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Wholesale News

Vol. XI.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

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



THE TEA TRADE OF CANADA.

Put up the shutters, John. If we can have neither Protection nor Free trade, we must try New York.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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The story of "THE LAW AND THE LADY," which has been terminated in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, proved very acceptable to our readers, and quite redeemed the pledges we made concerning it when we purchased the right to publish it in our columns. That our judgment of its merits was well founded we learn from a letter of Mr. Wilkie Collins himself, who informs us that it is already being published in five continental languages—French, German, Italian, Russian and Danish.

Desirous to continue maintaining the standard of our serials, we have, after much consideration, chosen over many competitors one of the great works of

Erckmann-Chatrian,

whose reputation is world-wide, though not appreciated as it should be in Canada. The work selected is

The Story of a Peasant,

or Episodes of the Great French Revolution, a master-piece of style, interest, and idealized realism. It is, perhaps, the chief work of the illustrious authors, full of information and entertainment.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 10th, 1875.

THE TEA TRADE.

A few weeks ago, we had occasion to allude to the disadvantage under which the Canadian Printers and Publishers labour, as compared with their brethren in the United States. Last week, our cartoon depicted Jonathan turning the strikes of Canadian mechanics to his profit, laughing at our 17½ per cent. tariff, (which we did not mention) protected as he is by 35 or 40 per cent. And to-day we place before our readers another branch of commerce wherein our cousins across the border have the better of us—the wholesale Tea and Coffee trade. The remarkable statement lately published, and which we subjoin, of the comparative imports of tea and coffee into Montreal in February 1874, and February 1875, led us to make enquiries, the result of which has confirmed the impression we had formed that this branch of business was literally dying out. These are the figures:

Quantity and value of tea and coffee imported at Montreal during February, as compared with the corresponding month last year:—

	1874.		1875.	
	lbs.	Value	lbs.	Value
Tea Green and Japan	485,902	179,246	19,300	5,571
Tea, Black	102,008	34,806	3,708	4,446
Coffee, Green	199,710	45,611		

The importation of tea in Ontario and Quebec for the last three years has been as follows:

1871-2	8,950,976 lbs.
1872-3	12,046,798 "
1873-4	8,776,781 "

This gives an average yearly importation of 9,925,000 lbs, value \$3,473,750. The profit, on this amount, to the importer and wholesale merchant cannot be estimated at less than \$175,000. This sum it is, which is about to be transferred to the United States, besides the Ocean freights. Under the present tariff, black tea pays 3 cents, and green 4 cents per lb. duty on coming into Canada, no discrimination being made against any country. In the United States tea enters free, unless it comes from Canada, when it is mulcted 10 per cent. The abolition of the corresponding 10 per cent differential duty on teas imported from the United States has opened our market to the American tea merchant, placing him on a par with our own importers, whilst the latter are excluded from sending tea across the line. The influential movement made by the Canadian tea trade to have the differential duty restored has proved unavailing, and the United States authorities are too keen to remove the 10 per cent against us. As a consequence, Ontario is already buying its teas in New York, the wholesale merchant is ceasing his importation, and before long, there will be in Canada only branches of New York importing houses, and jobbers, or brokers in tea, but no direct importers at all. Even at present, the largest houses here have the bulk of their stock in New York, and will eventually, should the present state of things continue, remove thither altogether, taking over to Uncle Sam their capital, their intelligence, and their enterprise. Prominent tea merchants in Montreal have assured us that unless the 10 per cent. here be restored, or the 10 per cent. in the United States be removed, their business here cannot be self-supporting, and must be closed. Ah! but the consumers! Have they not the immense market of the United States open to them to select from, and will not the retailer and his customers be benefited? Not in the least. When the retailer bought here from the direct importer, he bought at the first selling price, and paid but one profit; should he go to New York, he will never see the importer, but will have to buy from the Commission merchant, or the jobber, and pay two profits, or from the wholesale dealer, who bought from these, and in this case, he will pay three profits, and the consumer is no better off. Indeed the likelihood is that both retailer and customer will pay more for teas bought in the American market, than ever they did for direct importation. The removal of the United States differential duty would be preferred by our tea merchants, to the re-imposing of the 10 per cent. in Canada against United States teas. For then, they would keep their business here, and store here their whole stock, thus favoring our Ocean carrying trade; while they could export to the States, and compete on an equal footing with American importers. To this, then, we trust that our Administration will direct their efforts. Should they succeed in securing Reciprocity on this one article, the discontent now existing would disappear. Otherwise, parties interested see no hope for the Canadian Tea Trade, except in the restoration of the 10 per cent differential duty in Canada.

PACIFIC RAILWAY BILL.

The only thing that has looked like a little excitement in the dead level of the present session, was the final vote on the Pacific Railway Bill. On that occasion Mr. BLAKE and other supporters of the Government voted with the opposition; and for the first time this session, the Government had only a majority of 27; the division being, on a motion of Dr. TUPPER to provide for laying all the Pacific Railway contracts before Parliament for final sanction, Yeas, 64; Nays,

91. There was a previous amendment to read the bill a third time, three months hence; but this was lost on a division of Yeas 62, Nays 101. Mr. BLAKE, Mr. RYMAL, Mr. SCATCERD, and other supporters of the Government, were found voting among those who desired to kill the Bill; but SIR JOHN MACDONALD and Dr. TUPPER voted with the Government on this motion. This greatly important Bill in this way passed all its stages in the House of Commons.

It embodies those provisions of compromise between the Dominion Government and the Province of British Columbia which have before been described in these columns. But as they involve considerations of such vast importance to the people of the Dominion, it may be well to repeat that the Railway Line from the Pacific to Lake Superior is to be completed by the year 1890; the Government spending not less than two million dollars a year in British Columbia on this work. The Bill also provides that the line from Esquimaux to Nanaimo is to be proceeded with forthwith. The main-land surveys are also to be pushed immediately and vigorously to completion.

Mr. BLAKE and some of his friends held that these terms were too onerous for the Dominion and ought not to have been conceded; but it is certain that they are very much less than was solemnly guaranteed to British Columbia by act of Parliament as the condition of her entering into the Confederation. The measure of the Government is, therefore, a compromise; but as it has been accepted by British Columbia, a great good is gained; and we are inclined also to think that the opening up of a vast region of undoubtedly very great natural wealth and resources, will give such a stimulous to the progress of the Dominion and the increase of immigration as will render the burden assumed comparatively light.

The measure of the Government is further necessary in order to keep good faith with the Imperial Government, its provisions being the award of Lord CARNAVON which the country is in honour bound to accept after the reference made to him. And what is of still more importance is that they enable it to preserve its honour in its relations with British Columbia, which ought to be the first of all considerations for any country, but especially for one entering such a career as Canada has now before her.

UNION OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

It will be news to most of our readers that the Confederation of all the British North American Provinces was the result of a meeting of delegates of the Lower Provinces for the purpose of establishing a union among themselves. The greater idea absorbed the lesser in 1867, but the latter has never been wholly abandoned, and, just at present, it is occupying attention among our brothers on the seaside. It has even been brought forward at Fredericton by Hon. Mr. WILLIS, a member of the New Brunswick Government, in an eloquent and exhaustive speech which contains all the arguments which may be advanced in favor of the scheme. Mr. WILLIS sets out with the affirmation that a legislative compact between Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island would produce a large saving in the administration of public affairs, prevent local prejudices, increase the influence of the Maritime Provinces in the Dominion Parliament and add power to the deliberations of the Dominion representatives. Assuming, as, we believe, he is justified in doing, all the other clauses of his proposition, he confined himself to showing minutely the economical advantages of the union. He showed first that there would be a saving of \$16,000 to the whole country on the salaries of Governors, as well as a further saving of many thousands of dollars to the three Provinces concerned in keeping up establishments which under the union would be dispensed

with. In Executive management he contemplated a further saving of \$18,870; in Legislative expenses, a diminution of no less than \$36,381. Taking in other details which it would be tedious to mention, the speaker calculated the total saving at fully \$100,000, a figure that could still further be increased some \$15,000, if it were thought desirable to reduce the membership of the popular branch to 50, and to abolish the Legislative Council altogether. With regard to the seat of Government, which would be sure to be a bone of contention, even if the other terms of union were agreed to, Mr. WILLIS expressed himself as quite prepared to waive the claims of New Brunswick. He held that Fredericton City would be better as a manufacturing centre, which it ought to be, than as a seat of Government. In any case, he was willing to leave the matter to the choice of a convention, subject to the approval of the people's representatives.

THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO EUROPE

This is a very important question to Canadian trade, and the Parliamentary Committee appointed to investigate it, has just published an interesting report. The question, of course, resolves itself into the choice of a proper winter port, and, after careful attention, the selection seems to be narrowed down between Louisburg in Cape Breton, and Paspébiac, in the Baie des Chaleurs. The former is represented as a first-class harbor, with the geographical advantage of being the nearest available harbor of the Dominion to Europe. It is 230 miles nearer to Europe than Paspébiac, and 196 miles nearer than Halifax, by the direct route. The approaches to it are very easy, the anchorage is good in the north-east portion of the harbor, which is entirely sheltered from winds, and its waters are capable of floating vessels of any size. Similarly, Paspébiac harbor offers all the advantages of a first-class harbor, and is open and approachable from the Gulf of St. Lawrence at all seasons of the year. In examining into the merits and demerits of the harbor, the Committee deemed it advisable to elicit all the information possible regarding the navigation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It appears that the southern and western portions of the Gulf are perfectly navigable at all seasons of the year. The Arctic ice which is carried into the Gulf through the Strait of Belle Isle, strikes the N. E. of Anticosti with a velocity of current of half a mile an hour; the ice from the River St. Lawrence is borne upon the southern shore of the same island with a force of current of two miles an hour; and the stronger current from the river forces the Arctic ice towards the western shore of Newfoundland, thus, leaving the southern and western portions of the Gulf safe for navigation. It has further been shown that the tidal current entering the Gulf between Cape Breton and Cape Ray, is divided by the Magdalen group, and that the wave which passes southward of the Magdalen Islands holds in check any ice which may appear north of the islands, thus keeping free from accumulation of ice that portion of the Gulf lying north of Cape Breton and south of the Magdalen Islands, and as far north as Cape Gaspé.

Assuming Quebec as an objective point, the distance between that port and Liverpool is

	Water.	Land.	Total.
Via Halifax	2,466 miles.	622 miles	3,088 miles.
Via Louisburg	2,270 "	790 "	3,060 "
Via Paspébiac	2,500 "	400 "	2,900 "

making a difference in favor of Paspébiac as compared with Halifax of 188 miles; and in favor of Paspébiac as compared with Louisburg of 160 miles.

The Committee recommends that a survey be made between Louisburg and some point on the Intercolonial Railroad, to ascertain the practicability of building a railway between the most suitable point of that railroad and the harbor of Louisburg; at the same time, that a proper survey be made, and report be given upon the best

mode to be adopted for crossing the Gut of Canso.

It also recommends that a full and complete survey be made to ascertain the practicability of building a railroad from Paspobiac to some suitable point on the Intercolonial Railway.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

IX.

ROSTLE INDIANS. SUPPLY OF OATS. CRIPPLE CAMP. FEATHER LAKE. MY BUFFALO HUNT.

On the 15th of August, young Morin, our new guide for the Cypress Mountains, arrived. Having left Wood Mountain at ten in the forenoon, he reached camp at eight in the evening, having travelled forty miles. He reported that the Boundary Commission Depot on White Creek had been robbed by Sioux Indians. Furthermore, some of the men of the Boundary Commission, who had come on to Wood Mountain, reported that some Indians and one white man had been killed on the road. The latter was tied to a tree and gashed all over with knives. It seems that the Black Feet Indians did not fancy our coming into their country. In company of Morin were a Sioux and an American scout by the name of Morse. The latter excited a great deal of curiosity and some anxiety as to the object of his visit. He represented himself as wanting work and wishing to hire himself as scout West of Cypress Mountain, stating that he knew all that country well, and all about Bow River and its people. He informed us that the smugglers in that region were strongly fortified in block houses, with underground magazines and hiding holes.

On the 17th, our Sioux friends broke up camp and moved a few miles up the creek, having been joined by Rising Bull and a few wigwags. Rising Bull is the son of old Standing Bull who was in 1864-65 Subject under White Bonnet.

A couple of days later we also moved off two miles and founded a cripple camp where we left all our sick men and disabled horses in charge of Constable Sutherland and a couple of companions. Having thus provided, we made a start, in the afternoon, of twelve and a half miles, which again brought us to Old Wap's Creek. Here we received 15000 pounds of oatmeal from Wood Mountain and forthwith rationed our horses thereon. At the rate of eight pounds a day, the poor brutes threw on the luxury for some time. This refreshment to our animals gave us a chance to push on our way more rapidly.

On the 21st, at noonday halt, we met two traders from Fort Benton, having in their company the missionary Father Lesbaigne, who was on his way to Fort Edmonton by Lake Qu'Appelle. These traders, with Léveillé and the Welsh brothers, were to winter at this lake, not returning to Garry on account of the total destruction of the crops by grasshoppers. Continuing our route, we came to another branch of Old Wap's Creek which was nearly dried up. It holds large quantities of sulphate of soda in solution, and no doubt, silicate of soda as well, as petrified wood, clams and other articles were found all along its course. About three miles from it, we found the petrified leg of a buffalo. A train of twenty-six carts belonging to two or three traders was camped in the neighborhood. Our officers examined them, as was their duty, but found no liquor. Honest traders!

On the 24th, we came up to Lake La Plume, a small body of water containing sulphate of soda in light quantities. Ten miles more brought us to River Du Courant, so called from the turbulent course of its water in Spring. It lies in a beautiful valley, but like the rest of the country it is deficient in wood. We used "prairie chips" altogether.

On the following day, we reached Cypress Hills, and camped on the banks of one of several small lakes on the northern side. These hills lie between the 49' and 50' parallels, nearer the latter, and run on the edge of the great Missouri watershed. We remained there several days until the arrival of McLeod and Walker with 2100 lbs of oats which they had gone forward to fetch.

On the 1st of September, we resumed our journey with fresh vigor. The 2nd, was a special hold day. Five buffalo bulls were brought down. Colonel French particularly distinguished himself, killing two, the largest of which furnished 355 pounds of ration meat.

I was determined not to let the occasion slip without having my little fun also. Sallying forward with two companions, I reconnoitred among the gullies and bluffs for a considerable time without meeting any encouragement. My comrades fell back, but determining not to be balked, I took courage and "went it alone." The road was very discouraging. The declivities and ravines were covered with boulders, and cut up with holes. Scrambling through as well as I could, I at length thought I deserved three black points in the fur distance. I rode on in that direction and was rewarded by the sight of a grand skei-daddle. Three fine bulls leaped up from their lair and darted off across the plain. Of course, here was my chance and I followed. Two of the stronger bulls got away from me, but the third remained within range, and I let fly at him. My first shot took effect, but did not retard the pro-

gress of the goaled animal. So away in his wake! A second successful shot, but still the brute pushed forward. He fell on one knee, as he felt his second ball, but immediately rose and fled for his life. I pursued a considerable distance and had a third shot which proved fatal. The noble animal stopped, fell, quivered and died. My companions standing on a hill watched my chase in the prairie below, and when they beheld my success, sent up a cheer. When I got off my horse to survey my victim, I found that I was nearly half dead myself. Riding at a such a pace over rocks and rills, holding a heavy rifle poised in my hands, loading and firing, anxiety and keen desire, all these had completely exhausted me. My back was nearly broken, my knees and ankles were peeled. And as for poor Old Rooster, to whose honor it must be said that he did his whole duty on that eventful day, his flanks and belly streamed with sweat and blood. In my excitement I had spouted him unmercifully, and my towels were all bent.

THE LAND SWAP: A SATIRE.

It is always a healthy sign of intellectual vigour in a community when any test political or social incident, brings out a smart criticism in the shape of satire or burlesque. It argues keen interest in current events for one thing, and a lively sense of humor, which is one of the chief elements of literary vitality, for another. The Pacific scandal gave rise to several clever satires, and the Tanneries Land Swap is the subject of another which lies on our table. It is a well printed pamphlet of seventy eight pages, divided into four parts, with appropriate change of scenes. The material affords a canvas for a wide range of amusing criticism—the preliminary arrangements for the purchase of the land, the hoodwinking of the Ministry, the sudden revelation of the scheme, the Tanneries indignation meeting, the fears of the Bleus, the sharp hopes of the Rouges, and their disgust on the advent of a new government, after weeks upon weeks of delay.

All these scenes are well worked out in the pamphlet, and, on the constructive portion of his work the author deserves to be congratulated. He is evidently well acquainted with the whole ramifications of the case. His execution, however, is not equal to his conception. It is a pity he should have adopted blank verse for his vehicle, as it is unwieldy, heavy and sluggish, except under the touch of a master hand. The French, for light themes of the kind, invariably use prose, and make their dialogue light, crisp, sparkling, and occasionally idiomatic. Their scenes are also divided with a keen view to effect. Our writer has certainly an ear for rhythm, but many of his lines are hazy and all the same. Besides, he has written in an evident hurry. Still, several of the passages are well turned and full of character. Referring to the revelation of the bargain in the papers, H. says:

I would not be too rash; still will I put The matter in strong colors, hitting more Than plainly speaking, the exactest worst-course. 'Tis easy to insinuate with art. And do more injury than articles. Tempestuous our effort; the former wound, If but the venom skilfully is placed Within the shaft, the keener from the little Salt, the vagueness rouses apprehension.

