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# Whistled News

Vol. XIX.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

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



TILLEY AND THE DOMINION BOARD OF TRADE.

"I'll try and carry all these Board of Trade parcels, but my road must be cleared of Whiskey and other rings."



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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

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

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## BENEATH THE WAVE.

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

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 8, 1879.

### DOWN WITH THE AXE GRINDERS.

A couple of weeks ago we published a cartoon representing a number of office-seekers grouped around the desk of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, at Ottawa. In reply to these axe-grinders we put words into the Premier's mouth expressive of the idea that the day for all such trumpery was gone, and that the era of strict and stern economy had been entered upon. We wish we could believe that it is really the intention of the Government to take this new departure. We have as yet no reason to state that such is not their plan, but circumstances daily prove that the pressure upon them is something almost overwhelming, and it may, therefore, be of use to them to know what the popular opinion is in this respect. It is positively amusing to read every morning, in the Ottawa despatches, the names of the hundreds who troop thither in quest of office or contracts. One would be led to think that the patronage of Government is an immense field of spoils left open to all the hangers-on of the party in power. Every ward politician, every bar-room solicitor of votes, every "bruiser" seems to have the notion that he must be rewarded for services previously well paid during the elections themselves. And their persistent effrontery is so great that it is an almost herculean task to shake them off. Indeed, to enable the Ministers to do their whole duty in this respect, it is needful that they should be backed by an openly expressed public opinion. In the first place, we allow that there is a distinction to be drawn. Some men are really deserving of recognition and reward by their party. That is elementary, and contains a principle of justice. But the common herd of office-seekers merit no attention, and should be sent about their business without any ceremony. They may threaten, of course, and they will threaten dire vengeance for their disappointment, but their menaces are only idle wind which can be laughed at with impunity. The Government may be certain of this: that they will be supported by the people in their resistance to these selfish parasites, and that they will come out of the conflict much stronger than if they yielded to such importunities. In the distribution of offices two principles ought to be rigidly enforced:—

I. That all the departments in Ottawa and all over the country should be weeded, so far as is consistent with the efficiency of the public service.

II. That no vacancies should be created for the mere purpose of filling them with partisans.

The first principle is one of economy; the second, of justice. An adherence to both will wonderfully strengthen the hands of the Government. At no period of our history since Confederation has the need of economy in the running of the Govern-

ment machinery been so patent and so imperious. And the present Administration is specially pledged to it. They were elected to revise and, if possible, revive the financial and commercial relations of the country; but that cannot be thought of so long as extravagance is allowed to continue in the various departments. One of the reasons given by Sir JOHN for taking back the most of his old Ministers was precisely because of their experience in office and their ability to begin at once the vital work of economic reform. Whatever else their adversaries may think of these gentlemen, they cannot deny their ability, and they, as well as their own friends, have the right to demand that this ability shall be exercised in the proper channels. There is another and a more personal argument which we should like to be allowed to introduce here. It refers directly to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. The veteran statesman has just been returned to power by an overwhelming majority, scoring a triumph unequalled even in his own distinguished history. It is not too much to say that much of this victory is due to his own personality, the magnetism of which has always been singularly potent with the people of Canada, who, having punished him by signal disapproval and overthrow in 1873, seemed willing to give him another equally striking proof of their confidence in 1878. Sir JOHN is now somewhat advanced in years, and his health is none of the strongest. In the course of things, the present Administration may be the last of his eventful history. In that case, it is due to himself to stand up once more to his old energy, and resolve from the very start to make this Government of his a model one in every respect. He has the power to do it. None of his colleagues can presume to dictate to him or to thwart him. The people are behind him, and will applaud every measure of reform that he introduces. And thus, for the sake of the country, and for the sake of his own high reputation, he should nerve himself to the highest efforts of useful statesmanship, so as that, at the end of his administration, he may retire in a blaze of glory and be enshrined in the hearts of the people as a truly historic personage.

### THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

Within two issues of our paper a grave crisis has come and gone in France, leaving the situation none the worse, and with no signs of disturbance on the horizon. Our readers last week were prepared for the resignation of Marshal MACMAHON, but they were perhaps not quite so ready to believe in the speedy and peaceful election of his successor. That successor is M. JULES GREY. This distinguished gentleman was born in 1807, so that he is now in his 72nd year. On leaving college he came to Paris, where he devoted himself to the study of law. He took an active part in the revolution of July, being one of those who seized upon the barracks of Babylon. His rise at the Bar was rapid, and he soon ranked among the ordinary defenders of the Radical party, pleading, especially in 1839, for the two companions of BARBES. In 1848, having been named Commissioner of the Provisional Government in his own Department, he displayed, in the exercise of difficult functions, so much moderation and prudence, that he conciliated all parties, and was returned as Deputy for the Jura by the large majority of 65,150. In the Legislative Assembly he often ascended the tribune, and won the reputation of one of the clearest and most powerful orators of the Democratic party. Although he maintained an independent position, far removed from the Socialists and yet near the Mountain, he generally voted with the extreme Left. After the elections of the 10th December, M. GREY opposed the Government of LOUIS NAPOLEON and the expedition to Rome. He protested against the law of the 31st May and the revision of the Constitution. After the *coup d'état* he withdrew to the practice of his profession, and did not return to public life till six-

teen years later, when, in 1868, yielding to the solicitations of his friends, he consented to be returned to the Assembly by his old constituency. After the revolution of the 4th September, 1870, he retired again, but was re-elected in February, 1871, and at once rose to the high dignity of President of the Assembly, a position which he held with great credit from that date until the present time. It was he who, together with M. DUBAINE, prepared a motion having for its object the election of M. THIERS to the Presidency. At the death of M. THIERS, he was chosen the prospective candidate for the chief magistracy, as successor to Marshal MACMAHON, and the change has now taken place in the natural course without any convulsion or trouble of any kind. This is certainly a triumph for free institutions in France, and it is to be hoped that the Republicans will themselves be the very first to profit by the lesson.

### THE NEW METROPOLITAN OF CANADA.

Along with the description of the consecration of Rt. Rev. Doctor BOND as Episcopal Bishop of Montreal, we chronicle the election of Dr. MEDLEY as Metropolitan of Canada. It had been expected that this election would have led to some controversy, but such has not proved the case, the principle having been admitted that the claim of seniority was to prevail. Henceforth, therefore, the election of Metropolitan will be a mere formality. It follows, also, that the Metropolitan title, with all the privileges which it entails, will no longer be attached to a See, as it is in Europe and the United States, but affixed to a personality. What advantages, if any, are to be derived from this change, we are not prepared to mention. The Most Reverend JOHN MEDLEY, D.D., Lord Bishop of Fredericton, New Brunswick, is the senior member of the Canadian Episcopate by date of appointment. He was born in England in 1804, and was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, where he took a second class in Classics in 1826, and graduated in Arts (M.A.) in 1830. In 1838 he was appointed Vicar of St. Thomas, Exeter; in 1842, Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, and in 1845 was consecrated first Bishop of Fredericton. Dr. MEDLEY is the author of a volume of sermons and several pamphlets. The portrait which we publish to-day is from a photograph by NOTMAN, as is also that of the Bishop of Montreal. The biography of the latter appeared in these columns some weeks ago, when he was elected to his present exalted position.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONSECRATION OF DR. BOND.—The consecration of Dr. Bond took place in St. George's Church, Montreal, on Saturday, January 25. Long before the hour announced for the commencement of the service, the aisles of the church were crowded, and it was with difficulty that those holding tickets could reach their seats, notwithstanding the number of gentlemen ushers. The event had evidently been anticipated as one destined to occupy prominence in the ecclesiastical annals of our city. The entrance of their Lordships the Bishops and the Delegates, was awaited some minutes after 11 o'clock, when the procession entered from the vestry. There were about a hundred clergymen wearing surplices, who occupied the front pews while their Lordships the Bishops of Fredericton, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Algoma, Ontario and Niagara entered the chancel. After the conclusion of the morning prayer, which was read by the Bishop of Nova Scotia, No. 145 of the Church Hymnal was sung, and His Lordship the Bishop of Ontario ascended the pulpit and preached the consecration sermon.

The Bishop of Fredericton then sat in the centre of the chancel and the Bishops of Quebec and Algoma presented the Bishop elect, saying, in the words of the service, "Most reverend father in God, we present unto you this godly and well-learned man to be ordained and consecrated bishop."

The Bishop of Nova Scotia had previously read the commission, and the Bishop elect had retired to the vestry and put on his bishop's robe, Canon Evans acting as his chaplain.

After the prayer, the six Bishops advanced and laid their hands on the head of the Bishop elect, who was kneeling before the chancel, the senior Bishop saying:

"Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, now

committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands; in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. And remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is given thee by this imposition of our hands, for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love and soberness."

Bishop Bond then entered the chancel and sat with the other bishops. The communion services were then administered.

After service the clergy and delegates were entertained at lunch at the Windsor by the newly consecrated bishop, one hundred and ninety-four, including clergy and laity, participating. The Bishop of Montreal occupied the chair.

The Bishop of Fredericton proposed the health of Bishop Bond in graceful terms, congratulating the diocese upon its choice, and expressing the belief it would prosper under his administration.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—The collision on the Levis and Kennebec railway last week shows that the engine which was engaged clearing the track of snow in front of the train for Levis, returning to bring on some platform cars, met the train which was to wait its return, pushing the car in front, and collided before it could be brought up. The driver and fireman saved their lives by jumping from the engine when the danger was apparent. Dr. Morrisette and Laflamme endeavored to escape from the car, but were caught between the two which telescoped, Laflamme being crushed to a jelly. Dr. Lemieux has successfully amputated the injured limb of Dr. Morrisette, who was conveyed after the accident to the residence of Mr. Laroche, at St. Anselme.

WOLF HUNTING.—A number of citizens living near Toronto, state that a large wolf haunts the vicinity. Several hunting parties have been organized, but as yet they have proved unsuccessful.

A CLERGYMAN AND A BEAR.—The Rev. Mr. Gifford and Mr. Minions, of East Mous Springs, killed a she bear and captured two cubs near the Mere Blue. The Rev. gentleman is said to have been embraced by the animal, but it is gratifying to know he escaped uninjured.

A SNOW-SHOE TRIP TO QUEBEC.—Mr. A. Birch, a Norwegian gentleman of Montreal, has a pair of patent Norwegian snow-shoes upon which he has taken a trip to Quebec, starting on Friday last. The snow-shoes are composed entirely of wood, are about nine feet long, six inches broad, and have a foot board and toe-strap. He walks with the aid of a pole, and crosses ice not strong enough to bear a good sized dog, so buoyant are these shoes in their action.

SNOW-SHOEING BY TORCHLIGHT.—Forty or fifty gentlemen of Quebec, mostly members of the Aurora Snow-shoe Club, set out from the Esplanade one evening last week, for a snow-shoe tramp into the country. The party was accompanied by Mr. Sydney Hall, special artist of the *Graphic*. After crossing Dorchester bridge, torches were lit, and the scene, as witnessed from the city, while the snowshoers tramped on in Indian file, was very brilliant.

ICE SHOVE.—One night last week a large shove of ice descended the river and struck both ferries, which were moored at their wharves on the Quebec side of the river. The first boat injured was the *Arctic*, which was struck under her keel, and raised on the top of the ice. The ice then descended and struck the steamer *Prince Edward* on her side, near the stern, slightly filling her deck with ice, bursting open her cabin doors, and breaking all the glass. The Government Steamboat Inspector examined the boat next morning, and found all her works in perfect order. The amount of damage done will not exceed \$300. The steamer *Arctic* was removed from her position in the morning, and had sustained very little damage.

### HUMOROUS.

DYSPEPSIA has no more popular ambush than a fried oyster.

A LITTLE boy's first pair of trousers always fit if the pockets are deep enough.

It is vulgar to call a man "bow-legged." Just speak of him as a parenthetical pedestrian.

DISTINGUISHED divine to recent convert: "We propose to baptize you by the Turkish bath method." It is really the only means to scrub four years of sins out of you.

It is not so much the fall that hurts a man these wet, slippery days as it is the dampness which strikes into his anatomy after he has lit.

OH! that incomprehensible small boy. He'll turn from five acres of clear smooth ice to work his way through the half foot of slush where the danger sign is.

A MUSICIAN, George Sharp, had his name on his door thus: "G. Sharp." A wag of a painter, who knew something of music, early one morning made the following addition: "Is A Flat."

THERE is a period in every boy's life when he has an unearthly, unquenchable desire to build a skating pond in the back yard for the girl to fall down on when she hangs out clothes.

THE other day, young Smith, leaning against the mantelpiece, his back to the fire, said: "I was born the son of a poor labourer. Before I was thirty years old I was the son of one of the richest men in the country."

Two little girls were talking to each other the other morning, and one said, with the greatest civility: "We have a new school-ma'am, and she don't know nothing—(a pause)—she don't know how to whip a scholar."

A FOND mother, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to a friend's house in the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from the friend, saying, "Take your boys away and send along the earthquake instead."

SHAKSPERE AND SLANG.

Having recently been asked by several persons whether Shakspeare uses the word *thin* as a "slang term"—for the information of my inquirers, I answer—NO—. He seldom uses the word and nearly always as the opposite to *thick*. Upon reference to Mary Cowden Clarke's valuable concordance to the works of our Poet I find *thin* quoted twenty-two times; often in the sense of *scanty, slim and slender*; sometimes of *insubstantial*, and sometimes as the opposite to *strong*. A few examples will suffice:—

Falstaff, who was given to "drinking of old sack," says, in allusion to some demure boys:—"Thin drink doth so overcool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green sickness"—(2nd Henry IV. Act IV., Sec. 3), and, in the same speech, he adds:—"If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them, should be—to forswear *thin* potatoes, and to addict themselves to sack."

King Henry VI. says:—

"The shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold *thin* drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys  
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him."

Mercutio, in *Romeo and Juliet*, says:—"Dreams are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy:  
Which is as *thin* of substance as the air,  
And mere inconstant than the air."

Prospero, in *The Tempest*, says to Miranda:—

"These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into *thin* air."

The Ghost, in *Hamlet*, alluding to the "cursed hebenon" which was poured into the porches of his ears, says:

"It doth posset  
And eard, like eager droppings into milk  
The *thin* and wholesome blood."

Lady Macbeth, in her inexorable determination of purpose, exclaims:—

"Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make *thick* my blood," &c.

I commend my inquirers to the passages in which the word *thin* occurs; they may obtain, possibly, a copy of Clarke's Concordance, in the library of the Mechanics' Institute; if not, mine is at their service. They will not find one of the quoted passages used in the vulgar sense, expressive of doubtful excuse, any more than they will find "very like a whale" used in the sense of cockney apprentices do when they doubt some extravagant story related to them by their fellows; though unfortunately, many low comedians to whom the part of Polonius is entrusted or assigned, are guilty of emphasising the phrase in such a manner that the "groundlings" may imagine that Hamlet is vulgarly "chaffing" the senile and cunning Lord Chamberlain, which to do would be inconsistent with the contempt he has for the old courtier, whom he wishes "the doors to be shut upon, that he may play the fool nowhere but in his own house."

Some of Shakspeare's faults are of a kind as peculiar as his excellencies; he has been abused for his puns and conceits and for his occasional coarseness, but I do not think he can be charged with using "slang" according to the modern interpretation of the word, or that he ever degraded his mighty powers with such a vulgarity.

THOS. D. KING.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AMONGST the thirty-six Republicans returned to the Chamber of Senators of France, is one shorthand writer—M. Lejache, stenographer-in-chief of the Chamber.

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

THE sculptor P., of Paris, is an exceedingly forgetful man. He very often writes letters to people, but generally omits to send them. One of his friends recently left for Italy. "I shall be sure to write to you," said the sculptor; "but where shall I address my letters?" "Oh!" replied the other, "as you usually do—*Poche* restante."

THERE is a favourite drawing-room game in fashion, which is very amusing; the name of some prominent individual is chosen, and the company is invited to write what would be the most suitable gift of the season to present to the celebrity. Many of the replies are very witty—the political ones especially, and one leading Republican lady is printing her "collection," to form an album for distribution among her friends.

NEW kid gloves for full-dress occasions reach almost to the elbow, are buttoned by nine but-

tons and have three rows of inch-wide Valenciennes lace inserted round the arm between kid bands of the same width; the top of the glove is then finished with a killed frill of lace. The finest white undressed kid gloves are trimmed in this way. Black kid gloves have also insertions of Valenciennes lace. These black gloves are considered especially stylish for the opera, and are thought to make the hand look small.

MANY capital devices have this year been adopted by shopkeepers to draw attention to their windows, but the best is a representation of the Berlin Congress. The several plenipotentiaries are represented by small figures, each a good likeness of the original. These are seated round a horse-shoe Congress table, and by ingenious mechanism the automata open their mouths, as if talking, move the papers about on the table, turn towards each other for the exchange of conversation, and so on. Lord Beaconsfield, in gorgeous array, is represented as talking freely to Prince Bismarck.

IN this festive season, the rag-pickers of the capital have held their annual dinner, where 1,200 members of both sexes marched in procession with the father of the guild—a patriarchal gentleman in a respectable black suit—leading the way, to the selected inn. What was most remarkable, was the personal cleanliness and Sunday look about the pickers-up of unconsidered trifles. The members of the craft have to be registered—theirs is the only institution that escaped being taxed after the war; some are very honest, and rarely is any article—a silver fork or spoon, that may have found its way into the daily dust-bin—detained.

WITHOUT a single *sou* being demanded from them the poor of Paris are invited to enter the bar of a chemist's shop, drink their cup of warm palatable *tisane*, well prepared and duly sugared, in a comfortably-heated *salle*, which they can re-enter if so it please them on their return home in the evening. The example set by the kindly-hearted chemist in question might be followed advantageously by others. Infusion of lime-tree leaves, violets, glycerine, or lichen cost intrinsically little; but the *ouvrier*, or labourer, suffering from chest or throat complaints, finds very often some difficulty in preparing the *tisane* in his sixth-floor cabinet, in the hotel garni. Therefore the bar *de santé* is not a useless innovation.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

AT the personal suggestion of the Queen, it has been resolved to add the names of the men to the Obelisk, who lost their lives in the attempt to rescue the crew of the *Cleopatra* during the storm in the Bay of Biscay, in October, 1877.

INSTEAD of the stupid fashion-cuts, the other day an Oxford street firm sent round the carte-de-visite of some of the prettiest young ladies of their staff, attired in their new "Pamela cap" and "Point Duchesse Gilet."

THE end of the year has been thought a fitting time for making a calculation as to who has made the most peers, the late Premier or the present one. The result of the calculation is to give Mr. Gladstone a majority of three. In 1868 Mr. Disraeli had made nine peers, and during his present tenure of office he has added twenty-six others—total, thirty-five. From 1868 to 1874, Mr. Gladstone caused thirty-eight elevations to the House of Lords to be made.

THE Crystal Palace will in all probability be very shortly affiliated to the University of Cambridge as a learned body, capable of giving degrees to its students in art and science. Nearly 500 ladies are in its classes, which are rapidly becoming the best in the world, while the engineering classes are the largest in the metropolis. The water-colour department, under Mr. Goodall, is this year of such excellence as to have attracted the special attention of the University, and already negotiations are in a very forward state for making Sydenham a branch of the Cambridge collegiate system.

