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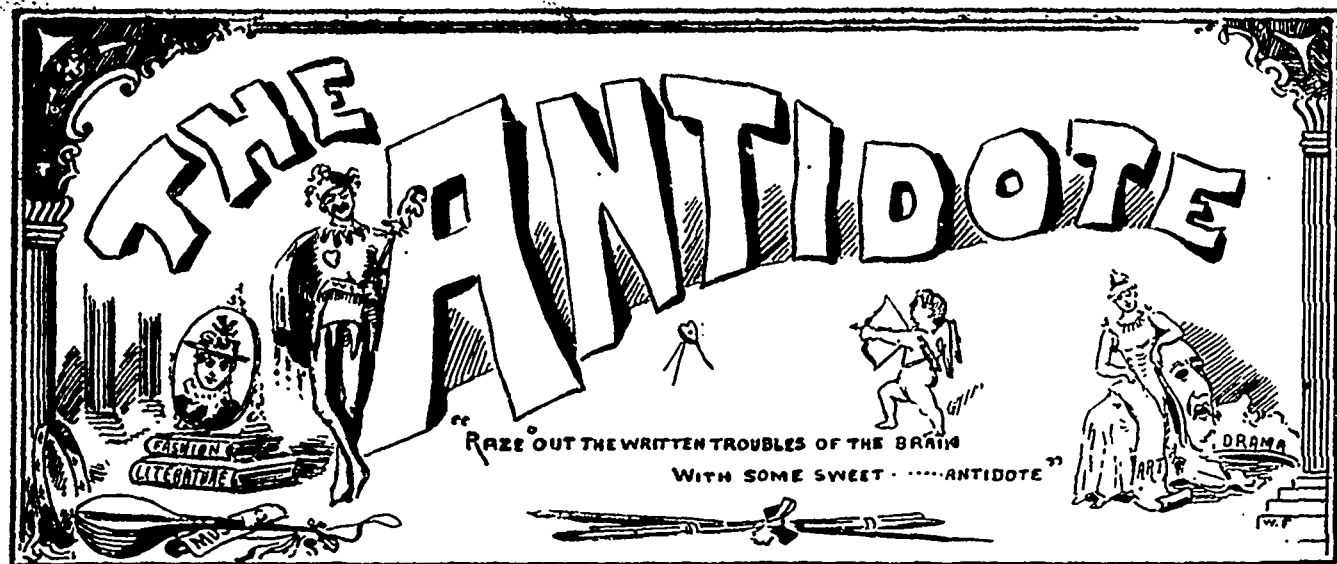
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OUR PRIZE LIST

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

The standard of domestic service has been gradually lowering for years past. The tendency towards the system of having girls taught at home under governesses instead of sending them to schools, and the spread downwards of that superficial tincturing of accomplishments and foreign phraseology accepted as feminine education, combined with the pushing-upwards tendency which is at once the strength and folly of our day, have had the result of entirely removing from the servant class the large number of those who, with something of tradition, and some of the liberal sentiments developed by higher education than the house-maid's became capable servants instead of, as now, incapable governesses. Those, both by their higher social antecedents and connections, and by their higher personal level, did much in a former generation to raise the standard of the whole class of women servants, and their influence could not but tend to keep the moral tone of service higher than when, as now, it is wholly set by untaught persons from the lowest classes whose main idea of honor is assumption. If "lady helps" were what the name betokens, and that in both its parts, their appearance in the servant sphere would be of high value for its redemption—as it would have been higher still, if being ladies and thinking it no shame to perform the task of ser-

vants, they had thought it also no shame to take the honest name of servant: but the last thing to be wished for by those who, for the sake of servants and employers alike, would have domestic service justly valued as honorable, is the disguising servant under any pretentious non-servant name. It is because servants are ashamed of service that they are making the name of servant discreditable while any show of thinking it charitable and complimentary to shirk the word "servant" as if it were opprobrious, and to euphonize it into "gentlemen help" or "lady help" or "ministering angel," or any other pretty way of calling a servant not a servant, is to avow that to be a servant is to commit a baseness which asks for some kind of concealment. If we cannot call men and women servants with any other feelings than as we call them blacksmiths or dressmakers or green-grocers, there must be something wrong, either in the condition of servant or in our appreciation of it. And clearly, unless we hit upon some expedient for abolishing domestic service altogether, what we have to aim at is, that not only the condition of servant, but our appreciation of it, and still more, the servants' appreciation of it, should have in it nothing that can abase an honorable man or woman in that condition.

The abolition of domestic service, if it were possible, is by no means to be wished for in the interest of those from whom the servants come. The arts of housewifery are notoriously not intuitive among our English speaking people, and if the wives and daughters of working-men had no other example of culinary care and cleanliness, and the refinements of orderly domestic habits than they would create themselves, there would inevitably be a falling back in these matters. As it is, there is usually, from their want of skill and want of management and want of zeal as cooks, caterers and cleaners, far too little comfort in their homes for the expenditure; but so long as an appreciable percentage among them receives something of a practical education in domestic duties, and have opportunities of forming a higher ideal of cleanliness and fitness and prettiness in dom-

estic surroundings than that suggested by the arrangements of slatternly neighbors, there is something to leaven the general incapacity, and good traditions must exist. Even where the mother is herself competent, there are very few working-class homes in which the daughters can be effectually trained in the household skills of which they ought to be past-mistresses when they come to the management of homes of their own. The notable mother has no time to spare and finds it quicker work to do things herself than to entrust them to bungling and very unwilling beginners from the neighboring counties. She cannot afford the damage of their breakages and their blunders, and she has not the patience to see the things she would have done well herself disgrace her housekeeping ill done by others. It is not uncommon even, to find the daughters of practically active and efficient housewives more indolent and inefficient in housewifery than those of the gossips and the slatterns and the helpless creatures who are daily in a feeble and promiscuous way "cleaning up" after yesterday and making dirt for to-morrow; the incapable women, for their own sakes, make their girls do something, though they may not be wholesomely exacting as to how it is done; the capable women are apt to think only of how the work will prosper best and to do it well themselves.