And later: Inspire your article with just a spice Of wholesome wrath; weak sarcasm sometimes fails In its desired effect; be vigorous, bold. And manly, breathing honest rage and hate. For these, when honest, meet respect, not scorn.

The following is quite trenchant, and in the true vein of satire:

Don't put it on that score lest we should lose, But rather ape that grand hypocrisy, Which prayerful souls, clean hypocrites, Affect when they dissemble mouth in public. Let down your jaws two inches, if possible. For four—roll up your eyes with hideous grace, And then with stutterings and stoppings in your speech, To mark the bashful meekness of your soul.

Begin. The close and moral of the whole are in the words of the new Attorney-General:—

An honest trial granted, we will show, While tempests rage, and storms do blow, That we possess the hour, judgment, tact, And truth required to make success a fact.

So mote it be!

CARNIVAL ON THE ICE.

On Easter Monday, the last Fancy Dress Entertainment of the season took place on the ice of the Victoria Rink in this city. We shall not enter upon any elaborate description of it, as this was amply and ably done by writers on the daily press. We shall merely record our opinion that, everything considered, it was the most satisfactory exhibition of the kind which we have witnessed in Montreal, and we have been present at the most of them. Having said thus much, we shall perhaps be allowed the liberty of making a few suggestions which would tend, without any doubt, to make future entertainments of a like character even more successful.

In the first place, steps should be taken to relieve the monotony of the scene. However brilliant the costumes, and skilful the skating, it is after all always the same round and round which fatigues the eye and wears out the aesthetic feeling. Nothing is easier than to introduce variety into the performances, and variety is the chief secret of artistic enjoyment. Let a programme of exercises be drawn up, something in this wise.

First. A grand turn out of all the masqueraders pell-mell, to give a general view of all the costumes. This might last twenty minutes or half an hour.

Second. A walk round in couples or threes so as to give an opportunity to inspect the costumes minutely. For this purpose every spectator should be furnished with a printed programme indicating the costumes, with or without the names of the wearers.

Third. A straight race or game of some sort, first for gentlemen, next for ladies.

Fourth. A grand promenade of combined costumes; as for instance, King with Queen, Night with Morning, Faust with Marguerite, the Corsair with Medora, Punch with Judy. This would be drawing harmony out of confusion and presenting a most agreeable spectacle.

Fifth. A grand waltz or quadrille. Nothing is more beautiful on the ice.

Sixth. A general pantomime, all the maskers acting their parts with their legitimate partners.

We merely indicate the programme. Other and better elements might be introduced by the Directors.

A word about the costumes. The inexorable rule is that they must be in keeping. If historical, they must be true to history; if ideal, they must be poetic; if simply fantastic, they must be cleverly pointed. A programme of these should be drawn up by a Committee. The choice should not be left to individual tastes. Otherwise there will be a mixture, as is always the case, with too much of one thing and not enough of another. For instance, last Easter Monday, there were too many negroes and Indians, and not historical characters enough.

Another remark. The costumes are too common and cheap. Spangles of paper, paste-board adornments, calicoes and flimsy muslins were the rule, instead of being the exception. In Europe such deception would not be tolerated. The other night, we noticed only two or three *bonaparte* dresses of material suited to the period or the personage which they were intended to represent.

A distinction should be made between a Fancy Dress Entertainment and a Masquerade. A mingling of the two, as is done with us, is against all the traditions. One or the other. Never both together. A Fancy Dress Entertainment is more stately, more aristocratic, more *comme il faut*, and very beautiful. A Masquerade is jollier, more democratic, more *laissez aller* and very pretty. One Carnival of both might be given in the same winter, but the exclusion of masks and *hops* at the former should be rigorous.

Finally, the spectators. Some mode of seating them should be provided. Walking around the narrow passages from eight till eleven or twelve o'clock is no way of enjoying the Carnival. The men have a hard time of it; the women are squeezed out of breath and almost out of their dresses.

At the risk of being too severe, we should object to the presence of very young children on the ice. They are better in bed. On Monday night a couple of small boys, dressed as theimps that they were, made an intolerable noise with tannatus, whistles and other tools.

The Carnival on the ice is one of the most novel and magnificent of spectacles. And it is because it can be seen nowhere in the world better than in Montreal, that we are anxious to have it raised to the highest artistic standard.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

People think that men do not care for their own fashions. That is a mistake. They are just as fickle about it as women, only they have not the taste of the latter. Here are the latest Spring fashions for them. The principal novelties are in fancy checked suitings, of which the Knickerbocker is the leading one. They are made up in the new style of a single-breasted three-button sack-coat, or two-button morning coat. In point of novelty the three-button sack-coat has the preference. It is cut of medium length, and shaped so as to define the figure smartly; the top button is rather high, and the forepart is sufficiently cut away from the third button to display the waistcoat. There are four outside patch-pockets, and the coat is always worn with the three buttons buttoned. The sleeve is finished with a single hole and button, and stitched round the bottom to correspond with the edges. The waistcoat is made single-breasted, without a collar, cut long, and with four outside patch-pockets, to match the coat. The two-button morning-coat, from fancy suitings, is cut of good length, and made with flaps on the hips and pockets under, and one outside breast-pocket, patch and button, or with a welt. The waistcoat single-breasted, with a step collar. Trousers are cut straight and full to the leg, with side-pockets and welt on the side-seams, without any spring at the bottoms, and fall naturally on the boot. For better wear the frock coat is still the leading garment, the principal change being that it is now sometimes made to wear four buttons buttoned. This style, however, is likely to be more popular in England, where the climate will better admit of its being worn, than here. They are worn somewhat shorter in the skirt than during the winter, but still of good length. The lapels are cut rather bold and inclined to droop a little at the top, with silk breast facings to the button holes and edges that braided, or plain facing and bound narrow. A white double-breasted waistcoat is worn with this coat to show above the turnover of the lapel, and the trousers of a medium colored stripe in a neat pattern. In England it is

very general to wear rough chevrot checked trousers with a frock coat, especially for morning wear."

THE FASHIONS.

Fig. 1. DINNER DRESS.—Half low body, cut square; sleeves and chemisette in beaded blonde. Spray of roses on left side.

Fig. 2.—CUIRASS BODY for evening wear in rose-coloured satin, cut square in front, trimmed with white and pink crimped silk fringe headed by a *ruche à la vieille* in white gauze. Gauze drapery passing under the arm; each fold of this drapery is separated by a narrow *plissé* in rose coloured satin. The sleeves are formed by a *puffing à la vieille* in white gauze, above which there are straps uniting the black drapery to the front. The hair is very much waved in front encircled by plaits from which falls a profusion of very long curls.

Fig. 3.—BALL TOILETTE, in black tulle over black satin. The skirt is covered with *passes* of tulle intermixed with narrow satin quillings. The tablier is made with three rows of Chantilly lace separated by silver and silk fringe. The back of the skirt is *maillonnée* draped with a scarf of black silk woven with silver. On the left side there is a thick garland of red rose buds of foliage falling nearly to the bottom of the train. Cuirass body in the same material as the scarf with drapery; small garland of roses going from middle of the body to the shoulder.

Fig. 4.—YOUNG LADY'S TOILETTE in striped white-silk gauze and rose-coloured faille. The skirt is in the latter, plain behind forming train; the front breadths are trimmed with closely plaited flounces, finished at either end with bows. Gauze tunic, open-heart shape in front, buttoned behind to about 6 inches below the waist, where it separates into two pointed ends which are crossed in the scarf style without forming pof. The tunic is edged with a *plissé* of faille finished itself with a narrow white-silk fringe. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond with plaitings and bows of rose-coloured faille; two bows on the front of the body, one behind at the neck; scarf of faille fastening the folds of the tunic.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 29.—John Martin, M. P. for Meath, died yesterday, at the age of 93.

United States Treasurer Spinner has tendered his resignation to President Grant.

A despatch from Trieste says great preparations are being made for the erection of a monument in memory of the late Emperor Maximilian.

A case of appeal from the Supreme Court of Missouri to the Supreme Court at Washington, involving female suffrage, was decided against the lady.

A meeting was held in Hyde Park, London, under the auspices of the Tichborne Release Committee, at which fully 100,000 persons are said to have been present.

MARCH 30.—The Swiss Postal Convention has been ratified by the French Government.

The Episcopal Conference now in session at Faldia is being held with closed doors.

A Papal encyclical has been issued, renewing the excommunication pronounced against the Old Catholics of Switzerland.

General Concha, late Captain General of Cuba, has addressed a petition to Alfonso XII, accusing his predecessor, General Jovellar, of being the cause of the undisciplined state of the Spanish soldiery in Cuba. The petition is said to create a profound sensation.

MARCH 31.—The Hon. A. G. B. Bannatyne was yesterday elected by acclamation to represent Provocher in the Dominion Parliament.

General Concha's charges against General Jovellar will probably force the latter to retire from the Spanish Ministry.

The ceremonies of installing Archbishop Manning as Cardinal were performed at Rome to-day, and were of a very imposing character.

The English Budget shows a falling off in revenue of about two and a half millions as compared with the previous year, but exceeds the estimates by five hundred thousand pounds.

The Carlist cause appears drooping; in several places they have held out flags of truce and are fraternizing with the Government soldiers. In another place, over one hundred Carlists have been made prisoners.

APRIL 1.—His Excellency the Governor General will sail for England on the 1st of May.

A financial crisis is pending in Berlin. Twenty-eight failures are reported, and two cases of suicide in connection with these financial reverses.

The Canal Board of the State of New York have appointed the Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General a committee to investigate the alleged canal frauds, with power to send for persons and papers.

An ancient decree, prohibiting intercourse between the Pope and the Catholic clergy in Prussia, except through the Government, is about to be re-enacted, and it is said measures will shortly be introduced totally suspending Papal authority in Prussia.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was placed upon the witness stand to-day.

APRIL 2.—Cremation has been officially countenanced by the State Government of Oaxaca.

The jury in the trial of the Guine-war of Baroda for the murder of Col. Phayre have disagreed.

The proprietors of pawnshops in the city of Mexico refuse to conform to the new law compelling the closing of their establishments.

A verdict of guilty has been rendered against George Reynolds, of Salt Lake City, for polygamy, and the case is to be taken to the Supreme Court.

The Conference of Catholic clergy, held at Faldia, was closed to-day. The Pope sent his blessing to the members of the Conference, urging them to persevere.

The Police Board of Jersey City have rejected a petition from the Irish societies of New York, signed by O'Donovan Rossa, requesting permission to parade in Jersey City on the 12th instant.

APRIL 3.—Two Spanish men-of-war off Havana have respectively 40 and 36 cases of yellow fever on board.

Since Cabrera's manifesto, 244 officers—nine of whom were Generals—have left the Carlist ranks and entered France.

The monument erected at Trieste in memory of the late Emperor Maximilian was unveiled to-day, amid great enthusiasm.

A papal nuncio has been dispatched from Rome to Madrid, with instructions exhorting Spanish ecclesiastics to aid in the restoration of peace under King Alfonso.

A New York special states that a cable despatch from London gives currency to a rumor prevalent in that city that the Government are about to adopt the conscription system in view of the threatening aspect of affairs in Europe and the increasing difficulty of procuring recruits.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST :



SIoux CAMP ON OLD WIFE'S CREEK.



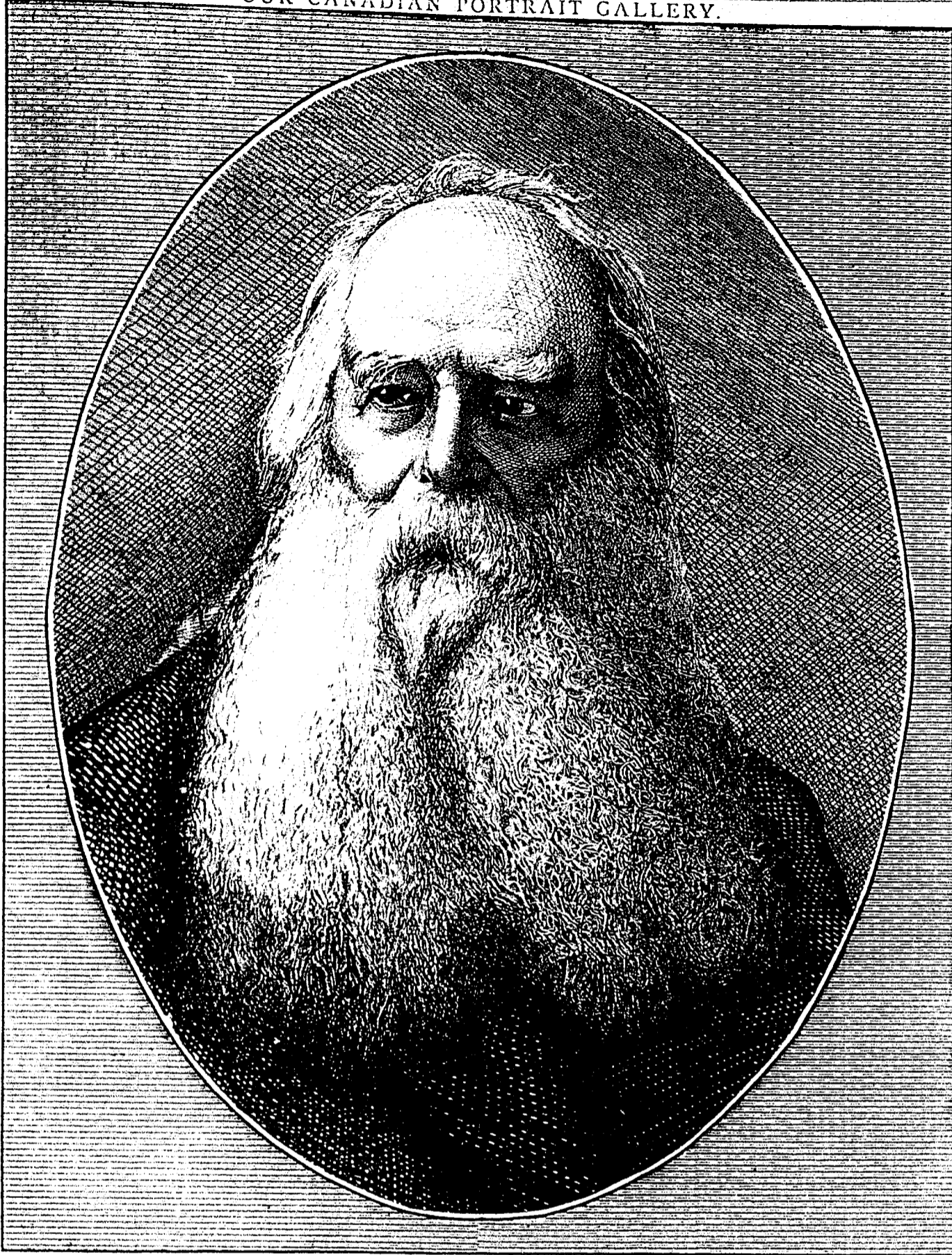
MONTREAL EASTER MARKETS.—WM. M. MILLER'S STALL, CORNER CRAIG AND COTTE STREETS.

HABERER

W. H. LEE, Esq.,
LATE CLERK OF THE
PRIVY COUNCIL.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Those who have had had business during the last fifty years with the Executive Council of the former Province of Upper Canada, or that of the old Province of Canada, or with the Privy Council of the Dominion, must have frequently met Mr. Lee, the greater part of whose life has been passed in the public service of this country. His father, Dr. Wm. Lee, of Ennis-corthy, Ireland, was long connected with the military medical staff in Canada, and served during the war of 1812-14 at York, and on the Niagara frontier. Mr. Lee, the subject of this sketch, and whose likeness we give in this issue, was born at Three Rivers on the 26th of June, 1799, and at the age of 22 entered the Executive Council Office at York, now Toronto, and continued therein till the confederation of the Provinces in 1867, when he was sworn in as "Clerk of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada." In 1872, Mr. Lee having then attained the age of 72 years, the Council adopted a minute stating that the time had arrived when Mr. Lee should be relieved from the labours of an office the delicate and important duties of which he had discharged with great ability and unimpeachable fidelity for the long period of 51 years. Mr. Lee was accordingly superannuated on the 1st July of that year. On his retirement he was presented by the Government with a piece of plate made in London, Eng., which bears the following inscription: "Presented by the Government of Canada to William Henry Lee, Esquire, Clerk of the Queen's Privy Council, on his retirement, after 51 years of faithful and distinguished services."



No. 235.—WILLIAM HENRY LEE ESQ.; EX-CLERK OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.

day without the sign" of his "profession"; namely the leather apron and the rule. One might well conclude, and the bust and portraits of our poet bear out the inference, that Shakespeare meddled not much with razors. No merry Figaro appears in his dramas, and we have few allusions to the barber. We may cite "the barber's chair that fits" everybody ("All's Well That Ends Well," act ii. sc. 2), and "the forfeits in a barber's shop," that stand "as much in mock as mark." These forfeits are the penalties frolicsomenly enforced from customers who meddle with the razors or implements of the barber that are displayed about his shop. Forby, in his "East Anglican Vocabulary," says that this exaction of forfeits existed in his day (1830), and we have no doubt the custom might yet be traced in out-of-the-way country districts. The barber naturally brings us to the surgeon, of whom—and we may take the fact as an indication that Shakespeare had "no regular medical attendant"—little is said by our dramatist. Portia adjures Shylock to have one present when he exacts the forfeiture of his pound of flesh from Antonio; but the prudent Jew—who has had experience of doctors' bills, no doubt—cannot see the necessity of incurring such a charge.