ON the death recently of an old gentleman, who owned an estate in Hants and another in Forfarshire, his executors discovered a remarkable collection of antiquities in the Hampshire mansion. In addition to some dessert services of the earliest old Worcester china, and many yards of splendid old lace, there is a complete set (over one hundred in number) of the original etchings of Rembrandt's pictures. These last may be said to be priceless, since only four complete sets exist in the world, one being in the British Museum. These treasures were quite an unexpected find, the old gentleman being well known for his penurious habits.

THE Polar Expedition of Captain Cheyne will not sail till 1880, owing to the want of necessary funds. Sir James Watson has asked the Captain to "forbear" the promotion of the scheme in Scotland, as, owing to the distress caused by the failure of the Glasgow Bank, the offer of Glasgow to bear one-third of the cost cannot be continued. Meanwhile Captain Templar has promised to furnish Captain Cheyne with a balloon free of cost, and the two commanders propose to start for Paris to lecture in

aid of the expedition. They intend going over in the balloon, to practically illustrate the theory of aerial navigation, and to show how easily the North Pole can be dropped upon by the same means.

AN enterprising firm of publishers have just hit upon a new use for illustrated cards which are so popular at this season of the year. They are embellished with dainty little coloured pictures and suggestive poetry, and are intended to be of service to those who either have not the inclination or the time to put their thoughts to paper in an original form. For instance, the person who has borrowed a book for an unconscionable time receives a card representing a gentleman weeping over an empty book-case, and a suggestion in verse that the missing volume may be returned. Another card relates to an umbrella, and the lines entitled "A Lament" ought to cause remorse to the most inveterate borrower, and induce him to restore the article in question without a moment's delay. The young lady with a mass of correspondence quite beyond her control is furnished with a card ready to hand, the lines on it commencing, "Yours to hand, contents I note, nothing fresh since last I wrote," and so on. The idea thus originated seems capable of wide extension.

IT goes much "against the grain" of an Englishman to learn that American methods are superior to those of his own country, but what can we think when American institutions are introduced into such a place as Cambridge University? In many "Colleges" in America the students are taught to work with the lathe, the hammer, the file, the plane, and the chisel, and a few help to support themselves by the products of their industry. Professor James Stuart has established a mechanical laboratory at Cambridge, and has engaged several skilled mechanics as teachers. The workshop is fitted with several lathes, drilling, planing, and shaping machines, and will probably soon supply the scientific workers at the University with all the apparatus they require. A "workshop" has been in existence for some years at King's College, and many of our most accomplished amateurs owe their proficiency to the practical training while at "school." Perhaps, by and by, a Cambridge undergraduate will take as much pride in making a screw bolt and nut as he would now in stroking the Varsity crew to victory.

BRELOQUES POUR LAMES.

THE woman who wears a French-heeled shoe should employ a French corn doctor.

THE fashion in England, set by Lord Carington, is for afternoon marriages.

GOOD society doesn't start on its bridal tour till a fortnight after marriage.

OF the New York mothers who bore children last year, 442 were over 50 years of age.

A BOSTON doctor says that ladies who wear cotton stockings through the winter furnish the first crop of burials in the spring.

THE girls ought not to grumble at the cold weather. They should think of the poor firemen whose hoze freeze up solid.

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stibbens, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."

THIS is the time for a young man with a girl. The papers are filled with advertisements of genuine diamond rings for one dollar.

THE Dubuque *Telegraph* has a female city editor who stays up till two o'clock in the morning, smokes a briar-root pipe and writes faster than any two men on the paper.

IT is estimated that the late snow-blockade delayed over 2,000 marriages and cost 14 barrels of tears. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but he can't at snow-banks.

AT a marriage which recently took place, the bride and bridegroom, bridesmaid and groomsmen, had only one eye each, and the horse which conveyed the party to church was in a similar condition.

NEW Parlor Maid: "Here's a letter, ma'am, if you please!" New Mistress: "Pray, Mary, are you not accustomed to see letters handed on a tray?" New Parlor Maid: "Yes, ma'am; but I didn't know you was!"

ANNIE Moore's gone away to get married, And her loss we deeply deplore; 'Mong hosts of friends here long she tarried; But she'll never come back Annie Moore.

THE saddest time, we think, in a young man's life is when his girl writes to him that she wants her old letters, and that he can have his fifty-cent diamond ear-rings upon application.

"FIRST person, 'I love,'" is grammar, and that is the reason so many husbands love their wives. Why? Because the wife is the first person to kindle the morning fire at this season of the year.

A STINGY husband accounted for all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always gave them their own way. "Poor things! it's all I have to give them," was her prompt reply.

MRS. SHODDY'S views are interesting to those who are thinking about keeping a carriage. She says she has thought it all over, and come to the conclusion that brooches are almost too large; that these "ere coupons are too shut up, but that a nice, stylish pony phantom seems to be just the thing.

A TRANCE medium reports having had a vision of the future world. He didn't see any winged angels or hear any harps playing, but there were lots of sharp-featured young ladies working out algebraic problems on blackboards, and he concludes that his vision must have been confined to the Massachusetts departments.

"HAVE you Brown Eyes?" inquired a charming brunette, as she raised her soft and melting orbs to a clerk, whose optics are of the particular shade described, in a music store yesterday. He blushed modestly as he replied: "Yes, Miss, you know I have, but of what possible interest can that be to you?" "It's the music I want," she softly responded.

"POOR Herbert. How I wish you did not have to slave so at that horrible store from morning till night!" said his wife, as, with a fond caress, she seated herself on her husband's knee, and gently stroked the auburn locks from his sloping brow. And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once, and answered: "Well, Susie, what is it—a bonnet, or what? Go light on me, for money is scarce'n ever."

ARTISTIC.

BRUMIDI, the fresco painter, who has been at work for the past twelve years decorating the Capitol at Washington, is the same Brumidi who decorated the walls of St. Peter's, in Rome, and who did the decoration in the palace of the Czar of Russia, as well as other important work elsewhere. The old gentleman has become so feeble that he is now unable to climb up the steps of the rotunda, where he is painting a record of the country, which will, if completed, reach entirely around the rotunda.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NEIL BURGESS has had a play written for him by C. B. Lewis, of the *Detroit Free Press*. It is called *Bijah*.

ANNETTE ESSIPOFF plays twenty-five concertos and 300 other pianoforte works of importance from memory.

A HANDSOME monument, composed of red polished granite, has recently been erected over the tomb of the late Mile. Trejeus, at Kensal Green Cemetery, London.

CARL FORMES is teaching music in San Francisco. His friends and pupils have given a concert to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his appearance on the lyric stage.

A SON of the late Thomas Francis Meagher, the well known Irish orator, hopes to pin a reputation on the stage. His Christian names are identical with those of his father.

COMMENT from a Cincinnati papaper on the last string quartette concert at the college: "The performers came upon the stage in full dress; some of the auditors were similarly caparisoned."

IT is said that trouble has arisen in the camp of the Ward-Barrymore combination. On one occasion recently Signor Mageroni and Barrymore came to blows. The company will break up after the close of its Washington engagement.

AN excursion barge is being built in New York which is to be used as a floating theatre capable of seating 800 persons in the parquette and the gallery. The chief reliance of the floating theatre will be in a safe evasion of the Sunday law.

A YOUNG actor named Byron, known to the profession as the Toy Tragedian, was expelled from the Union Square Theatre under the belief by the manager that he was about to memorize the Banker's Daughter and produce it elsewhere, as he has already done with the Celebrated Case.

EMMA ABBOTT will not assume the role of Violetta, in "Traviata," but appears as Marguerite, in "Faust," and defines her position by saying that she regards the former as bad without an excuse or a redeeming feature, while she makes much allowance in Marguerite, because the devil had a hand in her undoing.

AIMEE swore that she would never sing again under Maurice Grau's management, and Maurice Grau swore that he would not have anything to do with Aimee. That was at the end of last season. Both have become calmer and wiser, and Aimee will open in New York at the Park, on Easter Monday, under the management of Maurice Grau.

Oh, the snow-shovel, the useful snow-shovel, Welcome alike at the palace and bovel; Scraping out paths at the first dawn of light; Rattling across the bleak sidewalks at night;

Raking, Scraping, What in the duvel Would we do without you, oh! homely snow-shovel!

THE arrangements for the performances of the Comédie Française Company in London during the months of June and July will be as follows:—The sum of £200 will be guaranteed nightly by the manager. Thirty francs per day will be given for expenses to each actor, and the ladies will receive an additional five francs per day. The balance will be equally divided between the *sociétaires* on their return to Paris.

THE French Minister of Fine Arts is considering a plan for a complete remodelling of the Paris Conservatory, located on the Rue Bergers. M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the Grand Opera, has submitted a plan for a magnificent new building, to cost no less than 8,000,000 francs. It is to occupy the site of the old building, and to retain the present concert rooms, which, though small, old-fashioned, and ungrainly, is perfect acoustically, and has such a wealth of clustering reminiscences that it cannot be spared.

A correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, writing from Hamburg, and referring to Mme. Adelina Patti, remarks on her activity in the part of *Rosina*, in the "Barbiere," as disapproving the alarming rumour of the affection she was said to be suffering from in her knee. This rumour, says the *Figaro*, only served to show how many admirers the prima donna still has, for since the report went forth she is said to have received no less than 10,000 letters or telegrams, offering remedies or expressing sympathy.

A CARD.

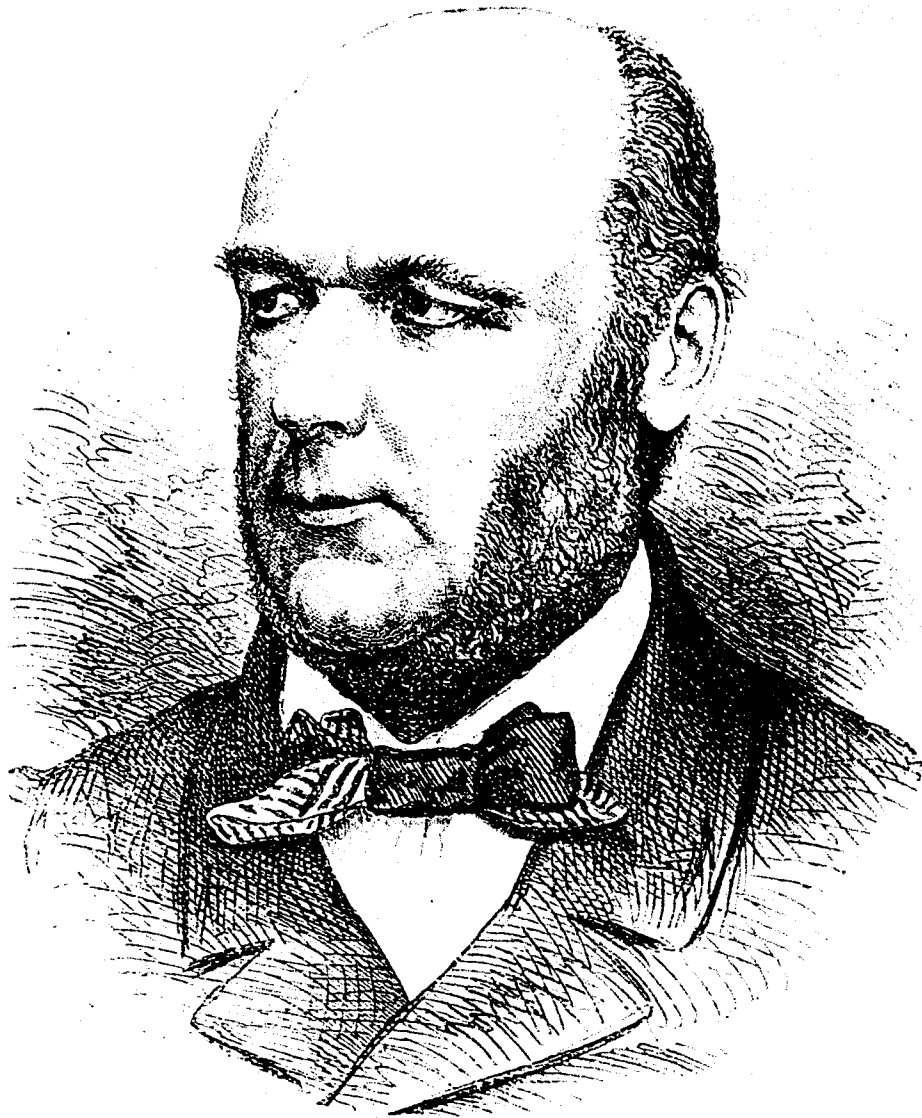
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN,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



## VARIETIES.

**PAINTER AND PRINCESS.**—The painter, D. G. Rossetti, whose studio is near Mr. Whistler's, prints a card in the *Athenaeum* denying that he refused to see the Princess Louise when she called on him. He states that something was said about calling on him by her Royal Highness to one of his friends, but that she did not come, and adds, "Had she called she would not, I trust, have found me wanting in that 'generous loyalty' which is due not more to her exalted position than to her well-known charm of character and artistic gifts. It is true enough that I do not run after great people on account of their mere social position, but I am, I hope, never rude to them; and the man who could rebuff the Princess Louise must be a curmudgeon indeed."

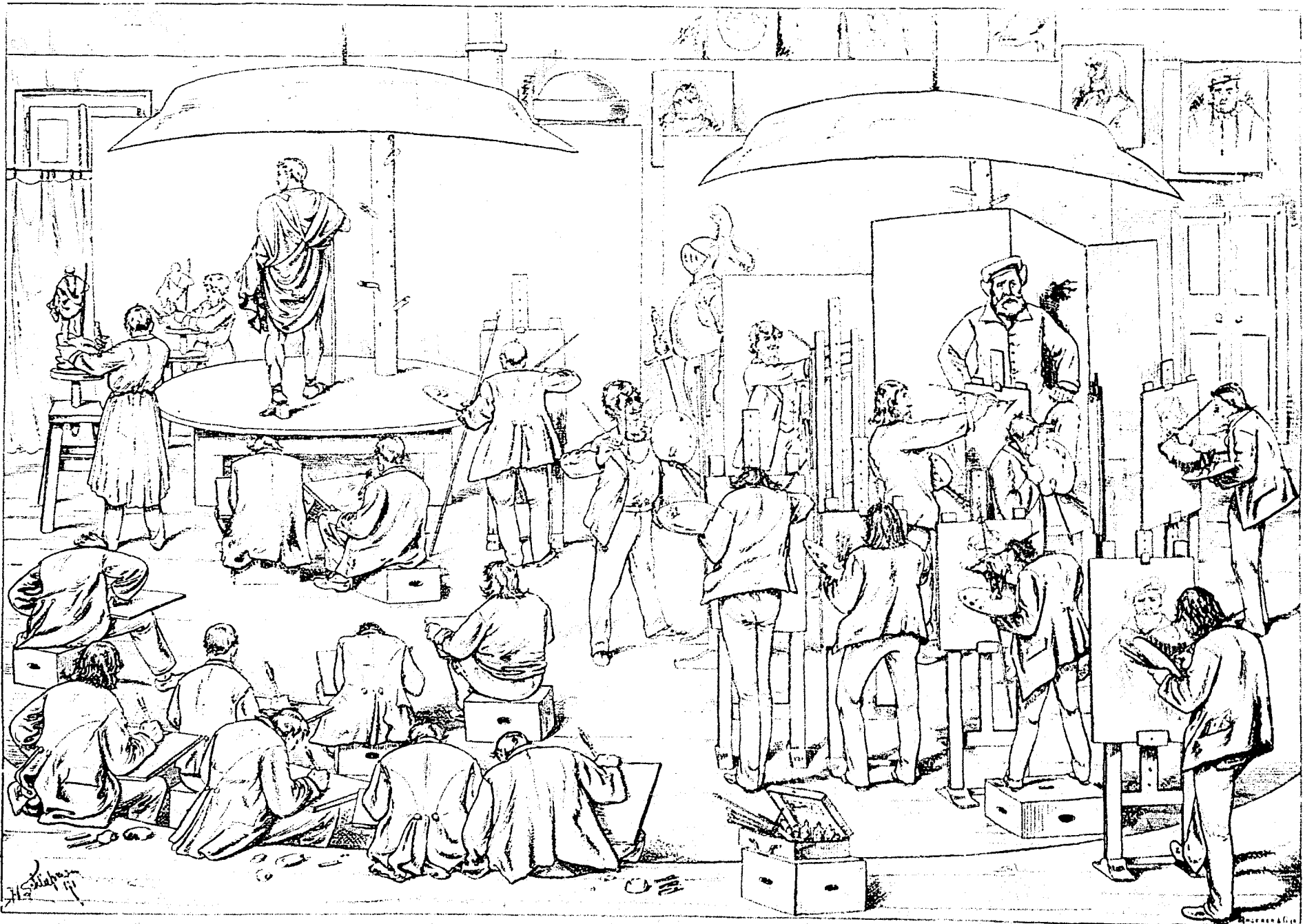
**WHAT IS THE BEDROOM?**—If two persons are to occupy a bed-room during a night, let them step upon weighing-scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part, and in part absorbed by the bed-clothes. If a single ounce of wool or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the room with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can only be an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half-hour during the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke unless there be an open door or window for it to escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalation from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance of



M. JULES GREVY, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

having bed-rooms well ventilated, and thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets, and mattresses in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly-made bed!