There is scarcely any form of self-control more difficult to practice than that of seeing another incompetently performing, in obedience to your own command, a task which you can achieve better yourself; to leave your pupil or your servant what it is his part to do and yours only to direct, but what you can do and he cannot, is one of the most difficult phases of teaching and ruling, one to some natures well nigh impossible. It is at all events, a power not as a matter of course possessed by all educated persons, nor even by all educated persons who recognize its importance, and it must be one of more difficult acquirement by women than by men; it is certainly not a power likely to be common among hard-worked women barely able to read and write, and with no leisure for considering moral pro-

blems and striking the balance between the immediate and final uses of their accustomed ways. Under any circumstances a small and plainly furnished home cannot, in the care of it, offer so much employment to several women as to give a useful apprenticeship to the business of housewifery; nor can several daughters be maintained at home without remunerative occupation in order to give them opportunities of practicing house-work.

Domestic service offers the best imaginable training school for young women, who are some day to have the work of their own homes to perform, and all the while they are getting their apprenticeship in it they are earning a comfortable maintenance and wages sufficient, not only for dress according to their needs—allowing the indulgence of a little pardonable feminine vanity to be also a need—but for, when they are wise enough, the putting something in a savings bank against rainy days or towards furnishing the house when they marry.

AN OLD VIOLIN SHOP.

Among those who have made Montreal their home, bringing with them a skill which seems impossible of acquirement on this side of the Atlantic, is the maker and repairer of violins whose humble shop has been at 120 St. Antoine street, (west of Windsor street), for the last few months. The name on the door, J. Tubbs, is one familiar to all wielders of the bow, and our unpretending fellow-citizen is one of the family. Mr. Tubbs received his experience in the employment of such houses as Hill & Sons, Geo. Withers, Hart, and others in London. He was at one time employed by one of the large London dealers to visit the principal towns and villages of southern Europe in a search for neglected instruments, and many a rich find rewarded his labors. The work of repairing these violins and restoring their lost tone was committed to Mr. Tubbs and a fellow-expert, and in this way several of the finest instruments now in Great Britain and Ireland went through their hands. His skill in restoring, improving and metamorphosing violins of any pretension

to good workmanship, in time reached New York whither he emigrated, and where he was for years the confidential expert of Fletcher, who sold many a violin of uncertain origin for sums all the way from \$500 to \$2800, after the points and improvements which Tubbs knows so well how to apply and make had been inspected by well-to-do professionals and amateurs. The history of the "Elijah Strad" may be written some day. Mr. Tubbs inherits the family skill in bow-making. Bows of his make sold usually for \$20 each in New York. The reputation of Montreal as a city of culture and music, especially in violins, led him to seek a home here. Those who visit his little shop may probably be reminded of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," in the prototype of which, by the way, the subject of our notice once lived as a lad. The carcasses of old violins strewed about and hung upon the walls attest the avocation of the occupant, and one can almost fancy their cracked old voices appealing to the visitor to employ their owner in giving them new life, and enabling them to go forth on their mission of inspiration and gladness.

Receipts.

Grilled Quail.—Split down the back as for broiling. To two tablespoonfuls of olive oil add one teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one desertspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one tea-

spoonful of lemon juice, and one shake of cayenne. Rub the birds thoroughly with this mixture. Let the quail remain in this several hours; then broil on a buttered gridiron, turning frequently till crisp and brown. Garnish with water cresses, stoned olives, and disks of lemon.

French Fritters.—Two cups bread crumbs, two cups milk, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, half cup sugar, one scant cupful of currants, mace and cinnamon to taste. Heat the milk to scalding and pour it over the bread. Stir in the butter and when the mixture is cool, add to it the sugar, the beaten yolks, the spices and the whites of the eggs. Last of all, beat in the currants, which should have been washed, dried and well dredged with flour. Drop the mixture by the spoonful into boiling fat, and, after draining, sprinkle well with powdered sugar before sending to table.

Miss Pruyn—I wonder when this idea of quarrying a man to get rid of him originated? Miss Vernou (wearily)—About the time clubs were instituted, I'm sure.

Charley (reading paper)—There is said to be a farmer living in Russia with three perfectly formed stomachs.

Harry—He ought to be the happiest man in the world.

Charley—What makes you think so?

Harry—He is the only man who is never short of crop.

Montauk—Did she smile upon your suit? Hamilton—Smile? She fairly roared at it, and when she saw the bagging of my trousers as I rose from my kneeling position after the rejection, she just screamed.



A New Year's Gift.

"Only one day more!" soliloquized the Viscomte de— as he put the finishing stroke to his toilet and contemplated his well-waxed iron-grey moustache with less satisfaction than he probably would have felt had not his mind been otherwise pre-occupied.

