret. "You made her dance too much, Neil!"

Good soul, she had not been to the ball!

There was a moment's silence. Maidie's heart thumped; Jinny blushed; Neil looked up from his plate, a rather conscious expression in his eye.

"You mean Mr. Francis Murray," he said. "Maidie quite cut me. I saw them, but when I went to look for her she was gone; they were both gone!"

"We were in the conservatory," said Maidie; and having said it, she could not resist glancing from Neil to Jinny, who returned the glance uneasily.

Neil looked at Maidie, and noticed how wan she was; it did not strike him to connect her dejected appearance with himself.

Accustomed to improve the shining hour in any way that took his fancy, he did not apprehend danger, and forgot the riskiness of playing with fire. No doubt if he had thought on the subject at all, he would have considered himself quite exemplary in the character of an engaged man, and would cheerfully have fought anybody who presumed to differ from his opinion. Perhaps some slight wave of compunction did pass over his inner consciousness; but Jinny happening to rise at that moment, he was constrained to watch her graceful movement, and if there were dim warnings they were routed on the spot.

"What shall we do to-day?" he asked, as they strolled into the old hall.

"Well, I don't mind confessing I'm awfully done up," said Jinny. "I haven't a toe left; so I shall take a delightful nap after lunch."

Here Cecil, her brother, appeared.

"I have a message to thee, O Captain!" he exclaimed.

"Yea; what may your message be?" asked Neil.

"Uncle Andrew sent me in to tell you that the water serves, and that we're going to have a 'leistering' to-night," said Cecil.

"Then we'll all assist," said Jinny; it's the first this season."

"The first! then we may all wish wishes!" cried Maidie, who was recovering her spirits, and inclining to deride her nightmares of the last twelve hours.

"Bide at home, maids! bide at home!" said Cecil, who was a boy of domineering disposition. He and Jinny had pitched battles on an average five times a day. "There's no room in the trows" ("trows" being two flat-bottomed boats fastened together) "for such kittle cattle."

"Then you'll have to stay out," retorted Jinny.

"Tuts!" said Cecil, "girls always faint, poking their noses where they're not wanted."

"Sing! Booh, to you! Booh, to you!"

chanted Jinny, making for the broad staircase. Cecil flew after her.

"Sing! Bah, to you! Ha, ha, to you!"

came down the stairs, followed by the banging of a door; and Cecil, balked of his victim, returned panting.

The old house was very still in the quiet of the long afternoon, as Maidie came down from her nap, refreshed and comforted.

As she crossed the hall the pale October sunshine streamed in and lighted on one of the family portraits hanging above the deep fireplace. She stood a moment regarding it, resting one foot on the low stone that ran round the hearth. A subdued clicking came from the billiard room; and immediately after, from the music-room close at hand, stole the low wail of a violin, beginning the exquisite duet in the garden-scene of *Faust*.

Low, tender, and sweet, Maidie listened entranced, as it rose in cadences ever more passionate, until—silence!—was that a sob?

Maidie walked in at the open door, her light step unheard on the thick carpet, her form hidden by a mass of tall plants that served as a screen, and saw—Jinny held fast in Neil's arms, her lips parted, a scarlet flush on her lovely cheek!

Their gleaming eyes looked deep into each other's depths; the next instant Neil gave Jinny one long fierce kiss that seemed to absorb her very soul.

"O Neil, O Neil!" panted Jinny, "what, what will Maidie say?"

"Darling, darling!" sighed Neil, "I never thought I should love any one as I do you!" kissing her hair. "Maidie will forgive us; she would not make us all unhappy. I don't think she cares much for things. It will be all right—in time."

Maidie stood dazed; then crept out to fly across the hall, up the stairs, into her room, bolt the door, and weep, weep, weep!

"O God in heaven! God in heaven!" she sobbed. "I don't care much! Don't care much!"

The afternoon wore on. Maidie lay on her bed weeping, weeping. Her maid knocked. Would she have some tea! No, she would not. She would not go down to dinner.

Later Jinny knocked at her door, and called: "We are going out to the 'leistering.' Do come if you can, Maidie!"

She answered nothing; but presently, when they were gathering on the river's bank among the rugged Highlanders, shouting and waving

their torches, Maidie stood wrapped in a heavy plaid, with her hat pulled down over her brows, shielding herself from the flickering light.

"That's right!" exclaimed her old uncle. "Glad you're better, my pet! Now, then, in with you; push off now, Sandy;" and into the trows they got, and drifted out into the stream.