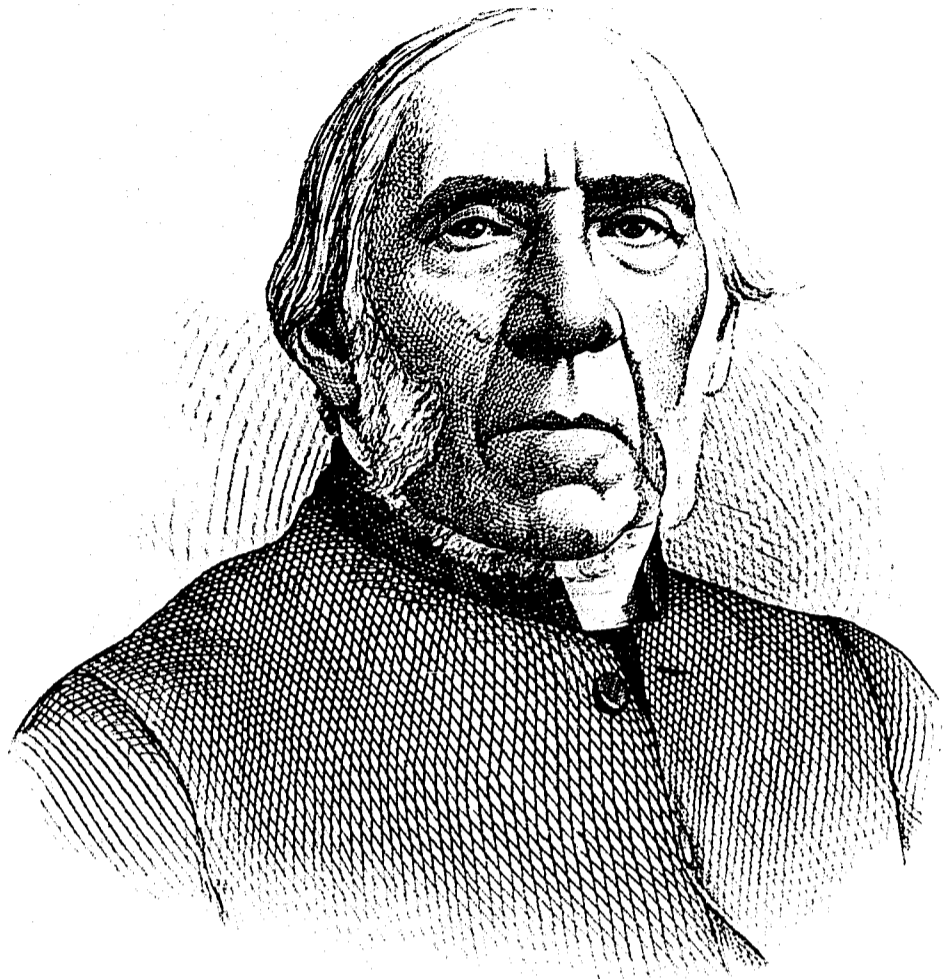
**THE YOUNG MEN.**—One of the most serious hindrances to the return of better times is the vast number of young men who are adrift in the large cities, who can get nothing to do simply because they can do nothing that anybody wants done. We are too much inclined to attribute the industrial troubles under which we suffer to some occult and mysterious cause. Just as our forefathers, when famine and pestilence came upon them, were wont to talk of mysterious dispensations of Providence and judgments for sin and transgression, when all the time the simple and natural laws of health were being violated, so to-day we talk learnedly as to supply and demand and the workings of political economy, forgetting all the while that the causes of financial depression may be found nearer home and that we ourselves are responsible for the many evils for which we lament. It is almost an anomalous condition of things that in a country, where all men are supposed to be born free and equal, where titles are ignored and the worth and dignity of labour are abstractedly recognized, there should have been developed an aristocratic spirit which looks down upon hard and honest work, and conceives it to be a degradation to toil in the factory or the workshop. In the early history of our country this feeling was never cherished. The farmer's son did not think he was compromising himself in any way by hiring out to a neighbouring farmer. He was looked upon as an equal, not a dependent. He sat at the same table as his employers, was considered one of the family, and, in fact, sometimes became a member by his marriage with one of the daughters. Young men whose parents were in comfortable circumstances did not think it debasing to ship before the mast or to work at the forge or the bench, and there was no higher praise which could then be bestowed upon a man than that he was a skilled and efficient workman. But in place of those simple and old-fashioned principles, there has sprung up a new class of ideas. Much as we may boast of the excellence of our system of education, it is questionable if it has not been productive of this dislike for manual labour.



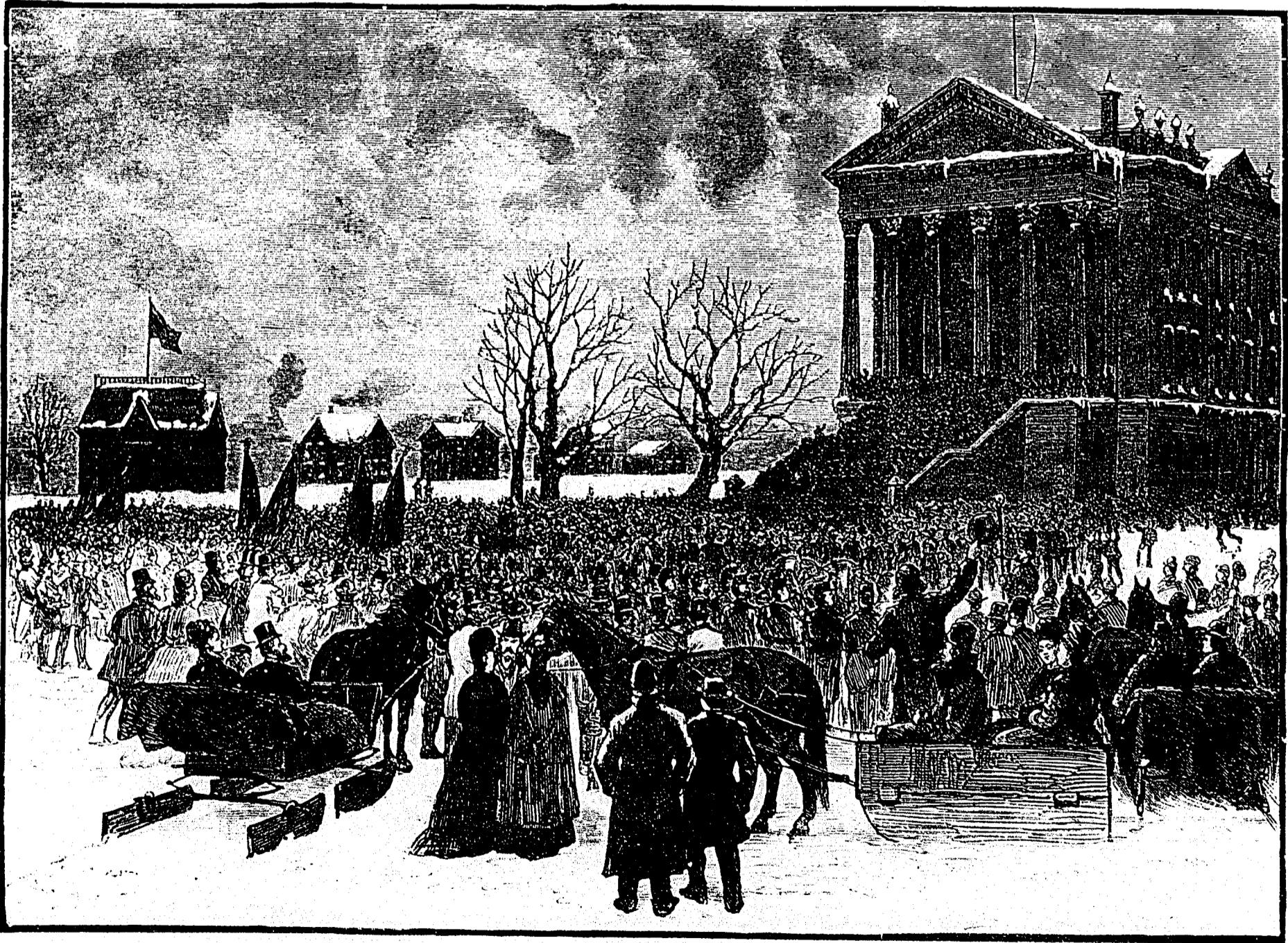
SCHOOL OF DESIGN. FIGURE DRAWING.



RT. REV. WILLIAM BENNET BOND, BISHOP OF MONTREAL.



THE RT. REV. BISHOP OF FREDERICTON, METROPOLITAN OF CANADA.



INAUGURATION OF THE GOVERNOR OF KANSAS, AT TOPEKA.



## OUR TRAVELLED PARSON.

(Will. Carleton in Harper's for February.)

## I.

For twenty years and over our good parson had been toiling  
To chip the bad meat from our hearts and keep the good from spoiling;  
But finally he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,  
And the doctor said that something must be put up for him quickly.

So we kind of clubbed together, each according to his notion,  
And bought a circular ticket in the lands across the ocean;  
Wrapped some pocket-money in it—what we thought would easy do him—  
And appointed me committee-man to go and take it to him.

I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever.  
And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he should sever.  
Then his eyes grew wide with wonder, and it seemed almost to blind 'em;  
And some tears looked out o' window, with some others close behind 'em.

Then I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference,  
And he studied quite a little ere he got its proper reference;  
And then the tears that waited, great unmanageable creatures,  
Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing down his features.

## II.

I wish you could ha' seen him, coming back all fresh and glowing,  
His clothes so worn and seedy, and his face so fat and knowing;  
I wish you could have heard him when he prayed for us who sent him,  
And paid us back twice over all the money we had lent him.

'Twas a feast to all believers, 'twas a blight on contradiction,  
To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifixion;  
'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they could doubt it,  
To have a man who'd been there stand and tell them all about it.

Paul maybe beat our pastor in the Bible knots unravelling,  
And establishing new churches, but he couldn't touch him travelling,  
Nor in his journeys pick up half the general information,  
But then he hadn't the railroads, and the steamboat navigation.

And every foot of Scripture whose location used to stump us  
Was now regularly laid out, with the different points of compass,  
When he undertook a picture, he quite natural would draw it;  
He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if you saw it.

An' the way he biselled Europe—oh, the way he scamped through it!  
Not a mountain dodged his climbing, not a city but he knew it;  
There wasn't any subject to explain in all creation,  
But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration.

So we crowded out to hear him, much instructed and delighted;  
'Twas a picture show, a lecture, and a sermon, all united;  
And my wife would wipe her glasses, and serenely pet her Testament,  
And whisper, "That 'ere ticket was a very good investment."

## III.

Now after six months' travel we were most of us all ready  
To settle down a little, so's to live more staid and steady;  
To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us,  
Using home-made faith more frequent; but the parson wouldn't let us.

To view the self-same scenery time and time again he'd call us,  
Over rivers, plains and mountains he would any minute haul us;  
He alighted our home sorrows, and our spirits' aches and aillings,  
To get the cargoes ready for his reg'lar Sunday sailings.

He would take us off a-touring in all spiritual weather,  
Till we at last got homesick like, and seasick altogether;  
And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-expression brother,  
"That the Lord had made one continent, and then never made another!"

Sometimes, indeed, he'd tak' us into sweet, familiar places,  
And pull along quite steady in the good old gospel traces;  
But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got her,  
Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious! he's a-takin' to the water!"

And it wasn't the same old comfort when he called around to see us;  
On a branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to tree us;  
All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly patronize us,  
And with oft-repeated stories still endeavour to surprise us.

## IV.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that fin'ly galled and stung us  
To ask him: "Would he kindly once more settle down among us?"  
Didn't he think that more home produce would improve our souls' digestions?  
They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the questions.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather;  
He pressed my hand, exclaiming: "This is quite Italian weather."  
How it minds me of the evenings when, your distant hearts caressing,  
Upon my benefactors I invoked the heavenly blessing!"

I went and told the brothers, "No, I cannot bear to grieve him,  
He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper place to leave him.

I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it;  
But I cannot take it from him: if you want to, go and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to enfold him,  
And he looked so hurt and humbled that I knew some one had told him.  
Subdued-like was his manner, and some tones were hardly vocal,  
But every word he uttered was pre-eminently local.

The sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it.  
'Twas a grief to see him hedge it, 'twas a pain to hear him word it.  
"When I was in—" was maybe half a dozen times repeated,  
But that sentence seemed to scare him, and was always uncompleted.

As weeks went on his old smile would occasionally brighten,  
But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to whiten;  
He would look off to the eastward with a wistful, weary sighing,  
And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was dying.

## VI.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad as if they knew us;  
The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us;  
Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been earning,  
In that Wonderland whence tickets are not issued for returning.

O tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling lips, half parted,  
Told of scenery that burst on you just the minute that you started!  
Could you preach once more among us, you might wander without fearing;  
You could give us tales of glory we would never tire of hearing.

## HOW MY FORTUNE CAME.

I had always been poor, and I had also always been a dreamer. The first fact was patent to any and every one; the last I hid as carefully as I could.

One of my favourite dreams had been that of suddenly finding myself a rich woman. I thought about it as I followed my daily duties; I dreamed of it as I taught Mrs. Brown's four little daughters. When I did a sum in interest for them, it was simply calculating my own profits; and when I drew maps, it was only to mark out my future travels.

O, yes, I was a dreamer. And yet I worked and worked, as well as I could, for my dreams were solace and strength.

It is said that only the unexpected happens. This is a mistake. I suddenly found myself a rich woman, and, though I had confidently expected some day to be rich, I will confess to a little feeling of surprise that was almost awe upon finding my silent convictions verified.

I had often fancied how I should feel when this delightful state of things should be attained. Truth compels me to say that my emotions were by no means of an exalted character. When it was borne in upon my mind, my first thought was that now I need not wear that rusty alpaca any longer, nor provide kindling for the morning fire. I hated rusty alpaca, I hated to think about the morning fire. And I had always had to think about such things. As a child, I had dimly realized that we were to make the wood or coal, the bread and butter, go as far as was possible, and as a woman, I had realized it as only the woman can who has to put all her strength of body and mind into the effort to obtain the wherewithal to be fed and clothed.

And, being a dreamer, I worked with a disadvantage. I was not skilled, nor thoroughly skilled, in any kind of work. I taught, but I am sure I did not teach well. Not that I did not know enough, for I was well educated, after a way of my own; but I had no systematic training for that vocation. I doubt greatly if I could be systematically trained. I could play and sing, but could not teach music. Still I managed, for two or three years, to pass the necessary examinations, and get my certificate, and a position in the public schools. And, as I see now what teaching is, and what it should be, and how important the work of the teacher, I am ready to beg pardon of the boys and girls, now men and women, upon whom I inflicted crudities in those days. Sewing I detested, that is the part of it that required thought. If I sewed, I wanted a long seam that would need no special attention, and so leave me free in mind to sit and dream my dreams. I will say, however, that I have gained in this. Long practice has made me perfect, and I can make over, twist and turn, and give my old garments quite the air of new ones.

Blessed be the latitude that the fashions give. It has, however, developed suspicion in the female breast. I and all my sisters know that the long overskirts and polonaises cover "sham" skirts, and bows are put on to cover seams; or if they do not, we think they do. Household work I did at arm's length, and if I did not study French while mixing bread, as one of the Bronte sisters did, I wove many a romance while engaged in kitchen warfare. As a consequence, both suffered; the romances were nipped in the bud, and the bread was the worse for being seasoned with poetry.

Sitting, to-day, removed by many years and the blessedness of plenty, from that time, I look back and see myself, poor, plain, hungering with a mighty hunger for that which I could not have; and from the standpoint of to-day I pity the girl and the woman of that

bygone time. I see the room empty of ornament, and my eyes ached for beauty; I see the thousand and one little market bills, whereby the ends were made to meet, and didn't always meet at that. I remember the time when the want of a fresh frill for my neck or a bow for my hair was a serious want. And yet I am forced to say, in spite of all this, I was not an unhappy woman.

They said I was happily constituted. I think I was, but in a different way from what they meant.

My father left me his books, and a better legacy still, his love for them, and I had never seen a day, even when the meal-sack was empty and the fire on the hearth low, but what I found these a refuge; and if these failed me, was not the outside world left, and had not I a share in that? I felt, in no egotistical sense, I think, indeed I know, that I got more out of the oak trees in my neighbour's handsome grounds than he did from his whole estate. They were mine, and from the moment the buds began to swell in the spring, till the last brown leaf had fallen, they were a perpetual joy; and these bare branches, delicately outlined against the gray sky of winter, pleased my eyes with a pleasure he would have no more understood than he would the joy of the seraphs.

I think I had a rich nature. God was good to give it to me. So in dark days the sun shone.

And then there was that ship of mine which was to come in, "with gold in the ingots and silk in the bales," laden with love and all the sweet delights the soul cried out for. It was surely coming, and it did come.

It was in those days when it was low-tide with me, the days when I made acquaintance with want, yea, when he sat at my table, that I met Robert Tremaine, the son of my neighbour whose handsome house overshadowed ours, and whose beautiful grounds I enjoyed more than he did.

It was on his father's grounds, under one of his father's oaks, that I met him. I had gone out with a copy of Shelley, and sat reading, and wondering at the fire that burned so in this wonderful poet's heart—wondering at the divine madness that touched his brain. Suddenly I heard shouting and laughter, and, rising, in half a minute more received, straight in my hand, which involuntarily I extended, a large ball. In a minute more Robert Tremaine and his little nephew came up. I was intently examining the plaything.

"Oh, Uncle Rob, here's my ball. This—lady has it." The child had hesitated for an instant, but true to his childish intuitions, he then said, "lady."

Uncle Rob lifted his hat. "Really, your skill is something wonderful, if you did really catch this, for I threw it without aim or object. Are you in the habit of catching things so easily, Miss Margaret? See, now, I remember you. And you look as though you had no recognition in your soul for an old friend and playmate. Shake hands, and say you are glad to see me," and he held out his hand with friendly frankness that was wonderfully winning. I gave him my hand and said I was glad to see him.

"Come, Uncle Rob, let's go and play," teased the boy.

"No, I don't want to do that. I've found an old friend, acquaintance—for she does not like a very warm friend—and I am going to stay and talk with her."

"You had better go and play, Mr. Tremaine."

"I think not; I prefer to stay. It's cool and pleasant under this tree, and I want to stay; besides, this is my ground, and my tree, and I can stay if I please. I, at least, am not the trespasser."

"Rob Tremaine, this is as much my tree as it is yours!" I burst out.

"O, this is little Margaret, after all. I began to fear some one else had taken her place. I see you hold the same dangerous communistic sentiments as ever. Eight years since I have seen you, Miss Margaret; yet you see I have not forgotten. If you could manage to give me a smile with a little less ice in it, and could put an expression a trifle less frigid on your face, I should be glad."

"Mr. Tremaine, I am heartily glad to see you. I remember you well; but I presume you hardly expect me to look or act as the girl of fifteen looked and acted."

"I wouldn't like anything better," he said, smiling.

I flushed, for when he went away I had put my arms around his neck and kissed him a tender good-bye.

So we sat down and talked. He picked up my book. "Poor Shelley! poor, unrestful Shelley!" he said.

"Poor Shelley! Grand, glorious Shelley, rather. Mistaken he may be sometimes, but he was always sincere."

"You are an enthusiast. I admire him as a poet. But let us talk about something else. Tell me how it has gone with you these eight years."

"I really can't say. I've been working at starvation wages, trying to keep the wolf from the door. The rest of the time I've read and dreamed; and on days like these I've sat in the sun, and, well, yes, I do think I've grown some, though in a wayward sort of a fashion."

"I certainly think you have. Now we have the summer before us, and summers are short, so short but so sweet. Let us enjoy it. I've brought home curiosities from many a foreign shore, and I want you to see them. I've ever

so many new books, and I want you to read them. We'll read them together, and—"

"Robert, my son!" It was an exceedingly well-bred voice, but it woke me from my little dream. "Oh, here you are. I have been looking for you. And this lady is—"

"Miss Margaret de Ruyter, mother. Our neighbour, you know."

"I do not know my neighbours as I ought, perhaps, so I have not the pleasure of Miss de Ruyter's acquaintance. But my ill-health is my excuse. I have not walked so far as this in many months. Now, if the lady will excuse us, I will ask you to go to the house with me."

It was smoothly said, and, so far as the letter was concerned, was true; but I knew, when Mrs. Tremaine took her son's arm and walked away, that she mentally resolved that the pleasant plan she had overheard would, if she had the power, be frustrated.

But she had not the power. The summer was like no other summer the world has ever known.

Never was June so sweet; never, no never, were mornings so rosy and radiant; never were twilights so tender. The light "that never was on sea or land" enveloped me. And I walked in it not alone, for the glamour and the beauty came to me through Robert, who had grown to be so dear, so perilously dear.