"One short December day," he went on after a pause, "and every likely place explored twice over except the Rue Bonsecours. I wonder who the idiot was who first invented New Year's gifts? Not one of my ancestors, I'll engage. My ancestors date from the Crusades, and I dare say have been guilty of follies enough since then; but I won't do them the injustice of supposing that they ever threw away more money than they could possibly help."

The Viscomte was a bachelor; not so much from choice, as from his inability hitherto to discover what he considered a suitable parti. Tall, thin, and just turned fifty, he was sufficiently good-tempered when nothing occurred to put him out of humor, and as notorious a miser as ever existed since the days of Harpagon and John Elwes. Without going so far as some of his particular friends, who affirmed him to be the original of Gavarni's famous type, the gentleman "qui coupait les liards en quatre," it may safely be said that whenever he could indulge in his favorite weakness without compromising himself he invariably did so, and adhered strictly to the time-honored maxim of taking care of the pence and letting the pounds take care of themselves.

But, perhaps, of all the disagreeable necessities to which he was periodically forced to submit, the most obnoxious to his feelings was the obligation of complying with the (to him) utterly inexplicable custom of celebrating the advent of New Year's day by a distribution of "etrennes," a drain on his purse, which, although he took care to confine his liberality within the narrowest limits, was, even in its modified form, inexpressibly painful to him.

The five dollar bill he felt bound to offer his housekeeper caused him an annual pang, and the gift of a dollar to the waiter of the restaurant where he was in the habit of dining when not invited elsewhere, lay heavy on his conscience even after appropriating to his own use (which no one but himself ever dreamed of doing) the cigar tied up with pink ribbon, presented to him as a reminder, and intended by its owner to be presented in turn to every customer in the room.

These, however, were minor grievances compared with what he was suffering on the last day of the year of grace, 1891; and only those who knew him could, by any possibility, understand or appreciate his mental perplexity on the morning of his introduction to the reader.



How do you like my new dress?
Um! I hav'n't seen the bill yet.

In the course of the preceding six months he had made the acquaintance of a widow lady with two daughters, who had recently arrived in the city, and was, according to report, quite wealthy. Naturally partial to society when it cost him nothing, he by degrees became a habitual frequenter of her pretty apartments in the Rue du Perri, and had established himself there to a certain extent as a friend of the house.

Whether he entertained any serious views respecting either mother or daughters, we are not in a position to state; if he did, he kept his own council, and all that can be hinted of the subject is that he might have done worse.

The widow was barely forty and did not look her age; as for Mademoiselle Gracé, the brunette, and Mademoiselle Louise, the blonde, they were both charming and perfectly aware of the fact. In this pleasant circle the Viscomte soon made himself entirely at home. When he did not dine there (and we may be sure that he never refused an invitation unless he had a better one in prospect) he generally dropped in in the evening or occupied a spare seat in their box at the opera.

This continued intimacy with its contingent advantages, he had hitherto enjoyed without scruple.

But the time was at hand when, in accordance with cosmopolitan usages, the hospitalities he had received must be adequately returned; New Year's day was approaching with rapid strides, and his offering on the occasion must, as he dolefully acknowledged, be proportionately liberal.

For days and weeks he had wandered from place to place like a perturbed spirit in quest of some object suitable for his pur-

pose, he had dived into obscure passages and emerged at the other end with a disheartening consciousness of failure, and had pored over the stock of half the curiosity shops in the city without unearthing a single pearl of price within the limits of his own. Bonbons were, of course, out of the question, even if the tariff of Messrs. Joyce and Alexander permitted such an investment of his money; and as for jewelry, the bare idea made him shudder.

In short the worthy Viscomte was at his wit's ends, and as a last resource, resolved to explore the Rue Bonsecours, whither we may as well follow him. He was on the point of retracing his steps, when the recollection of a second-hand establishment in a neighboring by-street struck him as a hitherto uninspected spot. Taking, therefore, a turn in the opposite direction he discovered on his right hand the object of his search and entered the shop. A few minutes examination and a question or two sufficed to convince him that his unlucky star was still in the ascendant, and he was about to resume his walk when some broken pieces of china lying in the corner caught his eye.

"What is that?" he asked the dealer.

"Ah, monsieur, ne m'en parlez pas!" exclaimed the individual addressed, in a disconsolate tone, which seemed to forbid further allusion to the painful subject.

"But what is it?" persisted the Viscomte.

"What it is now, you see, M. le Viscomte, but what it was before my shopman let it fall and smashed it to bits, you have no idea. I never saw a finer vase: real old Dresden, worth 300 piastres, it was worth a sou. They say it once belonged to Jacques Cartier himself."

"Ah," said the Viscomte, looking attentively at the heap of fragments and poking at them with his cane. "Cannot it be repaired?"

"Impossible, monsieur," replied the other, "the cleverest workman could make nothing of it now."

"Have you tried?" asked the Viscomte. "Of what use, monsieur? Who would buy a vase dissected like a map of Montreal?"

"What are you going to do with the 'pieces'?" inquired M. le Viscomte in whose fertile brain a "happy thought" was gradually germinating.

"What can I do, but throw them away?" growled the hute tradesman. "They are fit for nothing else. Even a chiffonnier would hardly pick them up."

"Will you sell them to me for a dollar?" The dealer's eye glistened.