Neil and the Admiral were standing, spear in hand, waiting for the moment when the unlucky fish, attracted by the torches, should rise to meet their fate.

Maidie and Jinny were crouching near, unheeded in the general excitement. They had not long to wait.

"Hand ye'r licht lower, Jamie mon!"

The river was running strong, and soon in the circle of yellow light round the trows the doomed fish were swarming, and the cruel game began, the men striking in every direction.

Maidie rose and stood near her uncle.

"Sandy, ye blethering idiot, stand out of Miss Maidie's way! Now, darling! Hullo, there's a fine fellow! Heuch! Have at him!" he lunged forward, the boat swayed. Maidie was gone!

"God! Where's Maidie?" he shouted.

Jinny screamed, and hid her eyes in her shawl.

"Maidie! Maidie!" shrieked Neil; and, tearing off his rough jacket, he plunged in.

A few brief minutes of confusion, shouting, hoping.

"He canna find her!" said one of the rough men, looking beyond the circle of light, shading his eyes with his hand.

"I doot the lassie's a'ready's far's the island."

Was it chance or was it design? Who can say now!

Maidie was gone.

The following day, when they found her body, the pale still lips opened not, either to accuse or to justify.

MISCELLANY.

WHERE TO FIND A HUSBAND.—The Marquis of Lorne presided recently at a meeting in Exeter Hall, respecting immigration to Canada, held under the auspices of the Women's Emigration Society, and after expressing the pleasure he felt at seeing so influential a meeting in London for the promotion of the emigration of women to the colonies, said that Schiller had written:—

"All honour to women; to them it is given  
To wreath the dull earth with the roses of heaven."

Nevertheless, continued his Excellency, in London they might be said to have too much of a good thing—too many of those heavenly roses. (Laughter.) On the other hand, in Canada they had far too few of them. There was a great demand for domestic servants or helps in Canada, and nothing could be happier or healthier than the appearance and position of the servants of the Canadian farm house. (Cheers.) In the town, ladies complain of their inability to procure helps, and said that if they obtained one who was at all prepossessing she was sure to get an offer of marriage and go off within a fortnight. (Laughter.) In the remote districts the same complaint was urged with greater force; in fact the further west a girl went the more offers of marriage she received. (Laughter.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN attempt is being made to induce Mrs. Kendall to play the Queen in the "In a Balceny" of Mr. Browning.

HERR EIFFE speaks English with very little accent, and displays an amount of intelligence which is rare on the stage.

THE Spanish violinist Senor Sarasata is highly successful at St. Petersburg.

BERLIOZ's admirers will be glad to know that an English edition of the "Mémoires" will shortly be published.

THE reading of "Hamlet" given by Herr Martin L. Eiffe at the Laugham Hall recently was a remarkable triumph of talent and application.

BERLIOZ's "Benvenuto Cellini" is said to be underlined for production during the forthcoming Carl Rosa opera season.

MR. C. VILLIERS-STANFORD is engaged on an orchestral work for the next Birmingham Festival.

MIDDELE SARAH BERNHARDT'S success at Vienna has been so great that she proposes to play in that city again next January.

AN interesting event at the Popular Concert of last Monday evening was the first performance of a pianoforte quartet by an English composer.

A SECOND "professional matinee," or morning performance, to which actors and actresses are invited, is announced for the 30th inst. at the Princess's Theatre, where "The Lights of London" is still in the tall swing of success.

THE WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator. The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

