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THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SENATOR BROWN.—PROCESSION GATHERING AT HIS RESIDENCE, CORNER OF BEVERLEY AND BALDWIN STREETS, TORONTO.

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NOTICE.

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

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 16th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 75°	55°	65°	Mon. 70°	47°	58° 5
Tues. 74°	56°	65°	Tues. 75°	62°	68° 5
Wed. 68°	48°	58°	Wed. 71°	56°	66°
Thur. 55°	40°	47° 5	Thur. 79°	56°	67° 5
Fri. 57°	39°	48°	Fri. 75°	60°	67° 5
Sat. 65°	45°	55°	Sat. 73°	55°	64°
Sun. 65°	52°	58° 5	Sun. 61°	48°	54° 5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 22nd, 1880.

A FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

The financial condition of the Province of Quebec has an interest beyond its own borders, because it indirectly affects the whole of the Dominion, and presents lessons which all the other Provinces should take to heart. Mismanagement is a rather hard term to use, but practically the actual straits of the Province are attributable to nothing else. From the date of Confederation until 1874, there were yearly surpluses, some of them quite considerable in extent. Since then there has been a downward tendency and deficits have been gradually accumulating. Owing to the extremely unfortunate political troubles of the past two years, growing out of the Letellier crisis, the finances were relatively lost sight of, and things were allowed to dwindle to such a pass that no one really seemed to know how the exchequer stood. The day of reckoning had to come, of course, and it has arrived now. Better late than never. The situation is bad enough as it is, but there is no telling what it might have been if neglect had continued another year. The long and short of the matter, is that the Province owes about \$15,000,000. That debt has been almost entirely contracted for railway purposes, more especially the North Shore. Warnings were not wanting at the time that the latter was assumed by the Government, but there was hardly any alternative, and the usual promises of prudence and economy were profusely made. The road is doubtless a splendid property, and its possession will prove a valuable asset to the Province, but in the meantime it is bearing hard upon our resources, and may be denominated the chief ground of our troubles. There is no need of lamentation, much less of recrimination, and it is the duty of genuine statesmanship to face the situation and meet the problem squarely. On a debt of \$15,000,000 there is an interest of \$750,000. If we add to this, as we must, an annual charge of \$150,000 to provide for a sinking fund, we have the very considerable sum of \$900,000 to meet every year. Of course, the ordinary sources of revenue will cover a fair proportion of this sum, but there must be a deficit, and it is this deficit which should

be narrowed down as much as possible. All eyes naturally turn to the Q. M. O. & O. Railway. Its net revenue is set down at \$200,000, but there seems to be no other basis for this than the estimate prepared by the syndicate to M. JOLY last summer. With proper and economical management, with speedy union to the other trunk lines of the country, it ought to yield \$300,000. Indeed, we may look for a steadily-increasing revenue from this railway, but it will have to be carefully handled and closely watched by the Government. We have no doubt, whatever, that the present officers are not only capable, but entirely disposed to do their best in the premises, and that they appreciate the weight of public responsibility which lies upon their shoulders. To fill up the deficiency still more there will have to be rigid curtailments in all the departments, and really we feel that we should begin with the Legislative Council. That venerable body ought to take the initiative, and in view of the critical state of the Province should vote themselves out of existence. That patriotic step would entail a saving of \$100,000 to the Province; or, if this is asking too much—as we do not doubt it is—suppose they dispense with their salaries for the next five years, always excepting mileage? Another \$100,000 could be saved in the Civil Service by dispensing with a number of useless hands. Certainly the need is so pressing that the dread alternative of direct taxation presents itself, and before the people submit to that they will want to be sure that their leaders have exhausted all other efforts to raise money.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE SENATOR BROWN.

From an early hour of Wednesday, 12th inst., the city of Toronto was crowded with strangers who had come from all parts of the Province to pay a last tribute to departed greatness. The coffin in which the remains of the deceased were laid was made of solid black walnut heavily moulded at the top and base, ornamented with massive silver handles the full length of the frame, and also shorter ones at the ends, with silver plated lifters. A handsome silver wreath of laurel encircled the words "At Rest," and the plate bore the following inscription beautifully engraved:—

GEORGE BROWN,
Died 9th May, 1880,
Aged 61 years.

The inside of the casket was elegantly upholstered throughout with the richest satin heavily quilted, the words "At Rest" being worked in floss at the head, together with other suitable designs. On the casket were spread wreaths of flowers. At half-past two o'clock the members of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Societies met at Erskine Church, Simcoe street, and after arranging the order of procession, proceeded to the deceased gentleman's late residence, where had already collected thousands of citizens and carriages. At about the same time the employees and employes of the *Globe* office arrived at Beverley street, and under the direction of Mr. Robert Gay and the foremen of the various departments, took up a position to the south of the residence, where they could fall into their proper places. Carriages containing the Corporation, Senators, members of Parliament and citizens generally were continually arriving, and before three o'clock both streets passing the family residence were densely crowded. A few minutes after three o'clock, the Rev. Mr. King, who had been Mr. Brown's pastor, entered the room, and shortly afterwards religious services were held. After a passage of Scripture had been read, prayers were offered up, and the funeral service was impressively concluded, those present being visibly affected. Immediately after the service was concluded, the casket was carried to the hearse, which had been drawn up to the roadway in front of the gate, and the procession was formed, the following gentlemen acting as pall bearers: Sir A. A. Dorian, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Sir William Howland, Hon. Edward Blake, Sir Richard J. Cartwright, Sir Alex. Campbell, Senator Allan, Senator Christie, Senator McMaster, Professor Wilson, Professor Greig and Hon. L. S. Huntington. First in the solemn procession were the officiating clergymen, Rev. Mr. King, Prof. Greig, Prof. McLaren, and Dr. Reid, Moderator of the General Assembly; then followed the medical attendants of the deceased, Drs. Thorburn, H. H. Wright, Clarke and Leslie, after which came the hearse and pall-bearers. The chief mourners followed the hearse, and amongst them were Mr. Gordon Brown, his son Edward, Rev. W. S. Ball, of Gu lph, and his sons Peter and Alfred, Mr. Thomas Henning, Mr. Beltey and others. The employees of the *Globe*, past and present, some three hundred in number, then took their places followed in a carriage by the Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary. The

Senators, members of the House of Commons and Ontario Legislature came next, both Houses being largely represented, as were also the clergy who followed. Next in the line were the Mayor and Corporation, Public School Board, delegation from the country, Board of Trade, Corn Exchange, Stock Exchange, St. Andrew's, Caledonian and other national societies, journalists, printers and citizens generally. Those without carriages marched four abreast. The funeral procession consisted of 2,148 persons and 351 carriages; the procession occupied 48 minutes in passing a given point. It proceeded along Baldwin, McCaul, Caerhowell and Elm streets, to Yonge street, the sidewalks being lined with a dense mass of people, who stood in respectful silence, broken by whispered words of regret. Proceeding across Yonge street through the attending throng, the slow journey of the dead was made along Carlton and Parliament streets to the Necropolis, where a great gathering was awaiting the *cortège*, and as many of those attending as could find admittance entered the city of the dead, and made their way to the grave prepared for the reception of the remains. The pall-bearers lent their last aid. Rev. Mr. King, assisted by brother clergymen, conducted the burial service, and the earth closed upon what was mortal of one of the fathers of the country. A cast in plaster was taken of the face of the deceased Senator, and will be reproduced in marble.

BOOK TITLES.

It is difficult to lay down in so many words the conditions necessary for a title to hit the popular taste and yet preserve artistic decorum; but there is no doubt that both very long and very short (that is, monosyllabic or single-word titles) names ought, according to current preferences, to be avoided. Those containing two or three words are, perhaps, the most successful, whilst a dash of alliteration, wisely applied, is not without its charm. Leigh Hunt devotes the first article of the *Indicator* to the "Difficulty of finding a name for a work of this kind," and he lays down the following hints to be observed in the selection of a title:—"It is to be modest; it is to be expressive; it is to be new; it is to be striking; it is to have something in it equally intelligible to the man of plain understanding, and surprising to the man of imagination—in a word, it is to be impossible." After the last despairing exclamation the founder of the *Examiner* proceeds to give some of the suggestions which were made by a party of friends to whom he applied in his perplexity for aid in his exhausting task. All of them were conceived in a spirit of burlesque as a sort of consolatory exercise after the failure of their more sober efforts: "The Cheap Reflector; or, Every Man his own Looking-glass;" "Nonsense, To be Continued;" "The Crocodile; or, Pleasing Companion;" "Blood, being a Collection of Light Essays;" "The Hippopotamus: Entered at Stationers' Hall;" "with an infinite number (adds Leigh Hunt) of other mortal murders of common sense, which rose to 'push us from our stools,' and which none but the wise or good-natured would think of enjoying." For examples of witty burlesque in literary nomenclature, however, none equal those of the inimitable Hood, which grace the shelves of the Chatsworth library, and which are too well known to require repetition here. A similar list of imaginary books adorned Dickens' study at Gad's Hill, but they chiefly embodied a humorous satire of modern tendencies. "Was Shakespeare's Mother Fat?" being a sarcastic reference to the laborious attempts of the Shakespearean *saunts* to explore the commonplace of the poet's life and to theorise thereon.

The elaborately descriptive character of the title-pages of pre-Victorian times is amusing to us who are accustomed to a less ceremonious baptism. Even the plays of Shakespeare, who appreciated the value of brevity, were in their early dress overloaded with the titular verbiage of the time. The earliest edition of *Richard the Third* bore the following title:—"The Tragedy of *Richard the Third*, containing his treacherous plots against his brother Clarence; his pitiful murder of his innocent nephews; his tyrannical usurpation with the whole course of his detested life and most deserved death. As it has been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain, his servants." Title-making was evidently as serious a business with Elizabethan writers as it is to-day, the difference being that, as a modern wit has observed, we "take time to make it short." Even down to 1818, however, the year after the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the contents of some books were summarised on the title-page. A biography of the lamented Princess published in that year is described as follows:—"Memoir of the illustrious and amiable Princess Charlotte of Wales and Saxe-Coburg, who died November 6, 1817; containing numerous anecdotes of her early life; an account of her happy union with Prince Leopold; her residence at Claremont; her last illness and lamented death; a description of the funeral ceremonies; and a collection of characters (*sic*) selected from the most elegant and well-written eulogies that have appeared; with a variety of other particulars highly interesting to every British subject." Some of the headings given to odd verses by the older poets, read in the light of changed fashions, are very diverting. Cowper, for instance, whose principal poems are christened with model brevity and taste, writes "Stanzas off the late indecent liberties taken with the re-

mains of Milton;" "To the immortal memory of the halibut on which I dined this day (Monday), April 26, 1784," in the course of which extraordinary apostrophe the modest recluse says:—

Thy lot thy brethren of the slimy fin
Would envy, could they know that thou wast doomed
To feed a bard, and to be praised in verse.

An observation which, besides showing vanity, sounds somewhat cold-blooded in a man who tamed a hare and prided himself upon his humanity. How shocking too are these gutter subjects which "suggest" so much to bards of the Cowper school to the refined poetical sense of admirers of Tennysonian elegance, Browning's metaphysics and Longfellow's dusky grandeur! Within a score of pages of the halibut rhapsody we find "Verses written at Bath on finding the heel of a shoe," in which that discarded trifle is invested with surprising properties.

Generally speaking, good authors select good titles. Dickens knew the advantage of happy names and phrases better than most writers, and spent much of his time in evolving, constructing and comparing them. Mr. Forster's "Life" contains a list of two or three hundred names which the novelist had invented or noted down, some of which now belong to familiar characters, such as Gargery, Podsnap, Meagles, Clennam, Stiltstalking, &c., whilst others were destined to remain unapportioned waifs of the author's fancy. Few of his titles were more successful in every way than the name ultimately given to his periodical, *Household Words*. The christening of that enterprise was a source of the greatest cogitation to Dickens. Numbers of suggestions were made to Mr. Forster before the final selection was decided upon. "The Robin," "Mankind," "Charles Dickens, conducted by Himself," "The Household Voice," "The Comrade," "Everything," and many others being thought of. "Nobody's Fault" was an alternative title for "Little Dorrit," and "Two Generations" for "A Tale of Two Cities." "Master Humphrey's Clock" is an instance of a title being withdrawn, though to be sure the scheme which it was intended to cover was withdrawn too. The multiplicity of books, plays, &c., not unnaturally gave rise to complications in the matter of titles, and although it is competent for an author, having secured his literary trade-mark in his own mind, to go to Stationers' Hall and secure it legally, yet it is practically impossible for him to guard against unwittingly reproducing the property of others occasionally. This was demonstrated only a short time ago, when Messrs. Hatton & Albery had to alter the title of a play twice, and more recently still, when Miss Braddon was compelled to yield before the claims of an obscure story which had been previously published under the title she had selected. There is a good story told of Douglas Jerrold, who was consulted by Mr. Bentley, the publisher, as to the title of a periodical which he contemplated, and which was afterwards well-known. "I think of calling it 'The Wits' Miscellany,'" said the publisher. Jerrold demurred on the score of modesty, to which Mr. Bentley responded, "Well, suppose we call it, 'Bentley's Miscellany'?" "There," retorted Jerrold, "you needn't go to the other extreme."

A CAVE NINE MILES LONG,

AND SO FULL OF BATS AS TO GIVE A DARK SHADE TO THE CEILING—OTHER CURIOSITIES.

Wyandotte cave is in Crawford county, Ind., near the Ohio river. It is not accessible by rail, but must be reached by packet from Louisville or Evansville, and from there by carriage. The carriage ride is five miles, over as bad a road as can be found this side of the Sierras. The country is very hilly, heavily wooded, and sparsely settled. Wyandotte is smaller than Mammoth cave, and much larger than either of the Virginia caverns. In its general character it resembles the Mammoth, and, like the latter, is vastly inferior to the Virginia caves in beauty. It is unguarded, and visitors have been accustomed to wander through it unattended, committing every kind of vandalism. Patent medicine advertisements have been painted upon the walls, ceilings have been blackened with smoke, and the best of the stalactites have been broken.

It is said to be 23½ miles long, but this estimate is untrustworthy. The writer carefully paced, in the presence of one of the proprietors, a section embracing four of the supposed 23½ miles and found it to measure 2,600 yards. This ratio of reduction applied to the whole estimate makes the entire distance about nine miles, and this is probably about the actual length of the cave. The overestimating in this case is not exceptional. Few caves have been surveyed, and measuring by even steps, when the way is through low passages and over jagged rocks, is very laborious, while distance underground is very deceptive. One of the caverns in Virginia, which is said to be two miles in length, and is comparatively level and straight, measures just three-fourths of a mile, and another, that contains a route for visitors said to be five miles long, all lies within the diameter of half a mile.

At Wyandotte, as at Luray, and the recently-discovered Newmarket caves, openings are to be seen that lead to chambers beyond the furthest points that have been visited, while in Weyer's and one or two others of the smaller caverns an end to progress is found in heavy stalagmitic

walls or accumulations of clay. The older part of Wyandotte has been known since the first settlement of the country. In 1856 an extensive addition was opened, and quite recently another large section has been explored. A few of the passages are exceedingly narrow and tortuous, and some of them are so low as to make travelling painful, but most of the way is through broad and lofty avenues. The story is told of a very corpulent man, who is a prominent Republican politician, that in going through one of the narrow places he became so tightly wedged in that the combined efforts of several friends were required to extricate him.

None of the tunnel-shaped domes, caused by surface drainage, that are common to Mammoth cave, are to be seen here, but there are several enormous halls with vaulted tops, having a mound of rocks on the floor corresponding in outline to the curve of the ceiling. These have been formed by the gradual disintegration of the rock above and its deposit below. One of these is 1,000 feet in circumference and 245 feet in height, and the hill in the centre rises 175 feet above the level of the original approaches. One apartment is 250 feet long, 50 feet wide and 25 feet high; another 100 feet in diameter; a third 40 feet wide and 120 feet long; another 200 feet in diameter and 50 feet high; and still another 250 feet long, 100 feet wide and 80 feet in height. One passage very closely resembles a railway tunnel in size and form. The most notable of the formations are a stalagmite twenty-five feet in diameter and thirty feet high, and a semi-circular group of stalactites having the appearance of a canopy. Flint in veins and nodules is plentiful in some of the rooms, and gypsum and Epsom salts are abundant in others. But little water is seen. One spring is strongly impregnated with sulphur, and a small stream contains eyeless fish. The temperature of the air is 56 degrees throughout the year.

The Indians, and probably the mound-builders, were familiar with most or all of the parts of the cave that have yet been opened, as flint chips, stone hammers, and other relics of their visits are found in the branches most difficult of access and latest explored. A singular feature of the place is the presence of bats in the rooms nearest the entrance in such vast numbers as to give a dark shade to the ceilings. They suspend themselves head downward, and remain in a dormant condition during the cold weather.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, May 18.—The patent for the Royal University of Ireland has been prepared, and awaits the Queen's signature. Miners of Youngstown Valley, Ohio, recently on strike, have returned to work at a ten per cent. reduction of wages. The channel excavation in search of the training ship *Albatross* has returned without bringing any news of the missing vessel. Measures are being perfected in France for carrying out the law regarding the expulsion of unauthorized religious confraternities.

TUESDAY, May 11.—Eight thousand cotton operatives met at Blackburn yesterday, and resolved to strike. A Tehran despatch says 600 deaths have occurred from famine since January, in one district of Persia. The jury at the request on the return of the Hon. Geo. Brown, last night brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner Bennett. A great meeting between employers and delegates of workers from twenty-five cotton-making towns in Lancashire, was held in Manchester yesterday, to discuss the men's demand for a 5 per cent. increase of wages, which was finally refused. It is feared that trouble may be the result, and the military have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness.