"Certainly, monsieur, if you desire it. But what possible use—"

"Never mind," interrupted the Viscomte, "that's my affair. Now listen; what I want you to do is this. You will pack up those pieces, just as they are, mind, put this card of mine with them and send the parcel this evening from nine to half-past to Madame —, Rue du Berri. It is not to be taken up stairs, but left with the housekeeper. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, M. le Viscomte," answered the owner of the bric-a-brac shop, glancing at the card as he spoke. "It all shall be done as you wish."

"I can quite depend upon you?"

"Quite, monsieur; at 10:30 to the moment it shall be delivered."

"At last," said the Viscomte to himself, as he walked briskly homeward; "a brilliant inspiration, upon my word. For a single dollar I shall have a present worth a thousand. The fellow who brings it would naturally be supposed to have let it drop on the way—the streets are always so slippery on that hill in frosty weather—and to have cleared out in order to avoid unpleasant inquiries."

"When the parcel arrives I shall be there, and as so one knows where, I bought it I can storm away at my ease without fear of discovery. Glorious piece of luck! I have a good mind to treat myself to a small bottle of Leoville on the strength of it and so I will, parbleu," and so he did.

Punctually at five minutes before nine, fortified by the generous stimulant before alluded to, and in the highest possible spirits, the Viscomte rang the bell at No. — Rue du Berri, and was immediately ushered into the drawing room, where the three ladies were assembled. Madame, seated by the fire, was occupied with some intricate marvel of embroidery, while her daughters were busily engaged in arranging on a table in the centre of the apartment a variety of bonbon boxes and other subjects strongly indicative of New Year's day, which had evidently just arrived—the gifts, we mean, not the day.

"Look here, Monsieur le Viscomte," said Grace, as he entered the room. "See what a number of presents we have already received: a lapis lazuli paper cutter, and such a beautiful flower stand near the window."

"And a delicious filagree card-cage," chimed in Louise holding up the object in question for the inspection of the visitor.

"Charming, indeed, charming indeed," responded the Viscomte, looking more admiringly at the speaker than at the card cage.

"There, that will do, girls," interposed her mother, after shaking hands with her guest. "Come and sit by the fire, Viscomte, and Grace will give you some tea."

"I trust," he replied, "that when my humble offering arrives, you will be—ahem!—equally indulgent."

"No follies, I hope, Viscomte," said Madame, shaking her head reprovingly.

"Oh, madame, a mere trifle, I assure you," answered our hero in a deprecating tone, accompanied, however, by a significant twirl of his mustache. "But you will see—you will see."

At that moment the door opened, and the "maitre d'hotel" appeared, bearing a voluminous parcel, which he solemnly put on the table, and with the explanatory announcement, "Pour Mme. —," withdrew as noiselessly as he had entered.

"I wonder what it is," cried Grace. "Give me your scissors, Louise."

"Who can it be from?" said her sister.

"What a strangely shaped parcel!" remarked Madame, rising from her chair and approaching the table; while the Viscomte, laying down his cup was preparing himself for an outburst of indignation, or, in other words, "was getting his steam up."

"Ah, here is a card," exclaimed Mlle. Grace, as she hastily tore away the last obstacle to the gratification of her curiosity. "M. le Viscomte I knew it could be no one else. Mon Dieu! what can this be?"

M. le Viscomte, who had quietly drawn near the table, gave one look at the contents of the packet, stood for a moment horror-struck, and then, unperceived by the three ladies, slipped out of the room and darted down the Rue du Berri as fast as his legs could carry him. He had seen enough.

Alas! for the vanity of human calculations. The dealer of the Rue Notre Dame had exceeded his instructions and had carefully enveloped every fragment of the shattered vase in a separate piece of paper.—Tableau—Adapted from the French of Chas. Herve.

A physician says, "the best way of taking a constitutional walk is to go somewhere with an object in view." It follows, therefore, that when a bank cashier strikes out for the States in company with the funds of the institution, he is simply taking a walk for his health.

DISASTER.

It was ever thus, in childhood's hour,
My fondest hopes would not decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,

But 'twas the first to fade away.
The garden wheel I used to delve,
Short-frooked, still yields me pinks in
plenty;
The pear tree that I climbed at twelve,
I see still blossoming at twenty.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
But I was given a parrot,—
How I did nurse him—if unwell!—
He's imbecile, but lingers yet.
He's green, with an enchanting tuft,
He melts me with his small black eye,
He'd look inimitable stuffed,
And knows it, but he will not die.

I had a kitten—I was rich
In pets; but all too soon my kitten
Became a full-sized cat, by which
I've more than once been scratched and
bitten.
And when for sleep, her limbs she curled
One day, beside her untouched plateful,
And glided calmly from the world,
I freely own that I was grateful.

And then I bought a dog, a queen,
Ah, Tiny! dear departing pug!
She lives, but she is past sixteen,
And scarce can crawl across the rug.
I loved her, beautiful and kind,
Delighted in her pe. Bow! Wow!
But now she snaps if we don't mind;—
'Twere lunacy to love her now.

I used to think should e'er mishap
Betide my crumpled-visaged Ti,
In shape of prowling thief or trap
Or coarse bull-terrier—I should die.
But ah! disasters have their use;
And life might e'en be too sunshiny;—
Nor would I make myself a goose
If some big dog should swallow Tiny.
From Fly Leaves
by C. S. C.

PANTRY PERSIFLAGE.