The birds that sang, the flowers that bloomed, all the clouds that floated in that summer sky, the hill-sides and the green-growing things, were lighted and gilded and glorified by the light that shone from two brown eyes.

I knew that I was a captive, but I found captivity so sweet—nay, it was the freedom where-with love makes free.

I remember one day in particular, and I refer to it, not because it was an exceptionally happy one, but because it was the type of many others. We had left our little village for a morning walk together. We took the way towards the great woods that for miles and miles covered the hills about us. Robert was as great an enthusiast as myself in regard to wild-flowers, and searched for the newest of them for me in the secluded nooks, and actually found at last a blue gentian. He helped me over steep places, climbed almost inaccessible rocks for me, and loaded himself down with ferns and grasses. Once he found a white rose, the last of the season, and gave it to me with a look that I remember even to this day. Ah! happy, happy time.

But the summer and our happiness had to end. Judge Tremaine and his wife had other plans for their son. Margaret de Ruyter was a most estimable person, but she was poor. Prof. de Ruyter had been a very fine man, a profound scholar, a thorough gentleman, but a man who never had the second good suit to his back, a man who preferred spending his money on what he called "rare" old books, to doing and living like other people. And Margaret herself was odd. Not much like other folks, and no match for Robert, who, rich, elegant and cultured, could find many a woman better fitted to be his wife. So they said, and it all came to me.

And it was true. I knew it to be so. And at the close of a beautiful day, when Rob came up the little walk to my door, I had made up my mind.

I remember that day so well. It is a bitter thing to stand face to face with a duty, which acknowledged and yielded to, will cover your life with darkness, but which, set aside, would bring to your own soul a sense of humiliation and contempt not less hard to bear.

And I made up my mind.

"There is no use in urging me, Robert," I said. "God knows I love you for your love, for your willingness to throw away your inheritance for my sake. But I will permit no such sacrifice."

"It is no sacrifice." "Yes, it is. You have not the knowledge that I have. You do not know aught of privation or trial. Love in a cottage, with all the modern improvements, looks fair to you; but I fear that you would find that—"

"Love in a cottage, with water and crust, is—love, forgive me—water, ashes, dust."

If I were alone, I would go with you unhesitatingly; but I will not burden you with the aged mother who is my sacred charge. Oh, my darling, try to understand that it is for your own dear sake I put away all the beauty and loveliness of life. Go—go before I pity myself into repenting my decision. Some day you will thank me that I did not spare myself and you this bitterness."

He answered: "I would leave father and mother, houses and lands, for your sake; but since you will not permit that, I will do what is harder. I will leave you for your sake, not for mine."

O! the bitter, weary days and weeks that followed. He went away, I did not know where, but after a time I heard that he had gone back to Germany. He had been educated there, and had spent so many years there that it seemed like home to him—more like home to him, I knew, than the father's house he left.

And I took up my burdens again. I never for a moment in my wildest dreams imagined that this parting was aught but final. I knew that such experiences never repeat themselves. I had known the height and depth of joy and sorrow, and I looked into the future with little knowledge as to what it could do.

I still taught Mrs. Brown's daughters, and at night, after my work was done, and my mother asleep in her bed, I wrote.

I know that poets are born, not made, but I also know that sometimes this divine birthgift

of song lies dumb till the mighty hand of some great passion touches the heart.

"It was not song that taught me love,  
But it was love that taught me song."

The waking of this gift brought a strange delight, and I learned new things of myself. I understood now the rapture that had been born of my dreams. I felt as though I had been asleep and some great magician had wakened me. And that was true.

And so I wrote and worked, and was far from being utterly unhappy.

I gained some reputation, too. My poems found their way into the papers and magazines, and, better than all, into the hearts of the people. I grew accustomed to seeing myself in print, and by degrees rid myself of the shy, half-guilty feeling I had in regard to it.

I earned some money by it, too. Not the fabulous sums we hear of, but still enough to help very much. I was a De Ruyter, and they were not a money-getting race.

"God shakes my palm, so I could hold  
But little water in my hand,  
And not much gold."

Not long after Robert had gone away Mrs. Tremaine died.

She had been an invalid all her life; nearly all the time confined to the house, and part of the time to her bed. She was a proud, unlovable woman, and though she had lived many years in the little town, there was not a dozen who called her friend.

There was no other child. There had been a daughter, but she had died soon after her marriage, leaving one son, the boy who was Robert's play-fellow when I met him, so long ago; he had also died.

But Judge Tremaine kept his home open, and lived in solitary state. I used to meet him in going to and from my lessons at Mrs. Brown's. He always lifted his hat to me, and sometimes added a pleasant "Good morning, Miss De Ruyter."

And I always thought of the wrong he had done, and of the good he could have done instead; and in my heart I fear I hated him.

I heard not a word from Robert, or of him. I thought it very possible that he would find a wife among the daughters of his beloved Germany. I will not pretend to say that I hoped so. I could not think of it without agony. Yet I knew that though like a man he had loved me, still, like a man he would love again. Then one morning I met his father. He paused, raised his hat, and said, "Pardon me, Miss Margaret, but I must give you yet another pain. Robert is dead."

"Dead?" I repeated. "How can Robert be dead?"

He looked at me pityingly. "You have suffered, I see; and now it's too late to hope. Poor child! And yet," he added, "what is your hurt to mine, who am old?"

"Oh, Mr. Tremaine, I tell you truly when I say that you have given me no new grief. The cup that is full can hold no more; and Robert is no further removed from me than before. Life sundered us cruelly, death has made him wholly mine. Your grief is greater, for the weight of mine rests on you."

"I pray you be merciful," he said. "And I, in my pity for his gray hairs and his desolate old age, gave him my hand in forgiveness and kindness."

It seems that Robert had taken passage for home; the steamer with all on board was lost or supposed to be.

A year went by. Judge Tremaine was still my neighbour, and had begged that he might be allowed to be neighbourly. He was sixty-five years old, and I was twenty-eight. And the little kindnesses he offered me I accepted, because it made him feel less burdened by his grief and mine. At least I thought so, and when one day he asked me to marry him my surprise was beyond measure. It was only exceeded by my indignation.

"Marry you! Be your wife!"  
"Yes, Margaret. I mean it; be my wife. I will be a tender, loving husband to you; and though it may seem to you, in your youth, a mockery for me, with my gray hairs, to talk of love, I tell you truly that I do love you; and I could make your life, which has been defrauded of its best, rich and grand and beautiful."

For a moment, for a wild moment, I did suffer myself to stand on this mountain of temptation; I did suffer myself to see the kingdoms of the earth, in their beauty and glory, pass before me; I did think what this could bring me into a life which he had rightly called defrauded.

Only for a moment. Then a flood of memories came over me, memories so sweet, so sad, and so overwhelming, that the present was swallowed up, and I stood in the dear past; and I heard Robert's voice, and looked into Robert's eyes.

Then I said, as tenderly as I could, "I do not mock your passion nor call it unreal, nor do I fail to see what you could do for me, but I remember what you have done, and I remember Robert. God help him! When I forget him, I shall have forgotten all earthly things."

And so that was ended.  
Two weeks later, as I passed, early in the morning, I saw crape swinging on the door of the Tremaine mansion. Judge Tremaine had died the night before. A sudden stroke, the doctor said, for he had seemed in excellent health only the day previous.

I had not seen his face since the day he turned from my door, and then it wore a look sad to see on the face of an old man. Grief, remorse, and

he hurt look of one who had failed to the utmost.

But death had touched him with its blessed restfulness; and he lay at last peace-crowned.

One must have a little soul who can stand by the dead and say over the senseless clay, "I hate you. I remember all the evil you have done, and will ever remember!" I felt only pity and forgiveness for the man who had passed beyond the need of either.

A short time after the will was read. It was found that all of his possessions, houses, lands, bank stock, and all, were left to me, whom he named as his "loved and respected friend, Margaret De Ruyter."

"Truly, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small." Others marvelled at the strangeness of the will. I, who knew what they did not, recognized the justice of it. Had Robert lived it would have been his; and now it was mine, for I should have been Robert's wife.

It made me glad that he made this acknowledgment of his wrong. I said in the beginning of this story that I had always expected to be rich, and this was the way it came; and having passed through so much it was not strange that the first thought that came to me was of the relief from irksome duties and petty economies that it would bring.

It was the thought of the negative good that came to me first. The rusty alpacas, the fret of daily teaching, and the struggle with the kindling-wood.

Later came the consciousness of the world this would open to me, and I should have exulted mightily only for the one loss which could never be made up to me; the loss for which no late restitution could atone.

I took possession. I moved my old feeble mother away from the plain little house, and gave her the brightest, sunniest room in the grand mansion. I beautified and adorned the grounds as I chose; but in the house I made few changes, save to bring books and pictures according to my taste and needs.

I spent money in a fashion that made my lawyers open their eyes with astonishment. I was in a fair way to find my way back to that which was said to be the normal condition of the De Ruyters.

I should in time have done that, for you know my palm was not shaped for holding gold, but for a strange, strange thing that happened.

It was June again. I stood on the porch, enjoying in every nerve and fibre of my being, the marvellous beauty of a perfect morning. There was no flaw. That moment the world was all good. I could not be sad with such a sky above my head.

Looking down the gravel walk, I saw—Robert Tremaine!

He walked slowly, looking one side and then another, evidently admiring, but not quite understanding the changes he saw.

I stood like one stricken dumb. In my moments of deepest emotion I had never the gift of words.

Now, through all my surprise, my absolute bewilderment, rose the one glad thought, "He has come back to me," whether in the flesh or in the spirit I did not yet know.

But they were warm, living hands that took mine, and sweet, human kisses that fell upon my lips and cheeks and brow.

"Has the sea given up its dead, Robert?" I asked.

"Not that I've heard of, dear. Certainly it has not given me up, for it never had me."

"But were you not drowned? Did you not sail in the *Sea Bird*, and was she not lost?"

"Do I look as if I had come from some cool sea cavern? Is there any seaweed or coral clinging to me? No, dear, I did not sail in the *Sea Bird*, for at the last moment I changed my mind. But, Margaret, may I ask how you came to be here? And what is the meaning of all the changes I see? Where is my father?"

"O, Robert, don't you know?"

"I know nothing. Tell me quick, please."

I pointed to where, in the distance, the white monument of the Tremaines gleamed with a cruel clearness through the tress.

"He is dead. They are all dead. And he thought the sea had swallowed you up, and he left this all to me; but you shall have your own again, all your own."

"Surely I will have my own," he said. "He had not sailed as he planned to do, and had written to say so, but the letter miscarried. He had heard nothing from home, and the longing to see his dear ones had at last been too strong for him and he had come."

I told him the story of the years that had gone, of my ambitions and successes, of my longings and heartaches, and I said:

"I took what your father gave me, thinking it was right. You are the rightful owner, now I will give it back to you; and the little house—"

"Margaret," he said, "I suppose I could take all this from you. I am the rightful heir; but if I did, it would be only to lay it at your feet and beg you to take it with the slight encumbrance of myself."

"Oh, Robert, it is yours as much as it ever was."

"Yes, and it is yours more than it ever was, for all mine is thine and thine is mine."

We did not call in the lawyers to settle the matter for us, but left it to love's wise arbitration.

That was many years ago. The dreams of my youth have been fulfilled. I am a rich woman—rich in the world's wealth, but richer far in the

love which beautifies and glorifies my life; in that which takes hold upon immortality, for all the years I say to my heart, "My beloved is mine, and I am his."

BURLESQUE.

A TEST OF COURTESY.—The argument probably commenced in the Custom-house and had been discussed for some time; the fat man was saying as he came down stairs into the Post-office corridor:

"I tell you, courtesy exists in the human heart to-day as much as ever. A civil request never brings an uncivil answer."

"Well, I don't know," mused the other.

"I do know and I'm going to prove it. My horse and cutter stand out here. I'll get into the cutter and ask some stranger to please unhitch the horse for me and he'll do it. You stand here and let me convince you."

The fat man got into the cutter, tucked down the robes, picked up the lines and then called out to a pedestrian: "Say, Colonel, I'm a little ahead of time. Won't you please unhitch my horse?"

"Certainly," replied the man, and he advanced, pressed the snap and walked on, leaving the horse free but the tiestrap still fast to the hitching-post. The fat man had to get out to recover it and his argument seemed to break in two right there.

A TERRIBLE ANSWER.—A person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than good-breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuff, pry into everything—took the liberty to question Alexander Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadroom, Mr. Dumas?" he began.

"I am, sir," replied M. Dumas, who had seen enough not to be ashamed of a descent he could not conceal.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?"

"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning.

"And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape, sir!" thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interlocutor shrink into the smallest possible compass—"an ape, sir—my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

ALMOST A HERO.—About mid-afternoon yesterday the cry of "Runaway—look out!" was started on Michigan avenue, near Cass street, by a dozen persons. A young man with the peach blossoms of the country on his cheeks and his pants tucked in his boot-legs had just come out of a harness shop, and seeing the runaway horse coming down the street he dropped the horse collar off his arm and made a dash for the flying animal. Just how it happened no one could say, but horse and man and sleigh were all piled up in a heap the next moment, and from the mass issued such a string of yells as it did not seem possible one man could utter. The crowd separated one from the other after awhile, and the man appeared to have been dragged through several knot-holes and then run through a thrashing machine. Some wiped the blood off his ear, while others hunted up his broken suspenders and missing boot-heels, and when he got his breath he said:

"Oh, I don't care about these few scratches. Where are the ladies whose lives I saved?"

"There is no one in the sleigh," answered one of the crowd—"no one but a sack of buckwheat and a quarter of beef, and they are safe."

"Didn't I rescue anybody?" demanded the young man.

"No; but you are a hero just the same."

"I'll be tetotally mashed if I am!" he indignantly exclaimed. "Here, some o' you put that hoss-collar over my head, hitch a swill-cart to me, and drive me to death for a mules, for I don't know enough to be a first-class fool."

MARK TWAIN.—Once more Clemens was back in Frisco without any regular business. A writer in the Call, of that city, says: He had prepared a lecture on Hawaii, and was taking counsel as to delivering it. Some advised that it be read in public, and some opposed it. We recollect the night he asked our advice on the subject. It was raining heavily. He came into the office clad in a thin, black coat, buttoned up to the chin, and feeling very dismal. Taking a mass of manuscript from out the breast pocket of his coat, where he had placed it for protection from the rain, he threw it on the desk and said:

"—, I wish you would read that and tell me if it will do for a lecture."

"A lecture!"

"Yes; it's about the Islands. I've been to Bowman, and I've been to Harte, and the rest of the fellows, and they said, 'Don't do it, Mark, it'll hurt your literary reputation.'"

We had glanced over some of the pages in the meantime, and found a well-constructed piece of work. Clemens stood with his back to the fire, in a cloud of vapor arising from his drying clothes, watching us intently.

"Mark," said we, looking up, "which do you want most at present, money or reputation?"

"Money,"—"We are sorry to say he confirmed his words by an oath. He could be profane on occasions."

"Then hire the Academy of Music on Pine street and deliver this lecture. You will crowd the house."

He followed our advice and that of two or three newspaper men who thought as we did, delivered

the lecture—his first appearance before the public in that capacity—and realized, if our memory serves, some \$1,200 or \$1,400.

THE LONDON PRESS.—Among English millionaires recently deceased was Mr. James Johnson, proprietor of the London Standard newspaper, whose personal property amounted to \$2,500,000. The Standard is the leading Tory paper. It absorbed the Morning Herald and Evening Standard, and began to be very successful about fifteen years ago. Having regard to their circulation, the London morning papers are much fewer than those in New York. They are the Times, Daily Telegraph, Daily News, Standard, Morning Advertiser and Morning Post. The Advertiser represents the brewing interest, and has a very restricted circulation outside of public houses and breweries. The price is three pence. The Post is the same price. It is handsomely printed on good paper, and chiefly devoted to fashion and the State church. The other papers are too well known here to need comment. London, being both capital and metropolis, can command a circulation for its newspapers in all parts of the realm, and they are read by thousands in Ireland, Scotland and Wales with as much interest as in Kensington or Tyburnia. In fact, the educated rural class depend entirely on them, and never scarcely read the country papers, although in York, Manchester and Birmingham the local press is conducted with great ability, and has a large and intelligent clientele within a radius of half a dozen miles. The rapidity of the early morning trains is also of great service to the London press, which is on the breakfast tables eighty miles distant by 9 o'clock, and in the clubs of Dublin and Edinburgh by 8 P. M.

BOY WANTED.—A few mornings since a lady living on Clifford street answered the bell to find a bulky boy with an innocent face and peach-colored ears standing on the steps. He explained that he wanted to see her husband, and she answered that her husband had left for his office.

"I'm the boy who sweeps out the offices where he is," said the boy, as he backed down the steps, "and this morning I found a letter in the big scrap sack."

"Well, you can leave it," she replied.

"I—I guess I hadn't better," he half whispered, as he showed the small pink envelope.

"Boy—that is—boy, let me see that letter!" she said, as she advanced and extended her hand.

"Oh, 'twouldn't be 'zactly right, ma'am, cause I know he'd gin me fifty cents."

"See here, boy," she said, as she felt for the dollar bill left her to buy coffee and tea, "you take this, give me the letter and don't say a word to Mr. — about finding it."

"I don't believe it's much of a letter," he remarked.

"Never mind—hand it over—here's your money!"

"Mebbe there hain't a word of writing in it, ma'am."

"Here—give me the letter—now go!"

She took it and entered the house, and the boy with peach-coloured ears flew down the street like a cannibal going to dinner.

In about forty seconds the woman came out, looked up and down the street, and the expression around her mouth was not happy and peaceful. The boy had seemed to doubt that there was any writing inside the envelope, but she was not quite prepared to tear it open and find a printed document commencing: "Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage," etc. She wants to hold another interview with the lad. If this meets his eye he will please call between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock a.m., when she feels the strongest.

DOT LITTLE BABY.

Whist! Gretchen's got a paby!  
Id vas a leedle poy.  
Shoost look ond in dot gradle—  
Yaw! How ish dot mit hoigh!

Dot poy vas mine und Gretchen's;  
See dot? Aind him shoost poss?  
O, don' you gry now, paby—  
You make 'em tink you gross.

Sh-sh-sh-sh—Oh, shtop dot!  
Look oud und see der mens  
Vhat goom to see der paby.  
Dot's—Oh! vhat leedle hands!

Dot's mine und Gretchen's paby—  
Py krashus! Dond you see?  
Dot nose vas shoost like Gretchen's,  
Der rest vas shoost like me!