THAT BOY.

There he is again—rip, tear, slam, bang! What a jumbled, tumbled, mussed-up mess of humanity is that boy. Hear the cat! That boy is pulling his whiskers.—What a cackling! That boy is teaching the chickens to swim. Here he is! No, there he is! No, that's him scudding along under full sail after the dog. What a boy! Everybody says he will amount to nothing in this world or any other world.

KAISER WILHELM.

Victor Tissot publishes some curious details of the home life of the Emperor William, who, as is known, inhabits in his capital a house of no great pretension, and to which no one would ever think of giving the name of palace if it were not the dwelling of a monarch. On entering his study, the Emperor approaches that second window where is suspended an almanac for his personal use. Every leaf has, at the top, a verse from the Bible, proverb, or sentiment extracted from some German poet or philosopher; then, underneath the date, in large print, are set down the marking events of the reign, the publication of certain ordinances, the reviews held, journeys undertaken, visits received, &c. The Emperor likes to add remarks in pencil on those pages, and often signs up his day in a line or a phrase. Those manuscript notes will be valuable for the history of his life. His Majesty next receives his doctor, who, according to his observation, permits the Sovereign to go out, or orders him to keep his room. The cook then appears with two or three different menus, which William I. studies with as much care as a report from Prince Bismarck. The *cordon-bleu* in question is a Frenchman, named Urban Dubois. After the war he abandoned his kitchen, but his master soon recalled him. Not that the old Emperor's repasts are very exquisite; on the contrary, the dinners which he used to give as Prince-Royal are of legendary fame: "People ate there beef and potatoes, and guests blessed with good appetites never ventured to the princely table without having dined well beforehand." Further on M. Tissot reminds his readers that during the war of 1870 the Empress Augusta made every effort to mitigate the sufferings of

the French soldiers in captivity:—"She went so far as to contract personal debts in order to provide small comforts for the men. The resources of her allowance have always been very limited, and her meagre revenue is doled out to her every month, exactly as the ladies of the Court are paid. The King has thus found means to economize every year, at the expense of his consort, enough to cast a new cannon. Those who went to Baden in its palmy days relate that Her Majesty, being desirous one day to give a memorial of regard to Madame Viardot, handed to that lady her own brooch, adding in a gentle but saddened voice, 'You see that I have worn it.' A nature so good and generous was fatally destined to clash with the proud, cold, and calculating character of Prince Bismarck. The Queen has always been in a state of antagonism to the Chancellor, and is said to have frequently been able to keep him in check."

SHAKESPEARE'S TRADES AND CRAFTS.

It may be interesting to trace what Shakespeare says of the traders and craftsmen, his contemporaries. And first we will take the mercer, one Master Dumbleton, who very prudently declines to give credit to that reckless knight Falstaff for the satin for his "short cloak and slop." He requires better security than the bond of Sir John and his dependent Bardolph; and the fat knight is naturally indignant, and rails at the "smooth pates," who "wear nothing but high shoes and bunches of keys at their girdles," and "stand upon security." We may here remark, that the "bond"—a legal instrument binding the parties to it to the payment of a heavy pen-

alty, generally double the principal, as a forfeit on the non-payment of the actual debt—was a favourite security with traders of the time of Shakespeare, and indeed has not long become obsolete, driven out by the more handy promissory note and bill of exchange. The haberdasher and the tailor are *dramatis personæ* in the "Taming of the Shrew." The haberdasher shows the cap he has made for Katharina, and departs without more words; but the tailor has more to say. He makes gowns and kirtles, the tailor of those days, as well as doublets and hose, and he is just as glib with his tongue as his modern representative. The tailor has ever been reproached with his insignificance, and Petruchio does not spare the conventional abuse: "Thou thread, thou thimble, . . . thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!" The yard measure is the emblem of the tailor as the last is of the shoemaker ("Romeo and Juliet," act i. sc. 2). In one of those charming scenes between Hotspur and his wife that occur in the First Part of "Henry IV.," the gallant young Percy justifies her when she refuses to sing to the company; "Tis the next" (nearest) "way to turn tailor or be red-breast teacher." The village tailor is to this day usually the foremost in a carol or a glee; and this might open to us many curious speculations as to the idiosyncrasies of trade; but we forbear. From the tailor and shoemaker to the cobbler is no great descent, but Shakespeare marks it with his usual adroitness: "Cobbler, Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl." The cobbler, you will observe, is no tradesman, but an artisan, as is the carpenter, who ("Julius Cæsar," act i. sc. 1) is reproved by the tribune Flavius that, being mechanical, he walks "upon a labouring

Who placed a pin on the teacher's chair? That boy. Who drew a map of the pond, ducks and all, on the black-board? That boy. Who filled the sugar bowl with salt, hung his sister's best hat on the tallest tree, and then sat demurely in the corner with the book upside down, foot at cat's tail and grandmother's spectacles above his nose? You might know that it was that boy. "I can't do anything with him," says mother. "A useless concomitant of humanity," says teacher. "A lad whose baneful influence is being felt in a pernicious manner by all his associates," says the pastor. But wait. Who brings the first of everything good to the mother? Who is always on hand when the schoolmaster asks a favor? Who tumbles heels over head that he may obtain a geological specimen for the minister? Oh, it is that boy, is it? Well, then, just look into his heart and you will find it different from what you imagined. His soul is full, and it bubbles up and over every time he moves. Mischievous actions, lively pranks, and sharp sayings are only the gateway through which escape the superfluous floods of his nature. The trouble is that his body is too small for his big soul. Let him laugh, and frolic and play. Yes, help him to do all this, and more too. Remember that our moral and intellectual giants were once such boys, helped along by love. Also bear in mind that pressure on and abuse to such natures will make them fiends in human form. Take them by the hand, and you can lead them up to the loftiest pinnacles of thought and action. Drive them, and they become the devil's strongest allies.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

KINGSLEY.

They may lay thee to rest with the noblest dead,
With theirs may inscribe thy name;
But oh! thou hast more—than thee it were more,
A simpler, yet dearer fame.

It is not alone upon England's shores,
That thy songs are loved and sung;
But here, and oh! deem it not foreign earth,
Have thy touching accents rung.

To a far-off nook of our Western land,
With scarcely more than a name;
By some passing whim or strange fancy led,
A wandering stinger came.

Of the songs she sang, there was one, the last,
A sorrowful, simple tale;
But we saw the boats and the shining sands,
We heard the woman's wail.

Perhaps they were rude, these village men,
No kid-glove applause was here.
But the sound that broke when the singer paused,
Rose till it seemed a cheer.

They were thine, oh! silent bard, those words
With power to touch and thrill;
It is well with thee—and yet we mourn
That voice now forever still.

March 12th, 1875.

M. A. G.

POOR COUSIN BESSIE.

I.

When the heat of summer was subsiding into the tranquil glow of autumn, granny thought she noticed that Bessie displayed an unwonted languor—that her eyes were losing their accustomed brightness, and that the rosy hue which had once bloomed upon her cheek was fast paling. The doctor she consulted at once decided that Bessie should be allowed more liberty. She required no medicaments, but a sharp walk every morning across the breezy slopes of the brown hills fronting our dwelling. Granny became anxious, and determined that the doctor's recommendation should be carried out. Directly after breakfast the maid was ordered to be ready to accompany my cousin—for granny's advanced years rendered her incapable of climbing the steep hills—and they were not to return until a couple of hours had elapsed. By and by it was discovered that granny missed a few of her comforts by reason of the daily absence of her domestic, and then Bessie employed her winning arts to obtain permission to take her morning walk alone. My cousin was fond of sketching, and with a brisk step and a healthy glow upon her cheek would return from her excursion, displaying to the delighted eyes of her aged relative many a transcript of hill and dale which had seized her attention.

One morning—how perfectly granny could recall every incident of that eventful day!—Bessie came down to breakfast, nervous, pale, and agitated, but declaring that she never felt better in health. Granny noticed that the kiss given her when her grandchild was about starting seemed less of a cold ceremony than usual, and that tears stood in her eyes. She hurried off alone, granny watching her until she had turned the corner of the street, and was lost to sight. From that walk poor cousin Bessie never returned.

Vainly was search made along the broad stretch of hill and valley. Then inquiries were instituted in the neighbourhood, and after a few days of harrowing anxiety, the mystery of Bessie's departure was in a measure set at rest by the statement of a railway porter at the Link station, that on the morning when she was missed a young lady, dressed in every particular as Bessie was described, and without any luggage, had taken the train to London, with a tall, black-whiskered young fellow, who had been seen in the neighbourhood for some weeks past. Until that moment granny had never thought of her grandchild contemplating an elopement; and the discovery of the deceit that had been practised was almost worse than if her lifeless corpse had been found stiffening among the hills. It was from granny's own lips came the particulars of poor Bessie's story. The photograph so carefully preserved, having been taken only three months ere she disappeared, exhibited her in the full glory of her womanly beauty. Alas, that bright eyes, exuberant spirits, and a ready tongue should prove such dangerous gifts!

It was New-Year's Eve, and granny, wishing to accompany me to a special service held at a church about a mile from our house, was not to be diverted from her intention by the bitterly cold air and the sullen aspect of the clouds. The heavens had for days borne a leaden hue, as though laden with snow, and it required no special gift of prophecy to foretell that when the snow did descend we should have it in plenty. A few flakes fell about us as we reached the end of our journey, but by the time the service was concluded the ground was covered to the depth of an inch. The air was still cold, but not of that numbing description as when we started, and the wind having subsided, the snow lay as it fell. Soon the snowy sheet in the roadway obliterated the boundary of the path, so that every footprint seemed like a chasm.

As we trudged homewards I noticed that some one had preceded us a great portion of the way. Our house lay out of the main thoroughfares, and the hour being late, the footprints in the snow attracted my attention. They had but recently been traced, or the fast-falling snow would have obliterated them; it struck me too that the footprints were not like ours, bold and distinct, but blurred and irregular, as though the wayfarer had with difficulty traversed the roadway.

Along more by-streets, but still the same track in the snow. Now a sharp turning brought us to the row of houses of which our own formed a part, and here it seemed as though the person who had preceded us had paused. Many footsteps to and fro, footsteps to the right and footsteps to the left, then crossing each other, and suggesting the idea of a conflict of thought, the resolution to proceed followed by further wavering. A few paces beyond, and we were at the gate leading to our house. Suddenly, through the blinding snow, I saw crouched in the path a huddled mass of undistinguishable form. On such a night as this no Christian woman would refuse succour to the vilest of God's creatures; so releasing granny's arm, I drew towards the strange object, and drawing aside a thin black shawl in which it was enveloped, discovered the body of a woman.

Telling granny to summon the servant, I sat on the steps and lifted the poor creature's head upon my lap. Then the thought flashed across me that this helpless form was associated with the footsteps I had noticed ahead of us almost throughout our way homewards.

I drew aside the masses of hair which in wild disorder fell about the stranger's face, and the street-door then opening, a flood of light poured upon her hollow cheeks. The face upon which I gazed was the counterpart of granny's treasured photograph—the face of poor cousin Bessie.

Granny recognized the wanderer simultaneously with myself, and hastened down the snow-clad steps to aid me in conveying her inanimate form into the house. Tenderly we carried her within doors, and laid her on the bed of granny's room. Then, obtaining restoratives, we took from the poor creature's wasted limbs the dripping rags which hung about her, and endeavoured to restore warmth to her pale cheeks and chilled hands.

It was long after the distant church-bells had heralded the advent of the new year that poor Bessie gave signs of returning animation. We briefly explained the situation to the doctor who had hastily summoned, and by his solicitation granny was induced to withdraw herself within the shadow of the bed-curtains.

"She is in a weak state—a very weak state," he said, "and any sudden excitement may destroy the faint spark of life that burns within her."

Accordingly, when we saw the weary head turn slowly on the pillow, granny retreated a few paces, but, although hidden from view, her gaze was concentrated on the loved one who had returned.

By and by the eyelids parted, and a faint spark of pleasure lit up the hollow depths beneath. She evidently recognized the room, but the inquiring glance she turned upon us after her face had moved from right to left showed that she had expected and was longing for the sight of one dear to her heart. I looked at the doctor, and he read the thought to which I gave silent utterance. Granny's eager hungering eyes were also upon him, and as he raised his finger she came forward. The quick ears of the sufferer caught the rustle of the dress; she quickly turned her head, then raising her thin wasted arms, uttered a thrilling cry of joy, and hid her head in granny's bosom. No words were needed on either side—in that one embrace all was forgiven.

"The case is hopeless," whispered the doctor, as he turned aside; "exposure and want have told upon a system that I should think was never capable of much endurance. I can send you some medicine that will alleviate any pain she may suffer, but her cure has gone far beyond human skill."

When, after seeing the doctor to the door, I slowly returned to the sick-room, granny was seated upon the bed supporting her darling's head upon her lap, and tenderly caressing the flaxen locks that had once courted such attention.

Not wishing to disturb the re-united pair, I was about to again retreat, but the uplifted hand of the sufferer bade me stay.

II.

"Do not go away," said a soft voice, as low in tone as the murmur of a summer breeze; "I shall not be long on earth, and I am desirous you should hear my story. I came not back to plead for myself, but for my boy, upon whose innocent head may Heaven grant the follies of his mother may not descend! To the care of granny and yourself I commend him. Say, shall it be so?" The dying mother's eyes looked wistfully into mine; then, reading the answer upon my lips, she seized my hand and kissed it. "Oh," she said, "that I had been such a true-hearted woman as yourself; but it was not in my nature. Granny, my heart secretly rebelled against the restrictions you placed upon my conduct. I longed to be free, and thirsted after vain pursuits that I found, when too late, left naught but bitterness behind. During my visit to London I made the acquaintance of one whose tastes in every way corresponded with mine. We loved each other devotedly; and to Frank Markham I became betrothed. He had no expectations from his family, and eked out a small annuity, which expired with him, by occasional contributions to the metropolitan newspapers. He was of a noble, generous nature, but, like myself, given up to worldly pleasures. I know I was madly foolish, but, O granny, I loved him with a passion beyond expression. He knew my position, and oft wished to see you; but I was certain you would oppose our union, and resolved to risk all rather than resign his love. I alone deceived you, granny dear—it was by my command that whilst staying here he refrained from seeking you, and it was by my wish we were

married in secret in London. He is free from all share in the ingratitude I displayed. A few days after we were married we embarked for Australia, but I would not write you ere we left, as I feared you might seek me out; and I felt I could not endure your reproaches. Directly we landed, however, I wrote you full details of the circumstances of my flight, and pleaded forgiveness; but judge my distress when, six months later, I heard that the steamer conveying my letter had been wrecked, and the mails lost. After that lapse of time I had not courage to write again, but looked forward to the period when I should return, and with my husband receive pardon from your own lips. How sadly were our hopes blighted! My dear husband, whose love for me increased, I believe, with every day of our union, found, like many another short-sighted emigrant, that physical strength and capacity for manual labour were of more advantage in Australia than mere brain-power. Our circumstances became worse and worse. At last, hopeless and heart-sick, Frank's health became affected, and he shortly afterwards died, leaving me in a strange land penniless. Three months after he was buried a child—my boy—was born to me."

Here poor Bessie paused, whilst granny wiped from her forehead the cold dew gathering there. Then she continued:

"When I had obtained sufficient strength, I endeavoured to gain a livelihood as a governess; but people, seeing my child, were suspicious of me. Then I turned my old skill in drawing to account, but I soon found there was no market for puny efforts such as mine. At last I secured occupation as a needlewoman in the residence of an old colonist, but I felt my health giving way, and, for the sake of my boy, resolved to return to England. How I managed to raise the money for my passage home, I can scarcely tell you. I denied myself all but the bare necessities, worked until my eyes grew dizzy and my brain throbbed, and then, like a miser, counted and hugged the glittering coins that were slowly—oh, so slowly!—accumulating. During my passage home I found myself becoming weaker and weaker, and when, after a wearisome voyage, I set foot in England, I had scarcely strength to carry my child. By the kindness of a fellow-passenger—who little knew the extent of the service she was rendering me—I was conveyed by train to Hereford. From there I have walked—fearing each moment my feeble strength would fail me. Making inquiries in the neighbourhood I was told that you still resided in the house I so well remembered; but arriving at the corner of the street, I hesitated a moment, fearing I had not the courage to meet you. Again maternal instinct urged me onwards, but passing through the gate, I could go no farther, and fell to the earth exhausted."

Bessie's eyes closed, and, thinking she was about to slumber, we remained watching her throughout the night, her aged relative still clasping her in her arms, whilst I tended the innocent child confided to our care.

The clock in the drawing-room below chimed forth the passing hours of the first day of the new year, and the gray light of morning was beginning to overpower the lamp's rays, when a motion made by granny attracted my attention.