"You are altogether too fresh," said the potato to the egg, "and I have my eyes on you."

"Now, look here Irish," said the egg, "I daresay you have a good heart, but remember that when we come to scramble for a living you're not in it with me."

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

The Groom (very wealthy).—Why did you marry an ordinary chap like me?

The Bride.—I haven't the slightest idea; mamma managed the whole affair.

Husband.—Helen, what's wrong with this pie-crust? It doesn't half cover the pie.

Helen.—Why, dearest, I asked your mother all about how to make them to suit you, and she said to make the crust very short.

THE UNEMPLOYED EMPLOYERS.

He was one of the unemployed, and his age was six,
And his name was Isaac Fort;
And his visible means of subsistence were hard to fix,
So they brought him up at the Court;
And a constable charged him with plying the mendicant's tricks
In a place of public resort.
No stockings had he to his feet, nor shoes to be blacked;
He was clothed in a suit of dirt;
And a hat was an item of human attire that he lacked;
And whether he wore a shirt
Is a question on which the reports are dumb; and the fact
I will not undertake to assert.

Alas! for the state forlorn, for the pitiful plight,
Of that wretched neglected lad;
Ah! even the bloated heart of a capitalist might

Have been touched by a sight so sad—
Had there not in the grimed little fist been found clenched tight
Three pennies the urchin had.

"Oh, what are these pennies, my boy?" the magistrate said,

"And tell me by whom supplied?"

"The gentlemen giv' em me, sir, wot walked at the 'ed

Of the blokes as is unemployed."

An answer, of course, which to further questionings led,

For it had its suspicious side.

And it then turned out that his rags and his woebegone air

(When the matter was traced to its roots)

Had been lent to the lad by his father's deliberate care,

With a view to their possible fruits;

While the reason was this, it seemed, of his feet being bare,
That his father had burnt his boots.

In short, it appeared that the great "Unemployed," so styled,

Had engaged at threepence a day—

Such sum as is doled to his slaves by the sweater reviled—

This poor little wail and stray,

To enact the part of the typical starving child

At this curious Benefit Play.

"Saturday Review."

Many a man thinks he can read a woman like a book till he tries to shut her up.

His Young Wife—George, dear, I do wish you would get your life insured. Where would I go if you were to die?

George—And, great heavens, where would I go?



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

It is not only a matter of convenience, but economy also, to know how to turn a street gown into an evening toilet. The many waist and neck trimmings this season are a boon to practical women who want occasionally to appear in evening dress; not, however, in the low-cut corsage objected to by many, but yet "dressed up" more than would be considered in good taste for afternoon.

The tasteful street costume can be easily remodelled by any one of the numerous neck or waist accessories that are gotten up by deft fingers, such as *commodes*, jabots, fichus, ribbon bodices, Bolero, Spanish, and Eton fronts, and Zouave jackets, are the novelties of the moment.

The ribbon bodices are very dainty arrangements shaped like a corselet, the ribbon straps fastening at the back, while very full rosettes of the ribbon are placed down the centre of the front.

The Bolero or Spanish jackets are little sleeveless jackets, made in either velvet, plush, silk or suede leather. Many of them are covered with embroidery, done in gold or silver threads, and beads or jewel effects are introduced. The black velvet jackets with a simple edging of jet are the most serviceable. To make one at home from a remnant of velvet will be the pleasing task of an industrious woman.

Berthas made of guipure lace, sewed to a satin band with a chiffon heading are to wear not only with a low-cut waist that may be square in the back and pointed in front, but they can be arranged over a high-necked dress becomingly. White, ecru or black laces are in vogue for these fichus and berthas.

In our illustration this week shows an evening gown in electric-blue bengaline. Train skirt, with a full cascade of real Brussels point down the side. Half-high bodice, with a ruche of ostrich feathers,

and bertha of the lace, Waistband, in gold tinsel and silk cord to match. Full elbow sleeves, with lace ruffles. This elegant model is well adapted for utilising antique laces.

Musical Notes.

Ovide Musin the violinist, and his musical associates will open in New York on the 18th inst. with the Damrosch orchestra.

A Stradivarius violin was recently sold for nearly £2,000 in Stuttgart, Germany.

The Duke of Edinburgh will send for exhibition to the World's Fair, a part of the valuable collection of ancient musical instruments which he possesses.

The Empress of Germany is a skillful violinist and often plays at after-dinner concerts in the palace.

Marcello Rossi is one of the new musical lights in the Austrian capital. He has just been appointed Court violinist to the Emperor.

Mr. Adrew McCullough of this city owns one of the best violins in Canada. It is valued at \$4,000. Mr. McCullough is no mean amateur performer on the king of instruments.

Sh Charles and Lady Halle have been giving recitals in Edinburgh of late, where they received the usual warm welcome.

Mendelssohn's Concerto maintains its hold as a leading number in violin recitals. We notice that Sarasate played it at his second concert lately in welcome.

MASCAGNI'S THIRD OPERA.

We are beholden to the latest London papers for all that may be said here—of interest to our readers—concerning "I Rantzau," the new Opera of Pietro Mascagni, which is generally admitted to have fulfilled the promises of his two preceding works. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz," and which because of their beautiful originality have established the composer, if not in a position of the first magnitude, at least not very far from it. "I Rantzau" has the two great themes of love and hate for its principal motives, and like "I Montecchi e Capuletti"—or Romeo and Juliet—is based upon the loves of two young people whose families view each other with strong dislike, in this case intensified by the fact that they are brothers and neighbors, and also competitors for the possession of a little piece of landed property adjoining. Unlike, however, the former dramas founded on these combined subjects, "I Rantzau" ends happily, all are reconciled, the lovers marry and as usual, "live happy ever after."