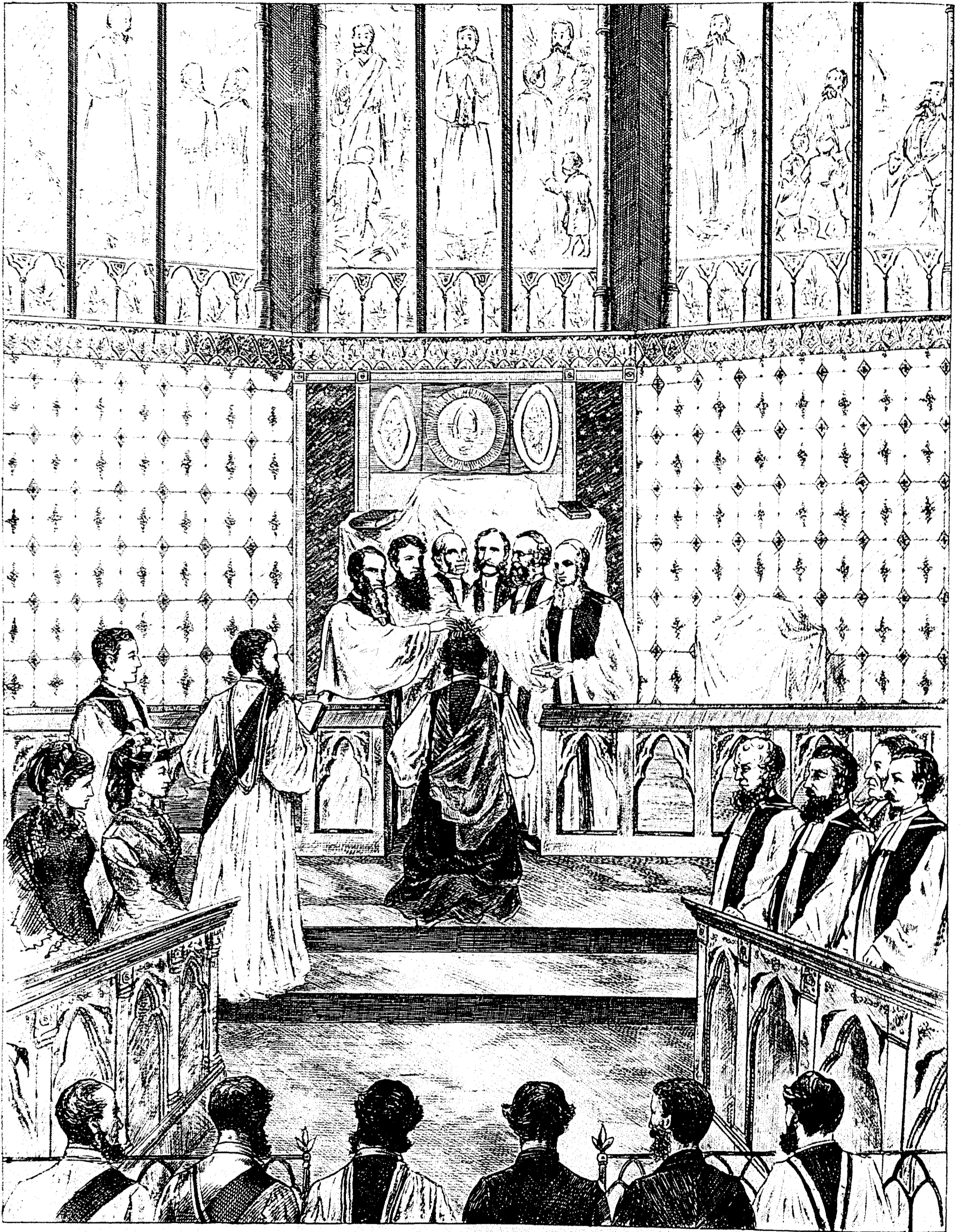
See dot now—Id vas laffin,  
Und gickin' ub ids toes.  
Goom here you leedle rascal  
Und shtrike your fadder's nose.

Vell, maype I vos voolish  
To take me on so pad,  
But dot vas Gretchen's paby—  
Der first von vhat she had!

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

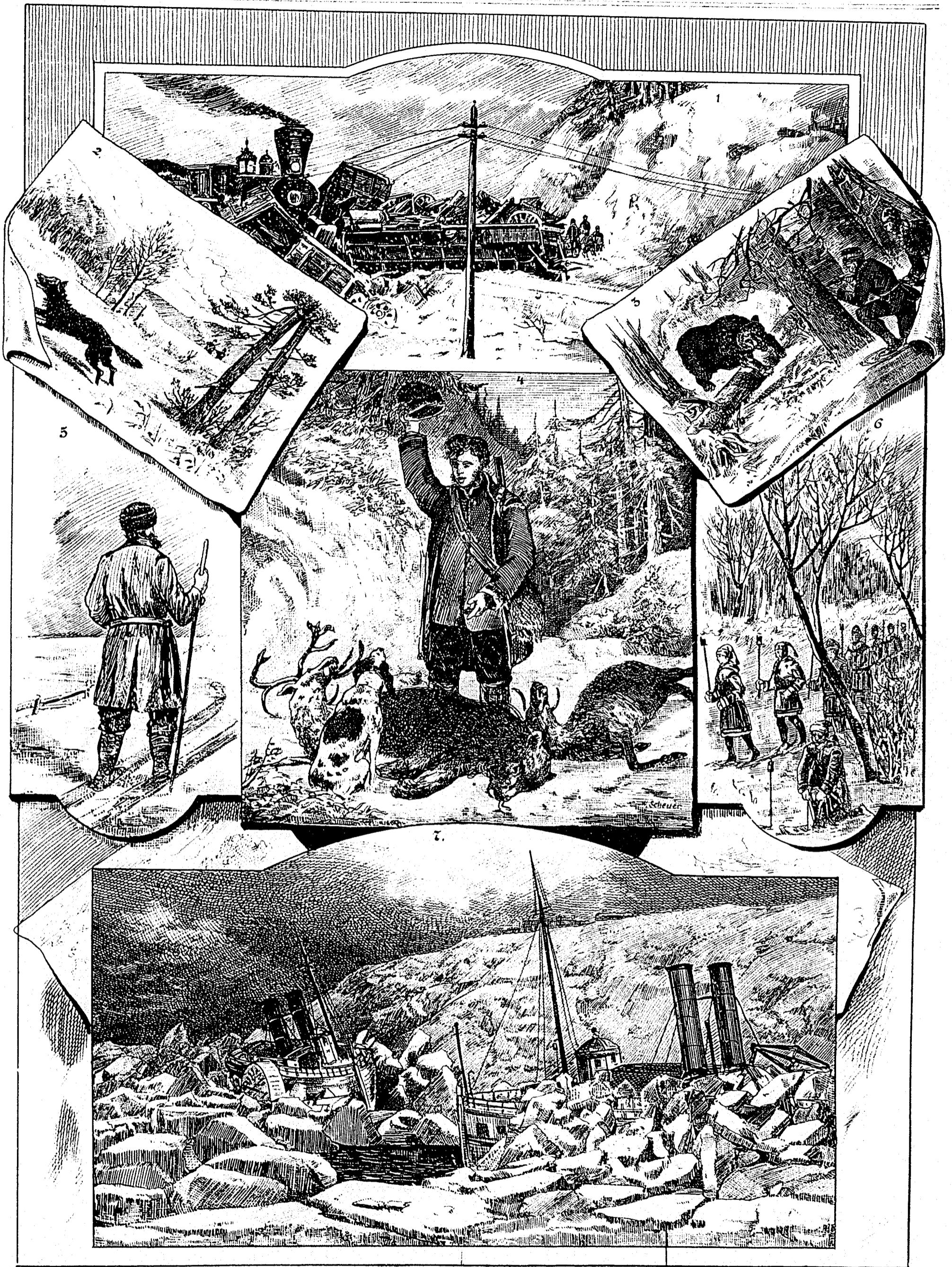
JEALOUSY is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.





MONTREAL.—CONSECRATION OF RT. REV. DR. BOND, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.





1. Collision on the Levis & Kennebec Railway. 2. Hunting the Wolf near Toronto. 3. A Clergyman and a Bear. 4. An English Nobleman in the wild woods of Canada. 5. From Montreal to Quebec on Norwegian Snow-Shoes. 6. Snow-Shoeing by Torchlight at Quebec. 7. The Ice-shove on the St. Lawrence, opposite Quebec.

PICTORIAL INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.



## THE VAQUERO.\*

(From Desprez in Temple Bar.)

Oh, who is so free as a gallant vaquero?  
With his beauty of bronze 'neath his shady sombrero;  
He smiles at his love, and he laughs at his fate,  
For he knows he is lord of a noble estate;  
The prairie's his own, and he mocks at the great,  
"Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!  
Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!  
Keep 'em up to the track!  
Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!  
Cric-crao!"

Oh, Donna Luisa is proud as she's fair;  
But she parted last night with a lock of her hair,  
And under the stars she roams, seeking for rest,  
While she thinks of the stranger that came from the West;  
And Juan bears something wrapped up in his breast—  
And Donna Luisa—gets over it all!

"Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!  
Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!  
Keep 'em up to the track!  
Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!  
Cric-crao!"

His proudest possessions are prettily placed,  
His love at his heart and his life at his waist.  
And if in a quarrel he happens to fall,  
Why, the prairie's his grave and his poncho's his pall.  
And Donna Luisa—gets over it all!

"Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!  
Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!  
Keep 'em up to the track!  
Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!  
Cric-crao!"

The Padre may preach, and the Notary frown,  
But the poblanos smile as he rides through the town;  
And the Padre, he knows, likes a kiss on the sly,  
And the Notary oft has a "drop in his eye,"  
But all that he does is to love and to die—  
"Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!"

"Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!  
Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!  
Keep 'em up to the track!  
Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!  
Cric-crao!"

\* A California cattle-driver. Furnished with revolver, lasso and long-lashed whip, these adventurous gentry conduct the half-wild cattle of the plains over miles of their surface, and, with their gay sashes, high boots, gilded and belted spurs and dark, broad hats (sombrosos), present a very picturesque appearance. (Cloak. Peasant girls.

## BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

## CHAPTER XXVI.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Mr. Hannaway had always been a great man at Massam. During Sir George Hamilton's prolonged absence from England he had had the entire control of the estates, and had managed them with much prudence and discretion. He was a popular man also; a man who was at once just and generous in his business transactions, and who was ever ready to help a neighbour in his hour of need.

The late Lady Hamilton had, however, not liked him. He was too free a liver for her taste, and had moreover too loose ideas of morality to suit the strict, God-fearing woman who spent her quiet days of widowhood almost alone at Massam Park.

But still she did him justice. He was a first-rate man of business, and had no temptations to dishonesty. His father had left him a good fortune, and his professional income was large. He lived, in fact, more like a country gentleman than a lawyer, always riding a good horse, and hunting and shooting regularly. He was a handsome man, too, handsome, jovial, and prosperous, and was a welcome guest at almost every house in the neighbourhood.

He admired the new Lady Hamilton immensely, and used to go about saying so right and left, "She's a lovely creature," he would tell the jovial red-faced farmers, who came to pay their rents at his office, when speaking of their landlord's new wife. "She is a splendid woman," he would say to the sporting squires he met on the hunting field. "Wait until you see Lady Hamilton, she's the greatest beauty I ever saw."

Public curiosity was thus excited about Isabel's appearance before she returned to Massam as a bride. There had always been a sort of mystery about Sir George Hamilton, and people had said things concerning his prolonged absence and its cause, that they would not care to hear repeated now. Mr. Hannaway was supposed to know more of the owner of Massam's private life than he chose to tell. Men sometimes chaffed Hannaway about this, but he was always reticent.

"He's been a lucky fellow," he would say now, on any of these allusions being made. "He's married the handsomest woman by far that I know."

Then the news came that Lu Featherstone was going to marry Mr. Trevor, Lady Hamilton's father's. This created a good deal of gossip and excitement in the neighbourhood also. The Featherstones were known to be in such difficulties, and Sir George Hamilton was known to be so rich, that people began to speculate and wonder if Antony Featherstone would now get out of his troubles.

Antony himself, on the strength of his daughter's engagement, boldly asked Mr. Han-

naway to lend him a thousand pounds. But Mr. Hannaway was wary. He wished to keep on good terms with Antony, on account of his future connection with Lady Hamilton, but he was afraid of losing his money. He, therefore, advanced five hundred pounds to reckless Antony, although he knew that the property was mortgaged to the hall doors. He called, too, and complimented Lucinda so cordially on her engagement after her return home, that Patty declared that she had nearly lost her heart to the good-looking lawyer. Altogether he was on pleasant terms with the Featherstone family, and when Sir George wrote from Paris to announce the day of their proposed return to Massam, Mr. Hannaway rode over to tell the Featherstones.

"Your future lovely step-daughter," he said, smilingly addressing Lucinda, "returns on Thursday. We really ought to get up some sort of demonstration to show our joy."

But another letter that he received from Sir George expressly forbade this. "Don't make any fuss about our return, please, Hannaway," wrote the baronet, "for you know I hate that kind of thing." And thus Mr. Hannaway's ideas of ornamental arches, of addresses from the tenantry, and speeches from Sir George and the beautiful Lady Hamilton, were all nipped in the bud.

He went to the Park, however, to receive the bride and bridegroom, and was waiting on the terrace when they arrived.

"Welcome home, Lady Hamilton," he said, opening the carriage door; "a thousand welcomes."

Isabel answered him with a gracious smile. It was dark, but by the carriage lamps, and the lights from the house, she could see the lawyer's handsome face, and his looks of eager admiration.

"Well, Hannaway?" said Sir George, and he shook his lawyer's hand.

"You snubbed my ideas of welcome so cruelly, Sir George," said Mr. Hannaway, smiling, "that I dared not allow one of the tenants to know the exact time of your return. Would you believe, Lady Hamilton," he continued, addressing Isabel, "that Sir George forbade us to express our feelings of delight and enthusiasm at the idea of your return? He characterized my proposal as 'stuff that he hated!'" And Mr. Hannaway laughed, and showed his white and even teeth.

"Nay, Hannaway, that is an exaggeration," said Sir George.

"At all events I was to do nothing," answered Mr. Hannaway. "In fact I confess I felt afraid even to come to the Park myself—but the temptation was too strong."

Mr. Hannaway dropped his voice as he uttered the last few words, but though Sir George did not hear them, Isabel did. This was what he intended. He wished the new Lady Hamilton to know that he admired her immensely, that he was ready, in fact, to become her devoted slave.

"You will dine with us, of course, Hannaway?" said Sir George, looking back as he was ascending the steps of the terrace, and the lawyer answered that he would be only too glad.

During this meal Isabel exerted herself to please, or rather to fascinate, Mr. Hannaway. She looked wonderfully beautiful, wearing a plain black velvet dress high to the throat, round which she wore a white ruff, her only ornaments being the diamond buttons of her bodice, and a diamond ornament to fasten her ruff.

"And what do you think," she said, smilingly addressing Mr. Hannaway, "of my father's approaching marriage?"

"I think," answered the lawyer discreetly, "that Miss Lucinda Featherstone is a very lucky young lady."

"And a very clever one, I think," said Isabel with a scornful curve of her lip. But Sir George looked at her disapprovingly at these words, and, so for the time she dropped the conversation.

But during the evening (Sir George not being just then present in the room), she resumed it.

"I did not like to say much before Sir George and the servants," she said to Mr. Hannaway, who was obsequious in his attentions to her, "but I am really horribly annoyed. Fancy being connected with Mr. Featherstone!"

"You see no probability of its being broken off, then?" asked the lawyer.

"Not the least," answered Isabel. "They are, I believe, to be married in a fortnight."

"Of course, as a lawyer—I speak, confidentially, Lady Hamilton—but of course, in my position I know of many things that might reasonably influence Mr. Trevor against Mr. Featherstone," said Mr. Hannaway, lowering his voice. "But then an old man in love, you know?" And he laughed.

"A dotard's folly!" said Isabel, angrily. "What do you know against him, Mr. Hannaway? Whatever you tell me, I will not repeat."

"For one thing he asked me the other day to lend him a thousand pounds on the strength of his new connexion," answered Mr. Hannaway, with a smile.

"And did you?" said Isabel eagerly.

"I gave him half the sum he asked for," replied Hannaway. "But this will show you what sort of a man he is."

"I know what he is!" said Isabel, rising indignantly. "Can we do anything to prevent it, Mr. Hannaway? I would give much—oh! how much, if I could!"

"I think, perhaps," began Mr. Hannaway, but just at this moment the door of the small

drawing-room, where they were sitting, opened, and Sir George appeared, and with a slight gesture Isabel motioned the lawyer to be silent.

But she did not let the subject rest. Early on the following morning a special messenger brought to Combe Lodge (where Mr. Hannaway lived) a little note from Isabel. It only contained a few words, but the lawyer's cheeks flushed, and his eyes sparkled as he perused them. In Isabel's clear hand-writing he read as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Hannaway,—Sir George has ridden out this morning. Can you come over at once? I wish to renew the conversation that was interrupted last night about L. F.

"Yours truly,

"I. HAMILTON."

Ten minutes later Mr. Hannaway was on the road. A handsome gentleman he looked on his handsome bay horse as he rode along. He felt full of triumph and pride. What, this lovely woman trusted him, then? She was about to be confidential to him; to talk to him as she would not talk to her husband, and about her father, too!

"But Sir George is so gloomy," reflected the lawyer, with a self-satisfied smile passing over his good-looking face. "No wonder a woman prefers a little more life and vivacity." And again Mr. Hannaway smiled.

Isabel received him very winningly. She told him in her light, coquettish manner that she thought she could trust him; that Sir George (here she shrugged her fine shoulders) was so gloomy and stern, it was impossible to be confidential with him; and then she plainly asked him to tell her the full extent of Mr. Featherstone's short-comings; adding that it was right that her father should be told of them.

"But how?" asked the lawyer.

"I will write him an anonymous letter," answered Isabel boldly; and so at her bidding Mr. Hannaway told her all that he knew.

Mr. Featherstone was deeply in debt; he had disreputable connections of all sorts; he drank, he swore. There was nothing bad, in fact, that he could do, that he did not apparently do, as still to be out of the clutches of the law; and, half jokingly, half in earnest, Mr. Hannaway certainly described him as not a very desirable gentleman to be connected with.

"I will write to papa, to-day," said Isabel, determinedly.

"But do not post it here," said the lawyer. "Entrust your letter with me, and I will run up to town with it to-morrow."

It was a mad thing for a wife to do, was it not? But Isabel had at times a strange recklessness in her nature that made her defy alike conventionality and consequences. As for Mr. Hannaway he was but too pleased. Before they parted, they had arranged it all. Isabel was to write her letter in a disguised hand to Mr. Trevor, declaring all Mr. Featherstone's enormities, and during the following morning she agreed to meet Mr. Hannaway in the grounds of Massam at an appointed place. She never thought of how she was committing herself in the man's eyes. She only thought "this stupid man is in love with me, and will always be ready to do my will."

She carried out her foolish scheme in full. She wrote a letter to her father (purporting to be from an unknown friend, who was sorry to see a respectable gentleman about to make a fool of himself), and in this letter she abused Mr. Featherstone and his daughters to her heart's content. Mr. Hannaway, to do him justice, even to please Isabel, had said nothing against the girls.

"Poor things, they are to be pitied!" he told her, but Isabel showed them scant pity. She exaggerated in her letter Mr. Hannaway's information, and she cast out imputations that he certainly had not made. Had the lawyer seen her letter, he probably would not have been so eager to post it. As it was, he was delighted with the commission and felt that as a man of gallantry he could not refuse so fair a lady's command.

They met at the appointed place on the following day, and Isabel gave him her letter.

"I am giving you a great deal of trouble," she said, with her sweetest smile.