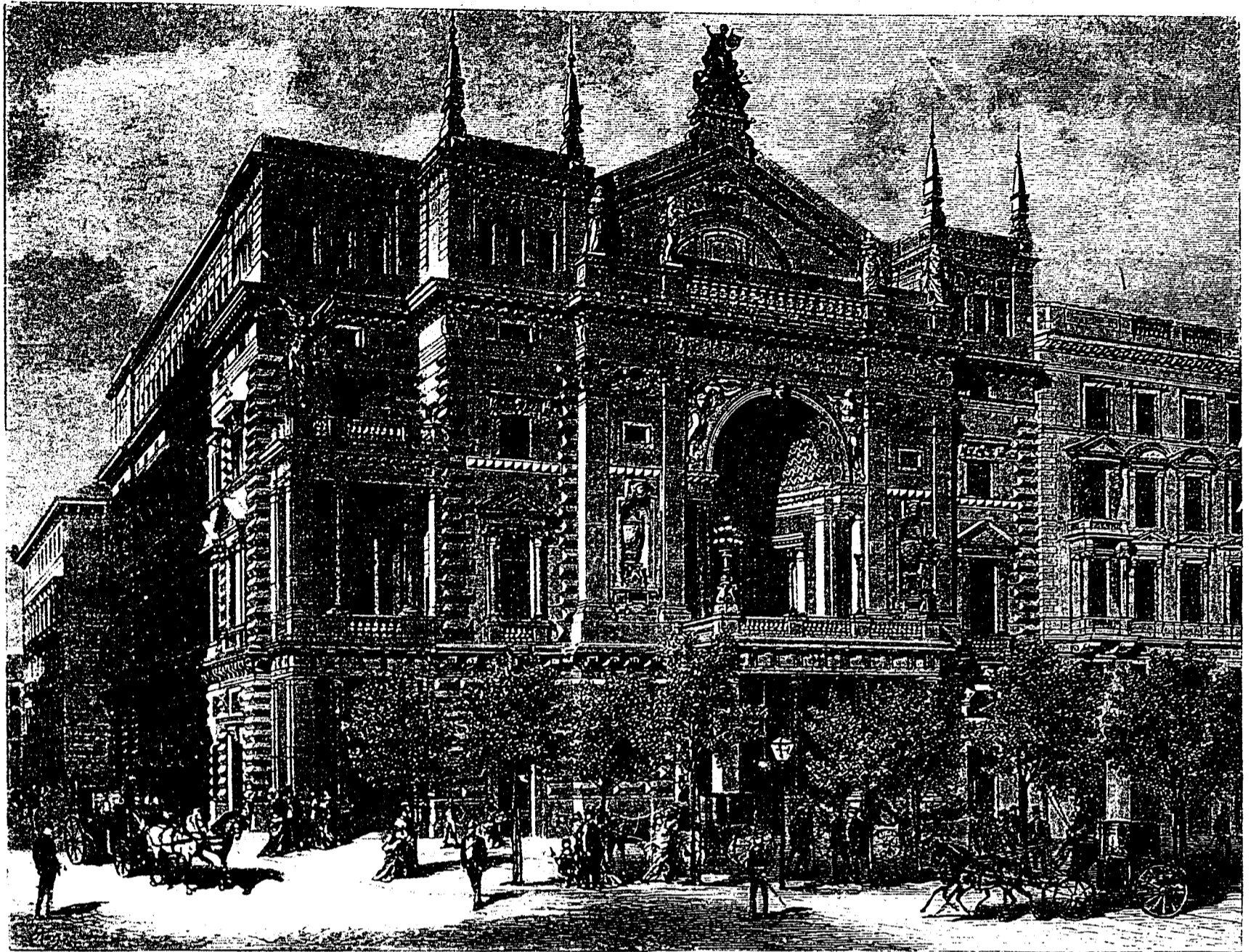
Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.