There is no musical overture to speak of as regards length, to the new Opera, as the 32 bars introduction for orchestra can scarcely deserve the name. A charming chorus, a spring greeting, opens the action. A scherzo in 9-16, full of " quaint rhythmical devices " illustrates the scene during and at the auction of the coveted real estate. The love motive is introduced by a duet between Giulia, the daughter of the organist, and Luisa one of the two cousins—in the principal roles—in which they lament the family feud which leads to so much unhappiness. The animated scene which follows, is admirably rendered in a finale, " remarkable not only for ingenuity in construction and the beauty of the melodic designs, but especially because of the happy invention of the various themes which illustrate the situation with wonderful plasticity."

The second act also spends no time in a long introduction, the 22 bars pre-luding the voices presenting two different motives. There is no balcony scene, but there is a large bay window at which the lorn Luisa sits embroidering, and sings the while a ballad suggestive of her own situation. This ballad is described as quaint, but not in the maestro's best vein, the melody being in the most trying part of the soprano voice, while the undulations and harmonies are, as it were, " pulled in by the hair." Preparations for the marriage are interrupted, and during the conversation Fiorenza consents to play on the organ, which is listened to—even in Italy—by one in five of those present. The " Kyrie " he plays is mixed here and there in its phrases by bacchanalian couplets, describing a comical rustic misfortune.

It is in the third act that Mascagni surprises the listeners to his new Opera. The women are at the fountain in the square already mentioned. After 17 bars of instrumental prelude in chords by reeds and harps, there is a beautiful chorus of only 26 bars for female voices, accompanied by the wood instruments, all suggestive of the rippling of the water. The music in the scene that follows, which the composer calls " Cicallecio," or " tittle-fattle," is described as a masterpiece of humour and invention. The chorus, kept in canon form, is divided in three groups, and for some 200 bars the phrases roll from one group of the loquacious gathering to the other, " no sooner left here than caught up there, sent back, now among the sopranos, now with the contraltos, now shrill, now soft ; while the mazurka rhythm adds yet in piquancy and swing, so to say, to the effect." The illness of his daughter softens the father's heart, and he is persuaded to



WILL IT COME TO THIS?

PUBLIC OPINION.—"Sure it's the dreadful bad state they've got the 'all into wid their dorty doins'—bad cess to 'em they're more bother than they're worth, that they are, ough!"

call on his brother and be reconciled. The harshness of the reception at first is described by a series of consecutive fifths on the bassoons and afterwards on the 'cello, a new use for what is considered the grossest violation of the rules of musical composition. The closing scene of the third act is described as the most effective of the finest act on the Opera.

In the fourth act, Luisa recovers as miraculously as people usually do on the stage, and sings a charming stornello solo. The duet between the lovers, soprano and tenor, can hardly fail to be popular. The hitch which occurs in the middle of this, the last act, is happily adjusted. The air sung by Glorgo (tenor) near the close is highly praised by the London critics. The opera ends with the second theme of the Intermezzo with which the fourth Act opens, as though the new master

had exhausted all the beauties of musical composition at his command.

Mrs. McCarty—Mrs. Murphy, are you gon' to law wid the man that broke Pat's head?

Mrs. Murphy—I suppose so, for I heard the dochter sayin' to Dennis that he must get court plaster for him at once.

It doesn't take much of a hunter to bag his trousers.

The recital given by the Mendelssohn choir in Windsor Hall last evening, is generally admitted superior to all former efforts. Madame Nordica has made hosts of admirers in Montreal, and they are glad to know that she is to revisit us in mid-winter and afford another opportunity of listening to her numbers. Mr. Gould deserves all praise for the musical treat afforded our citizens.

A Woman with a History.

By Harkaru.

CHAPTER III.

"Why, what's the matter Jessie?" cried Clifton, as his wife met him, "you look as though you had seen a ghost. Nothing wrong with the boy, is there?"

"Oh no Howard,—baby is all right. I have been frightened that is all" replied Jessie trying to compose herself.

"Frightened! How!" exclaimed Clifton.

"It was nothing—two men tried to force their way into the house, while I was alone. But Trust barred the way" said Jessie with a laugh, in which there was no merriment.

"Good old Trust" remarked Clifton with a satisfied smile as he stooped to fondle his ugly staunch friend. "Well, there's no harm done Jessie, and you need not be afraid as long as you have Trust with you. What were the ruffians like?"

"Oh I could not tell you" was the reply "they ran away, as I closed the door—and baby was crying, so I did not watch them."

A half truth is often more deceiving than a direct falsehood, and Jessie's answer completely averted suspicion from the mind of her husband, who made light of the whole affair, saying he would have liked to have seen Trust putting the scoundrels to flight.

Then he talked pleasantly about other subjects, goodnatureedly striving to banish the expression of melancholy, which seemed to have returned, after an absence, to his wife's large blue eyes. He partially succeeded, for his great never-doubting love was inexpressibly sweet to her who had sought a refuge after trouble, but his success was only partial, for the shadow of the past, which had crossed her path that day, continued to rise up at intervals in spite of herself.