"You could give me no trouble," answered the lawyer with emphasis, and Isabel smiled again.

He left Massam during the afternoon with a fair vision ever before his eyes. Isabel was so beautiful that she bewitched men, stealing their senses away from them, and making them forget right and honour. Mr. Hannaway never remembered that he was acting dishonourably to Sir George. He only thought that Lady Hamilton had trusted him; that the loveliest woman he knew had condescended to treat him as a friend.

So he went up to town with her letter and posted it, and then returned to his home. He told her what he had done in a few low-spoken words, when Sir George was standing in another part of the room, on the day following his return. Thus a completely confidential understanding took place between them, and Mr. Hannaway felt a proud and happy man to know that it was so.

But the day was not over—the day of his return to Yorkshire, after he had posted Isabel's letter in town—when he was once more called in to her assistance.

Isabel had been out driving during the afternoon, and was sitting in her luxuriantly-furnished dressing-room amusing herself until it

was time to dress for dinner, by turning out the contents of her jewel-box. This was a favourite occupation of hers. She loved the sparkling stones; loved their glitter, and had pleasure also in thinking of their value. One after the other she was now placing her diamond rings on her slender white fingers. This one Sir George had given her, this her father, and so on.

Then she came to the one she had coveted and secured, which had been taken from the poor unknown woman's body that had come ashore at Sanda. She examined this one now with some interest. For one thing they were splendid stones, which composed the hoop that had encircled the dead finger, and clung to it amid the wild waves. Then, for another, the inscription on the inner rim was remarkable—"To my Beloved." A tale of romance and woe seemed to lie in these simple words. Where was the lover now who had caused them to be inscribed, perhaps kissed them in his fond hour of love? His "Beloved" now lay in the little churchyard of Sanda-by-the-Sea; but where was he who had placed the glittering stones on the hand of her who had met so drear a fate?

Isabel was vaguely thinking some such thoughts as these, when her maid, after rapping at the dressing-room door, appeared.

"My lady," she said, "your father, Mr. Trevor, has arrived, and wishes to see you immediately."

For a moment Isabel felt disconcerted, but the next she quickly recovered herself.

"Indeed!" she said. "Show him up here at once. What can he have come for?"

The maid departed to do her bidding, and Isabel at once pulled off the ring which had belonged to the dead woman, and threw it back into the jewel-case, the lid of which she put down. She did not wish her father to see this ring. He had been annoyed by her keeping it to begin with, and before her marriage he had told her that he thought it right that she should return it to his custody, so that if at any time the woman's relations should appear to claim her property, that it might be ready for them.

But Isabel had declined to comply with this very reasonable request.

"It will be time enough to give it up when somebody asks for it," she had said, and nothing that Mr. Trevor could say to her on the subject had any influence over her. So it remained among her rings, though Isabel had never worn it since her marriage, nor previous to it in the presence of Sir George. She was afraid, in fact, that if he noticed it he would wish her to return it to her father, and she had determined that she would not give it up.

So she shut her jewel-box, and a moment after her father entered the room. Her first glance at his face showed her that Mr. Trevor was in a terrible rage. The old man's face was pale, almost grey, and his eyes had a fierce, fixed look, and the hand that he just touched Isabel's with was cold and trembling.

"Papa," she said, "I am so surprised to see you! Have you just come?"

"I have come on most disagreeable business," jerked out the Squire. "Shameful business, I call it!" he added, raising his voice.

"What is the matter?" asked Isabel, coolly.

"Some scoundrel, some male or female wretch!" said the Squire, almost shouting in his rage, "has written me a letter—a letter I received this morning—and I have come to investigate it. I shall not leave a stone unturned to discover the perpetrators of so gross an outrage."

"What is it about?" said Isabel, looking at her irate parent with some inward sense of amusement.

"About? It's about my marriage," roared the Squire. "Here it is." And he tore an open letter from his waistcoat pocket. "It begins," he continued, placing his double gold eye-glasses on his high nose, which, however, was trembling and snorting so with rage that the glasses dropped off. "It begins," he continued, replacing them and going nearer the toilet lights on Isabel's dressing-table, and commencing reading.—"Sir,—This is written by one who regrets to see a respectable gentleman like you, who has arrived at such a respectable age.—There!"

shouted the Squire, almost beside himself, "what do you think of that? Respectable age, indeed! Confounded impertinence—age, indeed!"

"Well, papa, aren't you of a respectable age?" said Isabel, unable to resist a smile.

"No impertinence, if you please, Isabel," said the Squire, recovering his dignity. "You may think this is a joke, but I do not. I not only do not think it a joke," he added, "but I intend to punish, and punish severely also, the perpetrators of the outrage. He, or she, or they, have committed themselves," he continued. "A name is mentioned," and the Squire referred to the letter he held in his trembling hand, "the name of Mr. Hannaway, Sir George's law man and agent, and through him I shall trace the offender."

"What does the letter say?" said Isabel, holding out her hand for it.

It was, no doubt, a shameful letter. It went on to say (Isabel coolly read her own words with an unmoved countenance), it went on, then, after referring to Mr. Trevor's "respectable" age, to give an exaggerated account of Mr. Featherstone's life and ill-doings. But this was not all. It insinuated that if Mr. Trevor knew all that was to be known about the lives of Patty and Lucinda Featherstone, that he would not be so ready to marry one of them. "To prove," it ended in, "that this letter is written in good faith, the writer received sure information that

Mr. Featherstone had asked for a loan of one thousand pounds on the strength of his daughter's engagement, from Mr. Hannaway, the lawyer and manager of Sir George Hamilton's estates, and that that gentleman (Mr. Hannaway) had actually been induced to advance five hundred.

"Perhaps it is all true," said Isabel, laying down the letter on the dressing-table after she had finished reading it.

"It is not true!" said the Squire, again raising his voice. "It is a base tissue of lies written for a purpose, but it will have no effect upon me. Whoever wrote it may tremble," continued Mr. Trevor, glaring wrathfully at Isabel, "for if it were my own child I would expose and punish the offender."

Just as the Squire concluded this threat Sir George came into the dressing-room.

"Mr. Trevor!" he said in surprise, holding out his hand.

Then Mr. Trevor, almost choking with rage, began his story again. He had received this shameful letter. He had been insulted. The person who wrote the letter must have some motive. Mr. Trevor was determined to discover who that person was.

He jerked out these sentences literally white with rage. Then, Sir George held out his hand for the letter, and as he read it, he also could scarcely forbear to smile, until he came to the imputations cast upon Lucinda and Patty. Then, when he had read these, and finished the letter, he handed it back to the Squire.

"It is a shameful letter," he said. "The best way to come to the end of it is to send for Hannaway at once. If he has lent this money to Mr. Featherstone he will know to whom he has mentioned the fact, and if he has not done so, he will certainly tell us the truth."

"Well, send for him at once, then," said the Squire.

"At least, let us dine first," said Isabel, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "And, gentlemen," she added, "pray will you go away, and allow me to finish my toilet?"

"I will send for Hannaway," said Sir George, as he left the dressing-room.

"I will find out who has done it," said Mr. Trevor, determinately, as he also disappeared.

Sir George, before he dressed for dinner, did send for Hannaway. He wrote as follows:

"My dear Hannaway,—Mr. Trevor is here, and wishes to see you this evening. Some person has been ill-natured enough to write him an anonymous letter. Your name is mentioned in it as having advanced a certain sum of money to Mr. Featherstone on the strength of his daughter's engagement. If this is true, and you can remember (and choose to tell) to whom you mentioned the fact, Mr. Trevor hopes to trace his anonymous correspondent. If it is not true, I doubt his being able to do so.

"Come over as soon as it is convenient to you.

"Yours, very truly,  
"G. HAMILTON."

Sir George dispatched this letter to Combe Lodge by one of the grooms about half-past seven o'clock, and Mr. Hannaway received it just as he was sitting down to his well-cooked and luxurious dinner. Before the meal was ended another note was brought to him, which another groom had conveyed from the Park. This was from Isabel, and had been written in her dressing-room after her father and husband had left it, and then entrusted to her maid. The lawyer opened this second epistle and read these words:—

"Dear Mr. Hannaway,—Papa is here, and is in a terrible rage. He is going to ask you whom you told that Mr. Featherstone had borrowed the money of you, and he thinks through this to trace his friendly correspondent. I depend upon you completely. Decline to tell him, and of course, I know nothing. It will all end in nonsense, if you are true.—Yours most sincerely,  
I. H."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ISABEL'S FRIEND.

Mr. Hannaway always took pains with his personal appearance. He liked to be considered what he really was, a good-looking, well-dressed man, but he took extraordinary pains to look well before he started for Massam, after receiving Sir George and Lady Hamilton's letters.

He smiled to himself as he stood arranging his brown whiskers, and reddish-brown moustache, before the glass. It tickled his sense of humour to think of the encounter that was coming. The vain old man (as he mentally designated Mr. Trevor), wounded in his tenderest feelings, was no match he thought for him. Mr. Hannaway was a vain man, also, but he knew the world too well to show this openly. He was generally called "a good fellow," and deserved in many things this appellation. That is, he was generous, courteous, and agreeable. But he loved Mr. Hannaway well. His very conscience was satisfied with his own life, and he meddled very little, and cared less for the lives of others. He was so prosperous and self-satisfied, indeed, that he could afford to speak good-naturedly generally of his neighbours.

So he ordered his carriage, and drove to Massam. The family were at dessert, the butler told him when he arrived there, but without ceremony he desired that functionary to announce him.

Sir George rose courteously to receive him when he was ushered into the small dining-room, and Isabel extended her slender hand in welcome. But Mr. Trevor only pompously bowed

his white head. He felt in such a rage that he could have been civil to no one; and somehow he felt that Mr. Hannaway was mixed up with his anonymous letter.

"Have you dined, Hannaway?" asked Sir George.

"Thanks, I have," he replied. "I was just sitting down to dinner when your note arrived," and Mr. Hannaway smiled.

Sir George smiled also. The butler had now left the room, and Isabel, her husband, her father, and Mr. Hannaway only were present. So Sir George began:

"I wrote to you about this anonymous letter that Mr. Trevor has received," he said, addressing Hannaway.

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Trevor, putting on his double gold eye-glasses with a jerk.

"Yes!" said Mr. Hannaway inquiringly, as if he wished to hear further.

"Your name is mentioned in it, it seems," continued Sir George. "You are stated to have told the writer that you had just lent Mr. Featherstone five hundred pounds."

"Yes," again said Mr. Hannaway, with much calmness.

"Is this true, sir?" asked Mr. Trevor, unable to control himself further. "Have you lent Mr. Featherstone five hundred pounds, and if you have, whom have you told that you have done so?"

"Do you think that I should be justified in answering either of these questions, Mr. Trevor?" said Mr. Hannaway.

"Do I think so?" said Mr. Trevor, in a loud voice. "Yes, I do think so. I have received a disgraceful letter, a shameful letter, and your name is mentioned in it as having given the miscreant who wrote it certain information. Did you, I ask, give that information? And to whom?"

Mr. Trevor asked these two last questions in his most magisterial manner. But the severe dignity that imposed on the country folk round Sanda, had no effect on Mr. Hannaway. He did not smile, but he looked as if he would have liked to do so.

"You have never been a professional man, Mr. Trevor," he said, after a moment's pause, "therefore, perhaps, you do not know the rule of honour among us poor men who have to make our bread out of people's secrets. For a lawyer or a doctor to tell what he knows would be most inexcusable. If I had lent Mr. Featherstone money, I should be most unlikely to tell it."

"But you did tell it!" said Mr. Trevor, very indignantly.

"To whom?" asked Mr. Hannaway, with provoking calmness.

"Sir," shouted Mr. Trevor, rising from his seat. "I am not accustomed to be spoken to in this manner. Unless you tell me, I shall conclude you have some motive for shielding the cowardly miscreant who has tried to stab Mr. Featherstone in the back. Nay, I shall think that you yourself—"

"Hush, Mr. Trevor," said Sir George interrupting the angry old man. "I cannot sit here and allow such words as those to be applied to Mr. Hannaway at my table. I have known him for years, and have ever found him a strictly honourable man."

A faint colour passed over Mr. Hannaway's clear skin, and a faint twinge of conscience through his heart at these words of Sir George. He, however, made no acknowledgment but a slight bow.

"Really, papa," said Isabel the next minute, rising from her place at the table also. "I'm fairly tired of the subject. Most probably Mr. Featherstone in some 'jovial hour,' as I believe he calls a known weakness of his, which we might designate by a harder name, has himself told that Mr. Hannaway has been kind enough to lend him this money—at least, if Mr. Hannaway has?" she added looking smilingly at the lawyer.

Mr. Hannaway smiled in reply. He thought that this was clever of Isabel, so he returned her lead.

"I am sorry to offend you, Mr. Trevor," he said, speaking respectfully but firmly. "but I am not at liberty to repeat the details of any business transactions which have passed between myself and Mr. Featherstone. If Mr. Featherstone chooses to make confidants of his boon companions, that is no affair of mine."

"And you mean to tell me, sir—" continued Mr. Trevor, glaring at Mr. Hannaway.

"I mean to tell nothing," said Mr. Hannaway, with great gravity. "Sir George here would indeed have a right to mistrust his confidential lawyer if I were to do so."

It was now Sir George's turn to colour, which he did all over his usual pale face. Then he at once sharply stopped the conversation.

"Mr. Trevor," he said, addressing his father-in-law. "Isabel has probably given you the true explanation of this loan of five hundred pounds. Mr. Featherstone is an involved man, as I suppose you know, and he is also a very convivial one. He has boasted, most likely, of this money, which Mr. Hannaway is fairly justified in declining to give any information about. I would advise you to question Mr. Featherstone himself and in the meantime we may as well talk on some pleasanter subject."

So Mr. Trevor was forced to be silent, and sat down again, and tried to speak with calmness about other things. He hated this cool, easy lawyer who sat there smiling just as if nothing disagreeable had passed. Nothing disagreeable had passed to Mr. Hannaway's ideas, for it would have taken many Mr. Trevors to disturb Mr. Hannaway's serenity.

"When he rejoined Isabel in her drawing-room, he said a few words to her very quietly.

"What a clever little lawyer you would have made, Lady Hamilton," he said, and he smiled.

"I thank you," replied Isabel. "Always be my friend," she added, and for a moment she put out her slender hand, which the lawyer took.

"I will," he answered fervently, and looked straight into her face. Nothing more passed between them. Sir George came up and talked to Hannaway; talked about leases and politics, and Mr. Trevor sat pretending to read the *Times* in an easy chair, but in reality he was nursing his wrath.

He would be at the bottom of this business yet, he determined. This cool-headed, impudent lawyer might refuse to answer his questions, but he would force Mr. Featherstone to do so. He would go over to Featherstone the first thing in the morning, and he would learn the truth at any rate about this money.

Poor Mr. Trevor! He retired to bed early, thinking that he would hear everything from Mr. Featherstone in the morning. Mr. Hannaway did not retire to bed early, and before he did so, he wrote a little note to graceless Antony, which was as follows:—

"Dear Featherstone,—Your proposed son-in-law, Mr. Trevor, has received an anonymous letter from some person or persons ill-disposed to you and your family, and in it a certain monetary transaction that has lately passed between us is related. I fear that in some of your merry hours you must have told this, for the old gentleman attacked me this evening with great fury on the subject. Of course I told him nothing, and I advise you to be equally reticent. 'Some enemy has done this.'

"Yours faithfully,  
"W. F. HANNAWAY."

"P.S.—You may (if I am any judge of character) expect a storm to-morrow, in the early morning."

This note was lying on Mr. Featherstone's breakfast table when he came down to breakfast the next morning, so that by the time Mr. Trevor arrived at Featherstone, both Antony and his daughters were fully prepared to receive him.

Antony had a touch of humour in his composition and he got himself up as the respectable paterfamilias, to the best of his ability, for the occasion. He had been an adept at making fishing flies in his youth, and he brought out the old paraphernalia, and laid some half-made flies, that had been begun twenty years ago, on a newspaper before him. Alas! the shaking hands could not now have finished them, so as to gull the most unwary trout that ever meandered in a stream. But the whole thing had a piscatorial and rural appearance, and Antony felt that they added to the virtuous effect of the tableau. Then Patty brought her work, and sat down by her father; but Lu was restless and could not settle in the family scene. There was in truth an innate honesty about this girl that made her hate deceptions of all sorts, and though she was going to marry an old man for his money, she meant to be a good wife to him and act honestly all her days.

In his heart Antony fully believed that he had been the delinquent about repeating the story of the five hundred pounds. So many things had he told and totally forgotten that he had done so in the morning, that why not this? He sat there with his fishing flies before him, trying to remember who it was likely that he had made a confidant of. He had been very "jolly," as he called it, on the strength of this very five hundred pounds and his daughter's engagement combined, and his evening conversations were, therefore, mostly a blank to him.

"But it was a confounded ill-natured thing, whoever wrote to old Trevor about it," he decided. That Mr. Hannaway had something to do with it, he never for a moment suspected. Presently a carriage was heard approaching the house, and then the door bell rang, and a few minutes later Mr. Trevor was ushered in on the family scene.

"Mr. Trevor!" exclaimed Antony, as the Squire was announced, jumping up, and extending his hand, as if in great surprise.

"You did not tell us you were coming," Lu faltered out, as she also shook hands with her betrothed.

"I have come on a most painful business," said the Squire hesitatingly.

"A painful business! My dear sir, whatever is the matter?" said Antony.

"I have received a letter," explained Mr. Trevor, rather nervously, "a shameful letter—anonymous of course, abusing you and your family, and as a voucher of the writer's good faith, it is affirmed that you—it's a most unpleasant thing to say, Mr. Featherstone, particularly before ladies." And Mr. Trevor bowed to the girls.

"Nay, my dear sir, out with it!" cried Antony, with an assumption of good-natured ease. "Hard words don't break bones, you know."

"Well, then," continued Mr. Trevor, "as a voucher of good faith, the writer affirms that on sure information he knows that you asked Mr. Hannaway, the lawyer here, to lend you a thousand pounds since your daughter's engagement, and that he did lend you five hundred?"

"No such good luck," said Antony, shaking his head and smiling. "Hannaway is a rich fellow, and I heartily wish he would take it into his head to be as generous as your anonymous correspondent makes out."

"Then am I to understand—" hesitated Mr. Trevor.

"That I've not got it," answered Antony, with a laugh. "In truth, my dear sir," he continued, "though this is a fine property" (and he looked out of the window at his mortgaged acres as he spoke), "what with one expense and another, I couldn't lay my hand on five hundred pounds hard cash at this moment. No, indeed, I couldn't," went on Antony, and he shook his head thoughtfully, as if he were considering where he could get it.

The Squire hummed and gawed. A father-in-law without five hundred pounds in hard cash was not exactly a pleasant prospect; but still Mr. Featherstone was evidently such an honest, open fellow, thought the Squire. Reckless perhaps, but honest. Yes, that was a great thing, decided Mr. Trevor, and so his brow cleared.

"Then I suppose," he said, "all the other information that the letter contains is equally false as this story about the five hundred pounds?"

"I dare say, I dare say," answered Antony, jauntily, "it's as easy to tell a dozen lies as one, you know."

