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MAYOR BEAUDRY AND THE THIRD TERM.

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BENEATH THE WAVE.

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

NOTICE

THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

will contain, among other illustrations,

The Consecration of Bishop Bond, of Montreal.

The Snow-Shoe Steeple-chases at Rouville Mountain.

A series of Pictorial Incidents of the week.

Articles of Hon. Mr. Tilley, in connection with the Dominion Board of Trade.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 1, 1879.

THE RED SPECTRE IN FRANCE.

It is greatly to be feared that, unless extraordinary precautions are taken, and unless the party leaders display unusual patriotism and disinterestedness, the world may be called upon to assist at another of those terrible upheavals which have so often convulsed poor France within the past hundred years. As we informed our readers last week, the Senatorial elections have resulted in a large Republican majority, much larger than even M. GAMBETTA had anticipated, and the balance of power has thus been thrown into the hands of the Left. This Left is composed of two wings—the Moderates and the Radicals. Hitherto, the former were in the ascendant and gave all their support to the exercise of wise, legitimate government. But at present it looks as if the Radicals were going to have the upper hand, and what makes this presumption more probable is the fact that GAMBETTA seems to have reversed his policy in their direction. If this should really prove to be the case, we may look for stirring times indeed. The legislative bodies met last week, and we may judge of the complications likely to arise by adverting to the programme which has been put forth by the Radical party. It will insist on the resignation of the present Moderate DUBAURE Ministry, and the appointment of one more "advanced" in its views; a separation of Church and State; abolition of the Presidential office and of the Senate; expulsion of the Jesuits; expulsion of the Princes belonging to the Imperial and Royal families; reduction of the term of military service to three years; suppression of the prefects and sub-prefects; suppression of all religious movements; return of the legislature from Versailles to Paris, and free and full amnesty to all political exiles and offenders. This, as will be seen at a glance, is a programme containing many elements of violence and one that cannot be carried out short of a revolution. Another demand of the Left is that the infamous DEBROGLIE Ministry should be impeached for its dissolution of the Chambers, in the face of a majority, and its arbitrary retention of power for over six months. It appears certain that Mar-

shal MACMAHON will resist this movement, and, indeed, he has already threatened resignation if the scheme should be persevered in. He is equally responsible with MM. DEBROGLIE and FOURTOU for that attempt on the Constitutional liberties of France, and of course, must feel this attack upon him very keenly. As matters appear to us at the present writing, all depends upon M. GAMBETTA's maintaining the attitude of moderation which has been the source of his strength hitherto. It is a pity, indeed, that the fate of a great nation should seem to hang upon the will of any one man, however distinguished, but such is the case at present in France, and therein lies precisely the keen interest of the situation. The DUBAURE Ministry having just weathered one storm by receiving a vote of confidence in the Assembly, may be able to continue in existence for some weeks or months to come, but unless a thorough change takes place, it will sink under the pressure of Radicalism, and then the friends of France may close their eyes in anticipation of a terrible tempest.

WHEN will wonders cease? People will soon be called upon to wear glass clothing. In Austria, an artist by the name of PRENGEL, has opened a large establishment, offering carpets, cuffs, collars and veils of glass. He not only spins, but weaves glass. The otherwise brittle glass he changes into pliable threads and uses them for making good, warm clothing. Mr. PRENGEL introduces certain ingredients which are his secret, and thereby changes the entire nature of the glass. He lately sent a white, curly glass muff to a lady in St. Petersburg, charging forty dollars therefor. Also ladies' hats of glass, with glass feathers. A remarkable feature of this glass material is that it is lighter than feathers. Wool made of glass cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. PRENGEL's inventions are so extraordinary and useful, as glass is a non-conductor, that they will probably lead to an entire revolution in dress material.

AN order for 13,000 dozens of razors had the other day to be refused because there were not sufficient forges in Sheffield to do the work in the time required. The "trade union" will not allow machinery to be used, by which means alone a large quantity can be turned out rapidly; but the sensible Germans use machinery for the purpose, and the order went to Germany. Thus is British industry permitted to go to its decline, and thus it will continue to decline until the workmen act more sensibly than they are willing to do at present.