The next morning as Clifton was leaving the house to look round his farm, a buggy that was proceeding to the Indian Reserve, with a couple of English tourists, pulled up on the road and the driver dismounting came rapidly towards Clifton bearing a letter in his hand. Mrs. Clifton saw her husband walk forward to meet the man with an undefinable feeling of dread, but as she observed Howard calmly read the missive, and give some short message in reply she became easier, especially, when on thrusting the letter carelessly in his pocket, he returned merely remarking that someone wanted to see him in Calgary regarding a mine to be opened and that he would ride over that afternoon.

"I'll leave Trust to take care of you and the house, so you won't be afraid with you Jessie?" asked Clifton kindly.

"No—I think of" answered his wife a trifle dubiously.

"Well, if you had rather, I will send word for the man to come here" said Clifton.

"Do not think me so foolish" returned Jessie more cheerfully "I am sure I need not fear anything as long as I have Trust with me."

How would she have answered had she known, that the letter in her husband's pocket was signed "Robert Parsons"?

Leaving his horse, a few hours later, at the Royal Hotel Stables, Clifton walked into the main street of Calgary and entered an office, on the windows of which was the inscription, "Parsons and Rodney; Financial and Mining Agents." Papers and maps littered the desks and counter, but business did not appear to be very brisk, since both Robert Parsons and Denis Rodney were standing with their hands in their pockets, the former smoking a cigar, and the latter chewing a bit of straw.

As Clifton closed the door behind him Parsons, with an uncomfortable glance at the huge form of the visitor remarked "Mr. Clifton I presume. Will you step this way?" going into the inner or private office whither he was followed by Clifton and Rodney.

There was a table in the room at which the two partners seated themselves, with a gesture for Clifton to do the same, which he did, placing his heavy riding whip down on the table in front of him, and then he quietly waited to hear what the others had to say.

"I fear the business I sent to you about will not be particularly agreeable Mr. Clifton" began Parsons.

"I understood it was connected with the opening of a mine" said Clifton slightly raising his eyebrows.

"So it is" replied Parsons with an ugly smile "but there are some preliminaries to be gone through first. Did you ever hear Mr. Clifton of a music hall singer named Ida Montmorency?"

"Never" answered Clifton promptly.

"That of course was not her real name" said Parsons slowly "she was known as Miss Jessie Graham."

"Well?" demanded Clifton in a singularly quiet voice, though there was an ominous light in his eyes as he gazed straight at Parsons.

"Don't you catch on?" asked the latter in an astonished tone.

"Not yet; probably I shall do so presently. Is that all?"

"By no means Mr. Clifton. I was a clergyman once, and before Miss Graham say as Ida Montmorency, I mar-

ried her to Denis Rodney, this gentleman to my right."

The speaker paused but Clifton over whose face a stern expression spread uttered no sound.

"Of course, as you may judge from the sequel, the marriage was not a happy one" pursued Parsons "and Mr. Rodney is quite prepared to bury the past in oblivion—as am I myself—provided you make it worth our while."

A look of unutterable scorn flashed for a moment over the countenance of Clifton, but he remarked with wonderful calmness.

"You have opened your mind sir, but so far have only made bare assertions, which you will pardon my doubting without ample corroboration."

Rodney, who had never spoken so far, now pulled an old letter from his pocket and handed it to Clifton asking if he knew the handwriting. The epistle was very short running thus "When you publicly announce our marriage, I will come to you, but not before. That was the agreement, Jessie."

Clifton recognized the writing instantly, but the words "trust me when I tell you that I have done nothing dishonourable" seemed to be again repeated as the letter dropped from his hand.

"What followed?" he demanded quickly.

"I lost sight of her" said Rodney "and discovered her some months afterwards as Ida Montmorency, when she again disappeared and I never saw until Friday."

"Precisely. I have listened to you both patiently, and now you will hear me," replied Clifton so quietly that the two were astonished, but not for long for raising his voice as he clutched his riding whip he cried out "You are a pair of the most cowardly scoundrels I ever met. Take that, and that" saying which he stretched over the table and cut the two across their faces with his whip.

Then springing up he seized Rodney by the throat and flung him sprawling to the ground, after which he caught Parsons by the collar and dragging him away from the table, so as to be enabled to obtain a good sweep with his arm he administered about the soundest horsewhipping that ever one man gave another.

Parsons was a tolerably powerful man, but he was like a child in the hands of the big ex-guard'sman, who, as he lashed away, lifted him every now and then from his feet by the collar, and shook him, saying with grim humor, "I catch on now."

At last Clifton dropping his victim, who sunk to the floor, turned to seek Rodney, but the latter had taken ad-

vantage of the flogging to slink off, so seizing his hat Clifton coolly observed.

"Hark ye Mr. Parsons, or whatever your name may be, mock marriages are all very well to blackmail a man on the stage, but in real life, we are not so easily hoodwinked. Did you think I would believe the lies that you and your precious friend told against the word of his wife, whom you have insulted and whose reputation you endeavored to ruin? Do you suppose, I cannot see the object of keeping a false marriage secret? You miserable cur, let me hear a whisper from either of you again, and I will show you, that even at the distance of five thousand miles bigamy and abetting the same can be traced."

It was a chance shot but Clifton saw that he had hit the mark, and walked off leaving Parsons in a state of mind more easily imagined than described.

CHAPTER IV.