"Perhaps you had better read it," said Mr. Trevor, and he put the letter into Antony's hand, who read it through with an unabashed countenance (though he knew that a great deal of what was in it was true), but with many exclamations of wonder and contempt.

"I could not have believed it," he said, after he had finished its perusal. "Unless my own eyes had seen it, I could not have believed that anyone could have invented such a tissue of falsehoods."

Then Lu put out her hand. "Let me read it, papa," she said, and as she did so tears rose in her eyes.

"It is a cruel letter," she said, indignantly. "Patty and I don't deserve it. We may have had to do things that rich girls do not do, but we have never—I don't care who says it or who believes it—we have never done anything to be ashamed of." And this was strictly true.

"My dear girl!" said Mr. Trevor, advancing to her and taking her hand, "do you think I would believe anything against you? The reason that I have made this inquiry is, that I am so indignant that anyone dare attack your good name. But do not think that an anonymous scribbler could influence me. I chose you to be my future wife from my own judgment of your amiable and attractive character, and that judgment I can rely upon."

"You are very good," said Lu, and she put her hand softly into the old man's. She felt grateful to him for trusting her, and gratitude, after all, is not a bad foundation for the beginning of love.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

"LA Pitie Suprême," is the title of a poem which, it is said, Victor Hugo intends publishing at the end of this month.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is said to have used but one pen for all his literary works from 1857 till last September.

THE demand for Welsh books and periodicals is quite large in the United States, and one weekly paper printed in that language has a circulation of 8,000 copies and a good line of advertising.

THE *Life of the Prince Consort* will be completed in five instead of four volumes, as originally intended. Three volumes have been already issued, and Mr. Martin expects that the concluding two will be published together towards the close of the year.

QUEEN VICTORIA likes Dickens's novels, and some little of George Eliot, but her chief favourites are Wilkie Collins and William Black. Scott she reads and re-reads. She does not particularly like the novels of Beaconsfield, Thackeray, and Lord Lytton.

IN an antiquarian bookstore at Baireuth, Bavaria, has been found an original document pertaining to the American war of independence. It is the manuscript diary of a Hessian officer who served in the British army, and covers the period from January, 1778, to March, 1779. It contains a daily record, not only of events on the field, but of other news and rumors of the time.

JULES VERNE, the celebrated French novelist, is reported to have visited Spencer, Mass., lately, registered at the Massasoit Hotel, and expressed himself desirous of witnessing the process of manufacturing boots by machinery. He said that he had recently come from Montreal, and was travelling quietly through the country. His identity was at first questioned, but the signature on the hotel register was found to correspond with that of the novelist in his published works.

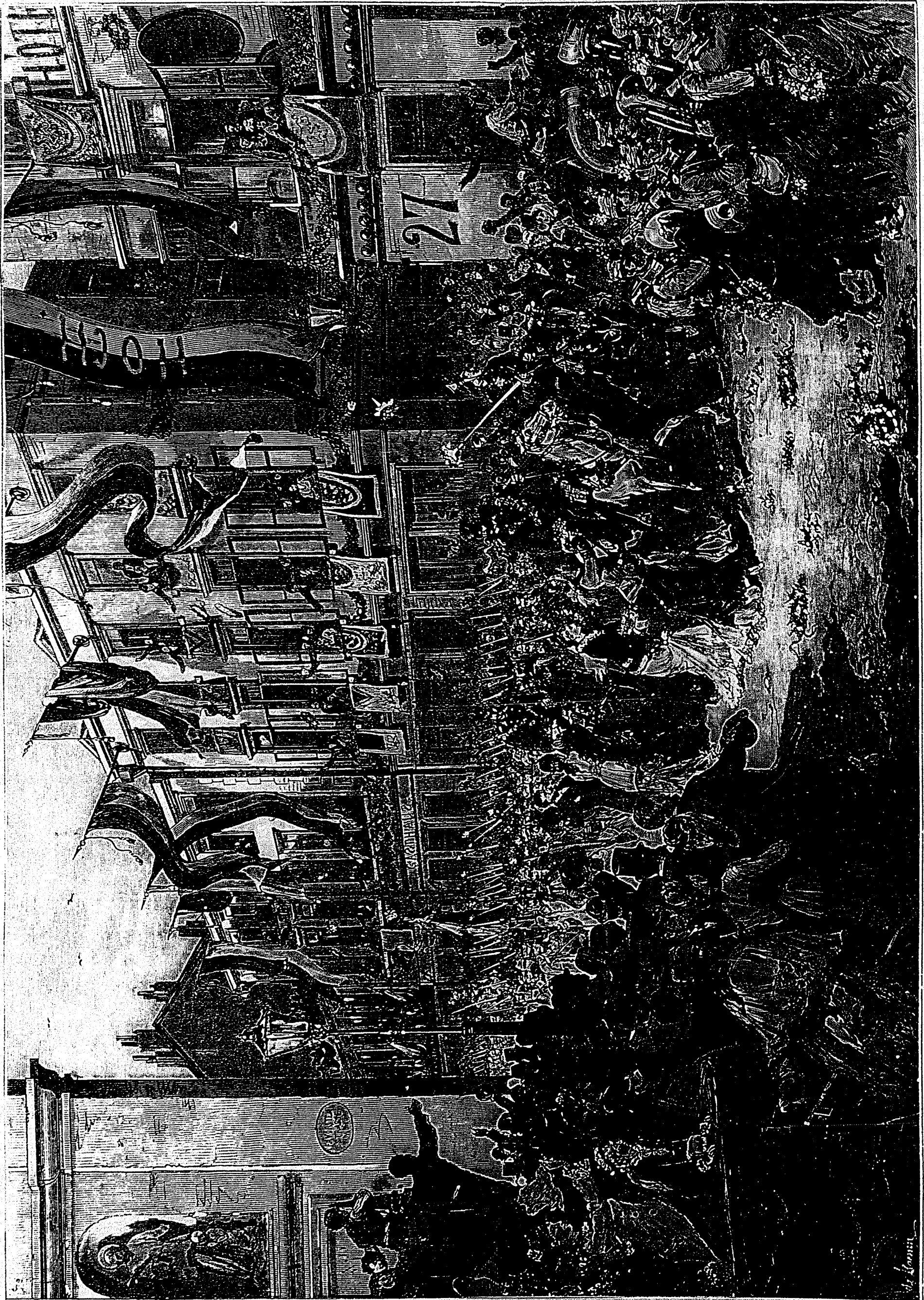
CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

NOTICE TO LADIES.

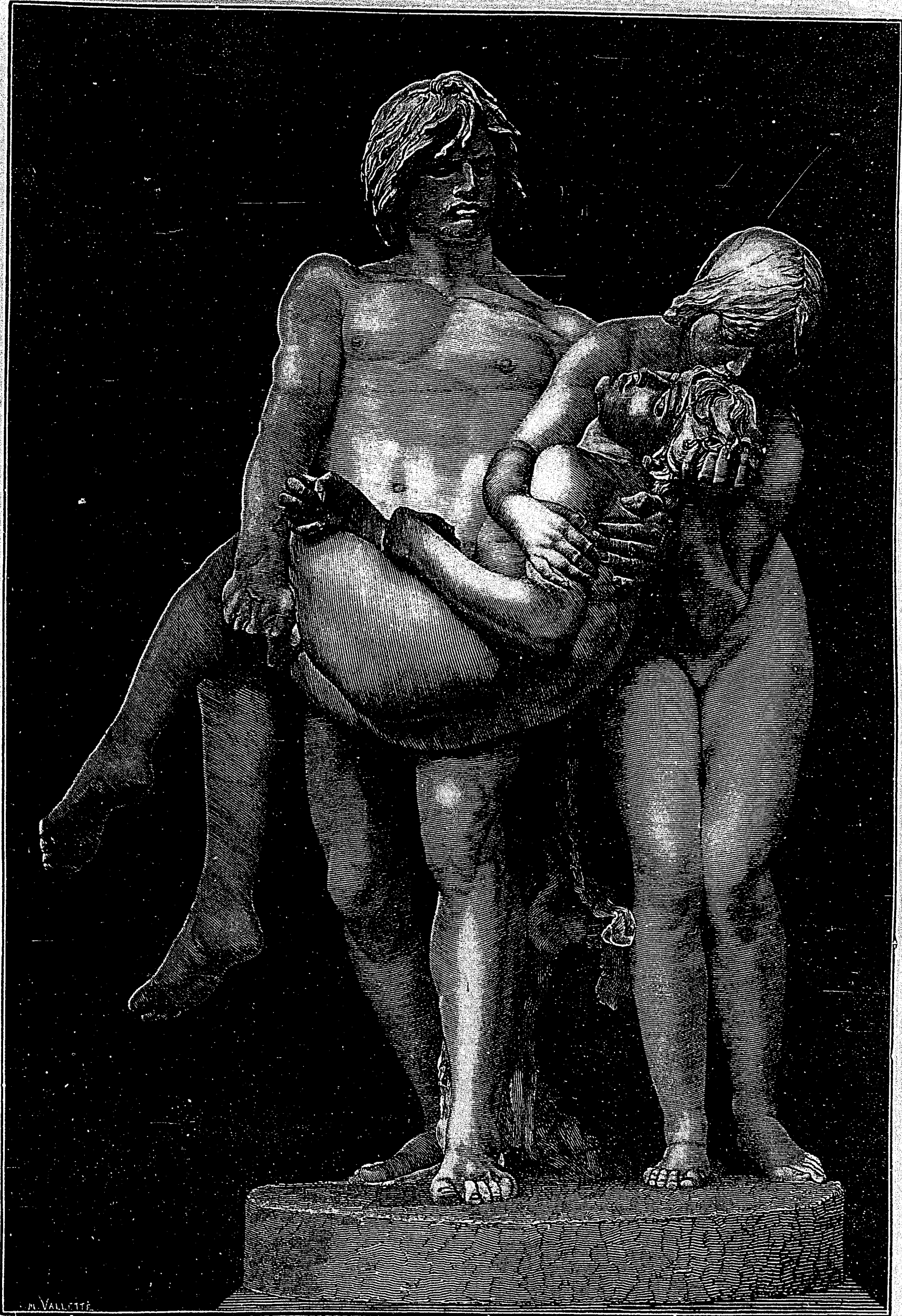
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed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





VIENNA.—TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ARMY AFTER THE CAMPAIGN IN BOSNIA.





THE FIRST FUNERAL.—ADAM AND EVE BEARING AWAY THE BODY OF ABEL.—PLASTER CAST BY M. BARRIAS. GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR, PARIS EXHIBITION.



## OF COURSE I

"Gwendolen!" from Mrs. Olivia Glenmoreland's sanctum.

"Jessie!" from Mr. Gerald Glenmoreland's studio.

"Yes, ma'am—yes, sir," from the pretty little maid coming up the stairs. She stops a moment when she reaches the landing, as though considering which summons to answer first, and as she pauses, a handsome young man leans over the baluster and looks down upon her, and as he looks he thinks that he never gazed upon a prettier picture.

A slight, graceful young girl, with serious dark eyes, delicately-cut features, clear pale face, and light wavy brown hair, showing little specks of gold as the sunlight falls through the hall window upon it, parted simply on the low broad brow, and rippling away behind the lovely ears until lost in the heavy Grecian coil at the back of the small round head, in a closely-fitting dress of some soft dark material, with a knot of garnet ribbon at the throat, and a sister knot on each lace-trimmed pocket of the dainty white apron.

"Oh! I say, Browneyes," he calls out, cheerily, as the girl, becoming conscious of his presence, looks up with a smile, "will you pose for me?"

"As soon as I can, Mr. Denys," she replies, in a voice softer and sweeter, but as frank and cheery as his own. "Your father and mother have both called me. I must attend to them first." And as the handsome head is withdrawn, she enters the room on the right, which one can see at a glance is the den of a sculptor, and a sculptor who, if it be true that "good order is the foundation of all good things," can never hope to attain any wondrous height in his profession. Half-finished statuettes and busts, dilapidated arms, legs, and torsos in clay, plaster and marble, are standing and lying about in the greatest confusion. Over Shakespeare's dome-like forehead droops a broad-brimmed hat; from the throat of a dancing faun stream the long ends of a silken neck-tie; and a flower-girl offers with her flowers a pair of crumpled kid gloves and a soiled collar. The sculptor himself—an odd-looking man with wildish black eyes, and a massive head covered with a tangled mass of the darkest curls, a gray thread gleaming here and there—attired in a blouse, the back alone of which gives a hint of its original colour, is regarding with critical gaze a half-modeled bust on the table before him, which in turn regards him with the blank stare peculiar to its kind.

"Ah! there you are," he says, approvingly, as Jessie comes quietly in. "It is well. I want your nose, my child. 'Tis just the nose for Elaine. Couldn't find a better if I searched the wide world o'er. Stand over there by Hercules—that's a dear—and look at Mephistopheles." And he commenced to sing in a strong if not altogether musical voice the "Gold Song" from Faust, as the voice from the opposite room calls again, "Gwendolen."

"Can you spare my nose a little while, sir?" asks the model, still looking steadily at the grinning tempter in the corner, but with a gleam of mischief in her bonnie brown eyes. "Mrs. Glenmoreland is calling."

"Oh! ah, yes. Gwendolen"—working away—how long have you been, Gwendolen?"

"For two weeks past, sir. Ever since my mistress began 'The Princess and the Dairy-Maid.' May I go, sir?" still, best of models, with her eyes fixed on the fiend.

"You may; but come back soon: for kings may die and emperors lose their crowns, but Art is deathless, and forever reigns."

"Yes, sir," assents Jessie, demurely, and trips away.

Mrs. Glenmoreland, sitting before her desk, on which is piled many sheets of paper covered with eye-exasperating chirography, her right hand nervously waving her pen about, her left grasping her fluffly fair hair, to its great derangement, allows the wrinkle of perplexed thought on her brow to melt away as the pretty girl appears.

"Gwendolen, my dear," she exclaims, turning suddenly toward her, and thereby scattering the pile of manuscript in every direction, "I want your ear. She has the most correct ear"—this to an elderly lady who is sewing industriously by a small work table in the centre of the room. "Now, my prose is excellent and my poetry not bad—so I am told; but sometimes my rhymes don't rhyme exactly, and that sort of thing is only allowed by the very greatest of poets. I'm introducing a battle song in the last chapter of my novelette, and I'm in doubt about 'hurrah' and 'war'—'rah' and 'war.' Are they twins, or are they not, Gwendolen?"

But before Gwendolen, who is on her knees picking up the scattered papers, can reply, somebody comes down the stairs with a rush, and bolts into the sanctum.

"Mother, I kiss your little ink-stained fingers," he says. "But all the same I must have Browneyes; I want her arm. My grape-gatherer is waiting for me wherewithal to gather the grapes."

"Is it—I mean are they?" asks Mrs. Glenmoreland, as Jessie puts the manuscript on the desk again, and places a paper-weight upon it. And then she smiles at her son, who, after tenderly ruffling the ruffled hair still more, kisses the brow beneath it.

"I don't think they are," modestly answers Jessie.

"Thanks, dear!" And the pen is dipped into the ink again.

"And now, Browneyes, your arm—your

arm!" cries Denys, striking a melodramatic attitude.

"I'm afraid you can't have it just yet, Mr. Denys. I have promised your father my nose for an hour or so," says Browneyes, dropping a cunning little courtesy.

"By Jove! is the governor at work again? Ten to one he never finishes it. I'll look in on him for a moment or two; he'll turn me out at the end of that time. By-by, mamma."

"I really don't know what we would do without her," says Mrs. Glenmoreland, musingly, letting her pen fall and blotting the sheet before her as the young people vanish.

"Meaning Gwendolen, Browneyes, Jessie, or whatever her name is?" inquires the elderly lady (who, by the by, is an aunt of the author's, on a visit to her niece for the first time in fifteen years).

"Known as Jessie to her sponsors in baptism," explains Mrs. Glenmoreland, "but Denys has always called her Browneyes, and I have a habit of giving her the name of my heroine for the time being; it helps to keep my story in my thoughts. Dear, dear, how many names the little girl has answered to since she came here four years ago! And she has never objected but to two—'Phantom of Yellow Hill,' and 'Hag of Murder Creek.' And I don't much wonder at her not liking them."

"Neither do I," says the aunt, with a grim smile. "But you have never told me anything about her. Who is she?"

"Haven't I? Well, as I can't take up the thread of my poem—that horrid Denys—I'll take up the cat"—lifting a pretty white and black kitten from the floor—"and narrate for your especial benefit. You know when Gerald and I were first married we were very impractical—"

"I should think so," interrupts the elderly lady, with a decisive nod. "One a scribbler of sixteen, the other a sculptor of nineteen."

"But dear mamma, with whom we lived," her niece goes on, "made life easy for us until nine years ago, when she died. Then for five years all was experiment and confusion. At first we tried boarding, but the people with whom we boarded objected to our breakfasting at odd moments between 8 and 12, and thought it unreasonable that we should expect little suppers at midnight. And, besides, they also complained that Denys—then only twelve, but already developing the artistic—used their best saucers, plates and things to mix paint on; and when the dear boy borrowed the marble slab of the parlour table for the same meritorious purpose, they became so very violent we were obliged to leave. Then we tried furnished rooms; made coffee over the gas in the morning, and dined at the restaurant in the evening. But we were soon obliged to give up this mode of life, the principal reason being that the bill of fare proved such a temptation; and to our shame, he it said—having the most uncertain of incomes—that when our ventures were successful we weakly succumbed to the tempter, and ate birds on toast, and broiled chicken, and omelette-souffle, and terrapin, and all sorts of expensive good things, as long as our money lasted, and, in consequence, were restricted to bread and cheese and dried beef in the privacy of our own apartments for a week or more after. At last, after having dined sumptuously one day, with a few invited guests, off a melon and a three-columel story, and then, being obliged to live for two weeks on one short column, we concluded to try boarding once more, renting a room at the same time in the Raphael building, where Gerald could fling his clay and plaster about to his heart's content, and Denys, who wouldn't go to school, and would paint, might be out of the way of the landlady's china. But, my dear aunt, the other fellows were in that studio from morn till night; indeed, several of the most impetuous spent their nights there, and there was very little work done, and such bills for beer!

"Then fortunately—that is, not unfortunately, but providentially—no, I don't mean that either, but I waste time seeking for the proper expression—Gerald's old uncle died, and left him this house. 'Let's go to housekeeping,' said I, and we went. Heaven save the mark! I never could make change, neither could Gerald; and as for Denys, he and the arithmetic are and always have been perfect strangers. The result of this ignorance could not fail to be an expensive one. Everybody cheated us. The servant-girls wore my best dresses to wakes and parties, and one of them once had two of her friends concealed in the house for three months, waxing strong and stout on my provisions, and when at last they were discovered, declared that she never knew they were there at all!