THE space necessarily devoted in this number to the description of our illustrations, especially the visit of His Excellency and Her Royal Highness to Niagara Falls, has so trenchanted upon our columns, that we have been obliged to hold over much of our editorial and other matter till the next issue.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.—The marriage between their Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, son of the late King of Hanover, and Princess Thyra, daughter of the present King of Denmark, was recorded in our last. It took place on the 31st ult., in the chapel of the Royal Castle of Christianborg, near Copenhagen. The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, with other foreign Princes and representatives of the different European Courts, and with Sir Lennox Wyke, the British Minister at Copenhagen, Lord Colville, Colonel Teesdale, and Captain Milway, to represent our own Queen and Royal Family, attended upon this occasion. We now give the portraits of the Royal bride and bridegroom, who are passing their honeymoon at the King of Denmark's summer residence of Friedensborg. Prince Ernest Augustus of Hanover is the only son, and heir to the Crown, which he has not yet formally renounced, of the late King George V. of Hanover, a Prince of the Royal Family of Great Britain, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg. His Royal Highness

was born Sept. 21, 1845, his mother, the Queen of Hanover, being a daughter of Duke Joseph of Saxe-Altenburg. The Duke of Cumberland is Colonel of an infantry regiment in the Austrian army, and a Colonel in the British Army. He is a remote cousin to her Majesty Queen Victoria, his grandfather, King Ernest of Hanover, being the fifth son of our King George III. and uncle to Her Majesty. Princess Thyra is the fifth child of King Christian IX. of Denmark, and of his Queen Louisa, a Princess of Hesse-Cassel; her Royal Highness is twenty-five years of age, having been born Sept. 29, 1853. One of her elder sisters is Alexandra, our Princess of Wales; another, whose name has been changed from Dagmar to Maria Feodorovna, is married to the Czarevitch, Grand Duke Alexander of Russia; and her elder brothers are, respectively, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and King George I. of Greece.

ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.—This exhilarating winter sport requires long and wide stretches of ice entirely free from snow and as smooth as glass. Then with a well-managed yacht and a good wind, one may glide over the course at a speed that leaves the fastest express train behind. Nothing can be imagined more delightful; it is the very poetry of motion. But those who wish to enjoy it must wrap themselves up with as much care as an Arctic explorer uses when out on a sledging party towards the north pole. An Esquimaux suit of seal-skin would hardly be too warm, so penetrating is the wintry air as the yacht skims over the ice. A story is told of a young gentleman who once started on an ice cruise from Poughkeepsie to New-Hamburg. Although warned of the risk, he persisted in wearing a high silk hat and kid gloves, asserting that he never knew what it was to be cold. By the time half the distance was made he offered a small fortune if his companions would let him get out and run; but knowing that this would be certain death, they refused. He reached New Hamburg more dead than alive, and was restored only by copious applications of hot brandy, externally and internally. Years ago ice yachts were built in the form of an equilateral triangle, with three runners at the angles, the base being the bow. They were hard to keep under control, and the form was abandoned for the one in present use. The hull, as may be seen by our sketch, is a mere skeleton, consisting of two side timbers, a keelson, and a cross piece triangular in shape, the base much shorter than the sides. On each side of the base the runner plank projects several feet. On this are the side runners, and at the stern is the runner by which the craft is steered. The cockpit, two or three inches deep, holds two or three persons at the most. When not racing, several more can be accommodated forward on the runner plank. Hull, spars and canvas have to be made of the best material. The standing rigging is of the best charcoal wire, bowsprit shrouds of Bessemer steel, and canvas extra heavy. The sails have a low hoist, and the gaff of the mainsail is much shorter than on a water yacht. Top-sails are not used. The runners are of wood, sharp shod with steel, the forward ones being the longest.