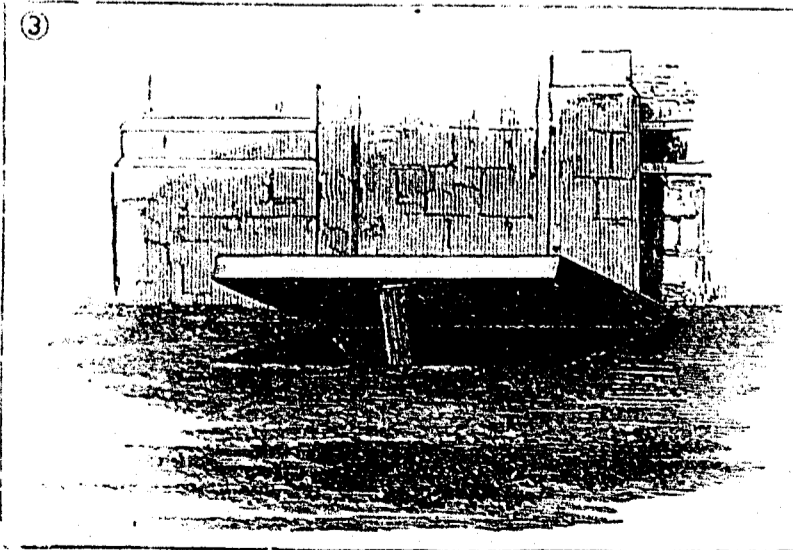
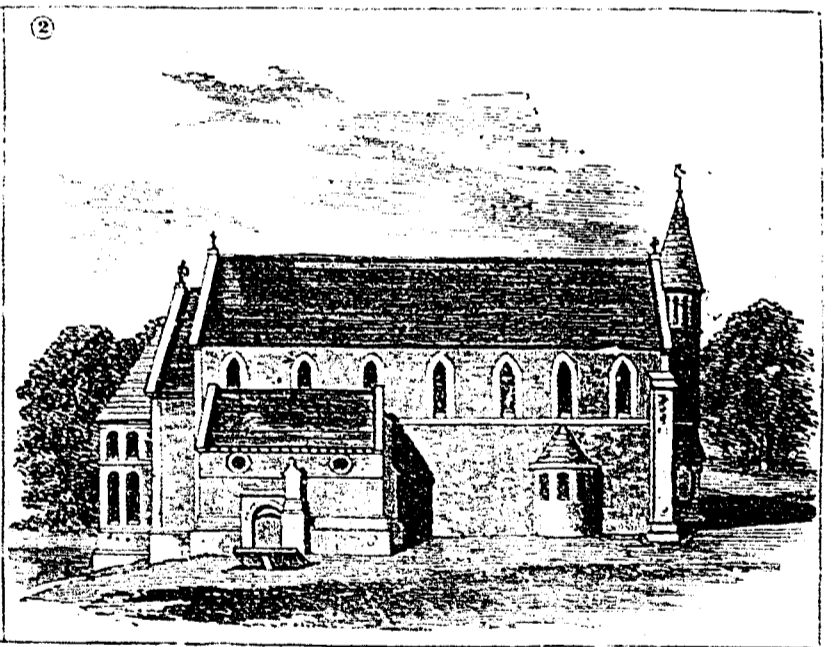
CREMATION OF GRAVEYARD INSURANCE POLICES IN PENNSYLVANIA.—(SEE PAGE 19.)



A "KANGAROO" COURT IN TEXAS.



THE RING THEATRE IN VIENNA, LATELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



1. Duncelt House, near Aberdeen.

2. The Chapel.

3. Entrance to the Vault.

4. The Vault, with the Shelf on which the Coffin lay (marked with a cross).

ROBBERY OF THE TOMB OF THE LATE EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.



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WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF ERYSIPELAS, THE STOMACH, BALT RHEUM, DRYNESS HEARTBURN, OF THE SKIN, HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN, And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

## Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

### Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows list departure and arrival times for various routes like Hochelaga, Quebec, St. Jerome, etc.

GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place d'Armes, 592 St. James Street, MONTREAL. Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. L. A. SENECA, Gen'l Sup't.

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## THE COOK'S FRIEND

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Private Medical Dispensary. (Established 1860), 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrews' Purificants, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary.

# Cadbury's COCOA ESSENCE.

PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING. It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?" The reason is that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES THE AMOUNT OF NITROGENOUS OR FLUISH-FORMING CONSTITUENTS of the average of other Cocos which are mixed with sugar and starch.

## Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

JANUARY, 1882.

Large table with columns: DELIVERY, MAILS, CLOSING. Rows list times for various provinces (ONT. & WESTERN, QUE. & EASTERN), LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

## DOMINION OF CANADA.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Incorporated by Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada.

## Five per Cent. First Mortgage Land Grant Fifty Year Gold Bonds.

Total Authorized Issue \$25,000,000 Accepted by the Government of Canada as Security for the Completion of the Contract between the Government and the Company \$ 5,000,000 Now Offered to the Public \$10,000,000

Principal and interest payable in gold coin of the present standard weight and fineness,—the Principal in Montreal, Canada, and the Interest on 1st April and 1st October, at the option of the holder, either in Montreal or New York; or in London, England, at the rate of 4s. 1½d. Sterling for each dollar.

Bonds in denominations of \$1,000 and \$500 each. Principal payable in October, 1931, unless previously tendered in payments of lands and thereby cancelled; or, redeemed by the Trustees, out of the proceeds of sales of land, either by purchase at the current market prices, or by drawings, at ten per cent. premium.

## TRUSTEES FOR THE BONDHOLDERS.

CHAS. F. SMITHERS, Esq., President of the Bank of Montreal. Hon. JOHN HAMILTON, President of the Merchants' Bank of Canada. SAMUEL THORNE, Esq., Merchant, of New York.