WEDNESDAY, May 12.—A destructive fire occurred at Bordeaux yesterday, loss estimated at 2,000,000 francs. The Chinese Ambassador in London intimates that there is very little foundation for recent rumours of war between Russia and China. The House of Commons committee have decided not to dispense with the formality of the customary oath in the case of Bradlaugh, the atheist. The Nicaraguan Government has granted a concession to the United States for the construction of the American interoceanic canal across the State of Nicaragua. The Blackburn cotton mill masters have determined to close down their mills next week, on account of the weavers having struck. 39,000 hands will be affected. Serious disturbances took place near Tralee, Ireland, on Tuesday, in connection with an attempted ejection of tenants, during which the Sheriffs and police were seriously injured. Fifteen ocean steamers, which have recently arrived at New York overloaded with carrying more passengers than the law allows. Speaking at a banquet in London, last night, on the difficulties which the new Government had before them, Lord Hartington hoped the country would not grudge them time to master the details of the situation.

THURSDAY, May 13.—Abdul Rahman is siding to suppress opposition to British rule in Afghanistan. Mr. Bradlaugh, it is understood, will take the Parliamentary oath under protest. M. De Lessors is zealous of obtaining the necessary capital for the Panama Canal scheme. Mr. Forster, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, has decided on renewing the Coercion Acts. It is stated that the Indian Government intend to raise a loan amounting to some £3,000,000. Three additional boats of the steamer *America*, which lumbered off the African coast near the equator, have been picked up. A London despatch says the conciliatory attitude of the Blackburn strikers leads to the conclusion that the strike will not last more than a week. A difficulty has arisen between the British and Russian Governments concerning the mon-of-war of the latter passing through the Stez Canal en route to China. Mr. Sullivan, Home Rule member for Louth, intends taking an action for libel against certain Dublin journals for stating that his election expenses were paid by the Carlton Club.

FRIDAY, May 14.—Riots caused by men on strike at Lille and Rheims, in France, have been suppressed. Sir John Lubbock, it is said, will be chosen to represent London University in the Commons. The new Imperial Parliament will appoint another Commission to enquire into the Contagious Diseases Act. The Spanish Government intends to introduce a Cuba agricultural schools and a reformed

system of education.—There are rumours that Great Britain has in contemplation another European congress on the subject of the unfulfilled clauses of the Treaty of Berlin.

SATURDAY, May 15.—The Austrian Government has accepted Gladstone's programme in relation to Turkish affairs.—Sixteen persons were killed and a number fatally injured by a boiler explosion near Walsall, in Staffordshire.—The Czar has declined to grant the Sultan's request for the non-execution of the murderer of the Russian Col. Commeroff.—A great meeting of Catholics of Westphalia was held yesterday, at which some 25,000 persons were present, who demanded the abolition of the May Laws.—Some of the undergraduates of University College, Oxford, having locked up a Proctor and some of the dons, and the authorities being unable to discover the culprits, the whole of the undergraduates, eighty in number, were rusticated.

VARIETIES.

THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.—The fifth and concluding volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" has been published. Dealing with the last two years of the Prince's life, it enters more into minor details than even the previous volumes. The concluding portion of this volume describes the painful scenes of His Royal Highness' illness and death on 14th December, 1861. Numerous extracts are given from the Queen's diary; and Mr. Martin concludes his labours in the following words:—"In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber there was such grief as has rarely hallowed any deathbed. A great light which had blessed the world, and which the mourners had but yesterday hoped might long bless it, was waning fast away. A husband, a father, a friend, a master—endured by every quality by which man in such relations can win the love of his fellow-man—was passing into the silent land; and his loving glance, his wise counsels, his firm, manly thought should be known among them no more. The clock chimed the third quarter after ten; calm and peaceful grew the beloved form; the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long but gentle breaths were drawn, and that great soul had fled to seek a nobler scope for its aspirations in the world within the veil, for which it had often yearned, where there is rest for the weary, and where the spirits of the just are made perfect."

A Busy Doctor.—Dr. Clemenceau, the eminent Parisian physician, is also a member of the French Legislature, and divides his attention between the political maladies of his country and the physical ailments of his patients. He is a brisk and busy man, keenly cognizant of the fact that "time is money," and the other day, while he was in attendance at his Montmartre consulting-room, two men simultaneously solicited an interview with him. One of them, admitted to his presence, and asked what was the matter with him, complained of a pain in his chest; whereupon he was ordered to take off his shirt, and Doctor Clemenceau subjected the doctor to careful examination; but, before the doctor sat down to write his prescription, he rang the bell and ordered his servant to show the other patient in. As the latter entered the door-way, Doctor Clemenceau, without looking up from the desk at which he was writing, said to him, "Just undress yourself too, if you will be so good. We shall save time by your doing so." By the time the doctor had finished writing his recipe, taken his fee, and dismissed the preceding patient, the second, stripped to the waist, was ready for inspection. Turning towards him, the doctor observed, "You are also suffering from pain in the chest, are you not?" "Well no, doctor," the man replied; "I have called to beg that you would recommend me to the Government for a place in the post-office." Tableau!

AN EMPEROR AT EIGHTY-THREE.—Recently was celebrated the eighty-third birthday of the venerable German emperor, the Doyen of the world's reigning monarchs, and the object of an even more enthusiastic hero-worship throughout the fatherland than that formerly accorded to his redoubtable ancestor, Frederic the Great. Upright, ruddy-cheeked, vigorous, and sprightly, this imperial patriarch has outlived all the friends of his youth, and has seen generation after generation of the men whose first commissions in the Prussian army were signed by his father when he had already risen, by long and faithful service, to general's rank, and who, having attained the topmost height of their professional ambitions, have died off, one after another, full of years and honours, while he has remained, apparently untouched by the scythe of old Time. Those whose privilege it is to see and speak with him daily are never weary of expatiating upon his cleverness of mind, cheerfulness of spirits, and extraordinary capacity for enduring physical fatigue without visible inconvenience. He rises early every morning, is indefatigable in the transaction of state and military business, eats with undiminished appetite, and inspects his favourite regiments periodically on horseback or on foot, sitting firmly in his saddle for hours at a stretch, or striding briskly along the front of a far-reaching line of troops parading in the Schloss Platz of Potsdam.

LESS PRACTICE.—Those in wealthy circumstances, or who pursue sedentary employments within doors, generally use their lungs but very little—breathe but very little air into the chest; and thus independently of positions, contract a wretched, narrow, small chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little atten-

tion to the manner of breathing. Recollect, the lungs are like a bladder in their structure and can be stretched upon to double their ordinary size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest and a perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and the only agent required, is the common air we breathe, supposing, however, that no obstacle exists, external to the chest, such as lacing, or tying it round with stays, or tight dress, or have shoulder-straps upon it. On rising from the bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect position, your head thrown back, and shoulders entirely off the chest; now inhale or suck in all the air you can, so as to fill the chest to the very bottom of it, so as no more air can be got in; now hold your breath and throw your arms off behind, holding in your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as many times as you please. When done in a cold room it is much better, because the air is much denser, and will act more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercise the chest in this manner, it will become very flexible and expandible, and will enlarge the capacity and size of the lungs.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE SOME ENGLISH NAMES.—A recent London book, entitled "The Manners and Tone of Good Society," gives instruction in regard to the right pronunciation of English proper names of the upper classes. These territorial or family cognomens are in some sort the shibboleths of the English aristocracy, and he who trips in using them would naturally be set down as an interloper, born and bred without the pale of veritable society. Among the names whose spelling gives no clue to their pronunciation, some are familiar enough through their use as hack illustrations. Such are "Cholmondeley," pronounced "Chumley," "Marjoribanks," pronounced "Marshbanks;" "Cockburn," pronounced "Coburn," and "Cowper," pronounced "Cooper." Again "Mauwaring" is "Mauerring," "McLeod" is "McCloud." In "Elgin" and "Gillott" the "g" is hard; in "Gifford" and "Nigel" it is soft; in "Johnstone" the "t" should not be sounded, in "Molyneux" the "x" is sounded and the name is pronounced "Molynoox," with a very slight accent on the last syllable. In "Vaux" the "x" is also sounded, but it is mute in "Des Vaux," and likewise in "Devereux." In "Ker," "Berkeley," and "Derby," "c" has the sound of "a" in far. In "Waldegrave," the second syllable "de" should be dropped, and so should the "th" in "Blyth." "Dillwyn" is pronounced "Dillan," and "Lyveion"—"Liven." In "Conyngham," "Monson," "Monkten," and "Ponsonby," the "n" takes the sound of "u" and "Blount" should be pronounced as "Blunt," the "o" being mute. "Buchan" should be pronounced "Buckan," and "Beauclerk" or "Beauclere," is "Boclare," the accent being on the first syllable. "Wemyss" should be pronounced "Weems," and "D'Ersby" "D'Ersby." In "Montgomery," the "t" is elided, and the two "o's" have the sound of "u," the accent being on the second syllable. In "Hertford" the "t" is elided and the "e" has the sound of "a" in far. "Strachan" should be pronounced "Strawn;" "Colquhoun" is "Koohoon," the accent being on the last syllable; "Beauchamp" is "Beacham," and "Counts" is "Koots." Another formidable name to the uninitiated is "Duchesse," which should be pronounced "Dukarn;" "Bethune" should be "Beeton" and in "Abergavenny" the "av" is not sounded. "Menzies" is pronounced "Mynges;" "Knollys" as "Knowls;" "Sandys" as "Sands;" "Gower" as "Gorr," and "Milnes" as "Mills." Finally "Dakiel" should be pronounced "Deeal," with the accent on the first syllable; "Chartres" is "Charters;" "Glamis" is "Glamis;" "Geoghegan" should be pronounced "Gaygan," and "Ruthven" is "Riven." We may add that the accent is frequently misplaced in pronouncing British proper names, and a few of the words liable to mistake may be here noted. In "Tadema" and "Millais" the accent is on the first syllable; in "Clanricarde" and "Breadalbane," on the second; while in "Burnett," "Bardett," "Kenuaird," "Patnell," and "Tremayne," the last syllable is accented. As a rule, in a name of two syllables the accent should be placed upon the first, and the second should be slightly slurred.

THE GLEANER.

The unpaid butcher's bill of the Sultan amounts to £90,000. The Empress Eugenie's voyage to Natal has greatly improved her health. It is estimated that 250,000 people in Europe are engaged in sea fisheries. The Paris Salon is to be again open this year in the evening, lighted by Jablochhoff candles. The Bank of England has at length lighted on a thoroughly effectual safeguard against forgery. FIFTEEN members of the Unitarian body sat in the last Parliament. The new House of Commons contains nineteen. KING Louis of Bavaria, they say, is about to marry the Princess Isabella, his cousin. She is seventeen and he is thirty-five. LETTERS patent from the Crown have been directed to be issued ordaining that the borough of Liverpool shall henceforth be a city. MANY persons complain of always getting up tired in the morning. This is very often due to defective ventilation of the bed clothes and bedding.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, now Lord Selborne, Lord High Chancellor, is known in religious circles as an intelligent hymnologist—the collector of the Book of Praise.

THIRTY-EIGHT Greek ladies in London have written to Mrs. Gladstone expressing their heartiest good wishes for her husband's health and welfare, and accompanying the note with a handsome basket of flowers.

A STALACTITE cave has been discovered near Medalia, on the Roumanian frontier, containing a large quantity of skeletons of antediluvian animals, which are said to furnish important material for geologists and naturalists.

A RUSSIAN writer was visiting a menagerie, carrying in his coat pocket the manuscript of a novel, when an elephant plunged his trunk into it, took the book, and swallowed it before the bystanders had recovered from their astonishment.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned to Toronto from Manitoba reports the influx of settlers into that country this spring is past belief to those who have not witnessed it. All the available land within reasonable distance of business centres is being rapidly taken up, and prices rule high where sales are made.

MES. CATHERINE ROBERTS, of North Alfred, Maine, celebrated her 100th birthday on the 9th April. She is in good health, and in enjoyment of all her faculties, except that her hearing is somewhat impaired. She is bright and cheerful, likes company, and converses intelligently.

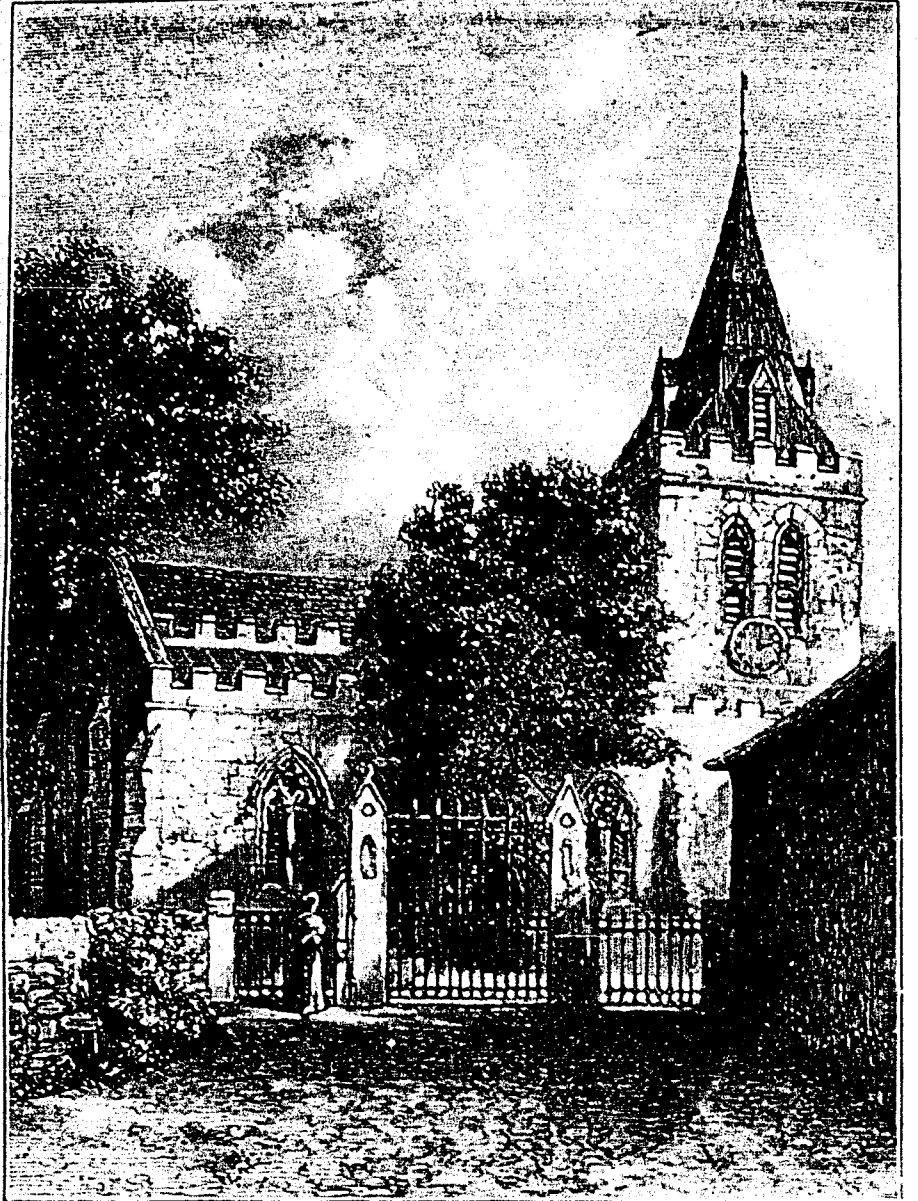
THE members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet average 56 years of age. Individually their ages are as follows:—Mr. Gladstone, 70; Mr. Bright, 68; Lord Selborne, 67; Earl Granville, 65; Mr. Forster, 62; the Duke of Argyll, 57; Mr. Dodson, 55; the Earl of Kimberley, 54; Lord Northbrook, 54; Mr. Childers, 52; Sir William Vernon Harcourt, 52; the Marquis of Hartington, 45; Earl Spencer, 45; Joseph Chamberlain, 44.

FASHION NOTES.

FANCY costumes have parasols and fans to match. THERE are many new materials in cashmere colourings. JERSEY suits are very popular for children in England. HOODS will be revived and used to excess on all kinds of wraps. SPANISH lace will be the fashionable net for summer polonaises. SOME touches of colour brighten every black toilet that is not mourning. WORTH is exercising his genius just now in creating Spanish costumes. TOUCANES are not yet imported, but there is a tendency to revive them. RICH and substantial fabrics are necessary when plain suits are preferred. ONLY one dressmaker—a private one—has as yet imported Jersey costumes. IT is again fashionable to make chemises with V-shaped gussets in the neck. A YOUNG girl always looks well in a simple toilet with a small tuft formed by a scarf. NEW black Chantilly lace mitts are very fine, have very long tips, and are sold at very high prices. SCRAH satin and religious veiling makes a lovely combination for summer evening dresses. POMPADOUR foulards are figured in designs that have all the artistic merit of hand-painted figures. THE pilgrimage suit is the latest novelty costume, rivaling the Jersey in popular favour abroad. THE English gypsys is the first hat that young ladies will wear as bonnets in early summer. LARGE hats and bonnets, though not general, are worn more and more as the season advances. NEW chemises fasten by buttons hidden in the pleats of the embroidery and lace on the shoulders. THE shoe is gradually replacing the boot for outdoor as well as indoor wear, especially in Europe. ALL light, semi-diaphanous materials require much draping and flounces and platings to look well. COAT sleeves of dresses are made very high on the shoulders, and stand upward like men's coat sleeves. THE imported English gypsy hats have a netted cord covering the front and back of the crown or brim. SUNBEAM cloth is an English novelty for skirts. It has a mixture of all the colours of the rainbow in stripes. DARK blue foulard, polka, dotted with white, makes effective short costumes when faced with dark red. GOLD and coloured lace novelties on Stewart's lace counters show a prevalence of Oriental ideas and colours. GOLD lace thread is made by electro-plating soft metal wire, so fine that the net is as soft as linen or cotton lace. READY FOR HARD TIMES. Stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style. Buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of running after expensive and quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietors rich, but put your trust in the greatest of all simple, pure remedies, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see better times and good health. Try it once. Read of it in another column.