HIS EXCELLENCY AND H. R. HIGHNESS AT NIAGARA.—The Vice-Regal household spent the best part of last week visiting the Niagara Falls. Their Excellencies were accompanied by Lady Sophia Macnamara, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Moreton, Lieut. Col. Lyttleton, Capt. Chater, A.D.C., Hon. D. C. Harbord, A.D.C., and Col. Gzowski who joined them at Toronto. On Tuesday, 21st, before the Vice-Regal party had been half an hour at the Prospect House, preparations were made for a walk, and the whole party, led by Her Royal Highness with cane in hand, sallied forth in the direction of the Horse-shoe Fall, though a chilly south wind was carrying clouds of drenching spray over Table Rock at the time. First they took a view of the Horse-shoe Fall from Table Rock, and though there was no sunshine to lighten up the clouds of spray with rich rainbow tints, the sight was a grand one, as a view of Niagara under any circumstances must be. After enjoying their view of the Horse-shoe for some time, the party walked up along the shore of the rapids above the falls, and visited the burning springs, accomplishing fully five miles by the time they had returned to Prospect House, Clifton, at 5.30 p.m., dripping with spray, but in the highest spirits. On the following day, Wednesday, they drove across the Suspension Bridge and onward to Goat Island. Thence they went to Luna Island, where the Princess Louise was assisted to alight, and at the verge of the mighty cataract, and even wrapped in the thin white vapours that float up from its base, a daughter of England's Queen first set foot on United States' soil. The ladies of the party were attired in stout dark blue or blue black coats or saques, trimmed with a narrow strip of deep scarlet, and black skirts having a narrow binding around the bottom of the same colour as the trimming of the coats. The coats appeared to be made of a thick duffel, similar to that used in the finer specimens of the Hudson Bay Company's overcoats. The gentlemen wore overcoats of the same material, also trimmed with scarlet. The ladies all carried canes—not switches—but serviceable walking sticks. It may be added, while on the subject of walking canes, that the Hon. Mrs. Moreton, who had hitherto eschewed their use, carried one that day. It seems that the experiment was a satisfactory one, for in the evening she purchased a beautifully carved stick at the Falls, which she put into use immediately. It was a very pretty stick, but heavy enough for a Donnybrook Fair faction fight. It is need-