"Her strength is ebbing, and the hue of death is on her face. Quick—summon the doctor!"

"Stay," said the sufferer, whom we had deemed in a sound doze; "I have but a few moments to live, and I would die in peace. Let me see my boy once more."

With her disengaged hand, granny took the child and held him before his mother's eyes; a smile lighted up the infant's face as she pressed her cold lips upon his cheek. Turning to the window, I raised the blind. The snow had long since ceased falling, and the wintry sun was rising from behind a mass of cloud. Its weak gleams darted through the room, and, resting on the bed, played around the infant's head; whilst the mother, grasping our hands, whispered, "Treasure him—he is my only gift."

A few moments after, the change grew more perceptible, but she still held us close, her eyes resting with fond affection upon the tiny creature she had bequeathed us. Then her grasp relaxed. Granny kissed her forehead, and as she passed that mysterious border-land 'twixt life and death, a tranquil smile played upon her lips, as though thus early the music of the heavenly choir was ringing in her ears, and the welcoming voice was heard summoning her to the region of the blest.

Thus, peacefully, poor cousin Bessie sought that eternal home where the wicked cease from trouble and the weary are at rest.

BREAD WINNING.

Whatever may be the cause, there is little doubt that the number of women who are revolving this subject in their minds is constantly on the increase. The opening of avenues of industry and support to women is a standing topic of discussion in private circles, no less than in the public journals. A number of letters have of late been addressed this subject by young women, asking advice with respect to choosing a profession or vocation. They all seem to proceed on the same supposition that, if the choice is right, success is sure to follow. That depends on many circumstances.

In this matter of winning position and pay, the majority of women have a great deal to learn. Not knowing how the few fortunate females they hear or read about have attained reputation and wealth, they fancy it must have come by some

magical hocus-pocus, by the rubbing of Aladdin's Lamp, by friendly influence, by anything but steady, persistent, hard work. Charlotte Cushman, Louisa Alcott, Mrs. Stowe, Anna Dickinson, Clara Louise Kellogg, what fortunate women they are, how admired, how famous, how enviable! Why cannot every woman accomplish and enjoy as much as they have?

Now, there is an absolute certainty that if the lives and labors of these women were thoroughly understood, the secret of their success would be found to be high standards, uncompromising devotion to their purposes, and incessant industry. They won success by deserving it—deserving it as judged by the highest masculine standards. Other women must succeed, if at all, on the same basis.

Now, a man who determines on a liberal and thorough course of culture, expects to give seven years to getting through college, three to professional study, and then beginning, perhaps, at the lowest round of the ladder, to work up steadily and steadily until he gets as far as his talents will take him. Every young lawyer calculates upon and generally has, unless his father is rich, five years of semi-starvation before his income gets to be comfortable; physicians, ministers, artists, journalists, musicians, struggle and study, and study and struggle, during a probation equally long or longer, and take it as a matter of course. The first that is generally known about them, they seem to be in easy circumstances, but all the time when they were little known, they were living very modestly; straightened, harassed, anxious, but diligent in the pursuit of their ends.

Just so with business men. The lad begins as a cash-boy or an office-boy; he runs errands; he carries bundles; he gets hard knocks and poor pay; he is held up constantly to a high standard of duty, and expects if he fails to be reproved or dismissed. By and by he makes one step up and then another, conquering his way as he goes.

How different with women! A girl attends the public school or a private academy a few years, takes a turn or two at the Normal school and begins to teach. Or she studies music a few terms and attempts to establish herself as a music teacher. Her position is low; her salary is small; her prospects are gloomy, and she fancies that she is hardly used. Doubtless she may be with respect to the meagerness of her salary as compared with that of men no more capable than she. But they are a great many women who hold high positions as educators. How did they get the positions where they are? Only by mastering the elements of success, as men master them, by laborious, continued and patient effort.

All beginnings are small; one cell, a single leaf, the mustard seed, is enough to begin with. The thing to do is to keep adding cell to cell, throwing out new leaves, developing new germs, till the child becomes the man, the little slip towers into the giant oak, the mustard seed becomes a tree in which the birds of the air make their nests.

Every woman must decide for herself, according to her proclivities and talents, what she will do, and then keep on working, just as men do, in obscurity, neglect, poverty, until she works out of it, working with a brave, cheerful, hopeful heart until the day of her prosperity dawns. It may take them ten, fifteen, twenty years, or twice those numbers. Meantime if she chooses and has a chance she can get married, and keep on working, or vary her industries to suit new conditions. But let her be sure there is no success in this world worth having without long, persistent, untiring, patient, loving labor.

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10-22-52-49

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

RIGHT LIVING.—It is a hard saying, but a true one, that many professed Christians are not seemingly happy themselves, neither do they help to make others happy around them.

THE LOSS OF A FRIEND.—Among the most painful things in human experience are those self-accusations that arise when, having lost a friend, we recall the circumstances in which we were wanting toward his friendship.

CONFESSION OF FAULTS.—The acknowledgment of a fault is often more effectual than any deed of atonement; and confession is speedily followed by forgiveness.

INGRATITUDE.—In the catalogue of human vices, there is scarcely one more disgraceful or more hateful than ingratitude.

A SWEET ANSWER.—A little boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek.

THINKING AND DOING RIGHT.—It is much easier to think aright without doing right than to do right without thinking right.

HEAD WORK.—What ploughing, digging, and harrowing are to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining are to the mind.

MANNERS.—Manners are at once the efficient cause of a man's success, and a proof of his deserving to succeed; and the outward and visible sign of whatever inward and spiritual grace, or disgrace, there may be in him.

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN LOVELY.—There is just one way, and that is to surround them by day and by night with an atmosphere of love.

for them what the steady shining of the sun can effect. Love is the sunshine of the family; without it not character or morality, or virtue can be brought to perfection.

THE GLEANER.

The death is announced of Maximin Giraud, the shepherd of La Salette, one of the two witnesses of the alleged appearance of the Virgin Mary on the 19th of September, 1846.

The fashionable scarf-pin for ladies and gentlemen—for the former wear now also shirt fronts and coat tails—is a model of the blue five-sous postage stamp.

A packet of fifty bonnets, the latest broadbrim fashion, has just been forwarded to the Shah of Persia for the use of his ladies; the bill was 5000f.

Lady Mordaunt is now, and has been for some time, an inmate of Dr. Tukey's private asylum at Hammersmith, near London, and her insanity has taken such a violent form that strong precautionary measures have to be adopted in order to prevent her destroying her clothing.

A lieutenant in the Russian navy publishes a device for quickly stopping holes made in ships by collisions. It consists of a waterproof, pliable patch, with mechanism by which it may be readily adjusted on the outside of the leaking surface.

The recent birth of quadruplets in Baltimore is paralleled by a similar event in Brattleboro, Vt. The parents' name is Hahn, and the family are very poor.

Victor Hugo's device is "Faire et refaire;" that of Michelet, the two words, "Des ailes." Lamartine adopted "Spera, spera;" and Alexandre Dumas, a line not at all in accordance with his jovial temperament.

Lord Henry Lennox gives an account in the London Times of his voyage in the new Bessemer steamer from Hull to Gravesend. The weather and the sea were rough, but there was an almost total absence of pitching, and nothing like heavy or violent rolling.

Another death in consequence of the culpable manner in which narcotics are administered to children occurred recently at Holloway in England. The child having been restless, the mother bought some syrup of poppies and gave it a spoonful.

The New York Tribune says the falling off in freights and emigration has proved a very serious loss to the European steamship companies, and they are not paying their running expenses.

Mr. Halliwell, in his "Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare," said that the last chance of finding Shakespeare's papers was to search behind the panellings of the old house of Lady Bernard, the granddaughter and last lineal descendant of Shakespeare.

M. Offenbach sent the following note to Galignani:—"Monsieur le Rédacteur,—I give on Sunday, the 21st, at one in the afternoon, a gratuitous representation of Genevieve de Brabant, in favour of the foremen and working typographers of all the journals of Paris.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LA BECQUEE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

DEAR SIR.—Below I give you, as requested, a translation of the word "Becquée" taken from the Dictionnaire de l'Académie.

"Becquée ou Béquée, s. f. La quantité de nourriture qu'un oiseau peut prendre avec le bec pour donner à ses petits."

"Becqueter ou Béqueter, v. a. Donner des coups de bec. Pron. Se battre à coups de bec. Se caresser avec le bec."

Yours, D. R., Jr.

PS.—That is a capital picture and well worthy of preservation.

[Thanks to our esteemed correspondent. But where is the translation?]

EDITOR C. I. NEWS.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

AN obedient wife commands her husband.

"WHAT'S in a dress?" asks a popular writer. Sometimes a good deal, and sometimes very little.

THE circle in which a wife should find most delight is perhaps not a very fashionable one—the circling arm of an affectionate husband.

BESSIE TURNER, of Beecher trial notoriety, says she would never marry a literary man. Let our young ladies take counsel.

THERE is a purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to the man that is so fortunate as to have a good wife.

Spinner, late U. S. Treasurer is decidedly of opinion that women will not steal. Reason—they have n't the nerve. If they do steal they won't take over one or two dollars.

Black should not be worn at a wedding. It is quite usual to leave off even deep mourning (and daughter's mourning after eight months need not be that) and put on a coloured costume for the occasion.

THE other day a young lady met a gentleman whose offer of marriage she had some months previously rejected. She had repented her decision and informed him of the fact in this naive and innocent style:—"You have no tact in matters of love. You should have asked me again."

THE "dress reform" is finding favor in Paris. Trousers for young ladies are already exhibited there, altogether proper and very tasteful. They are not close fitting, like men's, but somewhat full and Oriental, such as Medora would have worn in the winter season when Conrad was away.

IN visiting if you ask whether the lady is at home, and the answer is in the affirmative, it is decidedly incorrect to send in your card. Give your name distinctly to the servant, who will announce you. On leaving, leave two of your husband's cards in the hall, one for the master of the house, and one for the mistress.

"A woman is only as old as she looks," says the old adage. Helen of Troy was over forty when she won the heart of Paris and brought on the siege of Troy. Pericles wedded Aspasia, when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterward, for thirty-six years or more, wielded an undiminished reputation for beauty.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. Read, Mesdames, what Olive Harper writes of Eugénie whom she lately visited in her sickroom at Chislehurst. "On going out the door of the bedroom I turned to take a last look of the beautiful Empress who had carried all hearts by storm, be they of kings or peasants.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P. P., Whitby.—Problems received. They shall appear shortly.

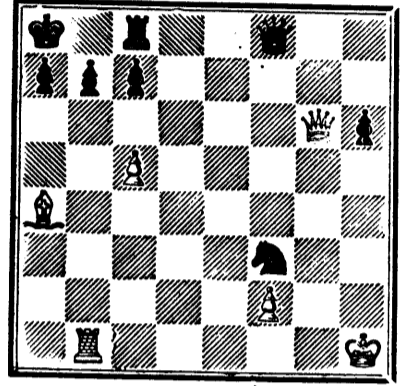
Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 11 received. Correct. Will look over the problem enclosed. What was the date of its appearance?

It appears from accounts in English papers that Chess is being introduced as a recreation into the army, and that Tournaments have recently been held by non-commissioned officers and men. This is as it should be, and soon we trust it will find a place wherever a large number of men are in the habit of meeting together, and have some leisure time at their disposal.

PROBLEM No. 14.

By Sarratt.

WHITE.



BLACK.

White to checkmate in four moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 12.

WHITE.

- 1. P takes B (bec Kt)
2. Kt to K 7th dis ch
3. Kt to K Kt 6th
4. B takes P mate.

BLACK.

- 1. B to B 2nd (best)
2. B to Q
3. P takes Kt

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 11.

WHITE.

- 1. Kt to Q 4th (ch)
2. K to K B 6th
3. R to K R 4th ch/mate.

BLACK.

- 1. K to K Kt 5th (best)
2. K to K B 5th

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 12. By M. D'Orville.

WHITE.

- K at K R sq
R at Q Kt 7th
B at Q 3rd
B at Q R 3rd
Kt at Q R 5th
Pawn at K B 5th

BLACK.

- K at Q 4th

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

GAME 19th.

Between two of the leading members of the Montreal Chess Club.

Evans's Gambit.

WHITE.—Mr. W. A.—

- 1. P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd
3. B to Q B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th
7. Castles
8. P takes P
9. Q Kt to B 3rd
10. B to Q Kt 2nd
11. B to Q 3rd
12. Q R to Q B sq
13. P to Q 5th
14. P to K R 3rd
15. Q takes B
16. Kt to K 2nd
17. Q to K Kt 3rd
18. Q takes Kt
19. Kt to K Kt 3rd
20. Kt to B 5th
21. Q to K Kt 3rd
22. Q R to Q B 3rd
23. B to Q R sq
24. K R to Q B sq
25. Kt takes Q P
26. Kt takes R (ch)
27. P to Q 6th
28. K to R sq
29. P to K B 4th
30. P to K 5th
31. P takes P
32. Q R to Q 3rd
33. K R takes B
34. Q takes Q
35. Q R to K 3rd

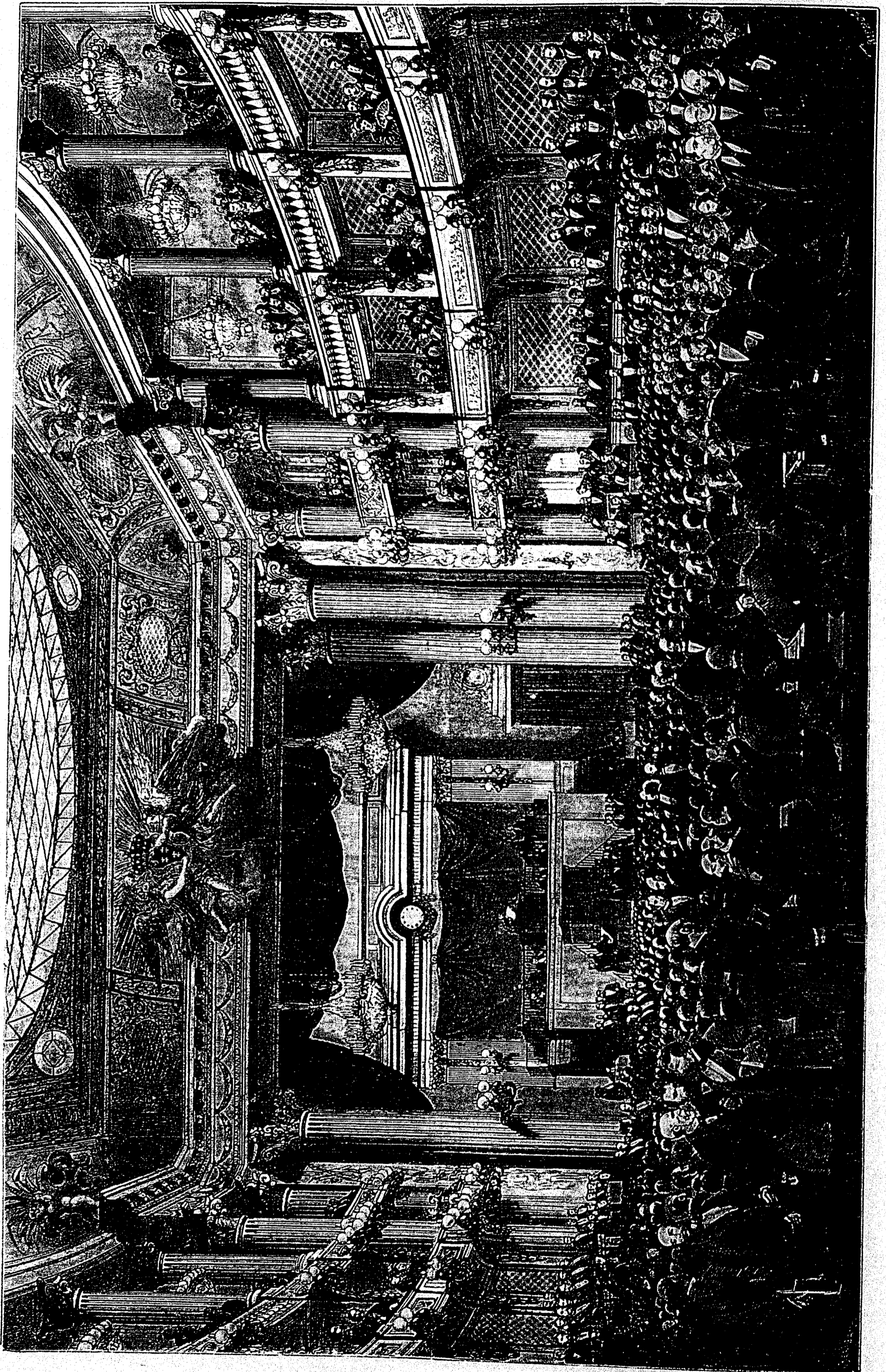
BLACK.—Prof. H.—

- P to K 4th
Q Kt to B 3rd
B to Q B 4th
B takes Kt P
B to Q R 4th
P takes P
P to Q 3rd
B to Q Kt 3rd
K Kt to K 2nd
Q Kt to R 4th
Kt to K Kt 3rd
B to K Kt 5th
Castles
B takes Kt
P to K B 3rd
Kt to K 3rd
Kt takes B
R to Q B sq
Q to K sq
K R to K B 2nd
K to R sq
Q to Q Kt 4th
Kt to Q B 5th
Kt to K 4th
Q to Q 2nd
Q takes Kt
P to Q B 3rd
Q to K 3rd
Kt to B 2nd
P takes P
B to Q 5th
B takes B
Q takes K P
Kt takes Q
Resigns.