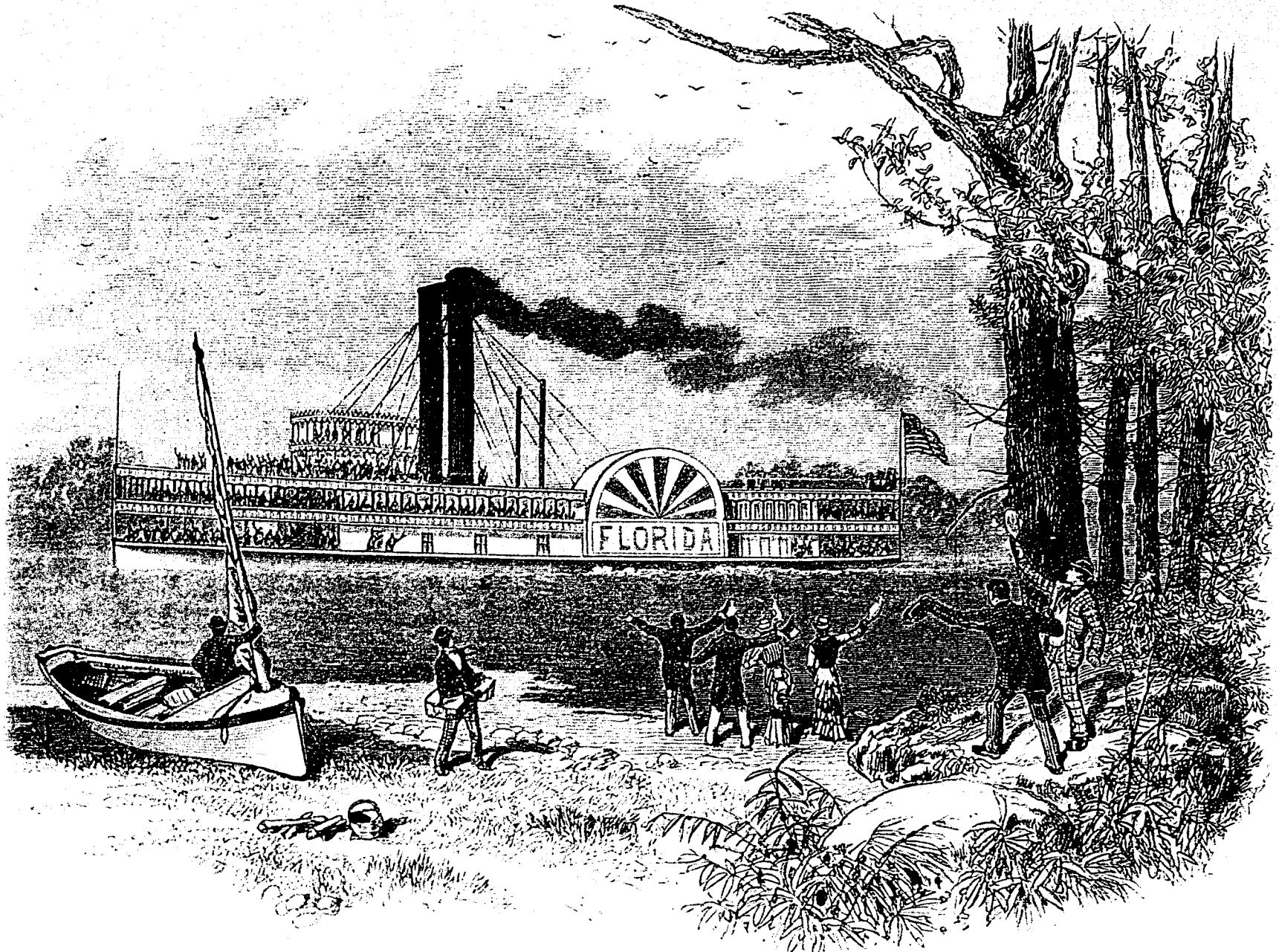
ENTRANCE TO HAWARDEN CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. GLADSTONE.



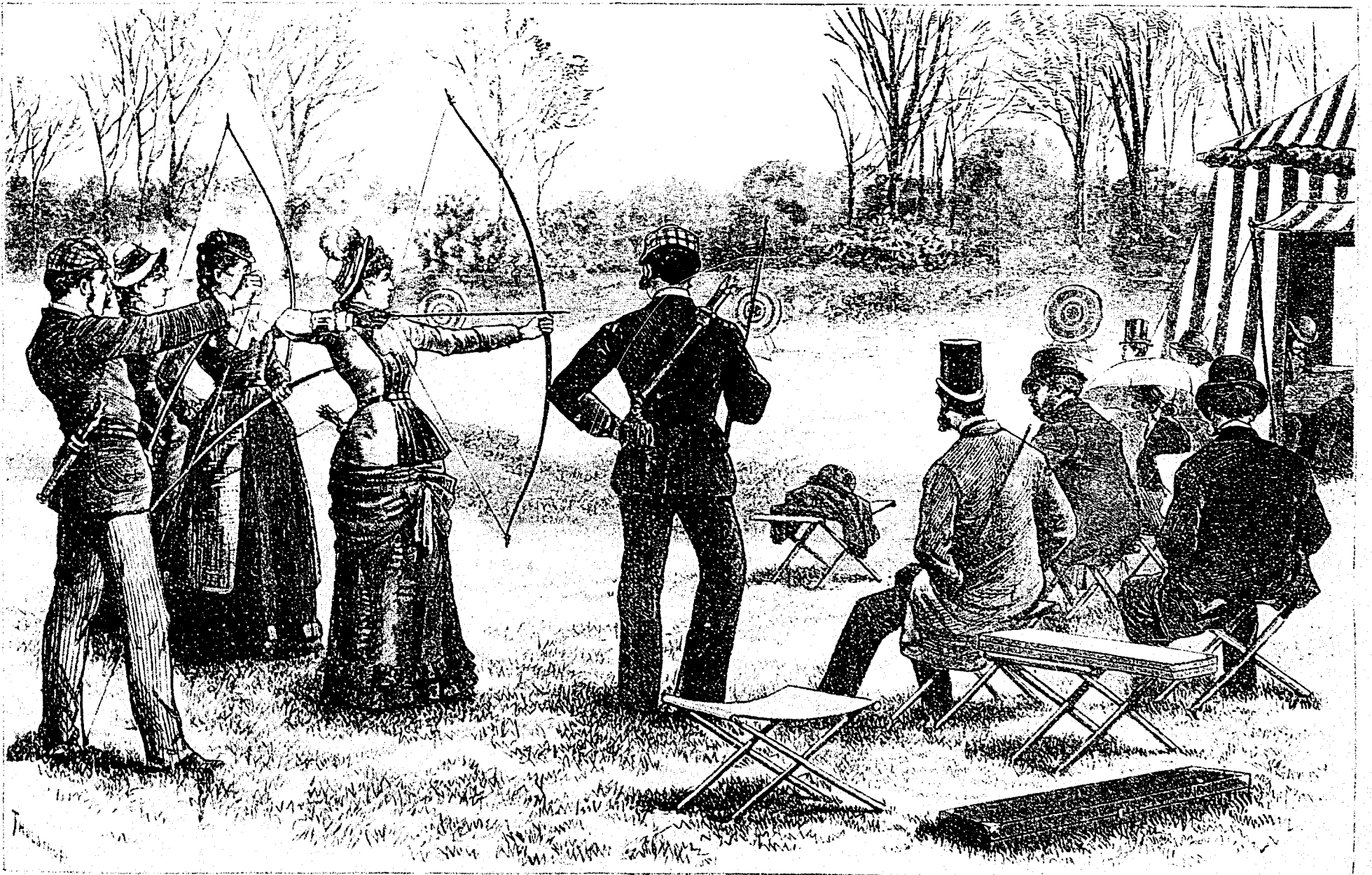
CHANCEL OF HAWARDEN CHURCH.



MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS FREDERICA OF HANOVER, AT THE ROYAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



AN EXCURSION DOWN THE SAVANNAH RIVER.



FIRST SPRING MEETING OF THE NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"The words are good," I said. "I cannot doubt; I took my scissors then to cut them out. My darling seized my hand. 'Take care,' she cried. 'There is a picture on the other side.'"

I fell to musing. We are too intent On gaining that to which our minds are bent; We choose, then, fling the fragments far and wide, But spoil the picture on the other side!

A prize is offered; others seek it too. But on we press with only self in view; We gain our point, and pause well satisfied, But ah! the picture on the other side.

On this, a sound of revelry we hear; On that, a wail of mourning strikes the ear; On this, a carriage stands with groom and bride, A hearse is waiting on the other side.

We call it trash—we tread it roughly down, The thing which others might have deemed a crown; An infant's eyes, anointed, see the gold, Where we would blinded, only brass behold.

We pluck a weed, and fling it to the breeze; A flower of fairest hue another sees. We strike a chord with careless smile and jest, And break a heart-string in another's breast.

Tread soft and softer still as on you go, With eyes washed clear in Love's anointing glow; Life's page well finished, turn it, satisfied, And lo! Heaven's picture on the other side.

"UNE DAME SEULE."

We were nearing the Christmas holidays and had planned all sorts of festivities; gifts and games for the children, a Christmas tree, dancing and all that, when my brother received a letter which summoned him to England. He would be absent from Paris several days—would return Christmas morning, or at the earliest the night before. His two boys, one eight, the other ten, had been left at Stuttgart in the family of a learned professor who charged himself with their instruction. My brother had arranged to go for the children to bring them to Paris for the holidays, when this unforeseen demand upon him made the carrying out of the plan impossible. We talked the matter over at the breakfast-table, thinking of this and that way of getting the boys home. It was out of the question their mother's going for them—she could not be spared from the little ones at home. It was an emergency, and I found courage to suit the occasion. I am convinced heroines are made—not born.

"I will go to Stuttgart and fetch home the boys," I said.

My brother looked up, astonished.

"You go to Stuttgart alone?"

"Yes, I will go to Stuttgart."

"Mais, mais," began his wife.

"Don't say a word. I want to go. I know the road; it is all plain and simple; it will be a pleasant excursion. I will leave here in the morning, spend the night with the professor and his good wife, and the next morning, with a nephew under each arm, I will take the train for Paris. Oh! I shall enjoy it ever so much."

My brother and his wife were persistent in their efforts to dissuade, but I overruled every objection and, as a result, I found myself one fine morning in a train going eastward.

I had one companion at the beginning—a lady with her maid, and a Spanish poodle. From Paris to Strasbourg not a word passed the lips of the mistress or maid; *silencium* was the order. The lady was stoutheaded in figure and a good deal encumbered with wraps; she was fresh colour, with pale, hay-coloured hair partly concealed by the white Shetland scarf with which her maid had replaced the bonnet that was capriciously bestowed in the rack above. The maid was tall, thin, with wide-open eyes, in every way the opposite of the lady. Her black, scanty vestments clinging to her scantily-made person made her a contrast indeed to the rather corpulent mistress in a large, scarlet, circular cloak, who sat with closed eyes and with her hands folded over her red-covered guide-book. I could have made this description more brief by saying simply that my vis-a-vis was a symphony in red. Though I did not speak during all this journey, I felt I had company—that I was not alone.

At 10 o'clock we reached the station at Stuttgart, and I confess I felt a little the worse for wear, as my breakfast had been but a cup of coffee, and at Strasbourg I had made the slenderest sort of repast. My hope buoyed me up. I should soon be at home with the brave professor and his kind-hearted wife, and in the warmth of their welcome and in the joy of seeing our dear boys I should forget how dreary it had been during the last four or five hours of the way, with the dark and some other disagreeables that I have not set down. I found a cab at the station. I mentioned the street and number. There seemed to be some needless delay in starting, especially as the driver saw fit to leave his horse and vehicle while he ran off to speak with a comrade. The house I sought I remembered to have been not far from the station, but the way by which it was reached on this occasion seemed interminable. I peered out, from time to time, in search of some familiar object or land-mark to help me to guess where I was.

To shorten the story, as I would have the journey—the carriage stopped. I got out with my wraps and hand-bag; paid my cabman; stepped toward the door; saw that it was unfamiliar; looked around and found that I was in a region altogether new to me.

It was — strass, it was No. 10, but not "10 A."

I held my breath for a moment, then recovered, and re-entered the cab; 10 A was a new house at the other end of the street, and we soon reached it. I recognized it by a tree before the door—leafless now—but with the same twisted trunk. I was surprised when the cabman demanded another fare, but paid it and bade him good-night as civilly as I could as I mounted the steps to the house I remembered.

The house as I had seen it in the autumn I had thought almost shabby in its characterless newness—but now it was the House Beautiful. I rang gently, once, and again. The third time I pulled vigorously, for the cabman had mounted to his seat, and I had begun to regard him as a friend, though I knew he might prove a costly one. The door opened and the *hausmeister* put forth his head. What did I want, he asked.

"Prof. Fersten."

The head protruded a little further, then a hand reached out, and a little lamp in it was waved two or three times before my face.

"Do you want to see Prof. Fersten? He's gone to Paris."

I gasped.

"His wife—Mme. Fersten."

"Gone to Augsburg—will be back next week."

The cabman had gathered up his reins, was making a preparatory chirping to his horses. I shouted to him to stop. I learned that the professor had gone, with my two nephews, to Paris, and his wife to visit her friends. There was no one in the apartment. Whether this intelligence was conveyed to me in a few words or many, I do not know. I turned away.

"Madame surely knows it is the custom to reward the *hausmeister* when he is called up at a late hour!"

Madame did know, and she put a half-franc into the outstretched hand. I returned to the carriage.

"You must take me to some hotel."

"Which, madame?"

I did not think to ask the *hausmeister* to recommend me one, and I do not believe he could have in his then stupid condition. I suddenly remembered my brother had spent a night in Stuttgart once—the hotel was near the station. I did not know the name, but the cabman did. We found it—or a substitute. I paid "thrice the fare," as did the grateful stranger to the boatman in Uhländ's verses.

An unkempt man—a stable-boy in appearance, represented the landlord. O, yes, they had a room! and a woman who had evidently been suddenly roused from her slumbers took a light to show me to it. We passed first through a room, where at two or three tables, men were playing cards—as I saw through almost blinding smoke—then through a kitchen where a *maedchen* with her head on a table was soundly sleeping, and where a small black dog came out from somewhere to growl at me—then across a stone passage. It was a small, low room we found, with a porcelain stove that occupied considerable space, a short bed, a chair, a washstand and two trunks. The room had that forlorn air of tidiness that a room may have that is never occupied. The bed was covered with a handsome enough knit cover, and the window-curtains were crocheted. The floor was bare, but clean. There were two coloured French lithographs on the walls—heads and shoulders of blandly smiling women. On the top of the stove was a pile of bed-clothing, with which the woman made the bed with a dexterity that surprised me, she was so heavy-looking. I ventured to try my limited German on her by asking if I could have my tea and some rolls and butter brought to my room, for I felt the need of establishing a connection with somebody in my dreary condition. The woman evidently did not understand me, though she responded "Ja, ja." Her duties quickly over she bade me good-night, and lighting a crumb of a candle that she found among other crumbs in her apron pocket, departed.

How desolate I felt! Tired, hungry, sleepy, and not a little nervous at the prospect of spending the night in such unpromising quarters. But I determined to begin well by making myself a little tidy for my tea. I soon found that I had counted without my host, or had no host to count on. My washstand contained a hand basin, but no ewer, and so no water. I must wait till my tea was brought for there was no bell to my room. I tried to be amused at the situation, to see it in its ludicrous aspect, but I was so cold that any attempt at a smile must prove a fearful grimace. I shivered so I could not sit still and I got up and tried to pace round my little circle. The clock struck 11. I waited a while longer for my tea, my teeth chattering at the thought of the long night before me. At length I took my candle and sallied out into the passage to try if possible to call some one to serve me, for I was sadly in need of something refreshing. I crept noiselessly along the unlighted corridor to the head of the stair, and began to descend, when a door suddenly opened below me and let out upon the passage two or three such sinister-looking individuals that I quickly returned breathless to my room. To my door there came up a sound of shuffling feet and excited voices and a good deal of undefined noise that I was glad to try to shut out. With suspense and some anxiety the minutes dragged, but at length the clock on some near tower struck 12.

I gave up all hope of even an apology for a supper and decided to make the best of it. There was no lock to my door, and no way of fasten-

ing it, so I made a barricade before it by piling one trunk on the other and putting my chair on that in a way that any pressure on the door from the outside would throw it to the ground. I could not think of going regularly to bed under the circumstances, but I lay down on it and drew over myself a big, over-stuffed *couvre-pied*, which fell to the floor the moment I dropped asleep. That, however, must have been near morning, for I counted several of the hours as they struck, and my sputtering candle had burnt itself out, leaving only a suggestive odour I would gladly have been rid of.

At length a gray morning made itself visible, and as soon as I could see I made my way to the lower regions, still dark, where I found the man of the night before with a lantern in his hand. An old woman was called and a fire lighted in the kitchen stove, where I watched the brewing of my coffee while I warmed myself. I did not criticize my bread which I ate with a comrade of stewed peas and mustard—for the butter was an indignity—nor my account either—though it was exorbitant—and when the morning train came up from Munich I was the first to enter.

I was alone in my compartment that for "lone women," and the excessive cold aggravated my general wretchedness. No notice was taken of me by any-one, and I got safely to Strasbourg, nursing my physical discomfort. At Strasbourg the officers of the train were changed, and I became an object of interest and attention to two of the guards—one a big, middle-aged man with half-gray side whiskers, the other younger, a tall, stooping individual, who smiled in at my window on every occasion, with light blue eyes of most imane expression.

How uncomfortable those two men made me! At the second station after Strasbourg the elder of the two demanded of me my passport. I replied that I had none—that none was necessary on a journey from Stuttgart to Paris. At this the younger was informed that my name was Gretchen, but it was impossible to say to which part of Germany I belonged. At the next station I was asked for my visiting card, with my Paris destination. I produced it while the old man watched with evident enjoyment my apparent discomfiture.

As we approached Paris the miles seemed longer. The train I knew would arrive after dark and—but I will not follow the thoughts and fancies that, stimulated by my fears, filled my mind. At X. the train stopped, and I saw my two persecutors looking down the line toward me, and, O, joy! I saw on the platform of the station my good old friend M. C., tranquilly smoking a cigarette. I waved my handkerchief—I shouted:

"O Monsieur! Monsieur C.!"

No fettered Andromeda ever welcomed a coming Perseus with more delight than I did this old friend of my childhood.