less to say that the Princess was both awed and delighted at the sublime and beautiful sight, as she was with every other view of the Falls. She stood for some moments gazing over the verge of the cataract, and watching the great columns of snow-white mist rolling up from the roaring gulf below. The sleighs now followed the road along the dizzy cliff that overlooks the rapids below the Horse-shoe Falls. Here a fine view of the lofty precipice on the Canadian side was obtained. The next halt was made at the staircase leading to the bridge which runs out where Terrapin Tower formerly stood. This bridge runs some distance out into the swift water that a few yards further down falls over the east concave of the Horse-shoe. The stay here was necessarily a short one, and the party was soon on the move again. Skirting along the shore in sight of the rapids above the Horse-shoe, they next halted at the bridge which leans over the Hermit's Cascade to the first of the Three Sisters. Unfortunately that beautiful little waterfall was completely ice-bound, and the view of it was lost. The next bridge, the second island, and the third bridge were quickly crossed, and the tourists stopped but little for the scenery till the outermost island was reached. Here they paused for some time enjoying the scene. The next halt was made at Prospect Park on the American side. This place had been handsomely decorated in honour of the distinguished visitors, the British flag flying from numerous little flagstaves. After enjoying the prospect from the verge of the cataract, and other views about this Park, which is peculiarly attractive in its winter garb, the visitors, all except Hon. Mrs. Moreton, and the Military Secretary who remained to accompany her, took the inclined railroad for the foot of the American Fall. The lady already mentioned was a little afraid of the somewhat novel means of locomotion furnished by the inclined railway, and preferred to descend by the stairs. When the party reached the bottom they were furnished with ice-creepers, and proceeded through a long covered passage, at the end of which they ascended a flight of stairs cut in the solid ice, and wended their way up to the crest of the ice mountain, which rises from the corner of the ice bridge and just at the base of the Fall. With scarcely a pause for breath, Her Royal Highness climbed to the very summit of the great cone, and looking up through the thick curling clouds of spray she gazed for some time in silence at the great pale green mountain of water that seems to rise out of the mists above the gazer's head. She appeared wonderfully pleased with the view, and asked her guide a number of questions as to the ice height, the depth of the water below, &c. This sight, which is a grand one, kept the attention of the tourists for some time; and then the sleighs having been in the meantime sent around to the Canada side, they commenced the crossing of the ice-bridge on foot. This was no very easy task, as the ice is broken and upheaved into miniature mountains, rough ugly ridges, and yawning fissures. Hon. Mrs. Moreton slipped on the ice and fell somewhat heavily. Luckily she was not hurt. A large number of people were wandering about the ice-bridge waiting for a view of His Excellency and Her Royal Highness, and there was a lot of sleighs gathered at the foot of the ferry road. In the afternoon, after luncheon, the horses were headed southward, and passing Table Rock, the sleighs were soon passing rapidly through the unique but exceedingly pretty scenery of Cedar Park. This is a spot where the spray from the Horse-shoe is continually falling. Thence the party drove to the Burning Spring. The pressure of gas was said to be unusually light that day, but it burned with a flame fully ten inches in length. Here the visitors spent some time, and returning to their sleighs they took the road for Chippawa. No halt was made there, but the sleighs were hurried homeward. Before they were more than a quarter of a mile from Chippawa, the Princess determined to complete the journey to the Prospect House on foot. They did so, though they had fully two and a half miles to walk. On their way home the curiosity of the ladies led them to enter a wayside blacksmith's shop, but their visit was a short one, and they were soon at the hotel, having fairly earned an appetite for dinner. The evening was spent in quiet amusement, His Excellency and the Princess retiring to their apartments at eleven precisely, as is their usual custom. On the third day, January 23, Their Excellencies were early afoot, and, after disposing of breakfast, visited the Table Rock Hotel. The Indian goods and Falls curiosities in Saul Davis' establishment attracted the attention of the party, and numerous knick-knacks and mementoes were purchased. The Indian work seemed to interest the Princess and the other ladies more than anything, it being apparent from the way in which they examined it that they had not before seen anything of such ingenious construction. After spending considerable time in the shop the party drove rapidly in the direction of the Suspension Bridge. On the point immediately below the bridge, in the shadow of the great cables which support the structure, the sleighs were brought to a stand so that the party might witness the passage of the cars. Soon a freight train of the New York Central made its appearance on the bridge, and the party watched its slow progress with great interest. Vehicles are allowed to cross the bridge at a walk only, and the party had ample opportunity of viewing the river, which boiled and hissed and fretted 255 feet below them. Niagara City, on the American side, was reached after a short and exhilarating drive

of about half an hour's duration. After leaving the bridge and driving through the city the party turned along the river road, and the driving being brisk the picturesque cottage marking the descent to the whirlpool rapids was soon reached. The party evinced the liveliest interest and pleasure at the beautiful view, and after the gentlemen had purchased a number of pipes, resumed their seats in the sleighs and returned to the bridge, over which they walked. On the Canadian side they again took seats in the sleighs and drove to the hotel, where they took lunch. About one o'clock they viewed the water fall from the base of Table Rock. The party were all furnished with ice-creepers and pressed forward, the Princess immediately after the guide, to the edge of the ice cones. A large crowd was assembled on the bank at the top of the staircase, and saluted as the party passed. Afterwards they drove across the new Suspension Bridge, and after spending considerable time in Prospect Park and Goat Island, returned to the hotel about six o'clock. On Friday, the Vice-Regal party returned by special train to Ottawa.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.—The trial of the Jablockhoff system of electric lightning upon the Thames Embankment has proved beyond all possibility of dispute its practicability and efficiency, but the all-important question of cost must remain unsettled until the report of the experiments is issued at the end of the three months. There are twenty lamps, the light from which is moderated by means of opalescent glass globes. They are placed about 120 feet apart along the river-side parapet, some of the old gas-posts serving as standards for them, and from each lamp the electric conductor, consisting of seven strands of fine copper wire, surrounded by two coats of insulating material, is carried down the pipe, and thence along the subway to the engine-house, from which the farthest light is 730 yards distant. The engine, which works at the rate of 140 strokes a minute, turning the magnets of the Gramme machine at the rate of 600 revolutions per minute, is one of twenty horse-power, supplied by Messrs. Ransome, Sims and Head, of Ipswich. On the first night of the trial only ten lamps were used, but the whole number are now nightly in operation, and the general effect is most satisfactory. The light is strong and clear, the entire roadway of the Embankment being brilliantly illuminated, and the rays extending on the other side far across the river itself, whilst the intervening gas jets only serve as foils to set off the beauty and brilliancy of their new rivals. Large print can be easily read at a distance of fifty feet, whilst the smaller kinds used in newspapers are distinctly legible at thirty. The electric light in itself is absolutely colourless, the reddish tinge observable when this system is employed resulting from the plaster of Paris used in the construction of the "candle."