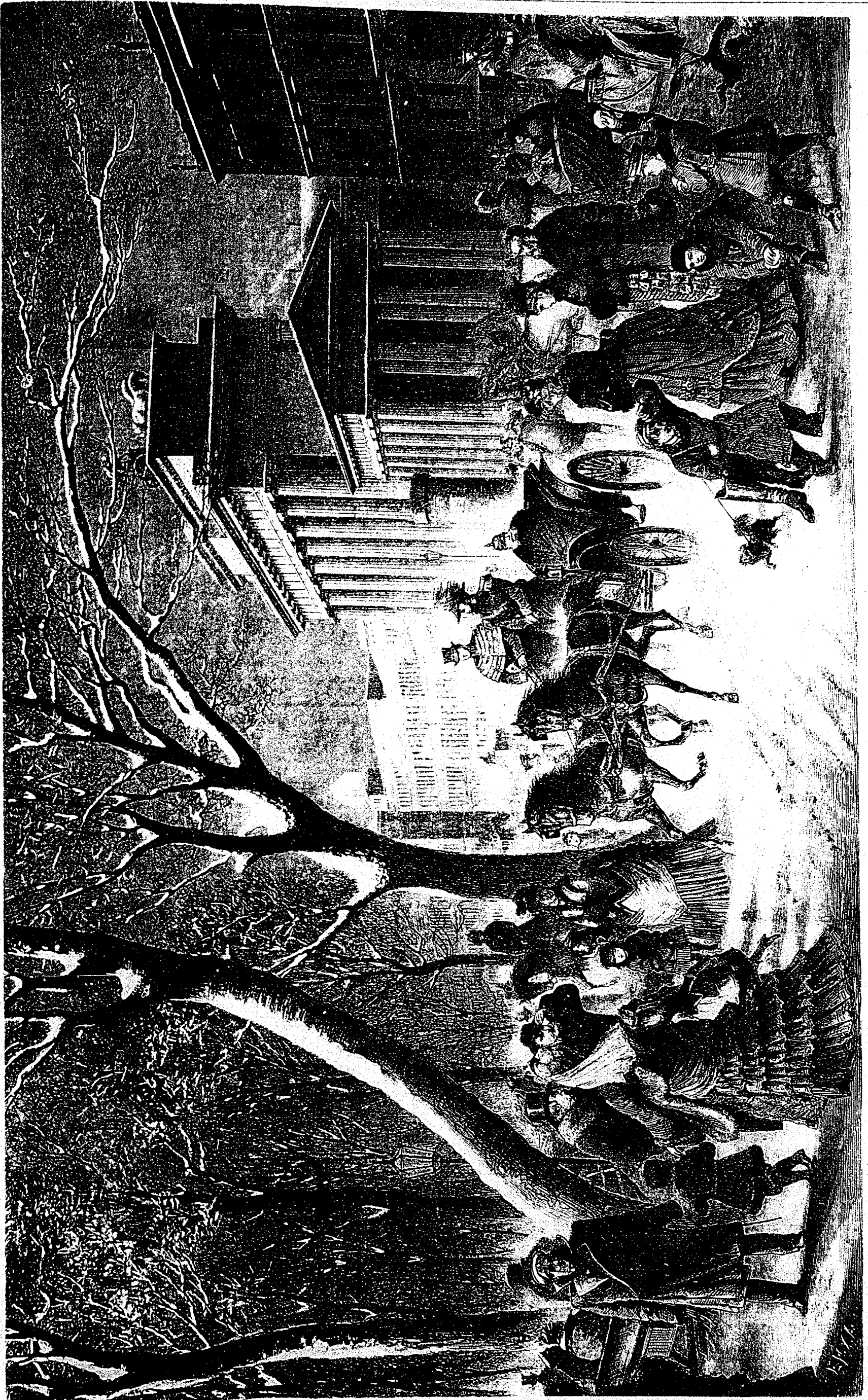
HUMOUROUS.

"BUB, did you ever stop to think," said a Michigan avenue grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy. "But I heard mother say that you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in about every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

IN the office of one of the hotels, recently, a gentleman snapped his finger to a boot-black, and as he put his foot on the box he said: "You look like a good smart boy." "See here, mister!" replied the boy as he rose up, a brush in either hand, "I've had that game played on me a dozen times, and now I want to know whether this is a cash shine or whether you're going to pat me on the head when I get through and tell me that I'll be Governor of Michigan some day!"



FRANCE: PROCLAMATION OF THE VOTE ON THE SENATE, AND INAUGURATION OF THE NEW REPUBLIC, IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, FEB. 24, 1875.



GERMANY : THE BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES

II.

It may be safely affirmed that a crisis has been reached in the working of representative Government. Our system of Government is incapable of giving an accurate expression of the popular will. It affords no means of certainty, even after a general election, that the majority in the House corresponds with the majority in the country; lacking this one condition, representative Government becomes a fraud. The popularity of representative Government arises from the impression that the majority in Parliament corresponds with the majority in the country. Where this is not the case, popular Government is despotism in disguise. It is possible for us to have a Government representing a smaller fraction of the popular will than is represented by even the Russian Government. Our Parliament once elected, can remain in office a term even though admitted to not represent one-tenth part of the popular will. Now, if it were known, for certain, that the Russian Government did not represent one-tenth part of the popular will, it would not be safe a single month.

Not being elective, the Emperor of Russia conforms to public opinion for his own safety, and being elective, our Parliaments may override public opinion with impunity. The best artist cannot execute a design, to his satisfaction, without proper tools; nor can the most enlightened nation choose truly representative men without the proper mode. Like an artist with bad tools, after doing our best to choose suitable men, we sometimes discover before the close of one session that the country is misgoverned.

How can it be otherwise, while there are so many men in Parliament who were never named as candidates three months previous to their election. Parties obliged to do something grasp at such men, in the last extremity, as drowning men grasp at straws. Their very obscurity secures their election. But the first session seldom passes, till their constituents find themselves misrepresented, or not represented at all. Electors have too little choice; and this must be remedied by the representation of minorities.

It is said that people, having the franchise, are themselves to blame for being misgoverned. This is not the case. Is an artist, not having proper tools, blameable for not being able to execute a work to his satisfaction. Blame him for not having proper tools, but this being the case, we can't blame him for being unable to perform the work satisfactorily.

As yet, representative Government is but a partial success. The principle is simply admitted. In practice we have no popular Government. It is a false standard. Popular Government is Government of the people by the people. It cannot be Government by the people where the influence of any considerable number of electors is not felt.

Heretofore remedies have been sought for abuses in the extension of the franchise. This may appease the public, but it never cures a single abuse. Every extension spreads the responsibility of bad acts over a larger number of people. The object is not so much to remove abuses as to make people acquiesce in them. The way to avoid the whole consequences of disreputable conduct is to get all the persons directly and indirectly interested involved in the act. But nothing makes men more desperate than the consequences of conscious folly. While there is any further room for extensions popular Government resort to it as a remedy. But when the last, practicable, extension is made, and felt a failure, people yield to any despotic power capable of restoring order. Rome had reached this point when acquiesced in the usurpation of Caesar. Along with a properly extended franchise we require the representation of minorities, to secure good Government. It is better to be well governed with a limited franchise than ill governed with an extensive one. A very extensive franchise is not properly appreciated. After it reaches a certain point, those on whom it is bestowed regard it only as a mean of making money, or promoting their individual interests. It is rebels who usually solicit foreign intervention, and call in mercenary soldiers to aid in establishing authority. So in politics, it is the party which is aspiring to office, or endeavouring to consolidate their power who extend the franchise. Classes to whom the franchise is extended may not be always benefited thereby. The interest of a child would not be promoted by being prematurely taken into a joint stock partnership with his father.

Were all capitalists, compelled to form a partnership with all the laborers, what would be the result? The unwise council that would prevail in such a combination would annihilate the wealth of the world, and I might say too, a great portion of the population, in one or two generations. Well, universal suffrage does for liberty, and good Government precisely what this kind of an experiment would do for wealth. Immoderate extensions of the franchise will produce political convulsions similar to those monetary convulsions sometimes caused by over speculation. "The franchise won't extend" will be as familiar then as "the banks won't discount" is now.

The re-organization of the Senate is occupying a great deal of attention. But I see more real necessity for re-organizing the House of Commons. It does not reflect public opinion; it does not embody the public intelligence. Were the Commons and Senate to differ on any question which could be submitted to the people

without it being known which side each House had taken, it is my opinion that the Senate would be sustained oftener than the Commons, in such cases. The Senate though not elective understands the popular will just as well as the Commons.

The Commons is called the popular branch. This is so only in imagination. The significance attached to the term is a fraud. It does not represent the people; it seldom represents the majority; it may not represent, even a majority of the majority; but a minority of the majority, as shown in my paper of March 27th. Any extension of the franchise at present will be an evil; further extensions, under any circumstance, cannot be beneficial; but give the country a franchise, in which provision is made for the representation of minorities, and the people of Canada will choose for themselves the best Parliament in the world.

W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

ALEXANDER DUMAS AT HOME.

The election of the younger Dumas to the French Academy, and his recent brilliant reception in that illustrious body, have turned the attention of the literary world to him in a special manner and made him the lion of the season. The following account of his home, his literary habits, and his art collections, from the pen of a Paris colleague, will be of particular interest.

I.

Let us take a look at his writing desk in his splendid mansion. On it the first object which strikes the eye is a sheaf of goose-quills, the only one which the great writer employs. He experiences a certain pleasure in hearing them sing on the blue satin paper which is a favourite with him. The inkstand is a prosaic block of crystal. It is the inkstand of the Countess Dash.

"She left it to me in her will," says Dumas, "and I will use it all my life. But I have changed the ink. I am better pleased with my own, and so are my publishers."

A pile of letters lay on the table ready for the postman.

"They are mostly insignificant," said he. "I receive an incalculable number of them every day, and I have the weakness to answer them. Out of ten correspondents, there are seven unknown to me who ask me something, and one or two who thank me for something. I have a horror of private secretaries. I do not like that gentleman who pokes into your papers, keeps a copy of your correspondence, and who, after having lived on your life, lives on your death by bringing to the papers, on the day of your burial, revelations more or less authentic on your private life. The secretary is rarely a true friend."

Having finished his correspondence, Dumas works from eight in the morning till noon. Four hours a day have sufficed to produce, in twenty years, the books and the dramas which the whole world has read and applauded. He toils slowly and conscientiously, with artistic minuteness. He copies and recopies with his own hand.

"I always find changes to make, incidents to dramatize, expressions to modify, and idle passages to cancel. These successive revisions, made, word for word, pen in hand, are laborious and even fastidious, but I shall never renounce them, because to them I owe all that I am. When at length I present the manuscript to my publisher, and he takes it from my hands, I am always tempted to snatch it from him and copy it over once more."

II.

The sarge salon which absorbs the whole of the first story, with the apartments of Madame Dumas and her two daughters, contains as sole furniture—an enormous table, on which lie pamphlets, albums and sketches, an Erard piano, a colossal divan, and a small billiard table. Billiards are a favourite pastime with the new academician, and he is an excellent player. His wife and daughters sit in a corner conversing with a friend. Intimate visitors stand around the table, judge the strokes, and launch sallies of wit across the green cloth. Dumas often plays with his painter friends, Vollon, and Meissonier. If he loses, he gives up some of the rare works of his library. If he wins, he receives a canvas from these masters. Thus among the four hundred pictures of his museum, he has acquired several through the favor of the ivory balls.

After the game comes the conversation. The last new book is criticised, the last new drama is discussed. But whatever it may be, or however lively it may prove, it ceases at ten o'clock. At that hour Dumas makes his guests understand that it is time to retire. He yawns, he rubs his eyes. The greater number rush for their hats, others protest, but the master remains inflexible. One by one he puts out the lights, and the recalcitrants find themselves in the dark. They are obliged to grope their way out, hearing the ironical "good-night" of Dumas from the third story, where is situated his bed-room.

Very singular is this apartment of his, perched under the roof, near the clothes presses. On the mantle of the chimney is the bust of Desolée, and in the frame of the looking glass are photographic cards adorned with autographs, invitation tickets, admission passes to race-courses, museums, and the rest. On the walls are hooked drawings, water-colors, old engravings, and the portrait of Marie Duplessis, the original Dame aux Camelias. On mantels and brackets are all sorts of beautiful and fantastic terra cottas.

Beyond the dressing-room stands the bed, large and low, garnished with a rich Smyrnesse coverlet. In the depths of the alcove are three frames containing—first, the portrait of General Davy-Dumas, the grandfather of the master; second, the portrait of Alexander Dumas, his father; third a slight crayon sketch representing a person dead. It is the mother of Alexander Dumas fils.

J. L.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Under the late Emperor, the Academy, having become under M. Guizot's influence an Orleanist club, took a sincere delight in electing members who cut the strangest figures when they went—as customs enjoins—to be introduced to his Majesty at the Tuilleries. Napoleon III. was, however, a man of cool nerves, and bore himself serenely in such encounters. When M. Prevost-Paradol was presented, he said: "I am sorry, Monsieur Paradol, that a man of so much wit should not be a friend of mine." "So am I, sire," answered the journalist, who was then bitterly assailing the Empire in the *Courier du Dimanche*. When M. Jules Favre's turn arrived the public expected a duel of epigrams, and were not wholly disappointed. "You succeeded a great man (Victor Cousin), who spoke little but thought much," said the Emperor, "and I am happy to say, Monsieur Favre, that before dying M. Cousin became one of my supporters." "I have heard with sorrow that M. Cousin's intellect was considerably impaired at the time of his death," answered the great advocate imperturbably. On one occasion only did a new member pray to be dispensed from introduction at Court, and that was M. Berryer. Napoleon readily acceded to his request. Berryer had defended him when he was tried by the House of Peers for his escapade at Boulogne, and had been rewarded for his eloquent advocacy by being imprisoned at the *Coup d'Etat*. Under these circumstances the meeting between counsel and client might have been tinged with unpleasantness, and Napoleon probably dreaded it most of the two. It lies within a Sovereign's prerogative to quash an Academical election, but this has never been done since Louis XV., at the instance of Madame de Pompadour, rejected Piron. The wit consoled himself by giving the following bit of advice to the Chancellor of the Academy, who came to acquaint him with the Royal decision, and added that he felt embarrassed as to how he should address the member chosen in Piron's stead. "Oh, it's very simple," said Piron, "the man will say to you, 'Thank you for the honour;' and you'll reply, politely, 'It's not worth a thank.'" Piron also composed his own memorable epitaph:

Ci git Piron qui ne fut rien
Pas meme Académicien!

HOW PARLIAMENT SILENCES A BORE.

The *Nation* says, in speaking of Dr. Kenealy: "He will do less harm in the House of Commons than anywhere else. The House has a rough-and-ready way of dealing with eccentricities. Every man who comes within the rigid criticism of that assembly soon finds his level. Every newcomer, it matters not what he is, is treated at first with courtesy and consideration. The House always listens with attention, and generally with good nature, to a maiden speech, and anything like diffidence or nervousness it treats with leniency and generous encouragement. But self-assertion or bumptiousness it cannot abide, and it is cruelly intolerant of bores and one-idea men. Dr. Kenealy will meet with studious consideration when he first essays to speak. But if he insists on parading the Orton grievance upon the attention of the House, his reception will be very different from that which awaited him at Stoke. The House has many effective ways of silencing a bore. An animated conversation carried on in every corner by the various members seated in their places soon deadens the voice of even the most animated speaker. A chorus of cries of 'divide,' 'divide,' 'vide,' 'vide,' proceeding from both sides at once whenever the speaker opens his mouth, embarrasses even the most hardened orator. But the most effectual way of bringing a one-idea man to his senses is the process of 'counting out,' and this is probably the course that will be followed with the chosen of Stoke. It is a rule of the House that forty members must be present. When an orator becomes troublesome, a stampede of members takes place from the House to the lobbies, or the smoking-rooms, or the library. Some one gets up from a back bench, and calls the Speaker's attention to the sparse attendance. The Speaker counts the House, finds there are not forty members present, orders the electric bells to be rung and the sandglass to be turned. The stampeded members stand outside till the sand has run its two minutes' course and the electric bells have rung out. The doors are closed, there are not forty members, and the House stands adjourned till the following day, when there is a new order of business, and the orator of the previous night has lost his chance, and may not get another till the following session. It is an effective way of silencing a bore."

HOME AT LAST.—How artless! When the crowded omnibus drives up to a fine three-story mansion, one of the young women getting out invariably remarks, "Home at last!"

NURSES.—In the revised version of "Geneviève de Brabant" in Paris a ballet of nurses, with babies in their arms, followed by a troop of

children in chariots and perambulators, proves a great success.

OLD MAIDS.—An old maid don't know what it is to bend over the children's little white bed, softly pat their heads, and hear one of them growl out: "Now, then, Sam, keep your hands off'n me, or I'll bat you in the eye."