My shout attracted his attention; he was soon at my side. "Why, Marie, where are you coming from—where have you been?"

"Don't ask me anything. Come into this compartment; I can't stay alone any longer."

"But I will not be allowed. This is pour les dames seules."

"Then take me with you—anywhere—I don't care where, only take me."

And I struggled to the door. He helped me out of one carriage into another, and when we were on our way I wept, I know not why, and my friend comforted me.

The light by which I write this shines on the beautiful face and gray hair of the good man I have referred to.

In years he is twenty my senior, but in all but wisdom and goodness he is very young.

I have just read him this account of a journey to and from Paris, and he responds with "And that was the day you offered yourself to me—asked me, in short, to marry you."

"And," I reply, "it is a dreadful thing to be *une dame seule*."

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE "LIFT-CURE."—It is not enough to enjoy life yourself; indeed, selfish enjoyment is always incomplete. Give your overladen companions a lift with their loads. The "lift-cure," from a moral point of view, is a most significant phrase. Live while you live by helping others to enjoy life. Life is made up of little things; therefore do the little things which spread sunshine around your path. Hope, help, love—these are good words to speak, and to hear spoken—good at the beginning of the year, good throughout the year, good at its close. Whether life be long or short, live while you live, not for yourself alone, but for yourself and for others.

CHARITY.—True charity is the sweetest and most attractive of qualities. It smooths away the angles and rubs off the roughness and diminishes the friction of life. It adds grace to daily courtesies and makes burdens easier to be borne. The loving heart is the strong heart. The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult. There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society, and in the church; but first and chiefest is the need for it at home, where it is the salt which keeps all things sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines star-like through all gloom and depression.

MARRIAGE.—When a young man wants to marry a girl, he has already made up his mind that she is worthy of him; otherwise he would not wish to marry her. The next thing for him

to do is to make a rigid examination and cross-examination to see whether he is worthy of her. In this he should be unsparing of his own faults and shortcomings. If he comes to the conclusion that the girl is better than he is, let him at once and resolutely set himself to reform his own character and to eradicate its defects. If, on the other hand, he finds that he can conscientiously say that he deserves her hand, he may safely conclude that, if her affections are not preoccupied by another, he can win her by fair and honourable and open means, and without resort to clandestine plans or practices.

HAPPINESS.—Most of the wrong-doing in the world comes from an uneasy craving for pleasure of some sort. The desire for revenge produces all kinds of malicious and hateful conduct; the yearning for gain suggests dishonesty, fraud, oppression, injustice; the appetite for sensual gratification leads to gluttony, intemperance, and vice. A state of true happiness would render these cravings impossible; the higher gratifications once thoroughly enjoyed, no room would be left for the lower. The great happiness of love annihilates revenge and malice; sympathetic pleasures extinguish selfish ones; pure and innocent recreations, cheerful society, and wholesome habits preclude the temptations to vicious courses. In a word, happiness, in its truest meaning and best forms, is the foe to wrong-doing, and in this sense it may be said that those who are happy are good.

WORK.—We are all of us workers in one way or another, but how many of us are possessed with an earnest desire that the work we put from our hands shall be a thorough, honest, faithful performance that shall fulfil its purpose and withstand the ravages of time? The great difference in labour is, not in what is done, but how it is done—not in the kind of work we perform, but in the spirit we put into it. From the cleansing of a room to the purification of a government, from the clearing of a forest to the chiselling of a statue, from the humblest work of the hands to the noblest work of heart and brain, it is the determination to make it of the best possible quality that places it in the front rank. The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it is to carry forth, is like cloth of shoddy, which may please the eye, but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven with no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought and paid for.

PLAIN AND REASONABLE KNOWLEDGE.—A sound and strong statement of what is right, and why it is right; of what is wrong, and why it is wrong, is a most needful foundation for any other moral or religious training that may follow with the young. From the lack of this plain and reasonable knowledge comes much of the confusion of mind which fails to detect the sophistry with which self-interest will plead against the calls of honour and of duty. People drift into wrong-doing of every kind far oftener than they deliberately plunge into it, and the lack of a clear conception and a thorough comprehension of its nature from the beginning is frequently the first cause. How this want can be best supplied, as a fitting preparation for life's arduous and responsible duties, is a matter worthy of consideration of every well-wisher of the rising generation. Hitherto it has been strangely neglected; but, if the conviction of its great importance be once firmly implanted in our hearts, suitable methods to promote it will not be long in following. No one, whether in the home, the school, or elsewhere, who has the care of the young can avoid a share of obligation in this matter.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CAMPANINI likes to talk French.

EDWARD B. PERRY, the distinguished pianist, is blind.

MAX STRAKOSCH will confine himself to English opera next season.

P. S. GILMORE has gone to Europe in search of musical novelties for the summer season at Manhattan Beach.

MRS. KATE CHASE SPRAGUE entertained Miss Thursby, the singer, at her house in Washington a few evenings ago.

MISS CARY is to make her last appearance in public before her departure for Europe at a grand concert on Saturday afternoon, May 22, at Music Hall, Cincinnati.

A SERIES of accidents has rendered it necessary to indefinitely postpone the benefit tendered Manager Max Strakosch in New York recently.

P. S. GILMORE finds it difficult to escape from the musicians of London, who are eager to follow him to this country. He left for home on the 6th inst.

It is reported that certain friends of Mr. Theodore Thomas are endeavouring to secure an engagement of the favourite conductor for the establishment in New York of German opera.

The Alice Oates opera company, after many tribulations in the way of suits-at-law and injunctions, is reported as disbanded for the season, and their dates at Hooley's Theatre have been cancelled.

MANAGER MAPLESON has, by virtue of his contract with Campanini, forbidden the favourite tenor to accept any further engagement before sailing for London, beyond those already made for the Boston and Cincinnati festivals.

The new opera-house corporation of New York has completed its organization as "The Metropolitan Opera House Company," and will push matters with the vigour possible to such a powerful combination of capitalists.

LITTLE BENEDICT TACAGNI, a child of 6 years the "midshipmate" of an English children's Pinafore company, was taken ill with acute rheumatism and died. During the delirium consequent on his illness he continually sang the Pinafore music, and the last audible sound that the little fellow uttered was his childish version of "For he is an Englishman."

MR. TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

The following is Mr. Tennyson's new poem, entitled "De Profundis." It is published in the *Nineteenth Century* for May:—

Out of the Deep, my child, out of the Deep!
Where all that was to be in all that was
Whirled for a million eons thro' the vast,
Waste down of multitudinous eddying light—
Out of the Deep, my child, out of the Deep!
Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of every heightening life,
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb
Touched with earth's light—thou comest, Darling Boy;
Our Own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,
Indissolubly married, like our love;
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race, thy kin, so well that men
May bless thee, as we bless thee, O young life,
Breaking with laughter from the dark; and may
Thy fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped and sway thy course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unhindered—then full current thro' full man;
And last, in kindly curves, with gentler fall,
By quiet field, a slowly dying power,
To that last Deep where we and thou art still.

GREAT MEN AND LITTLE CHILDREN.

The great man who is also a good man—and there is no real greatness without goodness—ever retains some elements of the child within him, and so is never out of his element when in company with children. He is too much one of themselves in heart and feeling to be ill at ease with them. He gets on them by the freemasonry of right good fellowship. Of choice quality is manhood such as that memorialised of Arthur Henry Hallam—

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would think
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face.

If Boswell tells us in one place rather slightly of Doctor Johnson, at a dinner-party at Mr. Langton's, that before dinner he said nothing but "Pretty baby" to one of the children, in another, some seven years later, he emphasises "Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them 'Pretty dears,' and giving them sweetmeats." And Johnson was in the mind's eye of Lord Lytton when he pictured this Herculean attitude—

So huge Alcides, on his club reclined,
And tired of fighting monsters for mankind,
Smooths awful brows, from solemn toil beguiled,
And rocks in fostering arms a dreaming child.

The lines are in *St. Stephen's*, and they pass on at once from Johnson to apostrophise Goldsmith—"Child thou, sweet bard of Auburn!—child, what then? A child inspired, and worth a world of men." And Goldsmith's description of Burchell might have stood for himself, as regards his talking at intervals with great good sense, but in general being fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men; he was famous for singing them ballads and telling them stories, and seldom went without something in his pockets for them—a piece of gingerbread, or a half-penny whistle. A game of romps was Oliver's delight with the small people; at Mr. Seguin's, his neighbour when ruralising at Edgeware, he took the lead in the children's sports of blindman's-buff, hunt the slipper, and their games at cards, and was the noisiest of the party, affecting to cheat, and to be excessively eager to win; while with the still younger fry he would turn the hind part of his wig before, and play any number of tricks to amuse them. Little Master George Colman, the Younger of course, at their first interview, met Goldsmith's playful advances, as he fondled the child on his knee, with a very smart slap of the face—it must have been a tinger, for George left the marks of his little spiteful paw upon Oliver's cheek. For this assault the assailant was off-hand condemned and consigned by Colman the Elder to solitary confinement in a dark room, where he howled most abominably till Goldy appeared with a lighted candle and an inflamed face, and coaxed and soothed Little Pickle into amity. From that time, whenever Goldy came to visit George senior, George junior was sure to "pluck his gown to share the good man's smile;" a game of romps constantly ensued, and the past author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the future author of *John Bull* were uninterruptedly cordial friends and merry playmates.

Mr. Pepys makes mention in his Diary with what exceeding pleasure he saw his future sovereign, James II., then Duke of York, "play with his little girls," afterwards Queen Mary; "like an ordinary private father of a child." If Cato the elder could unbend under the influence of wine, so could the austerity of Cato the younger relax in favour of his young people. "Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome, filled with domestic tenderness, the best, the kindest father." Frederick the Great in his old age liked to have his grand-nephews about him—they playing at ball while he sat at work in his cabinet, not too hard at work to be regardless of the ball; how he pocketed it once may be read in the last volume of Carlyle's big book. There is that story too of William III. and little Lord Buckhurst, the Lord High Chamberlain's small son and heir, who tapped at the door of the royal closet one day, and in answer to the Kings "Who's there?" replied, in his four-year-old childish treble, "Lord Buck." "And what does Lord Buck want?" rejoined William, opening the door. "You to be a horse to my

coach," replied his little lordship. "I've wanted you a long time." William's smile for his young friend was amiable to a degree which the secretary in attendance had never before thought possible on that careworn face; and, taking the string of the toy in his hand, the King dragged it up and down the long gallery till his playfellow was satisfied. In Walpole may be read how Pulteney, Earl of Bath, in his old age let the little Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV.—shoot him with plaything arrows; down falls the old peer dead, and the child kisses him to life again. But Pulteney was an excellent courtier, and could play a dotting grandpapa to the life—or, as here, to the death.

The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the raptures of a game at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

May a time, Chateaubriand tells us, had he seen Malesherbes, towards the beginning of the Revolution, arrive at Madame de Rosambo's, all heated with political encounters, toss aside his wig, throw himself on the carpet, and surrender himself to the riotous romps of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren in whose fellowship he took such delight. The late Bishop Lonsdale, not less dear to memory at King's College, London, than in his diocese of Lichfield, not only knew how to win the affections of children by talking to them in their own way, but was not above playing with them. One of his clergy, with whom he was on a visit, once missed the Bishop within the house, and, looking out of the window, saw one of the children driving him round the garden as a horse. One likes to think of Lord North escaping to Bushey Park from the stress of fight in St. Stephen's, and entertaining with sallies of mirth all his children, but making the most of his little girl, five years younger than any of the others, who in after life, as Lady Charlotte Lindsay, recalled so lovingly and described so charmingly the pranks of her paternal playmate; and of Burke wheeling little Tom Sheridan round the sward at Beaconsfield in a child's hand-chaise, with an alertness and vivacity that indicated as full an enjoyment of the sport as possessed the child, who would not let him desist—nor indeed did the veteran statesman show any desire of the kind; and of Sir Walter Scott allowing his children, as well as their mute playmates the dogs, free access to his study at all times, never considering their tattle any disturbance, and always ready to break off from his writing to tell them a story; as elsewhere to be their playmate himself, with all his might and main, and all his heart.

He will not blush that has a father's heart
To take in childish plays a childish part,
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy.

Of Scott we are reminded in that passage of the *Life of Sir T. Fowell Buxton* which tells how, though engaged in the most absorbing business, he welcomed his children in his study with the sweeties he kept in store for them; nor could he hear from the far-away nursery the cry of a child without jumping up from the most important letter or paper, and satisfying himself on the spot that there was nothing really amiss. Doctor Channing mingled in his children's scenes of merriment with cordial delight, was inexhaustibly ingenious in inventing entertainments, and received them, on their return from ramblings and junketings, with a fellow-feeling that seemed to rival their own buoyancy of spirit. "Happy as any imp among them" is a description by Professor Wilson which might do for himself—worrying them in play like a papatiger acting the amiable with his cubs. "Look at him," exclaims the Ettrick Shepherd, "if his heels up 'i' the air, just like a horse rollin' 'i' the garse on bein' let o' the harness! I wish he mayna murder some o' the weans in his gam, bols." Glancing in other directions, we light on Horace Vernet teaching a tiny grandson to sing "Rabadalabadablalaba"; and Thomas Carlyle putting new shoes on the feet of little Charlotte Sterling's doll; and Macaulay, pronounced with one consent by nephews and nieces "beyond all comparison the best of playfellows," unrivalled in the invention of games, and never wearied of repeating them—especially that favourite game of building up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and enacting robbers and tigers—the little Trevelyan shrieking with terror, but always fascinated and begging him to begin again; nor does he seem to have sooner tired of his ever-reiterated observation that, after all, children are the only true poets.

INCIDENTS IN A RAILROAD CAR.

There are few places in which human nature can be seen under so many different phases as in a railroad car. There is such a gathering of humanity from the four winds of the heavens; such a festival of varied characters! The old, the young, the sombre-browed, the gay, the veteran of seventy years holding a council of war upon his head, the dear old lady of large magnitude and possessing a large bundle bound for—goodness knows where! The middle-aged lady in the corner who has passed through the valley of summer maidenhood, and has just set her foot to climb the rugged hill of declining years; the matronly lady with her children nestling around her, forming a little world in themselves governed by three motions—dependent of the rocking motion of the car—the motion of papa, the motion of mamma, and the perpetual motion of childhood. Then there is Mr. In-

differentism in a seat there ahead. In a seat did I say? Yes in two seats. His feet rule one seat while his head governs the other. He is a perfect Czar with the fear of no Hartmann to blow him up. The conductor may blow him up. He stares at everybody because everybody is staring at him. When a fresh passenger is added to the car he takes an inventory of the arrival as if preparing him to accept an insurance policy. The window he throws open simply that it may blow *Harpur's Bazaar* out of the hands of an old lady with spectacles who is seated on the opposite side of the car struggling to find the latest fashion in dress. It is no gentle zephyr that salutes the passengers through the window for the morning is chilly. It toys with the golden ringlets of the little child of seven, capsizes the dainty hat that sits in triumph on the lispng three-year-old, dislodges the frills which lay so gracefully, fencing as it were so many budding and blooming flowers, and plays havoc with a professional stove-pipe hat whose dimensions seemed to grow smaller as each gust of wind increased, till finally its owner is compelled to doff it to every passenger in the car. This is more than Chesterfield politeness. You might ask why a gentleman should venture out with so small a hat. The reason is obvious. He is an advanced thinker and has been reading a work entitled "Cosmos," and according to the laws of chemistry becoming warmed up in his subject he, of course, expands—intellectually I mean. Besides as his practice professionally increases his hat continues to contract. His hat mark you, not his heart. Strange phenomena! But Mr. Indifferentism is quite blind to the manner in which the truant wind is running riot among the passengers. Meanwhile affairs have reached a crisis. A sturdy countryman rises from his seat and without any conference in the matter slams the window down. An air of satisfaction rests upon every one. But we are whirling along and have already reached another station. A few more climb on, amongst the number a beautiful little child upon whose low, white brow six summers sleep and dream amid the roses of her cheeks. Just across from me sits a mother with a little girl whose face shows a tide of discontent. Cloud adds to cloud; they burst and are deluged with waves of surging agony. Poor mother! The basket is sought for the purpose of bribery; it is in vain. The tree, the fence, the house, each gyrating as if to please the distracted child is pointed out, but to no purpose. The car rocks the mother, rocks the child, knocks—yes hammers. Will it ever be pacified? For the time being the child is the centre of attraction, but the mother thinks she herself is. Just in the seat ahead is a group of three,—a mother and two children—the younger apparently about three, a bright little fellow who seems to take a deep interest in act first in the seat behind. When the noisy little girl reaches the full compass of her voice she smiles triumphantly in his mother's face as if soliciting a comparison with the implacable little girl. His mother, too, wears an air of satisfaction probably from the thought that her boy is the quietest child in the car. It is always pleasant for a mother to think that her children are under complete subordination; that maternal discipline fences around them even in a railroad car, before the eyes of criticizing strangers. This and the thought of being superior to somebody, or to somebody's child, tickles human nature. But the boisterous wave in the seat behind has meanwhile found its level, and the anger which flooded the face of the little girl has ebbed away, probably to lash in some other corner the sea of infancy. Yes, here it is gathering ominously upon the face of the good little boy, and, oh, what efforts his mother is putting forth to still the wave! It is in vain. A little pebble will ruffle the bosom of a little stream. The tidal wave is upon us. Where is human sympathy now for a mother's trials? Nowhere visible. The scene is truly changed and this is act second. The infant acrobat climbs to the summit of a seat, falls down, climbs again, meets with the same fate, piling up agony upon agony in the car, till every passenger is lost sight of in the din which meets our chartered ears. Oranges, lemons, figs, and a tin whistle avail not. A truce suddenly ensues; the little girl in the seat behind has attracted his attention, and at her mother's request she gains the aisle of the car where the little boy is now standing to introduce herself as being the leader in the orchestra. She approaches, encouraged by her mother, but he recedes; the little boy is aristocratic, the little girl is democratic. He takes an inventory of her dress and general get up. The little girl feels the cut and retires to the side of her mother. She is a neat little girl but does not move in the same circle of society as the little boy. What, so young! Yes, the child is father to the man, and twenty years hence this instinct will have assumed such proportions as to divide the little boy and girl by a gulf in society which cannot be bridged. But here we are rolling into another station and I see the word "Refreshments" above the door. I hope to continue my railroad incidents after I have taken some cake and coffee.