CHAMPAGNE AND ITS MANUFACTURE.—The most superficial observer cannot but fail to remark how the appearance of champagne on the dinner-table causes pleasurable emotions to be reflected on the countenances of host and guests. It is generally at this moment that all restraint disappears from the conversation, and that from witty brains shoot forth brilliant flashes engendered by the sparkling froth and the inspiring fire of that nectar so justly called the King of Joy.

Nowadays, in the Old as well as in the New World, champagne forms part and parcel of all banquets and crowns all festive occasions. 'Tis the charming bouquet that presides at those ceremonies which draw and knit closer together the bonds of friendship and that stimulates patriotic virtues. But with champagne it is the case as with many other products; people give way to its seductive attractions without enquiring into its origin and remain whilom ignorant of the means by which it is transformed, from a thick and troubled juice, such as it is after leaving the vine, into that limpid liquid, compared to which the purest crystal sometimes appears dim.

The greatest establishment for the manufacture of champagne, the one which now enjoys public favour in Europe for the quality of its production and which has obtained first prize medals at the Philadelphia and Paris Exhibitions, is, it would appear, that of Messieurs E. Mercier & Cie, at Epernay, Eastern France.

This establishment is in an admirable situation. Placed at the foot of the finest hillsides of the Marne, in the centre of the most renowned vineyards, it possesses gigantic cellars hewn out into the chalky rock without support of any masonry and extending under the mountain in lengthy tunnels. These subterranean passages, several miles in length, are subdivided into a large number of galleries crossed and united by principal arteries lined with rails. Owing to this arrangement the waggons of the Eastern Railroad Company penetrate into all parts of this labyrinth whence they carry away millions of bottles.

It is rarely given to enjoy so grandiose a sight. All that has been written up to this date on the most extraordinary caves, gives but an imperfect idea of these cellars, which strangers, passing through the country, never fail to visit. One may judge of their extent when it is stated that their surface is over two square miles.

The cool and even temperature which reigns constantly in all parts of these subterranean passages, is one of the causes which in no small degree contribute to give to the champagne

"Mercier" that even head, that degree of maturity and that subtle aroma so appreciated by gourmets.

The establishment comprises vast sheds wherein are filled, corked and wired over 40,000 bottles a day. It is there that is to be seen that immense cask, the largest in the Champagne District, holding the contents of 75,000 bottles and on the head of which ten or twelve people could sit down to table. This leviathan (as it is called) was manufactured in the establishment itself out of sculptured oak and was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in the tasting pavilion.

The real champagne vintage has but one birthplace, viz., that part of the Department of La Marne which is in the neighbourhood of Epernay and Reims.

This wine, which is imported into all the countries of the world and whose reputation is universal, owes the great *finesse* of its taste, the freshness and the particular bouquet characterizing it and distinguishing it from all other wines, to the particular nature of the soil and to the mode of culture practised in Champagne.

About one-fourth of the vineyards are planted with white vines and the remaining three-fourths with black vines; both are employed in the manufacture of white wine, the juice of the black grapes being separated immediately after picking from the skins and stones which alone produce the reddish tint when allowed to ferment with the liquid portion of the grape; sometimes, however, in good and early seasons, when the black grapes have obtained a high degree of maturity, the wine made therefrom has a reddish tint which is then a proof of high quality.

The wine made from black grapes has more body, viscosity and bouquet than that made from the white grapes; but, on the other hand, this latter has more *finesse* and more sap and is more prone to make the wine sparkling.