The Bonds are secured by a Mortgage Deed of Trust to the said Trustees, which confers upon them, under the express authority of the Charter, ample powers for enforcing payment of the Bonds, Principal and interest, and effective means for securing to the Bondholders the entire net proceeds of the lands.

The Mortgage, thus created, constitutes a first charge upon the entire Land Grant of the Company, amounting to 25,000,000 acres of the finest farming lands, situated in what is known as the "The Fertile Belt" of the Canadian North-West, which is now admitted to be the largest tract of uniformly rich land suitable for growing the best quality of wheat, &c., to be found on the Continent of America, and the Company may locate its entire Land Grant exclusively in this tract, rejecting all sections unfit for settlement.

The Bonds will be accepted by the Company in payment for lands at 110 and accrued interest. By the Mortgage Deed the Company expressly undertakes to pay the interest on the Bonds, semi-annually, when it becomes due, and the principal at maturity. The net proceeds of all Land Sales must be handed over to the Trustees to be held by them, in the first place to secure the performance of the Company's obligation to pay the interest on the Bonds, and, so long as that obligation is punctually performed, to be applied to the purchase of Bonds for cancellation, provided the price does not exceed 110 per cent. and accrued interest; but if the Bonds cannot be bought at or under that price, then the Trustees are authorized and required to designate by lot, from time to time, as funds accumulate in their hands, the bonds that shall be presented for payment and cancellation at 110 per cent. and accrued interest.

This Contract provides that the whole issue of Land Grant Bonds shall, in the first instance, be deposited with the Government, and that the proceeds of all sales thereof shall also be deposited with the Government, and only be paid to the Company as construction proceeds. The interest at four per cent. per annum, upon the amount remaining in the hands of the Government is, by the Deed of Trust, expressly pledged for the payment of the interest on the Bonds, and cannot be applied to any other purpose.

It will be seen by reference to the accompanying official statement, made by the President of the Company, that the Directors are aiming to have the line of Railway to the Pacific Ocean completed and open for traffic, without availing themselves of their right under the Charter to issue Mortgage Bonds on the Road; and that they fully expect that all the additional capital required to complete the contract, and equip the line, can be obtained by the issue of Common and Preferred Stock. In that case, the only fixed charge on the revenue of the Company will be the interest on these Land Grant Bonds, taking precedence of any Dividend on both Common and Preferred Stock.

These Bonds will be taken by the Receiver-General on deposit from insurance companies under the Act 40, Vic., Cap 47. Provision is made for the Registration of the Bonds at Montreal, New York and London. Copies of the Act of Incorporation of the Company may be inspected, and copies of the Mortgage Deed of Trust, the President's Statement and the Prospectus may be obtained at the offices of any of the undersigned. These Bonds are now offered to the public by the undersigned at par and accrued interest, the right being reserved to advance the price at any time without notice. Applications for the Bonds may be addressed to:—

## THE BANK OF MONTREAL, Montreal,

Its Branches in Canada, and its Agencies, U. S., and at 9 Birchin Lane, London, England.

J. S. KENNEDY & Co.,

63 William Street, New York, or

W. WATSON & A. LANG, Agents of the Bank of Montreal,

59 Wall Street, New York. Montreal, 25th November, 1881.





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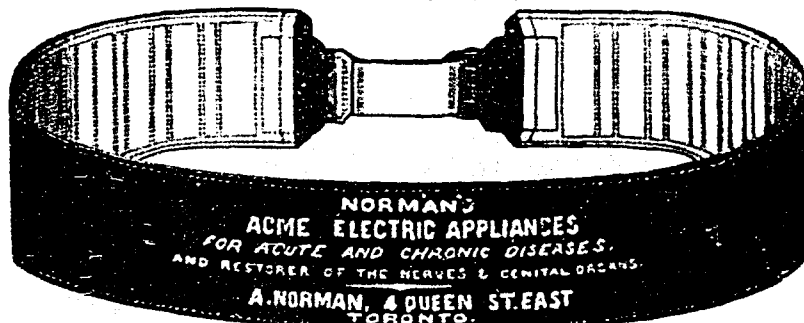
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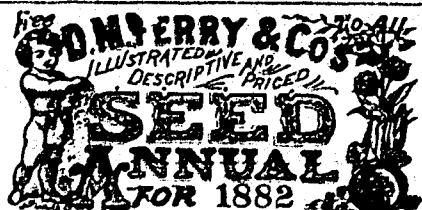
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**F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }  
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