Belleville, Ont.

T. O'HAGAN.

MR. LAWRENCE OLIPHANT is reported to have applied to the Sultan for a grant of the Valley of the Jordan for purposes of colonization on a new and improved model; but his Majesty did not approve of the proposal.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A good story all the way from Warsaw: A stranger of distinguished appearance seen on the steps of the Cathedral of Warsaw a poor woman bathed in tears, with a child in her arms.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" queries the stranger.

"I am," was the reply, "the most unfortunate of beings. I wish to have my child christened, and the Pope charges me two roubles, while I have not a single kopeck."

"Is that all?" said the stranger. "In that case don't worry," and, drawing five roubles from his pocket, he added:

"Here, go and pay the Pope his fee, and bring back the change."

No sooner said than done, and a few moments later the woman returned with three roubles, which she gave her benefactor, at the same time overwhelming him with thanks.

"Don't mind," said he, "I dislike to see people crying, and love, above all things, a smiling face. Besides, in this little operation everybody is satisfied. The Pope has had his fee, your child is christened, you are content, and I—have three good roubles in exchange for a counterfeit bank-note."

Jones was the life of every company. He could talk upon any and every subject, spin anecdotes by the hour, and monopolize conversation to the wonderment of all his listeners. One day, however, in a lively circle, he was obstinately taciturn and nothing whatever could draw him out.

"What's the matter with you, Jones?" asked a friend. "Why don't you speak?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Oh! I never knew that to keep you from speaking before."

It is related that in a late border warfare between Russians and Chinese, a victorious Chinaman burst into the house of a Russian, whose wife was a very handsome woman.

"I declare," said he, "your wife is deuced good-looking. I'll take her along."

There was no resistance, one way or the other. Only the Russian ascended to the top story of his house, and, looking intently at the receding couple, murmured:

"Poor Chinaman!"

Child talk.

"Jane, didn't I tell you always to eat bread with your meat?"

"Yes, mamma, but I can't do two things at once."

"My dear sir," said Matthews recently to a friend, "I wish I were a millionaire."

"Of what use would that be to you?" asked the other.

"What use? Why, then I could economize on a larger scale."

This bit about a miser is not bad.

An old scientist was so careful of his clothes that during thirty years, he scrupulously abstained from using a brush to them. He did this, not through fear of wearing out the clothes, as that was done twenty years back, but his object was to avoid wearing out the brush.

In a commercial school, a sharp-witted youth was asked the meaning of a square root.

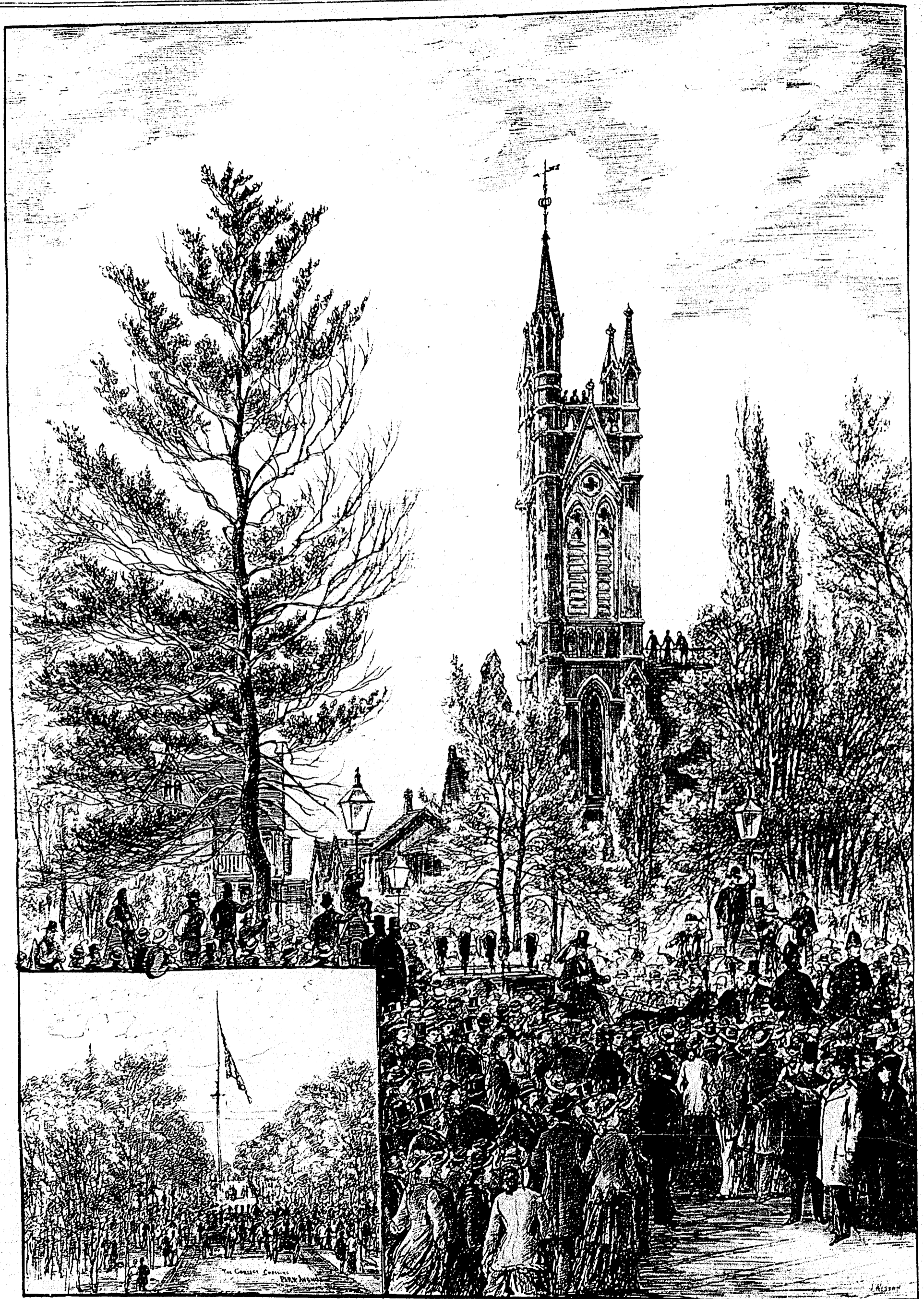
"Sir," said he, "I came here to answer commercial questions, not to be examined on agriculture." LACLEDE.

VALUABLE FACTS FOR HOME USE.—If your coal fire is low throw on a table-spoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes, dip the top of the knife in cold water. In boiling for meat soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge it into boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woollen stuff by applying buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these, if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with salt and pepper, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them. Tumblers that have milk in them should never be put in hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw out the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

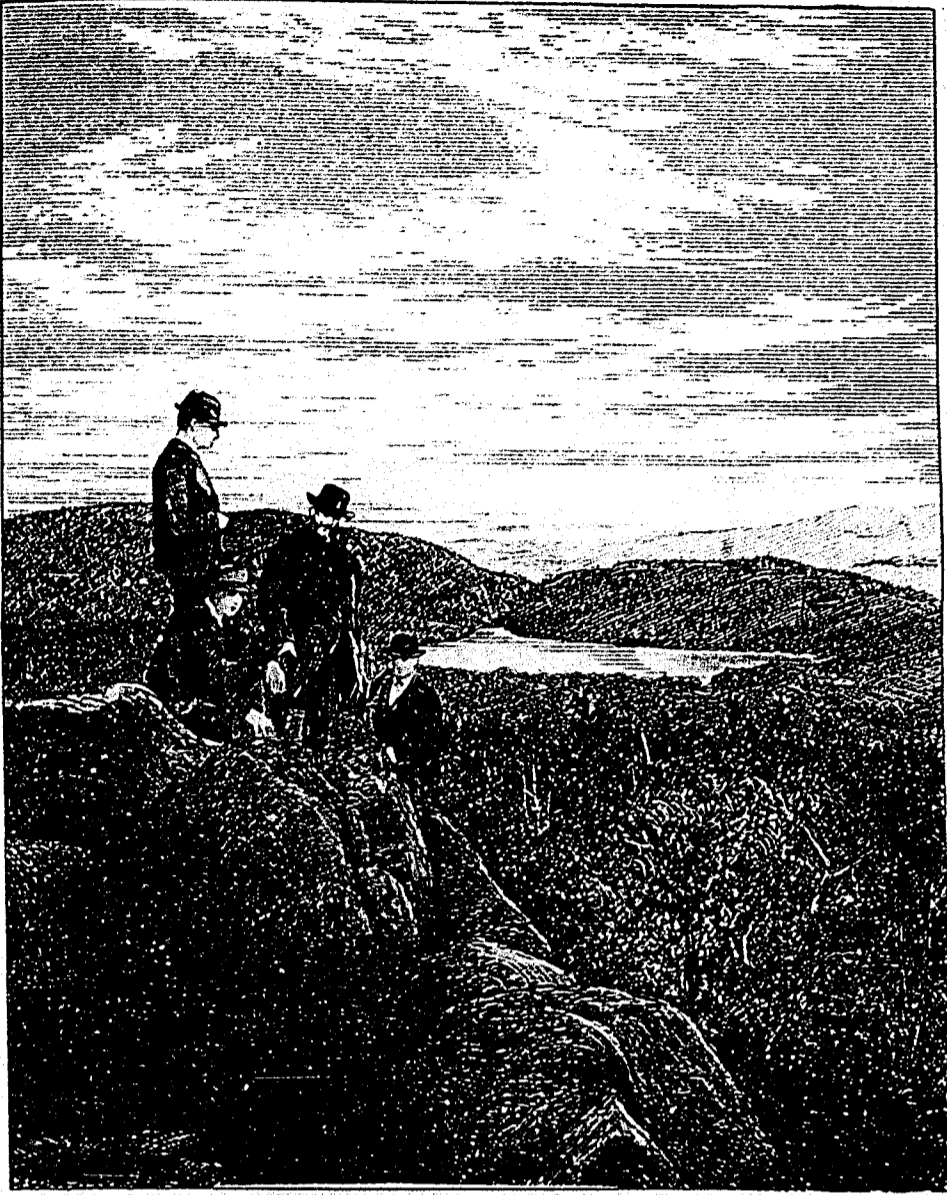
A GOOD ACCOUNT.

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

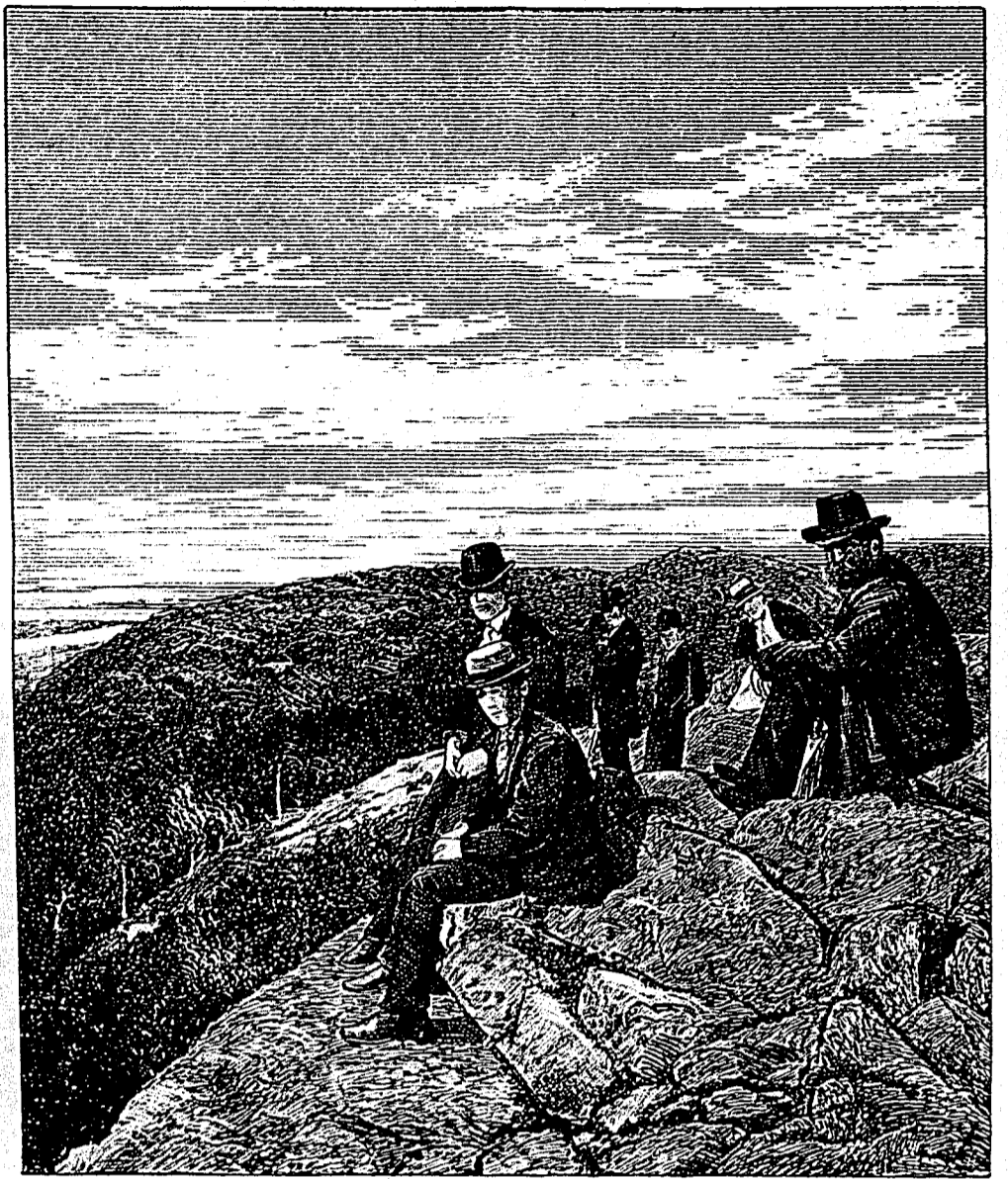
"JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."



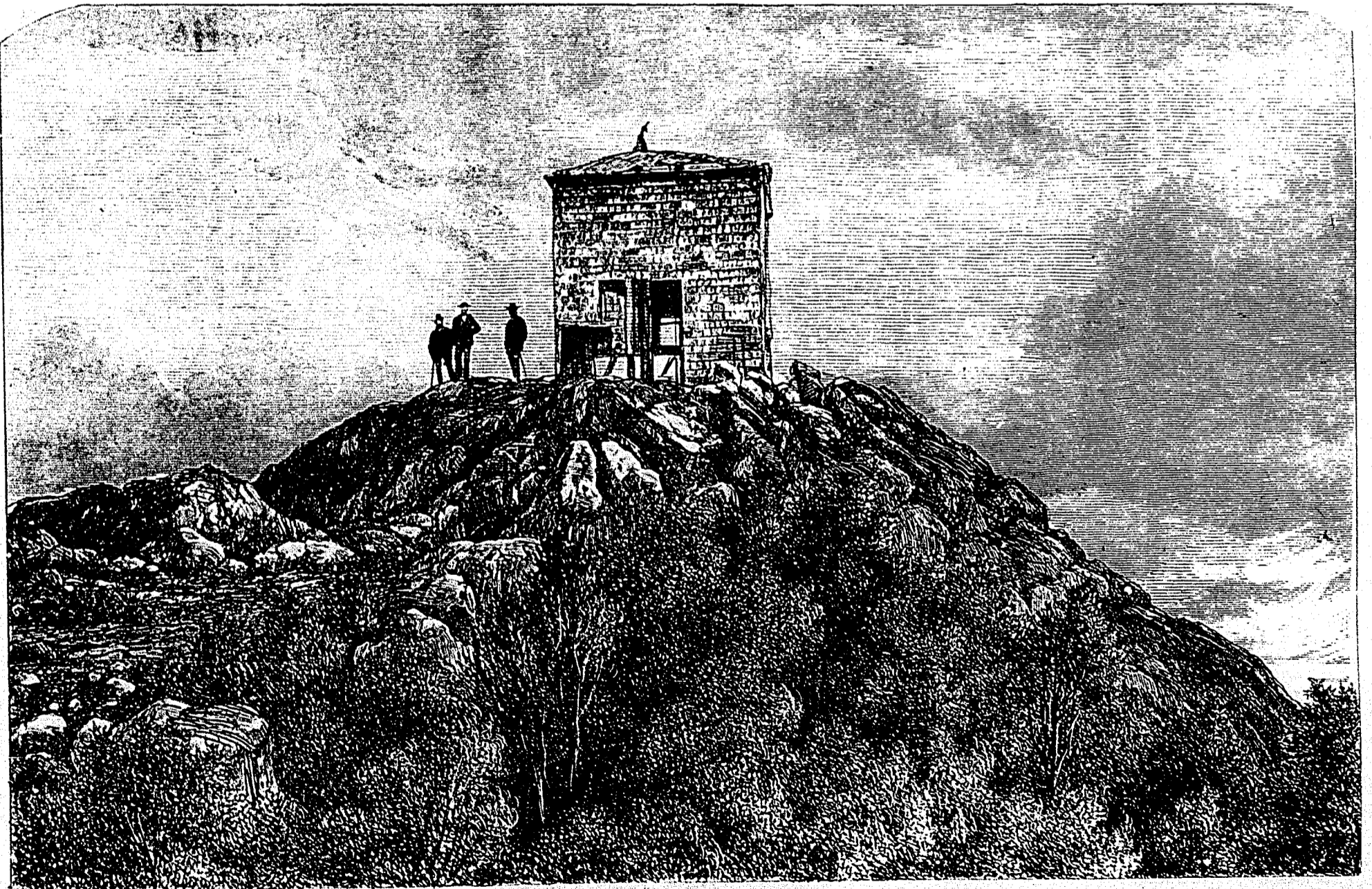
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SENATOR BROWN.—THE PROCESSION MOVING UP ELM STREET, AND CROSSING PARK AVENUE.



VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN LAKE.



VIEW OF THE RICHELIEU VALLEY.



THE OLD CHAPEL ON THE SUMMIT.
BELCŒIL MOUNTAIN.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. G. PARKS.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON; OR, THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

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

EDITED BY THE

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

CHAPTER XLIV.

MADAME'S STORY.

Monsieur DuBoulay and Madame had now frequent altercations, and so strongly were they conducted on the part of the old woman that she criminated him with a vehemence which often made him tremble. As a rule, and for his own comfort, he humoured the whims of Madame; but there were times when his own irritability made him peevish, and on such occasions the constant friction of her asperity produced an explosion. Bitter was the language they both employed, and the end of the quarrel was generally to leave Madame in possession of the field.

A few days before the return of Lisette, and after the treatment of their prisoner by Henri, Monsieur had been more than usually irritating. The annoyance he had received from his nephew had made him petulant; neither did his temper become more amiable from the intelligence brought to him by an over-zealous friend that the coterie had at length decided that if he did not raise the means of living directly from the evil one himself, that it was by some means he dreaded should be discovered, and this was why he confined himself so closely to the chateau. This communication aroused him, and he who gloried in keeping the affairs of his home a secret from his friends, now began to be apprehensive lest their curiosity being excited they should employ some practical plan for finding out the mystery. Monsieur endeavoured to conceal these feelings of alarm from his friends, but when alone he felt positively frightened on the subject.

An irritable man must have something to quarrel with, if it be only a stone wall. Still, it is more gratifying to the morbid feeling which rules him if the object on which he vents his indignation be living, as in such case its shrinking sensitiveness proves that the labour of quarrelling is not altogether thrown away. Monsieur had nothing living in the house that he could quarrel with, except it was Madame and Anthony. To practice his anger on the latter he knew would be useless, and, therefore, he chose the former as the object of attack.

Having settled who was to endure his tormenting powers, everything that she did was wrong. Her doings, her speech, and even her very looks were disapproved of. Monsieur was vexing in his manner, so vexing that at length the endurance of Madame became taxed beyond the power of restraint, and she resented his conduct by such an outburst of crimination as he had never before listened to. This destroyed the superficial friendship existing between them—a friendship arising from the conviction on the part of the woman that she was powerless in his grasp, and that, for her own safety, she must feign a submission she never felt. When Lisette returned, this quarrel had just taken place, and she found them to be so distant in their manner toward each other as not to be on speaking terms.

Monsieur would have forced her to do his bidding, but caution forbade the use of severe measures. It was, therefore, a relief to them both to see Lisette return, for the Frenchman would be now no longer compelled to dumbness or soliloquy, seeing that she would be ever present to listen to whatever discourse he might choose to indulge in. Madame was also glad that she had some one to speak with.

To counteract the rumour the coterie had started on his affairs, Monsieur found it to be necessary for maintaining his reputation among his friends that he should appear oftener in Calais. This he scarcely dared to do while Lisette was absent, as there would be only Madame and Anthony to guard the chateau. As soon, therefore, as his domestic returned, he resolved to stop further surmising and to startle his friends by appearing suddenly in their midst.

Being fixed in his determination to visit Calais, Monsieur left the chateau early, with the assurance that he should return precisely by ten o'clock. This resolve on the part of the Frenchman to go, greatly delighted the old woman; it was what she had long desired, and no sooner did he reach the road than she became exceedingly affable toward Lisette. She had long indulged the suspicion that, if ever the time came that he could do without her, in a fit of irritation he would dismiss her from life after his own fashion. This feeling had increased since the last outburst of irritability, and, being a woman of considerable attainments and refined feeling, she felt that to die unknown would be something awful.

A desire to relate her history to some one had long dwelt in the mind of Madame, and the wish to gratify a feeling of vengeance against Mon-

sieur increased the desire. It was nothing to her that unfolding the secret of her condition might ruin him; indeed, she hoped it would, in revenge for his conduct toward her, although this feeling was concealed. In Lisette she fancied she had found a person whom she might trust with her story, and who, if she afterward repented having told it, she felt would not reveal the secret to the injury of her master. Having, therefore, sat down to spend the evening with Lisette alone, she commenced:

"You are a good girl to be so careful of your mother."

"Thank you, Madame, but my mother is the greatest jewel I have on the earth."

"Girls will do well in life who care for their mother."

"Say you so in truth? Then there is a handsome husband and a large fortune for poor Lisette."

"And is that your idea of happiness?"

"What more would Madame wish for her best friend?"

"A fortune may become a source of sorrow."

"Pardon me, but there are more who have sorrow without a fortune than with one."

Madame looked up as Lisette spoke these words, being somewhat annoyed at the lightness of her behaviour. Heaving a sigh, she enquired:

"Lisette, can you keep a secret?"

"Madame, I am a woman, and you know the fame of our sex for that particular virtue."

"You are a woman; you have a woman's sympathy and a woman's love. I would make a confidant of you."

"Oh! Madame, I fear I was never made to carry burdens."

"What do you mean?"

"Is not to be made a confidant to have to bear another's troubles as well as one's own? and I am sure that what with looking out for a husband and fearing I shall not get one, and then wondering, should I get one, how long I should like him, is enough for any poor girl who has but one head to think and one heart to feel."

"Be serious, Lisette, or you will lose my confidence."

"Madame, I should regret it; but must I become as demure as a sister of charity?"

"You have a heart that can feel; I know it from the earnestness you manifested for your mother's welfare, and you have a head that can think."

"Pardon me, Madame, but the thoughts of Lisette are such silly ones—"

"You have a head that can think and a silence that can keep a secret."

"How does Madame know this?" enquired Lisette, fixing her eyes on her.

"I know it from your thoughtful manner and your feeling heart."

"Is that all?" she enquired again, somewhat relieved by the declaration of the basis on which the woman rested her judgment of character.

"It is; now permit me to make a confidant of you."

"I am all attention; but if it is more than the child's heart of Lisette can bear, I pray you not to press it on me."

"You can bear it."

"Proceed."

"Lisette, I am not a Frenchwoman."

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, lifting up her hands and eyes.

This exclamation somewhat disconcerted Madame, but, recollecting that she had already committed herself, she proceeded:

"Be not surprised I am not a Frenchwoman, but I am a very old woman. I know not my exact age, but it is great. I have lived long past the time allotted for man's life; yet you see I am in health, and am capable of moving about far better than some who are much younger. But my shrivelled form speaks of my length of years, although my brain in some things is clear. Lisette, I was once young and pretty, but never so beautiful as you. Come here, my child, and lay your head in the lap of an old woman, whose heart is almost withered, while she tells you the tale of her sorrowful life."

Being now deeply interested in the history of Madame, she seated herself on a cushion at her feet, and placed her head in her lap. "May the God of Heaven guard you from every evil, my child!" said Madame, as she placed one hand on the beautiful cheek of Lisette, and with the other wiped away the tear which were fast filling her aged eyes.

"Lisette," she continued, "I am an Englishwoman, but I have for years been banished from home and friends, who must by this time be all dead. I once possessed a heart, whose youthful affection claimed the right of exercising itself in the choice of whom it would embrace. More than one suitor sought my hand, whom my judgment approved, but whom my affections re-

fused to recognize. A warm heart will often rebel against the rules of discretion in the exercise of affection. It is possibly wrong, but the theory that it is wrong is not believed in at all times, and it is only years and experience which can make us wiser. Pardon the garrulity of an old woman. In my case there at length appeared a man, a poor officer in a dragoon regiment, whom my heart embraced. He was handsome in person, noble in disposition, the very soul of honour; courageous as a lion in the discharge of duty, but he was poor. At first sight my heart became united to him; he seemed to be my ideal of a man. The soldiers being quartered in our town, the brave dragoon was invited to parties given in honour of his regiment. It was there we met and danced; and it soon appeared to us both that we were no longer free. But the soldier was honour itself; and no sooner did he discover the impression he had made on my mind than he candidly revealed his circumstances. Poverty seems a fiction to those in love; it sometimes appears an illusion it is right to strengthen, to elicit pure affection. It is a mistake, Lisette, for how to live fills the soul with too much anxious care to permit affection to enjoy the absolute control of life.

"My father was a wealthy man, and when Rumour, which walked with rapid strides through our little town, bearing intelligence of my acquaintance with the soldier was heard by him, he enquired of me the truth of the report. I frankly told him all, and so did the man I loved. My father smiled on hearing the limited circumstances of my future husband. With him there was no consideration beyond my happiness, and he gave his consent with the promise of a noble dowry. The day was really fixed for my wedding, when suddenly the conduct of my father changed. My eldest brother disapproved of our engagement, and persuaded him to withdraw his consent.

"When this change in the mind of my father took place, the soldier sought for, and obtained an interview with him. Angry words attended that meeting, and, on leaving my father, it rested with me to decide if I would follow his fortunes, or break off the engagement. He left me free, but although in honour he withdrew the exercise of every influence, I could tell that his heart was still with me, and I made my choice, which I never regretted. Soon after we were married the regiment to which he belonged was ordered on foreign service. I accompanied him to the seat of war, and with my own hands closed his eyes in death on the field of glory. Poor we had lived, and in poverty he left me at his death. When my husband was dead I returned to England, accompanied by two children, not my own, but belonging to a brother officer in the same regiment as my husband, who, being wifeless, commended them to my care, as he died in the hospital of his wounds.

It was a dismal night in the month of December when I dismounted from the coach, having travelled from London. My journey had exhausted all my means, and, hoping that my condition would now move the heart of my father to relent and again to accept me, I waded through the snow from the coach office to my childhood's home. I shall never forget that night. The snow was still falling as I paced the streets, and lay so thick on the ground as almost to obstruct my progress. Yet, urged by necessity, I pushed onward, bearing the little boy in my arms and leading the eldest, a girl, by the hand. As I drew near to the door of my father's house, I could see a cheerful fire burning, candles lighted, and the family seated at their evening meal. At the sight my heart sank within me, and had I not the dear children I should have fallen to the ground. The thought of them moved me to endure, and, with a trembling hand and aching heart, I lifted the knocker, and it fell loudly back in its place. The wind whistled with a piercing blast as I stood awaiting a reply, and chilled my very frame. Again I knocked, and the door being opened by an old servant I enquired for my father.

"In an instant that faithful creature recognized me, and, with a want of ceremony almost amounting to rudeness, she rushed into the parlour and announced my arrival. From some cause, which I could never ascertain, my eldest brother possessed an absolute control of my father, and no sooner did he hear my name mentioned than, rising from his seat, he left the room to meet me. As he came into the hall where I was standing shivering from cold, I could see that his countenance was pale from indignation, and that his lip quivered from very rage. Flashing his eyes on me and curling his lip in scorn, he enquired:

"Madam, your business?"

"On hearing these words my spirit became stirred, and I replied: 'My business here is to see my father, and to request him again to accept me.'

"Your father will not see you," and then, without further speaking, he opened the door, and, having done so, he continued: "Madam, you have received your reply, and I must request of you to depart."

"Hearing these words did not make me faint, Lisette; but they fired my spirit to a greater earnestness, and I replied: 'What right have you, sir, thus to address me in my father's house? I have come here to see my father and see him I will.'

"Madam," said he, "it is a painful duty, but I must discharge it; and, placing his hand on me, and forcing me into the street and into the snow, he closed the door. But even this did not destroy my spirit; I entered the house again, and had reached the parlour door before

he stopped me. There I saw my father, and called to him for help. But he was as though he heard me not. Turning to my brother, I again enquired for his authority to treat me thus, but the only answer I received was, 'you have chosen your soldier; go, follow where he leads.'

"In vain I told him he had fallen on the field of battle and left me a widow without means; in vain I accused him of wanting natural affection, and reminded him of our childhood's love. He was a man of marble. Finding there to be no hope for myself, I pleaded for the orphans of a British officer, who had fallen fighting his country's battles. But my appeal was vain, for this time he put me forth into the cold and stormy night and secured the door. As the grating of that lock fell upon my ear it shot a pang to my heart, and the spirit which had hitherto sustained me giving way, I sank exhausted on the snow. How long I lay in that condition I cannot tell, but I was aroused by a kind hand lifting me up and trying to force a stimulant down my throat. My benefactress was the old servant. Bidding defiance to any consequences which might ensue, she had left the house by a back door, and coming in search of me found me where I lay. My first concern when consciousness was restored was for the children. They were still with me—one holding on to my hand, the other nestling in my bosom.

"Don't weep, Lisette," the narrative had affected the girl to tears.

"On recovering my senses, the old servant led me to a friend of hers in humble circumstances, where all that humanity could perform, with such means as they had at command, was readily employed for my welfare. My health did not greatly suffer from this incident, but my spirit was for a time broken. But the sight of the children aroused me, and I sought to find out their relatives. In this I naturally failed, for, having lost the names of them as written, and in my sorrow and journey forgetting, there was little to be done. Yet I advertised for them in the name of their father and his regiment, but, receiving no response, I adopted them as my own. Having these orphans on my hands to provide for roused me to energy.

"I never saw my father again; he quickly died, and one after the other of my family soon followed. About three years after my return the weather became exceedingly cold in the month of August. There was snow in harvest, and my eldest brother being caught in the storm became wet to the skin. A cold quickly seized him; inflammation followed, and in a short time he, too, was numbered with the dead. On the death of my eldest brother I became the inheritor of my father's property. One old Sir Harry Chillington was executor to my father's will, and before I could claim the estate, he said, it was necessary that I should accompany him to the Netherlands to prove my husband's death. Unsuspectingly, and happy in the thought of being able to provide for the children, I accompanied him. But the whole matter was a plot; I was deceived, and have never since seen the English shore. Monsieur once told me that the family of Sir Harry knew nothing of his doings; that he said I had died suddenly in France and had made a will leaving my property to him. To keep me here he invested a sum of money to be paid to the person having charge of me as long as I live, and on my death to revert to the crown. I lived many years with a person in the neighbourhood of Arras, and was then removed to the chateau, where, I suppose, I shall die and be forgotten. It is many years since all this happened, and the children I left behind, should they be living, would now be old. Yet I still live—and Sir Harry Chillington has gone to judgment."

"But another Sir Harry still lives," said Lisette, in English.

"Good Heavens! what do I hear?" exclaimed Madame, starting from her seat on hearing Lisette speak her native language. The frightened manner of the woman amused her, and she replied:

"Madame, don't be frightened; I shall not bite you."

"Do you speak English? and do I again hear that language spoken by a woman's tongue?"

"Madame, when you placed your history in my possession you knew not what use I should make of it. You had confidence in me; and may I now venture to trust you in the same manner?"

"Lisette, I have relieved my mind of a burden I have for years carried. I did have confidence in you that you would not betray my secret, and I now offer to you the same privilege."

Lisette paced the room as the woman was speaking, as though hesitating to proceed further. This was seen by her, and she continued: "My child, forbear to trust me unless you can fully rely on me, and I vow to Heaven that what I already know shall never pass my lips. I am old, too old to be trusted with the secrets of youth, but my heart is faithful."

"Madame, I doubt not your faithfulness, but I question the policy of such an act."

"I will leave it with you."

"You would like to return to England, Madame?"

"Ask me, Lisette, if I would like the greatest joy earth could afford me? In once more seeing the shores of England I could die happy."

"Shall I make it a stipulation that if you keep my secret you shall return?"

"I will not accept it. Age has rendered me decrepit, but my brain is still vigorous, and I can perceive that such an act would be to sell

all that I now hold dear—my honour. No, Lisette, if you cannot entrust your secret to me without purchasing my silence, I pray you keep it to yourself."

"Pardon me, Madame, it is not for myself I fear, but the happiness of others rests with keeping it secure."

"Lisette, don't expose the happiness of another to peril; the most sacred thing is happiness."

At this point in the conversation Monsieur returned, and Lisette quickly withdrew to her dormitory.

CHAPTER XLV.

UNWEARIED TOIL.

On leaving Madame and Monsieur, Lisette retired, but not to sleep. The story of the old woman lingered in her recollection and kept her waking. The world seemed to her full of romance, and the incidents in human life too strange to be true. There seemed to her something in the tale of Madame so honest, and in her nature so good, that she reproached herself for not making their confidence reciprocal. She doubted neither her truth nor honour, but having her soul set on fulfilling her mission she had become jealous even of herself. That night Lisette abandoned all idea of sleep; the toil demanded by her purpose must be conducted without weariness; to indulge in slumber might frustrate her designs; and when the chateau was wrapped in silence she resumed the stealthy practice of her gypsy life, and once more went forth to the laboratory. The prisoner was not aware of her return to France until her gentle tapping at the window aroused him.

"Who is there?" he enquired aloud. "Who disturbs me at this hour. Is there to be no rest, day nor night?" This tone of voice he employed from fear lest the visitor should be Monsieur Henri. But the silvery voice of Lisette soon assured him of his mistake, and with eagerness he approached the window.

"Is it possible that you have returned?" he enquired.

"It is not only possible, but a reality."

"And those at home?"

"Your mother mourns for you as dead; but Clara lives only for you."

"Heaven be praised for the latter sentence. How did you return?"

Lisette then told him of her adventures, and the preparations she had made for his escape. This intelligence renewed the hope of his soul.

"My dear Lisette, what can I do to show my gratitude for your extraordinary and unceasing kindness?"

"Just what I tell you, and hold yourself in readiness to leave this confinement at any hour. But I wish for your opinion on a certain matter." She then told him of Madame's story, and requested his advice. In reply to her, he said,

"I am hardly in a position to give you counsel on such a subject. The narrative affects me strongly, and furnishes me with an idea that I dare not reveal."

"Do you know who she is?"

"The ways of human life are inscrutable; but if I permit my humanity to plead on the behalf of a fellow-prisoner, I would say confide in her, and should the chance of flight ever come, let us take her."

"She is old, and would retard our progress were we pursued."

"We should not be chased long were I but free."

"Coolness in danger works more effectively than the wildest rage."

"It is true; but were I but free neither Monsieur nor his nephew should again confine me." He then told her of his recent encounter. On hearing of the cowardice of Henri, she could not refrain from laughing. "Silence, Lisette," he continued; "one little indiscretion might destroy all our hopes."