PRETTY FEET.—Kate, in a note from Brooklyn, says that girls with pretty feet always choose the muddiest street crossings, and that when a lady walks along looking for a dry path it is a proof that she wears number four at least.

POESHIE.—He blushed a fiery red; her heart went pit-a-pat; she gently hung her head, and looked down at the mat. He trembled in his speech; he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a screech, "You're sitting on my hat!"

SMOKING.—"My dear husband," said a devoted wife, "why will you not leave off smoking? It is such an odious practice, and makes your breath smell so!" "Yes," replied the husband, "but only consider the time I have devoted and the money I have spent to learn to smoke. If I should leave off now all that time and money would have been wasted, don't you see?"

BRINY TEARS.—An old woman sat on a bench in the Grand Trunk depot yesterday, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, when a portly man full of sympathy, said to another: "Tis sad to see the falling tear. It always makes my heart ache to see an aged person in trouble." Walking up to her he kindly asked: "My good woman, why these tears—why do you weep?" She took down the handkerchief, looked up in surprise, and bluntly answered: "I've got the wust cold in my head I've had for forty-six years."

VARIETIES.

PRINCE BLUCHER, son of the celebrated Field Marshal, died on March 8, at Radnau. He was 78 years of age.

FRANCE is the greatest wheat-producing country in the world. She produced in 1873, 332,209,000 bushels. The United States rank second, and Russia third.

ONE of the most famous sites of the festivity and benevolence of the metropolis is to be brought to the hammer some time in the month of May next—the historic London Tavern.

PIUS IX, says a Rome correspondent, is one of the readiest, one of the most fluent speakers of the day. Give him a text, and, with greater promptitude than the improvisatori can string verses together, he can pour forth on the moment a flood of eloquence. He is a born preacher, and, had his mission been to follow in the steps of Paul rather than those of Peter, he would rank among the first pulpit orators of the day.

A CURIOUS fact is noted by Prof. Hayden in his description of the Blue Range of mountains in Colorado. This is the discovery of vast quantities of dead grasshoppers on the masses of snow lying on the sides of these rugged mountains, where bears eagerly seek them for food. At certain seasons of the year, the Professor says, the air is filled with grasshoppers, apparently flying in every direction, to a height beyond human vision. It is probable, he thinks, that they become chilled in flying over these high peaks, and dropping on the snow, perish.

THE *Débats* publishes an interesting letter from Berlin setting forth that a new war even with France would not be popular with Germany. The Germans admit that France will not sit down quietly under her recent disasters. They know she will, some day, play double or quits: but still they have no desire to fight again. They say that if France and Germany do go to war again some third power will probably step in and reap the benefit. The writer says that what the Germans dread most is not a France with a good and stable Government, but a France handed over by the caprice of a man or to the nervous susceptibility of a woman. A stable Government would probably adopt a national policy, and be prudent; the other kind of Government would pursue a break-neck path, and the dogs of war would be let slip once more.

LITERARY.

MRS. H. B. STOWE is about to publish a new novel, entitled "We and Our Neighbours."

MR. THEODORE MARTIN, *on dit*, will succeed Sir A. Helps as Clerk of the Privy Council.

LONGFELLOW will deliver a poem at the Commencement at Bowdoin College this year, it being the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from that institution.

It is understood that Carlyle, who has recently contributed to *Fraser*, the articles on the Norwegian kings, is engaged on a paper on John Knox for the same periodical.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK will contribute to the next number of the *Cornhill* the first instalment of a short story in which some of the characters of "The Princess of Thule" will reappear.

THE subscription open in Denmark for the erection of a statue to Hans Christian Andersen amounts already to 18,000 crowns. M. Andersen will attain his seventieth year on the 2nd of next month.

LONGFELLOW has almost ready for the press a translation of the "Niebelungen Lied" into verse, and a sacred tragedy—conceived in the spirit of his "Judas Maccabeus"—which extends to no less than fifteen acts.

It is said that when, some weeks ago, offering the Grand Cross of the Bath to Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Disraeli mentioned that it was Her Majesty's wish to confer a pension at the same time from the Civil List; but Mr. Carlyle declined both offers.

THE tombs of Molière and Lafontaine in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise in Paris have fallen into decay. The French Minister of Public Instruction has written to the Director of Fine Arts proposing instead of simply repairing them, that monuments be erected to these two poets.

THE literature of horrors is to be soon enriched by the publication of a work that has unaccountably hitherto escaped the keen eye of translator and book-maker, the Memoirs of Sanson, the hereditary French executioner, who officiated at the decapitation of Louis XVI. It is said that Sanson's son, who was also on the scaffold on the memorable 21st of January, had at the Restoration a secret interview with Louis XVIII., to whom he recounted minutely the death of the last French king. The Memoirs have become very rare, even in France. They are written in the turgid and vulgarly sentimental style of a philanthropist whom fate has condemned to officiate at the guillotine. Before he died, Sanson founded a perpetual anniversary mass for the repose of the soul of Louis XVI.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

I cam' across the heather,
And though the way was lang,
And though 'twas wintry weather,
I met my luvie, and sang:
"Oh, kiss me ance, my dearie,
And say thou art mine ain,
Then say thou art my dearie,
And kiss me o'er again."

Wi' walking I was weary,
Sae lang and dark the way,
But when I saw my dearie,
I sang with heart fu' gay:
"Oh, kiss me ance, my dearie,
And say thou art mine ain,
Then say thou art my dearie,
And kiss me o'er again."

I fear na' years before me,
My lassie's mine for aye,
And till the turf grows o'er me
To my true luvie I'll say:
"Oh, kiss me ance, my dearie,
And say thou art mine ain,
Then say thou art my dearie,
And kiss me o'er again."

Our front page cartoon speaks for itself. How timely it is, and how really grave is the situation which it depicts, will be more fully understood by a perusal of our editorial article on the Tea Trade in the present number of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, to which we refer our readers.

MILLER'S GREAT MEAT STALL.

In the display of the Easter markets, this year, it is safe to say that none excelled the exhibition made by Mr. Miller at his stall on Craig Street, corner of Cotté. Ever since Mr. Miller has established himself at this central point, he has done a large business, for the reason that he always provides of the best, with a great variety, and at reasonable rates. His energy never relaxes, and he is always up to the requirements of the trade. This he proved on Easter eve. Our illustration in the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS gives a capital idea of the profusion of his articles, as well as of the taste with which they were set off. Beef, mutton, lamb, veal and pork of first quality were offered to customers, as well as a large assortment of poultry, game, and vegetables. We feel safe in recommending Mr. Miller to the patronage of our Montreal readers.

INAUGURATION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The 24th February, 1875, will be a memorable date in the annals of France. On that day the new Senate Bill was passed and the last stone laid to the foundation of a Conservative Republic. We have, in recent numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, referred to this remarkable event in a couple of editorial articles, giving full particulars both of the Senate Bill and of the new Constitution. Our illustration to-day represents the eager scene in the National Assembly at Versailles, when the President announced the result of the final vote.

THE BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN.

Our beautiful picture represents Kaiser William driving through the Brandenburg gate, amid the respectful homage of the promenaders. The city of Berlin is surrounded by a wall sixteen feet high, and is entered by sixteen gates, the chief of which, on the west, is the Brandenburg gate, a colossal structure, surmounted by an image of victory, in a car drawn by four horses, and one of the most elegant of the kind in Europe. It was carried to Paris in 1807, and restored in 1814. It terminates at one end the celebrated Unter den Linden, an imposing street planted with four rows of linden trees and ornamented by an equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. Outside of it is a large park in which a Corso has been established.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Triangle Spider is described and admirably illustrated in the last number of the POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. The facts enumerated read like fable and furnish another proof of the charm attendant upon the popular presentation of the Natural Sciences. Equally interesting and instructive is the paper on the First Traces of Man in Europe. We entirely agree with the views enunciated by the author of the article on Science from the Pulpit. Speaking on general principles, the preacher does well to warn his ignorant or uninitiated hearers against a hasty admission of scientific deductions when these clash with received theological truths, but he has no business to make particular or personal attacks, unless he is scientifically familiar with the theories which he controverts. The MONTHLY'S editorial appendices are, as usual, replete with useful information.

We cannot say that we particularly admire Aldrich's Midnight Phantasy in the April ATLANTIC. The idea itself is good and novel, but the execution is vague and the materials somewhat jumbled. The style, however, is in Aldrich's best vein. We are disposed to attach more importance to Magruder's Piece of Secret History, than the American papers seem willing to accord it. The views expressed to Lincoln by the Virginia delegate are clear, impressive, and stamped with statesmanly foresight. Had they been followed to the letter, the attack on Sumter might have been prevented and, perhaps, the war averted. But poor Lincoln was overpowered by other influences and betrayed an initial weak-

ness, which, spite of all laudations, he repeated often in the course of the subsequent four years. Mark Twain has another delicious paper on Pilot Life on the Mississippi.

That is a very thoughtful paper in the last PENN MONTHLY of the qualifications, scope and limits of Biography. We were likewise interested in the article on the Relative Morals of the City and Country. The author will astonish Talmage and others by his statement that, prior to the establishment of theatres in San Francisco, the morals of the city were lower than after that event. Men visited the lowest dens of iniquity, which they relinquished when they had lighter forms of amusement presented to them. We may add, from other sources of observation, that of fallen women in any large city, the majority come from the country where they were seduced before resorting to the towns to hide their shame.

After achieving a flattering success in his illustrated articles on the Great South, Edward King returns to the same species of attractive study, in SCRIBNER'S for this month. His pictures of Baltimore, which he calls the Liverpool of America are both copious and interesting. We hardly admit the title, however. If there is any American city which strikingly recalls Liverpool itself, it is New York. That city, whatever Knickerbockers may think, is neither London nor Paris, but Liverpool, and nothing else. Edward Vaile gives the most impartial, the clearest and the most exhaustive account of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy which we have yet seen. Another article on Death-Dealing Trades deserves to be widely read.

LIPPINCOTT still retains its reputation for gay and light reading. The chief attraction in the present number is the continuation of the Three Feathers. Adolphus Trollope's account of the Papal conclave is gossipy but not thoroughly satisfactory. The account of the Raskol and Sects in Russia leads us to new fields. The study on Shakespeare's sonnets by Kate Hillard is ingenious and reveals a poetic insight. The ART department of this favourite magazine contains the usual amount of varied and entertaining reading.

The more we see of ST. NICHOLAS, the more we are confirmed in the opinion which we have expressed over and over again, that it is the best magazine for the young ever published, and should be received into every reading family. It has that first requisite for attraction to the child's eye—it is admirably illustrated and printed. The gorgeous scarlet cover is of itself an invitation. The contents are from the pens of the best talent in the country, male and female, while the management is under the direction of Mary Mapes Dodge, whose claims to the distinction will be recognized by all who are acquainted with her published works.

The only fault we can properly find with Mr. Chapman's views on criticism, in the April number of OLD AND NEW, is that they are not half strong enough, and that they do not enter into sufficient details. But every word that he does say we endorse. Criticism, as an art, is simply unknown on this continent, and it is of one of the chief wants which strikes the intelligent visitor on visiting us. OLD AND NEW calls itself "The Fearless Magazine." Here is a good chance to show its fearlessness. Let it set the example of thorough and impartial criticism. The papers in the present number are all very interesting, and there is a breezy unconventionality in every thing that Mr. Hale writes which is always pleasing.

TILTON-BEECHER. The strange testimonies of Beasie Turner and that of the Woodhull servants have thrown a new light on this great trial, bringing the character of Tilton into a most unfavourable prominence. They, therefore, markedly increased the interest in the case. Mr. Beecher himself is now on the stand with a ponderous statement, and his cross-examination by Mr. Fullerton will be one of the liveliest legal tournaments of the period. In receiving Part VI. of this famous trial from the publishers, Messrs. McDivitt, Campbell & Co., 111 Nassau street, N. Y., we can only repeat our previous commendations of their work, and invite our lawyers and all who wish to preserve a full and accurate record of the case, to send in their orders at once.

JEWISH LIFE IN THE TIME OF OUR LORD.

Altogether, it seems, eighteen garments were supposed to complete an elegant toilette. The material, the colour, and the cut distinguished the wearer. While the poor used the upper garment for a covering at night, the fashionable wore the finest white, embroidered, or even purple garments, with curiously-wrought silk girdles. It was around this upper garment that "the borders" were worn which the Pharisees "enlarged" (Matt. xxiii. 5). Of these we shall speak presently. Meantime we continue our description. The inner garment went down the heels. The head-dress consisted of a pointed cap or kind of turban, of more or less exquisite material, and curiously wound, the ends often hanging gracefully behind. Gloves were generally used only for protection. As for ladies, besides differences in dress, the early charge of Isaiah (ii. 16-24) against the daughters of Jerusalem might have been repeated with ten-fold emphasis in New Testament times. We read of three kinds of veils. The Arabian hung down from the head leaving the wearer free to see all around; the veil-dress was a kind of mantilla, thrown gracefully about the whole person, and covering the head; while the Egyptian resembled the veil of modern Orientals, covering breast,

neck, chin, and face, and leaving only the eyes free. The girdle, which was fastened lower than by men, was often of very costly fabric, and studded with precious stones. Sandals consisted merely of soles strapped to the feet; but ladies wore also costly slippers, sometimes embroidered or adorned with gems, and so arranged that the pressure of the foot emitted a delicate perfume. It is well-known that scents and "ointments" were greatly in vogue, and often most expensive (Matt. xxvi. 7). The latter were prepared of oil and home or foreign perfumes, the dearest being kept in costly alabaster boxes. The trade of perfumer was, however, looked down upon, not only among the Jews, but even among heathen nations. But in general society anointing was combined with washing, as tending to comfort and refreshment. The hair, the beard, the forehead, and the face, even garlands worn at feasts, were anointed. But luxury went much farther than all that. Some ladies used cosmetics, painting their cheeks, and blackening their eyebrows with a mixture of antimony, zinc, and oil. The hair, which was considered a chief point of beauty, was the object of special care. Young people wore it long; but in men this would have been regarded as a token of effeminacy (1 Cor. xi. 14). The beard was carefully trimmed, anointed, and perfumed. Slaves were not allowed to wear beards. Peasant girls tied their hair in a simple knot; but the fashionable Jewesses curled and plaited theirs, adorning the tresses with gold ornaments and pearls. The favourite colour was reddish, to produce which the hair was either dyed or sprinkled with golden-dust. We read even of false hair (Shab. vi. 3), just as false teeth also were worn in Judea. Indeed, as in this respect also there is nothing new under the sun, we are not astonished to find mention of hair-pins and elegant combs, nor to read that some Jewish dandies had their hair regularly dressed! However, the business of hair-dresser was not regarded as very respectable, any more than that of perfumer. As for ornaments, gentlemen generally wore a seal, either on the ring-finger or suspended round the neck. Some of them had also bracelets, above the wrist (commonly of the right arm), made of ivory, gold, or precious stones strung together. Of course, the fashionable lady was adorned with such; to which we may add finger-rings, ankle-rings, nose-rings, ear-rings, gorgeous head-dresses, necklaces, chains, and what are now-a-days called "charms." As it may interest some, we shall add a few sentences of description. The earring was either plain, or had a drop, a pendant, or a little bell inserted. The nose-ring, which the traditional law ordered to be put aside on the Sabbath, hung gracefully over the upper lip, yet so as not to interfere with the salute of the privileged friend. Two kinds of necklaces were worn—one close fitting, the other often consisting of precious stones or pearls, and hanging down over the chest, and even to the girdle. The fashionable lady would wear two or three such chains, to which smelling bottles and various ornaments, even heathen "charms," were attached. Gold pendants descended from the head-ornament, which sometimes rose like a tower, or wound in the graceful coils of a snake. The anklets were generally so wrought as in walking to make a sound like little bells. Sometimes the two ankle-rings were fastened together, which would oblige the fair wearer to walk with small, mincing steps. If to all this we add gold and diamond pins, and say that our very brief description is strictly based upon contemporary notices, the reader will have some idea of the appearance of fashionable society.

ARTISTIC.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the veteran painter, has just celebrated his silver wedding.

PHOTOGRAPHS have been obtained in Paris four feet three inches long by three feet four inches in height.

THE Milanese sculptor, Barzagli, has finished the model of the equestrian statue of Napoleon III., which is to be erected in front of the Villa Reale in that city.

PRUDHON'S great picture of "Venus and Adonis," has been sold by auction at the Hotel Drouot for £2,670. It is said that Sir Richard Wallace is the purchaser.

COROT, the eminent French painter, recently bequeathed two of his noblest works—"Dante" and "Hagar in the Wilderness"—which have long been in his studio, to the Louvre.

MR. F. SERGEANT is painting a picture of the British House of Commons, which is intended to contain the portraits of the chief members of the present and late Administrations, as also many of the most conspicuous representatives of the United Kingdom.

THE bronze figure of the Prince Consort will be replaced in its position on the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park during the month of May. This "erecting of the edifice" will doubtless be the occasion of a grand occasion.

MILLAIS, it is said, will be unusually strong at the Royal Academy this year. He will have a highly finished picture inspired by the incidents of a Scotch ballad, resembling in treatment Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," as well as two landscapes and a portrait or two.