That same evening Clifton and his wife were seated side by side in their home; he was relating the events of the afternoon, and she was listening with a pale face, as he repeated the evidence of the two conspirators. When he came to the production of the letter, she trembled violently, so that he put his arm around her, fearing she would fall from her chair.

"What followed?" she whispered using the same words as her husband had done.

He told her what Rodney had said, and she shuddered as he paused.

"Could you—did you still trust me Howard?" she asked.

"Through good report and evil report," quoted Clifton gently.

Then she turned, and looked up at him for the first time during the conversation, and as she gazed, the cloud passed from her face, for she needed no words to inform her what had taken place. Her arms went round his neck and with her head on his breast she murmured "Oh my husband, teach me to be more worthy of you."

"Pooh! pooh! Jessie dearest" he said soothingly "Did not you tell me to trust you, and was I going to fail, because a couple of villains tried to spring a melodramatic plot upon me? And now, little woman, if it will ease your mind, you can tell me all about the matter, otherwise you need not say another word."

"I will never keep anything back from you again Howard," was the reply "It was wrong to do so at all I know, but I was afraid of losing you, and then life would not have been worth having."

"Did you care for me so much?" cried Clifton "I had fancied—"

"Oh Howard I did not dare to show you how much I loved you," broke in Jessie hurriedly. "What I had gone through must be my excuse, but I will tell you my tale. My father, a younger son of a good family, ran away with and married my mother and was disowned by all his relatives. I need not go through all his struggles, which ended with his death, when I was seventeen, leaving nothing but debts behind him. We had lived in France during the latter part of my father's life, afterwards returning to London, where I endeavored to support my mother and myself by giving lessons in French and singing, and in the house of the Rodneys I first met that man, who did his best to ruin me. My mother was a great invalid, and doctors' bills and medicine kept us very poor. I do not wish to speak harshly of her, but I think poverty and hardship, had somewhat blunted her moral perceptions, at any rate, when Denis Rodney asked me to marry him secretly, (for family reasons he said), saying he would send my mother to the country and support her, she pleaded so hard, that believing her removal to be the only chance of saving her life, I—consented upon one condition, namely that I should live with my mother until the marriage was made public, and to this I adhered in spite of all his efforts to shake my resolution. The ceremony was performed by the man Parsons—who I am now convinced was a clergyman at all, and my mother and myself took up our abode in a cottage not far from Canterbury. Shortly Rodney insisted upon my going to live with him, which, as you know, I refused, and he then did what I ought to have foreseen, namely stopped remittances, thinking to starve me into submission. In this he might have succeeded, but for an anonymous letter I received stating that the wretch had a former wife still living. You cannot judge of my shame and misery, for though I had done nothing strictly dishonorable, I felt he had disgraced and ruined me. My poor mother sank under the blow and died praying my forgiveness, leaving me friendless and unprotected. I determined to hide myself and returned to London, where sinking all my pride I obtained an engagement to sing at the Caledonian Music Hall under the name of Miss Montmorency, and on being discovered, I determined to put the ocean between that hateful man and myself and start a new life. The rest you know, and oh Howard have pity on me, for not having the courage to tell you this before. I have not deserved your noble trusting love, but indeed I will try to do so, if you can forgive me."

As Jessie concluded, she sank on her knees before her husband, but he stooping lifted her in his strong arms, and pressed her to his heart.

A long pause followed, which to one of them was like a peaceful calm after a violent storm, then Clifton spoke.

"Your history has been a very sad one so far Jessie darling, but it is only the first volume. Let us close that for ever, and begin a fresh one."

Which they did.

THE END.

Virginia Rice Muffins.—Beat the yolks of two eggs very light and add to them one pint of milk and stir into it one tablespoonful of melted lard or butter, mix two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder in one quart of meal and sift into the milk and eggs. Beat very light, then add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth, and stir in a teacupful of cold boiled rice. Beat all once more and bake in muffin rings. In Virginia, only the white meal, never the yellow, is used for corn bread.

Cream Custard.—Line a pie tin with good pastry, pour into it a custard made with a pint of new milk, three eggs, sugar to taste, and a pinch of salt. Bake in a hot oven. When perfectly cool, pile over it, in pyramid shape, some good whipped cream flavored with vanilla.

Baked Apple Pudding.—The yolks of four eggs, six large pippins, grated, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of sugar, the juice and half the peel of one lemon. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, stir in the yolk and lemon with the grated apples. Pour in a deep pudding dish to bake. Whip the whites and add them last. Grate a little nutmeg over the top. Eat cold with cream.

HIS ONLY TRUE FRIEND.

Judge—You are an incorrigible scoundrel and should be locked up.

Tramp—How should I know that? You are the first gentleman that ever had the decency to tell me so.

That Temyson is dead we know, And though it seems a crime, The poets mean to keep him so Neath tons and tons of rhyme!

"Is foot-ball a gambling game?"

Kicker—"Well, Dodger lost twenty-five dollars in gold yesterday."

"Why didn't he leave it at home?"

"He couldn't, it was in his teeth."

His Honor—What made you steal this gentleman's door-mat?

Prisoner—Sure, yer honor, it said "Welcome" on it in letters as long as yer arm.

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Fire Funds exceed . . . 1,500,000
Fire Income exceeds . . . 1,200,000

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COMY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, . . . 181 St. James Street
MONTREAL.

E. P. HEATON, Manager.

G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager

D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE, City Agents.