"Shall I then place confidence in Madame?"

"I cannot advise you; your own prudence is a sufficient guide, and leave the rest with Heaven."

"With Heaven!" whispered Lisette. "With what confidence these house-dwellers speak of some great Unseen taking an interest in their affairs. If there is nothing in it beyond an idea, such a belief must be a happy one. Should I succeed I will learn their reasons for this confidence, and will school my heart to exercise it. Such a belief would fill up the vacancy I feel when I have taxed my skill and ingenuity to their utmost. Well, sir, I must now bid you adieu, and in a few nights you may hope to be free."

Scarcely had Lisette reached the chateau when the sound of horse's hoofs fell upon her ear, and a thundering rap at the door reverberated through the old dwelling. Fortunately for Lisette, Monsieur threw up the window of his room, and held a colloquy with those outside. This gave her time to creep upstairs, and to run down again, shouting as though in a state of alarm.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! here are thieves and robbers."

At this moment Monsieur having failed to satisfy the enquiries of his visitors, irritated by delay they thundered against the doors as though they would beat it in. Again Lisette shouted,

"Make haste, Monsieur! the thieves will be in, the robbers are here."

"Silence, pig," he said, as he rushed past her toward the door.

"But, Monsieur, we shall be robbed, murdered, and perhaps buried without a funeral."

Her master regarded her not, and opening the door let in four men armed. Lisette at once perceived them to be officers of the law, and it was a relief to her to hear them say they had come to search the premises for Henri.

"Pray what fault has my nephew committed, Messieurs?"

"Read," said the leader of the party; and in obedience to his superior the man read that Monsieur Henri was to be arrested on a charge of murder. In a fracas in a wine shop in Calais, in a fit of passion he had stabbed a man and he was dead.

"Alas!" exclaimed Monsieur, "that cruel temper has brought him to ruin. He is not here, Messieurs; on my honour he is not."

"We must search the place."

"I again assure you he is not here; do you doubt my word of honour?"

"By no means; but we prefer the sight of our own eyes. Be good enough to stand on one side."

"I again assure you he is not here."

"It is well; but we must see for ourselves."

Taking the candle from the hand of Monsieur the men began to search every room and cupboard in the chateau; but they sought in vain, for Henri had not been home for days. Searching, and re-searching, for what appeared to Monsieur an endless time, they at last became satisfied that he was nowhere within the house.

"We must now search the grounds," said the leader of the party.

"The grounds! the grounds of the chateau, Messieurs! My nephew is not on the premises at all."

"Still we must search them; that is our order; and therefore we will trouble you for lanterns."

At the cool determination of the men to search the premises Monsieur turned pale, and trembled as though he would have fallen. He became paralyzed by their resolve, and for a moment was unable to accede to their demand. Lisette perceived his condition, and hastened to furnish the party with what they required.

"He smells a rat," said one of them to his companion; "he knows the whereabouts of the infant and is alarmed." The tone in which he spoke was loud enough to be heard by Monsieur, who exclaimed:

"Messieurs, on the word of a man,—a gentleman,—a Frenchman, I know not where my nephew is secreted!"

"Lead the way," said the chief in command, without regarding what was spoken.

With trembling steps Monsieur Du Boulay led the party to the rear of the premises, where every place in proximity to the house passed under the closest scrutiny. He was not to be found there; and as the laboratory lifted its form amidst the surrounding darkness it attracted the attention of the searchers, and they directed their course toward it. The agony of Monsieur was intense, as he saw them approaching the forbidden spot. He felt that he had played his game out, and that an exposure of his doings would destroy him. What could he do to divert their attention from the place! He knew not, and stood as one petrified looking at the doings of the men. Two minutes more and his secret would be exposed. The thought pierced him as a dagger; and the perspiration stood upon his brow in bead drops. At that instant his quick eye caught sight of a human figure crossing to hide himself beneath the shrubs which lined the walk. Instinct told him who it was; and he knew that in five minutes he might elude his pursuers and escape. But the men were near the laboratory; and for a second balancing his own interest against the safety of his nephew, he exclaimed, "He is here! He is here!" The cry brought back the officers in all haste, and the secret of Monsieur was saved. Having pointed where his nephew was hiding, he was quickly arrested and carried off by the officers of justice.

The agony of Charles Freeman during the confusion outside the laboratory was little less than that of Monsieur. To him it seemed as though Lisette had been caught in the act of visiting him, and that their whole scheme was now destroyed. How could he ascertain? What could he now do? Under this excited feeling he paced wildly to and fro to the extent of his chain, and his soul descended to the depth of despair. But the gypsy had anticipated this, and during the pursuit, when Monsieur had raised the cry, she ran and hurriedly told him the cause of the noise.

Monsieur Henri being carried off, when the chateau was again restored to quiet, his uncle appeared as one demented. He cursed and deplored the fault of his nephew, and regretted that himself had been the cause of his arrest. Yet what else could he do under the circumstances? He was perplexed, and paced the rooms of his residence as one distracted, trying to find an excuse for his conduct, but too confused to reason on the matter. At length his excited brain conceived what seemed to him an illustration of his case, and he soliloquized, "My nephew and I are both cast into the water by an act of his own folly, or wickedness; only one of us can be saved, and to save myself I must sink him, am I not justified in saving myself?" Without waiting to reason further on the subject, he grasped the figure with the feeling of despair, and attempting to draw from it quiet to his own mind, he succeeded.

That night of confusion rolled away without permitting the occupants of the chateau further sleep, and the daylight found some of them

anxious and fearful. With the morning, Monsieur having at length soothed his perturbed feelings by aid of illustration and large draughts of *eau de vie*, sought his own apartment, and quickly became forgetful of all things in the world. Monsieur had no real distress for anything which might befall his nephew; he had played a necessary part in the machinery to bring him to the position he occupied, and having done this he found him to be rather dangerous than otherwise. He was desirous of getting rid of him, but he would rather have chosen some other way. Still, the thought that he was gone afforded an amount of solace to the mind from which humanity had long been crushed, and prevented him from exhibiting more than a mere show of grief for the guilt and condition of his relative. "They must live who can," was the selfish, the cruel, and the inhuman maxim of Monsieur, and he reduced it to practice. When the Frenchman had retired, Madame addressed Lisette, saying,

"What a horrible place this house is, and it will get worse; their sins are returning on them in a form they least expected."

"Why don't you leave it, then?"

"Leave it! How can I leave it? Am I not confined to this house, and watched night and day?"

"For what purpose?"

"Did I not tell you that my property might be enjoyed by others, and that Monsieur might live by keeping me secreted?"

"Yet you would like to leave the place?"

"Have I not told you so? but how can it be done?"

"Leave it with me, Madame."

"With you who have no confidence in me?" There was a tone of sorrow in this expression of Madame, which destroyed every remaining doubt as to her faithfulness that had lingered in the mind of Lisette.

"Madame, I have full confidence in you."

"And yet refuse to trust me?"

"I do not; for I, too, am English."

"What! do my old ears deceive me? An Englishwoman with a mother sick in France! How can that be, Lisette?"

"I am an Englishwoman; and having told you this she is at your mercy."

"And will I betray a countrywoman? Rather will I die."

"I confide in you, Madame."

"From what part of England do you come?"

"From Folkestone."

"Where?"

"I have told you."

"Is it possible you are not deceiving me? Can it be that I have one so near to me who comes from the old place of my childhood, of my joys and sorrows. Say, Lisette, in pity to an old woman, if you are not playing with my feelings."

"Far be it, Madame."

"Then what brings you here?"

"Do you know the laboratory?"

"Oh, accursed place! Too well I know it; and were it possible for its walls to speak, what a tale of agony, and tears, and blood they would relate."

"Is it now occupied?"

"Ask, rather, is it ever empty? It is long since the laboratory was without a tenant. The last who was there was a young French lady, and there she died."

"And the present tenant?"

"A young Englishman who is mad."

"Mad?"

"All Monsieur's patients are mad; I am mad."

"Do you believe it?"

"I should have been, had not nature been kinder to me than Monsieur."

"And is the young man mad?"

"I should think not; and doubtless you know better than I do that he is not."

Lisette then told Madame the story of the prisoner. On hearing the name of Sir Harry Chillington, the old woman exclaimed, "And is there any of that viper race still in existence!" She then told her how it was soon likely to die out, and so eulogized the idol of her own soul, Clara, as to fill the mind of Madame with admiration for the descendant of her most cruel enemy.

"Is it the young Englishman who brings you here, Lisette?"

"It is."

"And you will get him away?"

"I have not said that I shall even try."

"I know it all now; I see it all plainly. Do try, my child, and may your endeavour prosper. Did you know the horrors of this place as I do, the very humanity of your nature would urge you to seek release for an entire stranger. Try, for pity's sake, and set the poor creature free; and when you return to your own land, tell them that an old woman from Folkestone is still living."

"Should we get away will not you go with us?"

"Who would be plagued with me? No, no, I should only impede your flight. Leave me here to die alone, thankful that in my latest hours I have been able to unbosom my mind to some one who can sympathize with me."

"Say but you will go, and neither your age nor your weakness shall be an obstacle."

"Oh! Lisette, such a thought would make me too happy."

"Then hold yourself in readiness, keep your silence, and hope for the best."

"I will pray; oh, how I will pray for your success."

"I must leave that with you; for myself

there is nothing but unwearied toil until this work is finished."

During the time that Monsieur slumbered; giving him secretly his instructions, Lisette conducted Brother Anthony to the gate leading to the road, and giving to him a sisterly kiss sent him home to his mother. It was a dangerous game they were playing. His business was to make his way to the coast to signal the *Speedwell*, and to communicate the intelligence sent by her. Having done this he was to bring back their answer to Lisette. This unwearied toil forbade the idea of rest to them both, and kept them well employed.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

PROFESSOR in English literature: "I will now show you some exceptional feet. Mr. S—, will you please come forward?"

If telephones come into use for spreading sermons, the man who passes the contribution box will need a horse and carriage.

A BROOKLYN man who shot at a cat and struck a young lady in the arm, perhaps feels much worse over it than the cat does.

COURTNEY is getting up a "new rig" on Hanlan. This eminent boatman could best serve his country by sawing himself in two.

THAT is a hopeful patriot who writes to the *American Queen*: "Let us not despair of Ireland. With the past before us we may well afford to put the future behind us."

AT this period of the year the recording angel closes his book and goes off on a vacation until the last carpet has been whipped and the last task driven.

A SAW-FISH, said to measure fourteen feet, has been captured on the Florida coast. Courtney wants to row the next Hop Bitters match in Florida water.

WE are about tired of having people write to ask us, "What will make the hair come out?" For the last time we answer—Vitriol. It will make it all come out.

"SAM, why are lawyers like fishes?" "I don't meddle wid de subject, Pomp." "Why, don't you see? 'cause dey am so fond ob debate."

"HELP from an unexpected quarter," as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the "lady of the house."

A SAVANNAH man invented a water velocipede and thereby won the everlasting gratitude of the shark, who took in both inventor and invention.

THERE are mean men in this world, and in that class may be reckoned the resident of a country town who, hearing that two of his friends have gone fishing, hires him to the market and buys every trout to be had.

"JESSE BILLINGS wept at the sight of the skull of his murdered wife in his trial yesterday," says an exchanger. This must have been a terrible disappointment to those who expected him to be very thoughtful at the sight, or want to use the skull for a football.

NOW take your hoe and take your rake and dig your garden ground, sunburn your nose and tear your clothes and gaily fly around; but when your neighbour's chickens scratch the seeds you plant with care, just wait a week before you speak, and do not, do not swear.

THE owner of the Gettysburg battlefield has filed a claim before the Congressional committee for the rent of the ground where the battle was fought. But the nation can put in as offset a claim for a percentage of the profits on the relics sold there, and the most of which are manufactured in Pittsburg.

IT is now decreed that wedding cards shall be issued three weeks in advance of the coming event. But this rule doesn't work well in Ohio, where the bridegroom himself doesn't usually know of the approaching marriage until about fifteen minutes before the event, when her big brother comes and tells him of it.

A CAPITAL anecdote is told of a little fellow who in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. "My companion examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look at me slowly remarked, 'They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled.'"

"Oh, yes, yes," the old gentleman said, rather dubiously, while Laura was telling him about Tom's ability and prospects, "oh, yes, good enough prospects, I reckon, but he lacks energy. There is no 'get up' about him; it takes him till 1 o'clock in the morning to get started." But she only murmured that it showed he was a "laster" with great staying qualities, and then the committee rose.

A LITTLE 5-year-old friend, who was always allowed to choose the prettiest kitten for his pet and playmate, before the other nurslings were drowned, was taken to his mother's sick-room the other morning to see the two, tiny, new twin babies. He looked reflectively from one to the other for a minute or two, then, poking his chubby finger into the cheek of the plumpest of the two, he said decidedly: "Save this one."

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodington, sadly, "he was indulging in sequestering exercise. His horse got frightened at something or other, and reciprocated him to the sidewalk. When they took him up they found a bad fracture in his leg, and it had to be amputated to save his life." And the old lady didn't say another word for at least fifteen minutes. She was thinking, as she afterward said, of the dreadful sights in the confumatory.

A Philadelphia youth who committed suicide twenty years ago because a lovely being gave him the mitten, has been heard from through an up-town medium. He says that when he gazes through the misty veil which divides life and death and sees his old flame now with her fourteen children lying around loose, while she cleans house, he gets mad enough at his folly to commit suicide again, and his greatest punishment is in the reflection that he can't.

THE new hat got by one of Danbury's ladies for Easter Sunday was an elaborate affair, and very bright fancies were built upon it by the owner. It was a stormy Sunday, unfortunately, but the excellent woman thought that by completely covering it with a heavy veil she could get it to the church without loss of its glory. She had an old val that admirably answered the purpose, and this she donned. She took her accustomed seat in the temple of worship and held her beautifully upholstered head proudly erect. It was perhaps within five minutes of the close of the sermon when, putting up her hand to further attract the attention of the congregation, she felt the presence of the old veil. You have seen the electric flash dart from the south to the horizon in the night of a storm. You have been fairly blinded by the rapidity of the motion. Well, it was something after that manner that that veil came off.



FAIR WEATHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. RAUBER.



FOUL WEATHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. RAUBER.



THE SHEPHERD'S HOMEWARD MARCH.—FROM A PAINTING BY GRUNENWALD.

THE TEMPEST.

AN EXPERIMENT.

The Night Queen arose, As pure as the snows, That lie on the tops of the mountains, And threw a soft sheen Over hill and ravine, And lit up the sparkling fountains.

She walked swiftly o'er Her star-spangled floor, And gazed on the slumbering ocean, Whose deep-heaving breast Was so calmly at rest, That it bore not the trace of a motion.

And as she rose higher, The white silver fire Burned brightly on hill-tops and meadows, While the light fell in showers Upon glittering towers, And gradually shortened their shadows.

The wild wind arose From his cold couch of snows And out from his home in the North, Over ice-fields cold, And bleak barren world, He madly and wildly rushed forth.

He shook the towers, And the gentle flowers Were killed by his deadly breath; He danced with glee, As he wakened the sea, And he laughed at his work of death.

He struck the sail, And the sailors, pale With horror, stood aghast, As streamers and flags Were torn like rags From the top of the shivering mast.

A dark cloud arose, That looked blacker than soles, And the Moon hid her face in despair; For a conflict was raging, In which were engaging Three brothers—the Earth, Sea, and Air.

And lightnings were flashing, And forest-trees crashing, While deep thunder was shaking a world, That seemed to be driven From its path in the Heaven, And to direct destruction was hurried.

And the mingling of sound, That rose all around, Was like a demoniac yell; 'Twas a voice strange and dismal, A chorus atymal, The discordant music of hell!

The Storm-King arose From a deep repose, And gazed on the Earth, Cloud, and Sea; And his wrath awoke, And he angrily spoke, And commanded the North Wind to flee.

Back over the waves To his icy caves, That lie in the Northern Ocean; At the words he said, The wild wind fled From the direful scene and commotion.

Then above the rocks With his bright shining locks, Old Neptune himself appears, While the darkness is flying, The South Wind sighing, And the white light streaming from silvery spheres.

Paris, Ont. H. M. STRAMBERG.

LOYALTY IN THE LIGHT OF INTEREST AND SENTIMENT.

A few months ago a wavelet of excitement—for it did not live long enough to be called a billow—passed over Montreal and Toronto concerning annexation. The wavelet was fanned into existence by the windy gusts of several editions of the New York Herald, which aided by the Toronto Globe created a temporary breeze, which gradually died away owing to the lukewarmness of the current of public opinion. The New York Herald has since directed its attention to nobler purposes, and Canada still remains a part of the British Empire.

According to the authority of a gentleman, who appears to have given the subject some degree of serious attention, we were informed by that journal that Canada is in a "transition state." The phrase, perhaps, was accidental; but it was convenient, euphonious and looked well in print. But so far as most people are aware they have yet to learn the nature of the metamorphosis through which Canada is passing. Wherever progress is, there must be change, and in this respect, at least, every enlightened country may be said to be in a state of transition. If you accept this definition you will find that the phrase does not help us much towards an intelligent appreciation of its meaning in the sense in which it was intended to be used. If the gentleman had applied it to Great Britain and European affairs he would have been correct, for it is evident to all who study such matters that the European nations are entering upon an armed period in which every power is becoming jealous of its neighbour's influence. Great Britain's share in the affairs of the world must necessarily have an important bearing upon Canada, but I propose dealing chiefly with Canada's interest as a colony, not so much in the sense of what England will do, but what Canada will do in her own interest. The subject is so vast and requires so much study and research that it is impossible to dispose of it in a single paper.