MR. BROUGHTON is painting for the forthcoming Academy Exhibition a picture entitled "Woman and her Master," which represents a railway navvy strolling across a common with his bull pup, while the women of his household follow meekly after, at a most respectful distance.

THE stolen St. Anthony of Murillo, which was recovered by M. Schaus, of New York, and by him given to the Spanish authorities, has been restored to its own special chapel in the cathedral at Seville, where its reinstallation was recently commemorated by solemn processions and religious services.

THE German engraver, Edward Mandel, is at present devoting all his energies to an engraving of theistine Madonna. The drawing he has made of it gives reason to hope that his engraving of the picture will rival that of Müller. It is a great undertaking for a man of his age, but his strength is as yet undiminished.

MISS THOMPSON of "Roll Call" celebrity, is painting an English square repelling cavalry at the Battle of Waterloo. The artist has been favoured with uniforms of the period by various officers, and has been afforded every information by the Duke of Cambridge and others. The picture is a very clever one, and will far surpass her work of last year.

DOMESTIC.

TO RENOVATE WALL PAPER.—Dip a woolen cloth in dry corn meal and rub the wall paper with it; this will remove the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread have the same effect.

THERE are several ways of preparing ham and eggs; the ham may be raw or boiled; in slices or in dice; mix with the eggs, or merely served under. Fry the ham slightly, dish it and then turn fried eggs over it; or fry both at the same time, the eggs being whole or scrambled, according to taste.

STEAK.—To make meat tender, cut the steaks the day before into slices about two inches thick; rub them over with a small quantity of carbonate of soda; wash off next morning clean; cut into suitable thickness and cook as you choose. The same process will answer for fowl, legs of mutton, &c.

HOMINY.—Hominy is prepared in different ways; some make it in cakes, others like mush. The following is, however, the general way of preparing it; Boil it for about three hours with milk or water, also butter, salt, and pepper; then mix with some well-beaten eggs, fry or broil, or even cook it in an oven, and serve for breakfast.

MEAT, TEAS AND INDIGESTION.—Do not, on any account take meat teas, or allow any in your household to indulge in this pernicious practice. All authorities agree that tea, whatever virtues it may possess, interferes with the digestion of meat, and hence the meat tea eater, if he suffers from dyspepsia, has only himself to thank. People who have been out all day, and have not taken a regular dinner, fancy that a cup of tea with their meat when they go home will prove refreshing. This is worse than a delusion; the digestive organs are impaired, and the food passes out of the body without having given to the system scarcely any nourishment.

ROAST PIG—Three or four weeks is the right age to roast whole. Cut off the toes, leaving the skin long to wrap around the ends of the legs and put it in cold water. Make a stuffing of five or six powdered crackers, one tablespoonful of sage, two of Summer savory, one chopped onion, half a pint of cream, two eggs, pepper and salt. Mix these together and stew about fifteen minutes. Take the pig from the water, fill it with the stuffing and sew it up. Boil the liver and heart with five pepper corns and chop fine for the gravy. Put the pig to roast with a pint of water and a tablespoonful of salt. When it begins to roast, flour it well and baste it with the drippings. Bake three hours.

POTATO SALAD.—A most delicious dish may be made in the following manner: Cut eight or ten good sized cold boiled potatoes in very thin slices. Chop half a small onion and a good sized apple very fine, pick the leaves from a large handful of green parsley, rinse and chop them. Spread a layer of the potato in a chopping-tray, sprinkle liberally with salt, then half the parsley, apple and onion, then the rest of the potato, more salt, and the other half of the parsley, apple and onion. Pour over the whole a half cup of the best sweet oil or melted butter, and two thirds of a cup of vinegar. Mix the whole carefully so as not to break the potatoes, put in a deep dish and garnish with parsley. Suitable for lunch or tea.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN American tenor, Mr. Henry Stanfield, has achieved a decided success at the Teatro Nuovo of Pisa.

Mlle THALBERG, a daughter of the late distinguished pianist, is to be one of the debutantes in opera this season in London.

THE Rhine Festival will be celebrated this year at Dusseldorf, under the direction of Herr Joachim. The first day of Pentecost will be consecrated to the Jupiter symphony of Mozart, and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*.

AN actor who played the part of the clergyman in the *New Magdalen* when it was first brought out has been so wrought upon by the exhortations which he used to deliver, that he is studying theology, and means to become a Unitarian minister.

LAURO ROSSI, the composer of "La Comtesse di Mons" and "Cellini a Parigi," now head of the Naples Conservatoire has been commissioned to write a new opera, to be completed in May, and produced in London during the season.

MR. MAPLESON is to produce "Lohengrin" during the season just opening at Drury Lane Theatre. The preparations are very costly. Sir Michael Costa directs the orchestra and Wagner is expected to give his advice during the rehearsals. Nilsson is to be *Elsa*.

AN opera, called *The Lovers of Verona*, the music composed by the Marquis d'Ivry, is destined for London. Mr. Mapleson intending to produce the work either this year at Drury Lane, or in the new National Opera House in 1876, with Madame Nilsson as Juliet and M. Caspou as Romeo.

"ROSE MICHEL" has, it appears, been secured from the author by Messrs. Shopk & Palmer, of the Union Square Theatre, N.Y., and its production at that favorite establishment may be expected early next season. The part which Mile. Farguel has created such a sensation in Paris will be confided to Miss Byänge, to whose strongly emotional style it would seem particularly adapted. The piece has been the great success in Paris since "Les Deux Orphelins."

A MONUMENT to Aimé Desolés, the celebrated actress, has been inaugurated lately, at Père la Chaise. The monument is a small pyramid of Burgundy stone, bearing on one side the words, "Frou Frou," "Marceline," "La Vierge des Neiges," "La Princesse Georges," "La Gouale de Lomp," "La Femme de Claude," and on the other the inscription, "Aimé Desolés, 18 Novembre, 1826, 9 Mars, 1874," being the dates of her birth and death.

The benefit of Madame Adelina Patti took place at the Grand Opera in St. Petersburg, on March 1. The house was densely crowded, and so great was the demand for places that as much as £50 was paid for a private box. "Rigoletto" was the piece selected. At the conclusion of the opera she was presented with a magnificent diadem of diamonds and sapphires, which is by far the handsomest gift Madame Patti has received during her several visits to the Russian capital.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



FIG. 1.—DINNER DRESS.



FIG. 2.—CUIRASS BODY FOR EVENING WEAR.



FIG. 3.—BALL TOILET.



FIG. 4.—YOUNG LADIES TOILET.

THE FASHIONS.

MY ISLAND.

My feet have never trod thy flowery ways,
O my fair island—situate in the sea,
Whose green, curled tongues still lap thee back
from me,
Strive how I may. Yet, oft in winter days
I stretch my hand toward thee as toward a bliss
That warms and cheers. I know what sweetness
fills
Those groves of thine; what clash of tiny bills
Adrip with music; what sweet wind delays
Among the bashful lilies, cloistered there.
In summer heats I watch, through dust and glare,
The gray mists wrap thee, and across thy crest
The rainy grass, blown slantwise toward the west,
While sleeping fountains rise and shake their hair.
Sometimes I seek amies—O deaf and blind!
And cannot find thee, loveliest, anywhere.
Yet—whether it be some plague, stirred pulse of air,
Or fugitive sweet odor undefined—
Ev'n then I know thee, O my rare and fair!
That thou dost lie between me and the wind.

—Scribner for April.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

WON BY A LENGTH.

BY BARRY DANE.

I.
AN ACCIDENT.

"There they come, I hear the carriage on the road," said Eva Sedgeworth, starting up from the piano at which she had been sitting, singing snatches of songs, to while away the time, until the arrival of her brother who was coming home from College, for the summer vacation. "I wonder what his friend is like," she continued, as she stepped out on the piazza in front of the house to welcome her brother.

Eva was the only daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune who lived the quiet life of a country gentleman as his father had done before him. Ralph, his only son, was a twin brother of Eva. Ever since infancy the brother and sister had played together at the same games; and, as was very natural, her tastes assimilated themselves to his.

Up to the time that Ralph left home for college, Eva had been his constant companion on his various boating and fishing excursions on the lake, a small inlet of which ran up to the property of the Sedgeworth family.

Across the lake, a distance of about two miles from the home of the Sedgeworths, lay the small town of Wigton. The young men of the town had formed a boating club, and every year a regatta was held on the lake, in which all amateurs were allowed to compete. Ralph had always taken a great interest in the club, and was, at the opening of our story, hurrying down from college to be present at the sport.

He had written home that he would bring his college chum, Paul Wyndham, with him; with whom, he had told his sister, in a private letter to her, she would be sure to fall in love.

As Eva left the room at the sound of the carriage, Mr. Sedgeworth looked up from the paper which he was reading, and gazing proudly after his daughter, said to his wife who was just rising to welcome her boy, "I hope Ralph's not bringing any one here to run away with our Eva's heart."

He might well feel proud of such a daughter, who reminded him so much of her mother, in the days when he wooed and won her.

She was tall and graceful, with regular features, rather full lips, and a pair of large blue-gray eyes that could have bewitched a hermit. The first meeting over, and the four walked into the sitting room where Mr. Sedgeworth still sat, ruminating over the possibility of some one carrying off his pet.

"Ah, Ralph! glad to see you home, my boy," said the father, rising and extending his hand to his son.

"And I'm glad to get home," replied Ralph. "This is my friend, Mr. Wyndham, who, I told you, was coming down to spend a few days with me and see the boating."

Mr. Sedgeworth's heart gave a slight throb as he looked up and extended his hand to welcome his son's friend. There stood six feet of as well formed Saxon flesh and blood as he could have found in a week's search; and he felt as if his Eva was in some danger.

Paul, however, received a hearty welcome, and was soon perfectly at home among his new friends.

During the evening, Walter Raymond, a young friend of Ralph, and a prominent member of the boat club, hied across from town to see Ralph about the race. He knew that Ralph was expected home that evening; but he might not have been in such desperate hurry to see his friend, had not the pretty face of Eva Sedgeworth been haunting his mind. In fact, he was much in love with her; and although she had never given him any special encouragement, still he had come to look upon himself as a privileged person at the "Oaks," as the Sedgeworth estate was called.

He was not a little annoyed to see the new friend whom Ralph had brought from college with him; and his jealous eye fancied it saw a slight rose tint flush the fair Eva's cheek whenever Paul addressed any remark to her.

When Paul was shown to his room that night, he threw off his coat and vest, and heaving a big sigh, surveyed himself in the looking glass for a few moments, and then shook his head in a mournful sort of way. "It's no use, Paul," he said, addressing his own reflection in the glass. "You needn't shake your head any more, you're in love, old man, and you needn't try to deceive yours if. Yes, Paul, you're gone; and you're going to be spooney, too, if you don't watch yourself." And with this explanation he walked to the window and looked out at the beautiful moon peering through the great oak trees that threw its shade against that side of the house.

The moon did not seem to restore his feelings to their usual calmness. If anything, the calmness and serenity of the night made him feel what he had just warned himself against, spooney, and giving way to his thoughts, he leaned out of the window, building up in his mind a beautiful future, in which the graceful figure of Eva Sedgeworth formed the principal character. The barking of a dog woke him out of his reverie, and, giving himself a shake, he quickly turned into bed, at the same time calling himself an idiot and several other names, which would have brought speedy retribution on any one else, who might have dared to use the same terms to the same object. Sleep would not come, however, till the gray dawn, when he dropped off, and dreamt that he had confessed his love and had been rejected, and many more fearful things.

But how was it with Eva? She was too proud to confess, even to herself, that she had fallen in love with the big stranger, at first sight, and yet it was some time before sleep came to those big blue eyes that had caused such a disturbance in the heart of her brother's friend.

The afternoon following that on which Ralph and his friend had arrived, was the one that had been fixed for the regatta, and Walter Raymond who was to take part in the races, had promised to come over in the morning, and accompany the party from the "Oaks" to the scene of the race.

Before lunch he arrived, and from the time he came, nothing was talked of but the regatta. Eva took as great an interest in the sports as either her brother or Walter; while poor Paul who had never handled an oar in his life, and knew a little less about rowing than an Arab, was shut out pretty well from the conversation.

Finding that Eva was so interested in the races, and also displaying considerable knowledge of what should and should not be done, he foolishly determined not to confess his ignorance, but appear to understand all about it.

Lunch over, and the party was soon ready to start. Mr. Sedgeworth, who was to be one of the judges, had decided to drive round by the road, and had offered to take Paul with him; but Paul, not willing to be separated from Eva, declined, saying that he would row over with the others.

"You'll take an oar, Mr. Wyndham, I suppose," said Raymond as they walked down to the boat, "I don't say you're an old hand at the ash."

"Well, no, I can't say I am, I don't row," replied Paul, entirely forgetting his resolution.

"Don't row? Why, I thought every man rowed," broke in Eva, who had an idea that every man ought to be like her brother.

Paul coloured slightly and felt hurt, but recovering himself said, "Well, I—I mean, I'm a little out of practice."

If he had coloured slightly when he heard Eva's words, he reddened to the roots of his hair as he equivocated, for to him any form of falsehood was detestable, and he felt as if they all knew he was lying to them.

Raymond noticed his discomfiture, and was quick-witted enough to imagine the cause. He felt that he had a strong rival for the love of the fair Eva, and he determined to place him in as awkward a position, in her eyes, as possible.

When the boat was reached, he proposed that he and Paul should pull, while Ralph steered.

"Is your stretcher all right," said Ralph to Paul, as they seated themselves in the boat and prepared to push off from the landing.

"Stretcher," said Paul in an enquiring tone, for he had no idea what that meant, and then remembering that he must not expose his ignorance, he added hastily, "Oh, yes," feeling all the time as uncomfortable as possible.

Raymond shoved the boat out, and then settling himself on his seat, bent forward for a long stroke, Paul following his example.

Unfortunately for Paul, the stretcher which Ralph had enquired about was not "all right."

"Give-way," cried Raymond; and his oars caught the water as evenly as if worked by machinery. Paul gave way and so did the stretcher, every thing seemed to give way to Paul at that moment, and he found himself reclining at the bottom of the boat, with his heels higher than his head.

Miss Eva gave a little scream and a half laugh who could have helped laughing?—while Ralph fairly roared. Walter Raymond did not laugh aloud, but his face wore a smile, as he gave a glance at Eva, that made Paul boll inwardly, as he picked himself up and apologized to Miss Sedgeworth for falling against her. After two or three ineffectual attempts to row, which invariably resulted in the oars being caught in the water and the handles shoved into his ribs, Paul relinquished them to Ralph, and the rest of the trip was performed without any trouble.

Paul was out of sorts all day; he felt as if he had lost Eva's good opinion, which he before flattered himself he had won. He felt sure that those soft eyes had looked at him with more than common interest, and now he had played the part of a petty deceiver, and rendered himself ridiculous in her presence. No wonder then that he was not in the best of humour.

The great event of the day was the simple scull outrigger race in which Walter Raymond was to pull. As the boat drew up in line to start, Walter passed their boat to take his place with the rest, and as he did so, he rested on his oars for a moment, and called out, "Don't you wish me success, Miss Sedgeworth?"

"Of course, I do," she replied laughing, "don't you see I'm wearing your colours," and she pointed to a blue scarf which was thrown round her neck.

Raymond bowed, and as he passed off, gave a look at Paul, as much as to say, "I'm the favourite, no land lubbers wanted here."

Paul was stung by the look, and felt angry that Eva should have gratified his rival, as he already considered Raymond, with a smile.

The race was well contested, but it was easily seen that Raymond was far superior to his antagonists, and although they rowed gamely, the winner had the race in hand from start to finish.

It was another pill for Paul to swallow, when Raymond shot up to their boat, and received the congratulations of Ralph and his sister.

Paul did not return to the "Oaks" in the boat; but with Mr. Sedgeworth in the carriage. Raymond was to return with the party, and he felt as he would do something rash, if the two were long close together.

II.

TRAINING.

On the morning after the race, there were some letters waiting for Paul when he came to the breakfast table; and although none of them were of any importance, they formed a pretext which Paul longed for, to leave the "Oaks" at once. He foolishly imagined himself the laughing-stock of all by his late misadventure, and excusing himself by saying that matters mentioned in one of the letters demanded his presence at home, he bade farewell to his friends and was soon far away from the scene of his fancied degradation.

Eva was not slow to conjecture the cause of his sudden departure; but she could do nothing. As Paul bade his friends adieu, his heart gave a great throb, for as he looked into Eva's eyes, she glanced down and stammered good-bye, no bad omen for him he thought. And as the carriage rolled away, bearing Paul to the station he sat revolving a plan in his head by which he might regain the favour which he thought he had lost by his ridiculous performance in the boat the day before.

The reader must not think that Paul was not possessed of manly strength and activity, on account of the sorry figure which he cut on the day of the regatta.

He had always been fond of sports, but his home being in a section of the country where boating was out of the question, his strength had been applied in other channels. At cricket and other land sports, he was excelled by none of his companions, but at boating we have already seen what a failure he was. The college which he and Ralph attended, was situated on the bank of a river, where considerable boating was done by some of the students and townsmen; but as he had never taken part in any amusement, when at home, it had no particular interest for him there.

Now, however, he made a resolve, which was to become an oarsman, and if possible, win the simple scull race at the next annual regatta at Wigton.