"And we were forever in debt, and fast losing our senses, when my dressmaker, a dear, good-hearted Englishwoman, who used to give me advice, housekeeping advice, in a motherly sort of way, which I would have taken if I could have remembered it, died, after a long illness, leaving a fifteen-year-old daughter. The child looked up at me with those wonderful brown eyes when I asked her, after her mother's funeral, 'And what will you do, my dear?' and said, 'I don't know, ma'am. I have no relation but a grandfather out West, and he has just married again, and I don't think he wants me.' I gave her a kiss and told her to come home with me. And she came, and since then life has been more endurable. She proved to be the cleverest little thing that ever lived, intimately acquainted with the arithmetic and heaven's first law, and has learned to manage everything and everybody in the house with marvellous tact and skill. And the manner in which she understands my absent-

minded ways and contrary orders is absolutely wonderful. Who else, for instance, would know that often when I say 'shoes' I mean 'hat,' and vice versa? And who else could translate 'both dark and white meat and the Chinese, you know, my dear,' into 'chicken salad and rice pudding? She's a treasure—rhymes like a bird, poses like an angel, and—"

"Has she no lovers?" asks the elderly lady, looking solemnly over her spectacles.

"Lovers! Bless you, no. Never the slightest sign of one. Her mother was an old maid; that is, she wasn't when—I mean she was before she was married. Lovers! Good gracious! don't speak of such a thing. I should murder them. And I'm quite sure Alicia—the name of my next heroine," she explains, in answer to a questioning look from her aunt—"has never dreamed—was that a knock at the door? If it be Alicia, enter; anybody else, depart immediately."

The door opens in obedience to this command, delivered in a loud voice with much emphasis, and "Alicia" enters with downcast eyes and a black-edged letter in her hand.

"I don't want it! I won't have it!" almost screams her mistress. "I hate black letters. Take it away."

"It is not for you, ma'am. It is mine; and—and (with faltering voice), I fear I must leave you."

"Leave me!" shouted Mrs. Glenmoreland, starting to her feet and dropping the cat, and in her excitement she seizes the worn garment the elderly lady has been carefully patching and darning for the last hour from that worthy person's hands and rends it from top to bottom. "Leave us! What can you—what do you mean?"

"My grandfather has sent for me, ma'am. His wife is dead, and he says it is my duty to come and live with him, as I have no other relative in the world."

"And you are going?" demands Mrs. Glenmoreland, in tragic tones.

"I do not know how to refuse."

"Gerald! Denys!" calls Mrs. Glenmoreland, loudly, running across her room and flinging the door wide open. "Come here instantly!"

In flies her husband, a lump of clay in his hand, and down rushes Denys, palette on thumb.

"Thunder and Mars! my darling, what's up?" asks Gerald.

"By Jove! mother, how you frightened me! Thought the house was on fire," says her son.

"Gwendolen—Jessie—Browneyes—Alicia—she," pointing at the weeping girl, "is going away, never to return."

"Going away!" repeats her husband, striking his head with his right hand, and then stalking wildly about the room, totally unconscious that he has left the lump of clay amongst his raven curls.

"Browneyes leaving us forever," reproachfully cries Denys.

"After I've loved her all these years," sobs Mrs. Glenmoreland.

"And I've loved her all these years," says Mr. Glenmoreland.

"And I've—" begins Denys, and then stops with a blush that is reflected in the girl's sweet face.

"Going to her grandfather—horrid old hunk!—who never thought of her before he killed her step-grandmamma, and who only wants her now to save the expense of hiring a housekeeper and nurse, which he is well able to do, the venerable wretch! And she thinks it is her duty to go, because he's her 'only relative.' And I've always felt as though I were her mother," and overcome with emotion, Mrs. Glenmoreland drops into her chair again.

"And I as though I were her father," asserts the sculptor.

"And I as though I were her brother—" says the painter, and stops in confusion as before.

Jessie turns from one to the other with clasped hands and streaming eyes. "I shall never, never be as happy anywhere as I have been here. I would have been content to have served you all my life. But how could I reconcile it to my conscience if, without sufficient reason, I disregard the appeal of my only relative, and that relative my mother's father?"

"But he needn't be your 'only relative,'" says Denys, earnestly, flinging his palette, paint side down, on his mother's silken lap, and springing with one bound to the young girl's side. "There can be other and nearer relatives than grandfathers, Browneyes. I never knew how dearly I loved you till this moment. I can not bear the thought of losing you. I want your hand and heart. Take me for your husband, dearest, and then your duty will be to share my fortunes for evermore."

Jessie, the innocent child, holds up her pretty mouth for his kiss before them all—the cat is playing with her grandfather's letter—and a wonderful smile turns to diamonds her tears.

"The very thing," proclaims Mr. Glenmoreland.

"Of course," said his wife. "Why didn't you think of it before, you tiresome boy, and save all this bother! And now, go away, all of you. I have an idea for a story."

Love.—Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, and a passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchant the fair self-deceiver, and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

CALUMNY.—When you speak evil of another, you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

THE HEATHEN'S GOBLET.—There was a wonderful truth in the goblet which the genius of a heathen fashioned. Having the model of a serpent, he fixed it to the bottom of a cup. Coiling for the spring, a pair of gleaming eyes in its head, and in its open mouth fangs raised to strike, it lay beneath the ruby wine. He who raised the cup to his lips to quench his thirst and quaff the wine, could not see what lay beneath till, as he reached the dregs, that dreadful head rose and glistened before his eyes.

ETIQUETTE.—The word "etiquette" is French, and means in that language a ticket or card. It appears that in former times it was the custom in France, on occasions of ceremony or festivity, to distribute among the guests tickets, or small slips of paper containing an outline of the proceedings, and directions to the company. Thus, if things were done properly, it was said to be done according to the ticket, or the etiquette. In course of time the word acquired its present general meaning, and was adopted into our language.

WORLDLY ADVANTAGES.—It is especially encouraging to one who can command but few external advantages to reflect that he is by no means dependent upon them for his success in life. It is true that the best results may be expected where a strong self-energy comes under wise instruction and guidance; but, while the latter alone can do nothing, the former alone can do much. Besides, it never is quite alone. Capacity and industry always find appreciation and help, and are apt to make themselves all the more useful for their scarcity. All young persons especially can be, and should resolve to be, self-made.

POLITENESS TOWARDS CHILDREN.—Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners toward the world at large are perfect bores inside the home-circle. What wonder if the children are the same? If a man should accidentally brush against another in the streets, an apology would be sure to follow; but whoever thinks of offering an excuse to the little people whose rights are constantly being violated by their careless elders? If a stranger offer the slightest service, he is gratefully thanked; but who ever remembers to thus reward the little tireless feet that are travelling all day long up stairs and down on countless errands for somebody? It would be policy for parents to treat their children politely for the sake of obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason.

PERFUMES.—A lady may always be recognized by her quiet taste in everything; and in nothing more remarkable is the fact exemplified than in the choice of perfume which she affects. In France what one may call "violent" perfumes have quite gone out of date, the ladies there using only those healthy and pure essences which are extracted from the ordinary products of the garden—such as lavender, rosemary, and even mint. The flowers of the linden have yielded a delicious perfume, which is one of the recent additions. Nothing more is now allowed than the slight scent which would naturally emanate from the growing flower. It is also considered a mark of good taste to make no change of perfume, but, having once made choice of a favourite, to keep solely to its use. The violet-like scent of orris-root, for instance, is delightful, and is so easily attainable that no one can complain of any difficulty in making up sachets to impart its pure fragrance to their clothes, and dresses.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 200 received.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 206.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 206 received. Correct.

The two following items we copy from the chess column of the *Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis, U.S., and insert them in order to draw attention to the methods adopted by our cousins in the "States" for the laudable purpose of promoting the cause of the Royal game.

In the first place, we are quite sure that so soon as a chess circle of ladies is formed in any locality, the reception of the game by all classes as an amusement will follow as a matter of course.

We hope that the time is not far distant when the ladies of Canada will not treat with indifference an excellent example. Already the Quebec players have made an arrangement for the admission of the fair sex to their club on stated evenings in the week, and this is a move in the right direction.

In the second place, it appears that a silver goblet called a challenge cup exists in connection with the St. Louis Chess Club, and that from the result of competition amongst members it is now in the hands of Mr. Hobnan, who appears from all accounts to do his best to retain it. We most heartily wish him success.

What the nature of the arrangements of the club were when the cup was first offered for competition we are not acquainted with, but it is well known that as far as a similar prize is concerned which belongs to the Counties Chess Association (Eng.), the cup is played for once a year by a certain number of competitors, the one gaining the highest score keeping possession of it till

the next annual contest, when it is again competed for. Should, however, a member retain possession of it for three consecutive years, he becomes entitled to it altogether.

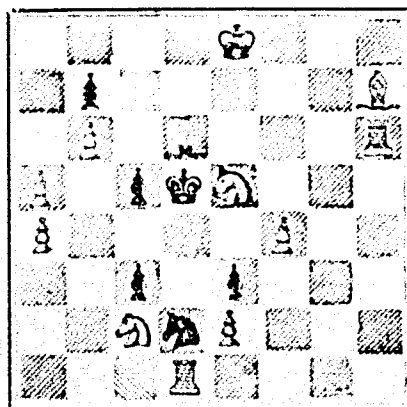
Why cannot we have something of this nature in connection with our Canadian Clubs, or for annual competition among the players of the Province of Quebec? Our Dominion Chess Association has not exhibited much life lately; might not a prize of this sort advantageously take its place? Our indefatigable chess correspondent, Mr. Shaw, is just the person to be entrusted with such an undertaking, and should he be as successful with it as he has been with his Dominion Chess Correspondence Tourney, he would never regret the trouble. Fifty dollars could be easily raised which would purchase a prize that would for some time, at least, be an object to excite the ambition of our amateurs, and attract attention generally to the game and its varieties.

A chess circle of ladies has been formed in Columbia, S. C. Mr. John O. Holman, the present holder of the challenge cup of the St. Louis Chess Club, was recently challenged by Mr. Max Judd, who tendered him the odds of knight, but the former succeeded in retaining the cup by 3 to 1. We have stated that Mr. Judd undertook too great a task in attempting to win the cup and to hold it at this odds against the amateur local chess talent, and this match proves our assertion. We are happy to say for the cause of chess, that within the last three years there have arisen in our city three or four strong chess players. These, together with the old ones, make six or eight players to whom Mr. Judd would find it next to impossible to give the odds of knight. Mr. Holman now holds himself in readiness to accept challenges. Who will be the next to throw down the glove? The challenge cup consists of a beautiful silver goblet, valued at \$5, and bears the names of the winners.—Globe Democrat.

A game of chess was played January 21st, by telegraph, between the clubs of Bradford and Woodstock. After a close battle of four hours' duration, the game resulted in a draw.—Toronto Globe.

The Rev. A. Cyril Pearson announces that towards the end of January he will publish a book containing 100 of his problems. The price is 2s. 6d. Mr. Pearson is one of the most distinguished of English composers, his works being full of great delicacy and finish. The book will form a welcome addition to the library of every chess lover.

PROBLEM No. 211.  
(From "Chess Chips.")  
By Rev. A. Cyril Pearson.  
BLACK.



WHITE  
White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 3341A.

One of the eight games played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne without sight of boards or men and situation equally, at Manchester, Eng., on the 9th of November last.

- (Two Knights' Defence.)  
WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Mr. Duarden.)  
1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4  
2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3  
3. B to B 4 3. Kt to B 3  
4. P to Q 4 (a) 4. P to Q 3 (b)  
5. Kt to K 2 5. P to Q 4  
6. P takes Q P 6. K Kt takes P  
7. Castles 7. B to K 3  
8. R to K sq 8. B to Q 3  
9. P takes P 9. B to K 2  
10. Kt takes B 10. P takes Kt  
11. Q to Kt 4 11. K to B 2  
12. Kt to B 3 12. Q Kt to Kt 5 (c)  
13. P to Q R 3 13. P to K R 4 (d)  
14. Q to B 3 (ch) 14. K to Kt sq  
15. P takes Kt 15. B takes P  
16. Kt takes Kt 16. B takes R  
17. Kt takes P 17. Q takes Kt  
White mates in three moves.

NOTES.

- (a) The uncertainty that prevails about some of the openings is illustrated by the fact that it has never yet been conclusively settled whether this continuation or Kt to K 2 is superior.  
(b) He should of course take the Pawn.  
(c) Black cannot be congratulated either upon his play or his position.  
(d) If Kt takes P, White replies with B takes Kt, winning a piece if the Pawn retakes, and doing a considerable amount of damage if Black capture one of the Rooks instead.

GAME 3341B  
(From the Globe Democrat.)

A brilliant game played at the Cleveland (Ohio) Chess Club, November 15th, by Captain Mackenzie against Messrs. McKim, Yates, White, and others consulting. The notes are by Mr. Steinitz.

(Evans' Gambit.)

- WHITE.—(Capt. Mackenzie) BLACK.—(The Allies.)  
1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4  
2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3  
3. B to B 4 3. B to B 4  
4. P to Q Kt 4 4. B takes P  
5. P to B 3 5. B to R 4  
6. P to Q 4 6. P takes P  
7. Castles 7. P to Q 3  
8. P takes P 8. B to Kt 3  
9. Kt to Q B 3 9. Kt to R 4  
10. B to K Kt 5 10. Kt to K 2 (a)  
11. Kt to Q 5 11. Kt takes B (b)  
12. B takes Kt 12. Q to Q 2  
13. B to K B 6 (c) 13. Castles (d)  
14. Q to B sq (e) 14. Q to K Kt 5 (f)  
15. Kt to K 7 (ch) 15. K to R sq  
16. Q to R 6 16. B to K B 4 (g)  
17. Kt takes B 17. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Q to Q 2 at this juncture gives the defense a more satisfactory game.  
(b) P to K B 3 has been discarded here on account of the sacrifice of the B, but we are not quite satisfied of the strength of White's attack arising therefrom.  
(c) A strong move which entangles the defenses in great difficulties.  
(d) Fatal. Their only chance consisted in Q to K Kt 5, threatening to bring out the B to K 3. If White then answered P to K R 3, the Queen could retreat to Kt 3, having another comfortable post at K R 3 on hand, if further attacked by the adverse K Kt.  
(e) Finely played. He threatens now the irresistible Q to K Kt 5, besides winning the Kt. White grasps the situation with clear judgment.  
(f) The allies were reduced to that unsatisfactory resource. K to R sq was equally bad, for White would have proceeded with B takes P (ch); Q to Kt 5, (ch); Q to B 6, (ch); and Kt to K 7, which wins the Q.  
(g) The position is very pretty, and the allies have no defense. Their K Kt P is pinned in one direction, and if they capture the B the destructive answer Q takes R (ch) follows. White also threatened the finishing stroke Kt to Kt 5.

SOLUTIONS.

- Solution of Problem No. 209.  
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Kt 7 1. K takes Kt, or Kt to Q 3 or B 4, or P moves  
2. Q to Q 8 2. Anything.  
3. Q mates
- Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 207.  
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Q 5 1. P moves  
2. R to Q B 8 2. K to Q Kt 6  
3. R mates
- PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 208.  
WHITE. BLACK.  
K at Q R 6 K at Q B 4  
K at Q 6 Pawn K B 4  
Kt at K Kt 3  
Pawns at K 4,  
Q R 3 and Q Kt 3  
White to play and mate in two moves.

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The time for receiving tenders for the sections between Lake Superior and Red River is extended until noon on WEDNESDAY, January 15th, 1879.  
The time for receiving tenders for the sections in British Columbia is extended until WEDNESDAY, the 12th day of February, 1879.  
For further information, apply at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa.  
By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 19th Dec. 1878.  
FURTHER EXTENSION OF TIME.  
The time for receiving tenders for the sections between Lake Superior and Red River is further extended until noon of THURSDAY, the 30th day of January, 1879.  
F. BRAUN, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 7th Jan. 1879.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.  
THE  
Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.  
5 & 7 BLEURY ST.,  
BEGS to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of ENGRAVING, ELECTROTYPING, STEREOTYPING, LITHOGRAPHING and TYPE PRINTING, Photo-Electrotyping & Wood Engraving IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES. Special attention given to the reproduction by Photo-Lithography OF MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES or BOOKS OF ANY KIND.  
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Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.  
THE COOK'S FRIEND  
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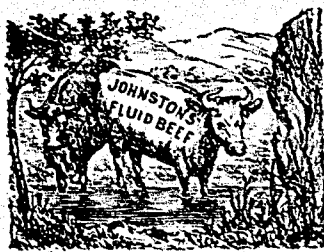
THE Canadian Spectator,  
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Receives Vessels and Steamers of all Nations.  
5 per cent Commission.  
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50 Perfumed Chromo and Snowflake Cards, in Case name in gold, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

**PEA SOUP**

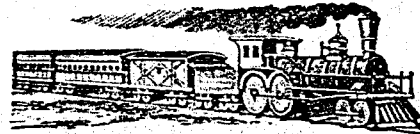
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Made from their celebrated Pea Flour, to which is added

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DELICIOUS,  
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	A.M.	P.M.
Express Trains for Hull at	9.30 and 4.30	
Arrive at Hull at	2.00 p.m.	9.00
Express Trains from Hull at	9.10	4.10
Arrive at Hochelaga at	1.49 p.m.	8.40
Train for St. Jerome at		4.00 p.m.
Train from St. Jerome at	7.00 a.m.	

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.  
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TERMS—Board and Washing. English in all its branches, French, German, Latin, the Mathematics, Drawing and Painting, Needlework, including Lace Work (per annum).....\$175

Music, with use of Piano (per annum).....36  
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS  
FOR COLIC'S COLDS



DEVERNEY GIVING A LESSON OF ANATOMY TO THE DUC DE BOURGOGNE, GRANDSON OF LOUIS XIV.

**THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.**

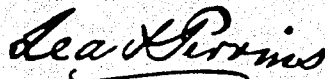


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which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

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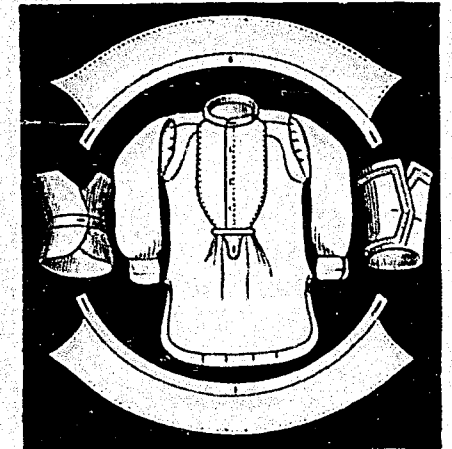
With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the Route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

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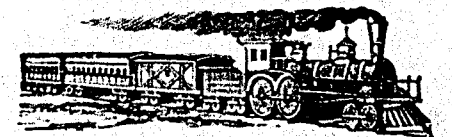
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26-17-52-369



**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**  
1878-79.  
Winter Arrangements.

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY except Sundays as follows:—

Leave Point Levl.....	8.00 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	2.00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner).....	3.00 "
" Rimouski.....	4.49 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	10.00 "
" Dalhousie.....	10.21 "
" Bathurst.....	12.28 A.M.
" Newcastle.....	2.10 "
" Moncton.....	5.00 "
" St. John.....	9.15 "
" Halifax.....	1.30 P.M.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains. These Trains connect at Point Levl with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m. Pullman Car leaving Point Levl on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.

For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON,  
Agent,  
177 St. James Street,  
C. J. BRYDGES,  
(General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.  
Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND DEBARATH LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.