In considering loyalty whether as an interest or a sentiment, we must first ascertain in what loyalty consists. In this utilitarian and money-making age we are accustomed on this side of

the Atlantic to practical notions rather than to ideal conceptions of the meaning of words and the proper value to be attached to them. We are prone to lose sight of their true application. Thus in these times the English-speaking people of North America draw a very clear line between the "loyalist," and the "patriot." To Canadians, and especially to those of New Brunswick, the word "loyalist" has a most honourable significance, for it is associated with the sacrifice of money, goods and chattels which were cheerfully surrendered by the pioneers of New Brunswick who had no axes to grind, but who sacrificed their all for the sake of the old flag which was dearer to them than farm or homestead. They found new homes and we have yet to learn they regretted the change. The little churchyard in St. John where the Loyalist fathers sleep, furnishes a glorious tradition in every flower which decorates their graves, and is far more touching than epitaph or poem. The exercise of loyalty is, therefore, the act of sacrifice. Its virtues lie not merely in lip service or torchlight processions. It is the right of Conservative and Liberal alike, though we are apt to forget this in the height of political strife, and to say things which had better been left unsaid. And to-day as Canadians we have no good reason for supposing that the "Loyal Opposition" is one whit less loyal because the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie happens to be its leader than it was when Sir John A. Macdonald occupied a similar position.

Do you suppose that motives of self-interest and a five per cent. dividend actuated the minds of the British nation, when on December 5th, 1796, eighteen million pounds sterling were subscribed on the London Stock Exchange in fifteen hours and twenty minutes to mark a nation's confidence in its Sovereign at a time when Bonaparte was a terror to Europe? This famous "Loyalty Loan," as it was called, has no precedent in British history. So much for a practical definition of loyalty.

In contradistinction the word "Patriot" has lost the good character it once possessed. There was a time when it aroused the fear of the British Government, but patriotism as opposed to the Government has usually been wanting in one quality—unflinching firmness on the part of its leaders. Take the great Daniel O'Connell as an illustration. He lost the support and confidence of his followers by the fickleness of his promises. I will quote from the history of our own times by Mr. Justin McCarthy, himself an Irishman and a Home Ruler. Referring to a monster repeal meeting to have been held at Clontarf, on Sunday, October 8th, 1843, which was prohibited by the proclamation of the Lord-Lieutenant, Mr. McCarthy says:—"Some sort of collision would have undoubtedly occurred but for the promptitude of O'Connell himself. He at once issued a proclamation of his own, to which the population were likely to pay far more attention than they would to anything from Dublin Castle. O'Connell declared the orders of the Lord-Lieutenant must be obeyed; that the meeting must not take place; that the people must return to their homes. * * * No meeting was held. * * * From that moment, however, the great power of the repeal agitation was gone. * * * It was now made clear that he did not intend to resort to force. * * * All imposing demonstrations of physical force lost their value when it was positively made known that they were only demonstrations and that nothing was ever to come of them. * * * The real blow given to O'Connell's popularity was given by O'Connell himself."

This emetic may have its interest for some in Canada who aspire to the office of leaders of a thoughtless faction. To-day the word "patriot" has become associated with Kearney and demagogues of his stamp. Petroleum V. Naseby about hit the nail on the head when he said, "You may rely upon it that the patriot who is ready to fight, bleed, and die for his country every five minutes and doesn't do it, is a scoundrel." So you see there is a wide difference in the modern use of the term "Loyalist" and "Patriot."

And this brings me to another thought which en passant has a very important bearing upon the subject of loyalty. Is a man disloyal because he expresses a political belief opposed to the great majority of his fellow-citizens? If, for instance, a newspaper proprietor advocates annexation as the best thing for Canada, does he deserve to be called a traitor?

Is it justly a reproach to that man because having counted up the figures on the one side and the other he is necessarily brought to the conclusion that it would be to his interest at any rate to join his fortune with those of the United States people? Or taking a still broader view if he is, from the same premises, brought to the wider conclusion that it would be to the interest of the country generally, to be joined to the United States? It will scarcely be asserted that in his own individual case, at least, it will be a reproach to him if he is led to follow out or to advocate the conclusion to which he has thus been brought.

And if not a reproach to him in his own individual case, can it be said to be a reproach to him if he advocates the same thing for the country at large? And if not a reproach to him under either of these circumstances, can it justly be considered a reproach to a party from the same conclusions to advocate the same thing?

And now to reply. As an individual, and being but a unit in the community he would be

entitled to the following out of his own conclusions by joining his fortunes with the people of the United States. But if the great majority of intelligent and thoughtful Canadians deemed it wiser, nobler and more conducive to the true happiness of the Dominion by remaining as they are, it would not only be vain but impertinent for an individual to rebuke them. Society is an organism, and an organism is something more than the sum of its component parts. If, therefore, by the weakness of proportions a party advocating annexation had no weight with the great majority which declined to entertain such views, that party, as loyal Canadians, that is to say loyal to the great majority of its fellow-citizens, would be guilty of the same impertinence as the individual, and as individuals, so long as they remained in the country, they would be personally bound not only to discharge their obligations to their country, but to do their utmost to induce others to perform theirs, and if they did not do this it would be a reproach to them.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Many Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution received of Problem No. 276. Correct.

F., Montreal.—The White cannot castle under the circumstances.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 273. Correct.

We see much space is taken up in Chess Columns of the old country by antagonistic views respecting the position in society of those who are termed Chess professionals. Space will not allow us to say anything on the matter at the present, but we hope to have an opportunity of doing so in a future Column.

The chess department of the Huddersfield Magazine is shortly to be made the basis of a new chess magazine which is to be conducted by Mr. John Watkinson.

Mr. Blackburne, it appears, has returned to London after his provincial tour, and his appearance there was gladly welcomed by the metropolitan chessplayers.

We learn that several contests took place recently in London between Herr Hirschfeld and Mr. Bird, in which the latter was victorious.

It gives us great pleasure to notice that Mr. W. Atkinson, of Montreal, has obtained a first prize in the Chess Problem Competition Tourney of the Huddersfield College Magazine, Huddersfield, England. It seems that there was a large number of competitors. Mr. Atkinson has the reputation, and deservedly so, of being one of the best Chess Problem composers in Canada.

Last year Mr. Judd offered to give the odds of the Knight to a picked eight of the St. Louis amateurs, which offer was accepted, and Mr. Judd won in a match against the best eight that could be selected. Lately some of these have given indications that they were of opinion that Mr. Judd could not repeat the operation, whereupon the latter at once published a statement to the effect that he differed from them in their views.—Turf, Field and Farm.

From a statement in the Globe Democrat it appears that there is to be another trial.

We hear that the executive of the City of London Chess Club have decided to invite our distinguished visitor, Mr. Rosenthal, to be the guest of the Club on Monday next, and it is to be hoped that his arrangements will allow of his accepting this well-deserved compliment. Opinions over here are altogether favourable to Zukertort's chances in the forthcoming contest. Whether or not these forecasts prove to be well-founded, there can be little doubt but that the French champion will demonstrate that his form in the Paris tourney was altogether below his real strength, and it is not to be forgotten that even at Paris he got the better of both Mackenzie and Andersen. In any case, a hard fight, some fine games, and an addition to our knowledge of the openings, may be confidently looked for; and whether or not Rosenthal succeeds in depriving Zukertort of his Parisian laurels, the former will almost certainly go back to France with an increase of reputation, while he already stands high in the opinion of the chess community on account of the gallantry of his challenge and the manly directness of purpose which he has shown in the late negotiations.—Land and Water.

SCORE OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAY. Won. | Dr. America.....29 | Great Britain.....26 | 13

PROBLEM No. 277. By F. A. Hill.

Chessboard diagram for Problem No. 277. The board is labeled 'BLACK.' and 'WHITE.' Below the board, it says 'White to play and mate in three moves.'

GAME 407TH. Played at the St. George's Chess Club, London (Eng.) recently, between Mr. Minchin and Professor Wayte. White.—(Mr. Minchin.) Black.—(Prof. Wayte). 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P to Q 4 3. P takes P 4. Kt takes P 4. B to B 4 5. Kt to B 5 5. P to Q 4 6. Kt takes P (ch) 6. K to B sq 7. Kt to R 5 7. Q to R 5 8. Kt to Kt 3 8. Kt to B 3 9. P takes P 9. B to K Kt 5 10. P to K B 3 10. R to K sq (ch) 11. B to K 2 11. Kt to Q 5 12. Kt to B 3 12. B takes P 13. Q to Q 2 13. P to K R 3 14. K to Q sq 14. B takes B (ch) 15. K Kt takes B 15. Kt takes Kt (a) 16. Kt takes Kt 16. Kt to K 5 17. Q to B 4 17. Kt to B 7 (ch) 18. K to Q 2 18. B to K 6 (ch) And White resigns.

NOTES. (a) The terminating moves of Black in this contest are well deserving of notice by the chess student.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 275. 1. Kt to R 7 1. K to B 5 2. Q takes Kt 2. Anything 3. Q mates. 1. Kt to B 6 2. R to B 6, (dis. ch.) 3. K moves. Black has other defences. Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 273. WHITE. BLACK. 1. R to Q R 6 1. Any move 2. Mates accordingly. PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 274. White. Black. K to K Kt 6 K at K 3 Q at Q R 6 Kt at Q 2 R at Q 5 Pawns at K 2, Q 3, B at Q Kt sq Pawns at K B 4 and 5, and Q Kt 4 Q 3 and Q Kt 4 White to play and mate in two moves.

BONAPARTE'S STATE MANNER.—The opening of the Corps Legislatif was an imposing ceremony. The hall had been lavishly decorated; the dress of the deputies was handsome, that of the courtiers surrounding the emperor was magnificent, and he himself was resplendent in gold and diamonds on that day. Although in every ceremonial he was too precipitate, the great pomp he insisted upon took the place of that dignity which was wanting. When Bonaparte, in the course of any ceremony, had to walk toward the throne prepared for him, he always seemed to rush at it. One could not but feel on observing him that this was no legitimate sovereign taking peaceful possession of the royal seat bequeathed to him by his ancestors; but an all-powerful master who, each time that he wore the crown, seemed to reiterate the words he had once uttered at Milan, "Ouai à chi la toccherà." On these state occasions Bonaparte's incorrect pronunciation was a great drawback. In general he had his speech drawn up for him. M. Maret, I believe, most frequently undertook that task, but sometimes it fell to M. Vignaud, or even to M. de Fontanes; and he would try to learn it by heart, but with little success; for the least constraint was insupportable to him. He always ended by resolving to read his speech, and it was copied out for him in a large hand, for he was little accustomed to read writing, and could have made nothing out of his own. Then he would be instructed in the proper pronunciation of the words; but when he came to speak he forgot his lesson, and in a muffled voice, with lips scarcely parted, would read the speech in an accent more strange even than it was foreign, most unpleasant, and, indeed, vulgar. I have heard numbers of persons say that they always felt a painful sensation on hearing him speak in public. The indisputable testimony of his accent to the fact that he was a foreigner struck painfully on the ear and the mind alike. I have myself sometimes experienced this involuntary sensation.

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Grenville Canal, Ottawa River.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Works, Grenville Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE next, for the construction of two Lift Locks and other works at Greese's Point, or lower entrance of the Grenville Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works to be done, can be seen at this Office and at the resident Engineer's Office, Grenville, on and after THURSDAY, the 20th MAY, instant, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited, if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract the party or parties whose tender is proposed to accept will be required to make a deposit equal to five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract within eight days after the date of the notification. The sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part of the deposit.

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

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

By Order, **F. BRAUN,**
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-Builders.

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

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

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

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

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

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

By Order, **F. BRAUN,**
Secretary.

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



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

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

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

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

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

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

By order, **F. BRAUN,**
Secretary.

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



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO MACHINIST-CONTRACTORS.

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

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

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

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

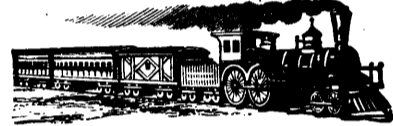
For the due fulfillment of the contract the party or parties whose tender is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

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

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

By Order, **F. BRAUN,**
Secretary.

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



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, May 3rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.....	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull.....	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
		Night Passenger.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	9.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	10.40 a.m.	9.30 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	4.45 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
		Mixed.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.	Mixed.
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....		6.45 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9.00 a.m.

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)
Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.

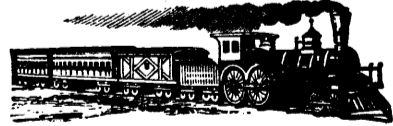
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L. A. SENEAL,
Gen'l Sup't.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

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

L. A. SENEAL,
General Superintendent.

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE Canadian Illustrated News MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SHIFFIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES, NEW YORK.

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LACHINE CANAL.

Notice to Machinist-Contractors.

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

Plans, Specifications and General conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

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

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

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

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

By Order, **F. BRAUN,**
Secretary.

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

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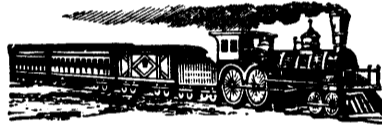
in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry, Cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



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Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

EASTERN DIVISION.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Trains will run on this Division as follows:

	MAIL.	MIXED.
Leave Montreal.....	2.15 p.m.	5.20 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	6.25 p.m.	4.15 p.m.
Arrive Quebec.....	9.25 p.m.	9.00 a.m.
Leave Quebec.....	9.20 a.m.	5.30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	13.45 p.m.	4.00 a.m.
Arrive Montreal.....	4.10 p.m.	9.50 a.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.
STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents.
Offices, 202 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street.

J. T. PRINCE,
General Passenger Agent.

Montreal, March 16th, 1880.

20 new Gold and Silver Chromos Card 10c. with name, Silver or stamps taken. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

AN ELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing about 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in Gold, and 154 quotations, all postpaid, 15c. Popular Game of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct.

APPLICATION

will be made to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for an act to incorporate "The Montreal Steam Heating Company."
Montreal, 7th April, 1880.

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

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

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

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

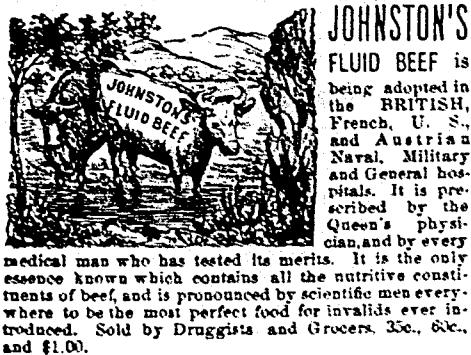
FOR DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, WEAKNESS, AND NO REMEDY CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.



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



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



WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS and MALTSTERS, MONTREAL.



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

BANK OF MONTREAL.

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

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st MAY next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank, **On Monday, the Seventh day of June, next.**

The Chair to be taken at ONE o'clock.

CHS. F. SMITHERS,
General Manager.

Montreal, 20th April, 1880.

THE Canadian Spectator,

A high-class Weekly Journal,
EDITED BY THE
Reverend A. J. BRAY.
SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."

PUBLICATIONS:

BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth.....	\$1.00
BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love.....	50
DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism, Its Ultimate Principle.....	60
The Ten Commandments.....	60
DAWSON, GEO., M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer.....	50
MCLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pebbles.....	15
TIPPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words.....	50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and right and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.

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

Gray's SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS FOR COUGHS, COLDS



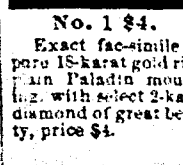

THE CROQUET PLAYER.

DIAMONDS OF SCIENCE.

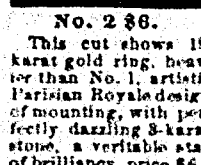
Ballantyne Hannay, F.C.S., Lon., Eng., Crystalization of Carbon Staotefites.

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

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



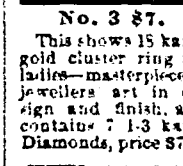
No. 2 \$6.
This cut shows 18 karat gold ring, heavier than No. 1, artistic Parisian Royale design of mounting, with perfectly dazzling 3-karat stone, a veritable star of brilliancy, price \$6



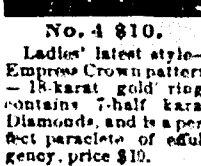
Carbon Crystalizing section of Prof. Ballantyne Hannay's wonderful Electric machine for producing the Diamond. These rings are each put into a morocco leather covered and satin lined ring box, and sent to any address on receipt of price. They are perfectly dazzling in brilliancy both night and day, and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

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

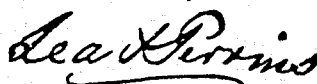
No. 3 \$7.
This shows 15 karat gold cluster ring for ladies—masterpiece of jewellers art in design and finish, and contains 7-13 karat Diamonds, price \$7.



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




In consequence of spurious imitations of **LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,** which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of 72-12-12 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

THE DUCHESS CORSET.
Awarded Extra Prize, Grand Dominion Exhibition



Is specially designed for Stout Ladies, to meet the requirements of fashion. Is not only elegant in form, but very comfortable to wear. Once worn, will wear no other.
Sateen Jean, \$2.50; Cotton, \$3.50 and upwards.
Sent by post to any part of the Dominion on receipt of price and address.
Send measure Round the Waist and Bust, tight—not too tight—also length of Waist under arm and length of front.
Ottawa Corset Factory, 70 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.
Advertising Agents,
186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,
Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.
Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

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

RUSSELL'S



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

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

TRUTHS. HOP BITTERS,
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints and Drunkenness.

\$1000 IN GOLD
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and free books, and try the Bitters before you sleep. Take no other.

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

THE BELL ORGAN COMPANY.
LARGEST AND OLDEST ORGAN FACTORY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE
Established 1863.—12,000 now in use.

Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial, 1871.
Silver Medal and Diploma, Centennial, 1876.
International Medal and Diploma, Sydney, Australia, 1877.
Only Silver Medal for Parlor Organs, Provincial, Toronto, 1878.
Only Medal at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879.

Mr. Haque, of the Merchants Bank says: "The Organ sent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effect produced by combination of the stops is charming."—Port Folio, Quebec, address

W. BELL & CO.,
41-47 East Market Square, Quebec, Ont.
Or J. HECKER, 10 Phillips Square, Montreal

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON,
OIL, LEAD, PAINT,
COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS
IMPORTERS OF
English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.
PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.
310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,
AND
255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST
MONTREAL.
96-17-32-260

ROBERT MILLER,
AND
BOOKBINDER
WHOLESALE STATIONER,
15 Victoria Square, Montreal.

40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto and other names in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.