Paul was not very many days at home before he became restless; and under some pretext returned to the town in which his college was situated. Here he secured a boat from one of the boatmen on the river, and set himself earnestly to work to become an oarsman.

Early every morning, and towards dusk in the evening, the tall muscular figure of Paul Wyndham might have been seen at a little boat house, secluded from the rest by a grove of trees, stripping off his clothes and donning his blue guernsey, preparatory to stepping into his little craft which lay along side the landing. There was no fear of the stretcher not being all right now, and as he bent his broad back, and came well down over his toes, he looked no mean antagonist for the winner of the Wigton regatta.

Every morning and evening, throughout the long college vacation, Paul was at his place; two miles up the river, two back and a rub down with a course towel, constituted the performance.

When Ralph returned to college, he found his friend there before him; he, however, never suspected that he had been there all the vacation, and still less imagined the object of Paul's residence there.

It was Paul's intention to keep his movements in the boating line a secret, even for Ralph, so that nothing was said about boats or boating between the two friends. Ralph never referred to it because he imagined that it was rather a sore subject with his friend, and had very naturally suspected that Paul's boating adventure had been the real cause of his sudden departure from the "Oaks."

To keep his movements secret now was rather a difficult matter. He had to give up his evening row; but every morning, at day break, his boat might have been seen shooting up the river past the college ground. He was always back in his room, however, long before any one else in the college was stirring, so that his morning trip was unknown to any one there.

One morning, as the two friends were talking after breakfast, Ralph suddenly broke the thread of the conversation by saying, "Do you know Paul, I woke up early this morning, and not being able to go to sleep again I went to the window, and there I saw a fellow rowing up the river like mad. By Jove! he came down over his toes and gave way in a style that would make Walter Raymond fell queer at our annual regatta, and do you know, old fellow, that if it hadn't been that I know that you're not an oarsman, I'd have sworn it was you." And Ralph gave a little laugh at the remembrance of Paul's first attempt to row.

"Well, never mind, old boy, I did not mean to hurt your feelings," said Ralph, as he saw his friend change colour slightly, and look somewhat confused. He little thought that the flush on Paul's cheek was one of pride at the praise he had received from his rowing, as much as at the recollection of his former failure.

Had Ralph been quick-witted enough, he might have put several facts together and arrived at a conclusion not far from the truth. He often laughed at his friend for the particular care which he took in his diet; and often berated him for his unsociability in not joining

him in a glass of beer and a pipe, as was his common custom in former terms.

During the winter, Paul kept himself in good trim by constant exercise, and when the spring set in his early morning cruises began again, and kept up with unfailing regularity. One day, Ralph received a letter from home, and coming to Paul said, "I've just received a letter from Eva, and she tells me that the annual regatta comes off three weeks from to day; I wish you would come down with me, old boy. Eva wants to know if I am going to bring my friend with me."

Paul tried to appear as indifferent as possible, and replied that he would see about it.

When he was alone Eva's words came back to him; and he wondered if she ever thought of him, and he even went so far as to think, that perhaps her words to Ralph were a gentle hint to bring him down to the Oaks.

He however determined to decline Ralph's invitation to accompany him home, saying that he would try to get down for the day of the regatta.

The day before the race arrived and Ralph had gone home. Paul packed his things and was soon ready to start for Wigton.

It was his intention to put up at a small inn at that place, and enter his name for the race that evening, so that no one at the Oaks would know of his presence at the regatta, until the moment of the contest.

He arrived all safe and housed his boat in a boathouse which he had secured beforehand, and sauntered down to the Club room where the entries were to be made.

Two or three members of the Club were standing round the Secretary talking, when Paul walked in.

"I wish to enter my name for the single scull outrigger race to-morrow," said Paul addressing the Secretary, who sat looking over the list of entries, and had just remarked that Raymond would have another easy victory.

"What name may I ask?" said the Secretary, eyeing Paul as if trying to recollect where he had seen him before.

"Mr. Paul Wyndham" replied the individual addressed.

"Mr. Wyndham, ah! are you not the gentleman who was here with the Sedgeworths last year, and to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced?" said the Secretary, extending his hand to Paul. "Are you visiting at the Oaks this year?"

"No," replied Paul, "I have just put up at the Sheet Anchor, and I will not see my friends till to-morrow." With this he bade the Secretary adieu, and walked back to his lodgings.

He was but a short time gone from the Club, when Walker Raymond walked in. He at once took up the book of entries, and in looking down the page, his eye caught a new entry below his own name. He read: "Paul Wyndham,—colors, blue and white." He laid down the book with a laugh, and said: "I wonder if that is the same fellow who was at the Sedgeworths last year. If it is I would advise him to take a few lessons in rowing, before entering for our races."

"How's that," asked one of the young men who were still standing round the room talking, as Paul had left them.

"Why he's a regular muff," replied Raymond, and he related poor Paul's adventure, with the stretcher the year before.

His friends enjoyed the story thoroughly, and laughed loud and long.

The Secretary however, who was no very great admirer of Raymond, could not help saying, "Well he is a pretty formidable, muscular looking chap and may give you a closer rub than you care for."

"Don't you fear," said Raymond; "I tell you that lubber could never learn to row. I'll beat him so badly that he'll never want to row again."

"Don't be too sure, there's an old saying about chickens &c., which you should remember," said the Secretary as he left the room.

It was only about eight o'clock in the evening, so Raymond thought it would be a good idea to row over to the Oaks and tell the Sedgeworths of the discovery he had made.

He was not long in crossing the water; and taking his way up the bank soon arrived at the piazza of the Sedgeworth mansion. Here he found Eva standing alone buried in thought.

She started as she heard his footsteps and exclaimed, "Why, you here Mr. Raymond?" Yes, Miss Eva, I came over to see Ralph for a minute. "But first," he said, still retaining her hand which she had extended to him, "do you wish me success to-morrow?" "Oh certainly!" she replied, "of course I do; but come into the house if you want to see Ralph, he is in the drawing-room with mamma and papa."

After paying his respects to both Mr. and Mrs. Sedgeworth, he turned to Ralph with a laugh and said, "I have some news my boy to tell you. Your friend Mr. Wyndham is at the 'Sheet Anchor,' and has entered his name for the single scull race to-morrow. It's to be hoped that he's a better oarsman now than he was last year." Raymond could not help noticing that Eva gave a slight start and changed color, when he mentioned Wyndham's name and it nettled him. He however resolved that the morrow would effectually extinguish that young man in that quarter.

There was a silence for a moment after this announcement, which was broken by Ralph exclaiming, "Paul going to row; By Jove I see it all now. Why he has been training ever since last summer right under my very nose, and I could not see it." He then related how he had seen Paul rowing one morning without knowing him. "Well Walter you have all your work cut out for you, that's all my boy; your are going to have the hardest stretch you ever pulled. When Paul undertakes anything he never stops halfway."

Eva had risen and left the room. She had been thinking of Paul when Walter came up, and now to hear that he was going to row the next day, and that she should see him, was too

much for her. She was afraid some one would address some remark to her which she felt too confused to answer, so she hurried away to regain her self possession. Her quick woman's perception told her the whole story at once; and although she would not confess it even to herself, she felt that Paul had done all this to win her favour. She felt like smiling and weeping at the same time, and ended by doing neither, but coming back again to the drawing-room looking as grave as a judge.

Shortly after Eva's return to the room Raymond left the house; and she was careful not to allow herself to be separated from the rest of the party in bidding him adieu; as something seemed to tell her that he would have spoken to her on a subject of which she had no wish to hear anything from his lips.

III.
THE RACE.

The next morning dawned brightly, and Paul, who had retired early the night before, was up with the lark. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, he strolled down to the boat house to see that his boat was all right. Finding everything in order he returned to the inn, where he sat down to wait patiently the coming event.

He had not sat long when he heard a familiar voice downstairs inquiring for Mr. Wyndham; and in another minute Ralph Sedgeworth burst into his room.

"Oh you old deceiver," cried Ralph, as he shook his friend's hand warmly. "I know all about it. You're a nice friend to keep this secret from me for a whole year. Now you needn't commence to explain, for I see through the whole thing; and all I say is to go in and win, there's a straight course open for you in both cases."

"I don't understand you?" said Paul, whose looks belied his words, for he had coloured up to his temples.

"You don't, don't you? why you old sinner you're as red as a peony now, your face confesses it all; now tell me my boy, isn't love at the bottom of the whole thing? I saw it when you came down last year, and was sadly disappointed when you left so hurriedly; but I tell you you have a clear course and her brother's best wishes; you're the only man I would choose for a brother-in-law, and by Jove you'll be one, if you only mind your P's and Q's."

Paul said nothing, but pressed his friend's hand warmly, those cheering words seemed to give him hope and he determined to win the race cost what it might.

Ralph was bent upon having Paul return with him to the Oaks, and accompany the party to the race; but Paul could not be induced.

The morning passed very slowly to Paul, who though trying to appear calm, was nevertheless very nervous.

Two o'clock came at last; the hour at which the regatta was to commence.

Ralph and Eva, with their father and Raymond had rowed over to the course, and anchored their little craft beside the judge's yacht. The races soon commenced, and Ralph began to look round for his friend, expecting to see him come up to watch the race with them, until his race was called, which being the grand event of the day was to take place last.

Paul however did not make his appearance. Though Eva generally took great interest in all the races, that day she saw very little of them. She seemed more interested in watching the faces in the crowd who gathered to see the sport. Though she would not have acknowledged it, she was evidently anxious about something, and that something was the non-appearance of Paul. Her brother noticed her abstraction, and guessed pretty correctly the cause, but said nothing, being rather pleased that she should show so evidently that Paul was of some interest to her.

During the first part of the regatta Paul had strolled up the shore some distance, not being able to stand the excitement of waiting while the other races were going on; but as the hour approached for his race, he hurried down to his boat house and got himself ready for the struggle.

The race was called, and very soon the contestants came up to the scratch.

Raymond had just passed the boat which contained Eva and her brother, with a smile of confidence on his face as he waved his hand to them, when there was a sudden movement among some of the boats that lined the course near theirs, and Paul's outrigger shot into the track. He was a perfect picture of manly strength; every muscle, as it rose and fell with each stroke, being perfectly discernible through the thin white guernsey, which fitted over his body like a glove. On his head he wore a blue cap, and as he passed up the line he was greeted with such expressions as "go it stranger," and "there's the man for my money." And he certainly did look a safe man to back. As he passed the boat where the brother and sister were sitting, Ralph called out to him and he looked up. His eyes met those of Eva, which were looking at him with unfeigned admiration. He stopped and drew alongside their boat, and spoke a few words to Ralph; then turning to Eva he asked her how she had enjoyed the regatta. At that moment the voice of the starter was heard calling out, "All ready," and he had to hurry to his place. He gave one look at Eva as he pulled away, and was rewarded by a smile that went to his breast so that he hardly knew what he was doing, but got into his place mechanically.

The starting shot was fired, and four pairs of oars dipped like a flash into the calm water, Raymond's boat at once shooting ahead of the rest. But where was Paul? The sound of the shot woke him from his trance in time to see Raymond's boat shoot past him, and to hear the jeering tones of his voice, as he called to him, "Is that stretcher all right?" That was enough

for him; his arms seemed to turn into iron and his muscles into cords of steel at the words. He felt an almost fiendish strength as he stretched down over his toes, and with a long steady stroke shot his boat close after the stern of his rivals.

Ralph quickly jumped upon the deck of the judges' yacht from which he could obtain a better view of the race.

The distance to be rowed was three miles, with two turns, the course being a mile and a half long. The judges' yacht was situated at the centre of the course, so that the boats had to row down three quarters of a mile, turn the buoy, and return past the starting point, up another three quarters of a mile, round another buoy and return to the scratch.

Raymond quickly drew away from all the competitors with the exception of Paul; and when the first buoy was reached they occupied the same relative positions which they held at starting, the other contestants being virtually out of the race even at this early stage. As they came down towards the starting point, Paul put on a spurt, and began to close upon his rival, who seeing Paul's effort also increased his speed. Down they came, every muscle strained, at a terrific pace; each straining to his utmost to pass the judges' yacht first.

The excitement was intense now, and as they came tearing through the line of boats, cheer after cheer followed them on their course. As they passed the yacht it would have been difficult to say which boat was ahead.

Paul's eyes involuntarily glanced towards the boat in which Eva sat, his glance met her's for an instant and he was away, but that one glance gave him strength; he saw that her eyes were riveted on him with an anxious look that told him he was the favourite, with her at least.

Ralph stood on the deck looking through a glass as the boats receded further and further away. "By Jove, Raymond's turning first," cried Ralph in a disappointed tone. Eva said nothing, but her heart gave a big throb that almost choked her.

On they came, and a thousand eager eyes were strained up the glittering course, and a thousand speculations were hazarded as to who was ahead; and yet not one of the owners of any one of those pair of eyes felt one half the interest in the result of the race, as did the owner of a certain pair of large soft blue eyes that never looked up the course at all; but seemed intent upon a very pretty shoe in the toe of which the fair owner seemed bound to wear a hole with her parasol handle.

"Here they come, look Eva," cried Ralph, "by the ghost of suffering Cæsar, Paul is drawing ahead, go it Paul, you old cripple," he repeated half to himself.

Eva did look now; giving the unfortunate toe of her shoe a chance for a longer existence. Yes, there they came and Paul was actually ahead. Oh! how her heart did beat, as she saw those dripping oars flash in the sunbeams.

After turning the last buoy, Paul again pulled up even with his opponent, and down to the last quarter of a mile, they had rowed neck and neck as it were. Here Paul made a final effort and his herculean strength more than his science stood him in good stead. When within a hundred yards of the winning line he felt one of his oars crack, the sound was almost like a death knell, but he never relaxed his stroke; and as his boat's nose touched the line he gave one last vigorous stroke, the strained oar could hold no longer, it snapped off, and over went the victorious oarsman, boat and all, but still a length ahead!

As the one oar broke, the force with which the other was pulled, turned the boat into the course taken by Raymond's boat. There was a scream from the boat in which Eva sat, but it came too late to stop the sharp bow of Raymond's outrigger from doing its work; and Paul sank back senseless in the water, while the blood from a great gash in his forehead dyed the rippling waves. Ralph's boat was alongside his friend in a moment, and Paul's inanimate form quickly lifted into it by strong and willing arms.

Mr. Sedgeworth called to Eva to leave the boat, but she did not heed him; and when they laid Paul down, she sat pale but resolute, with his head resting on her knee, while she held a blue silk scarf, which she had torn from her neck, against the wound to stop the flow of blood.

The boat house was soon reached and Paul's apparently lifeless form conveyed into it, while medical assistance was at once sent for. Ralph would allow no one into the boat house but Eva; who still remained at her post, endeavouring to staunch the wound, while Mr. Sedgeworth went off to prepare the carriage to take Paul home with them, should the doctor allow it. The people crowded round the door of the boat house, making kind inquiries after the stranger, whose sad accident, in the moment of victory, had rendered him a sort of hero to them.

While Eva bent over Paul, smoothing back the wet locks from his forehead, he opened his eyes for the first time, and saw her gentle anxious eyes looking down into his. She saw his lips move and bending low she caught the caught the whispered word "Eva." Though but a whisper, that tone could not be misinterpreted by her, and for the first time since the accident, a tinge of colour passed over her cheek.

The doctor soon arrived and dressed the wound, which although a serious cut, would not prevent the patient from being moved to the "Oaks" that evening. The three weeks that Paul remained at the Oaks, passed all too quickly for him, but before he returned home there was an understanding between Eva and himself which made them both happy.

Ralph had told his father the whole story of his friend's love; and although Mr. Sedgeworth grumbled a little, as any fond father does, at the prospect of losing his pet, yet he made up his mind to lose her with a good grace, as his father-in-law had to do before him.

When Paul came down to the Oaks after finishing his college course, to ask the hand of the fair Eva, Mr. Sedgeworth who had been somewhat of an oar in his day, took Paul's hand in his, and with a twinkle and a tear in his eye, said, "Yes, take her my boy, take her and make her happy, she's the best prize that was ever won by a length."

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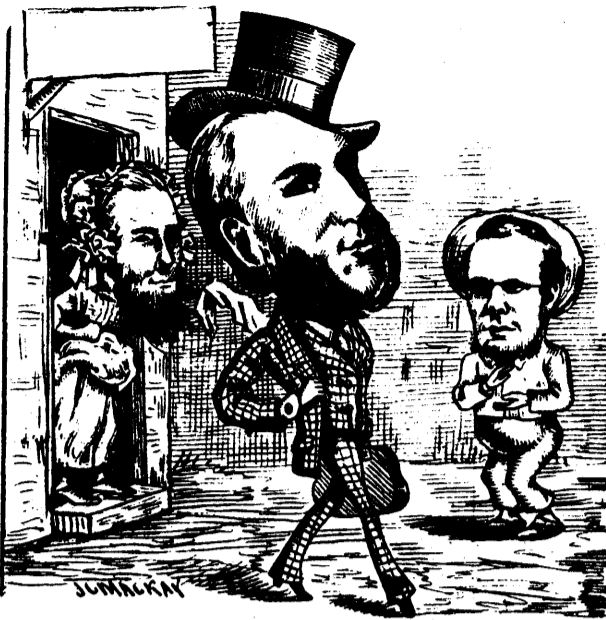
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