The following are the principal operations which have to be undergone by the sparkling wines of Champagne: the harvesting is done with the greatest care; the grapes are cut with precaution from the stem, selected, skinned and then crushed in the wine-press every day. The three first pressings when taken from the wine-press give the choice vine (*de cuvée*) the fourth pressing (*vin de tailles* or *de suite*) is employed for the manufacture of wines of inferior quality and the rest of the liquid is used to make the wine for the vintners and coopers.

On issuing from the wine-press, the wine is put into casks where it begins to ferment after a few days and this fermentation stops only when the first frosts set in; the clear wine is then drawn off from the dregs which have accumulated at the bottom of the casks, and one then proceeds with the blending, which consists in mixing together, in huge hogsheads, the wines of different growths and notably the wines made from white grapes with those made from black grapes; for that purpose are chosen those which blend best together, whose bouquet and tint best agree, improve one another and tend to make one another mutually perfect. This mixture of wines of various growths takes the name of vintages which are serially numbered or else distinguished by the name of the district whose production has entered more largely into their manufacture, and as in each vineyard there are vines of various selection, it is possible to have, under the same name, some of very different qualities, which depends upon the exposure of the soil, of the nature of the slope and the greater or lesser care exercised in the cultivating and harvesting; but the quality varies more especially according to the years.

The bottling takes place towards the time when the hot weather sets in, generally about May. Two or three months after the bottles have been filled and corked, the sparkling froth begins to develop; when the froth becomes rather strong and that the bottles begin to fly into pieces, they are lowered into cold subterranean cellars, where they must remain at least three to four months before they have attained the maturity at which they are fit for being sent away.

When a vintage has remained in the cellar long enough to have acquired all the requisite qualities, the bottles are placed *sur pointe*, i. e., neck downwards on racks, and during a month or two each bottle must be shook and moved daily, a sharp and rotatory motion being applied to it so as to cause all the deposit which has formed itself in the bottles during the developing of the froth to settle upon the cork, and this operation is only complete when the sediment has all sunk on to the cork.

Through the developing of the fermentation in the bottles, the natural saccharine matter of the wine has transformed itself partly into alcohol and partly into froth (carbonic acid gas). In this state, the best wine is not agreeable to drink and it is necessary to add to it a sweet liqueur made of pure canly sugar, melted in old wine of the first choice kept for that purpose, in order to give back to the sparkling wine the sugar which has been eaten through the developing of the growth.

The following is the *modus operandi*: after the sediment has entirely settled on the cork, the bottle is held neck downwards by one of the operatives, who draws the cork which comes out bringing the sediment with it. The *vacuum* thus created is filled with the sweet liqueur; according to the quality of it put into the wine, the wine becomes dry or sweet in conformity with the demands of various countries; the bottle is then carefully recorked and wired and is ready for packing.

Our readers are indebted for the interesting information we have placed before them to the members of the large Canadian firm of importers, A. GIBERTON & CIE., whose warehouses and sample-rooms are in the new Nuns' Block, DeBresoles street, off St. Sulpice street, and who during a recent sojourn in Europe have had the good fortune of gaining the confidence of Messieurs E. Mercier & Cie., and of being appointed their representatives in Canada.

THE QUEBEC SKATING CLUB.

On Tuesday evening last the members of the Quebec Skating Club and their friends had a gala time on the occasion of the second annual carnival held at the new Rink, Grande Allée.

A view of the interior of the building and report thereon at the time of last year's carnival have been given to our readers, so that further comment on the Rink and its accessories is superfluous. Suffice it that nearly three hundred ladies and gentlemen appeared in costume on the ice on Tuesday last, garbed in the multitudinous and variegated dresses appertaining to many climes and grades of nationalities. Nearly fifteen hundred spectators, culled from Quebec's highest *ton*, witnessed the interesting display and "rare show," and, by their protracted visit, notwithstanding the cold inseparable from an icy substance, evinced the greatest satisfaction in the performance of the skaters. The Rink was beautifully decorated with the flags of all nations and no nations (not No Nation Indians), the Dominion, Province and City of Quebec Arms; while thousands of gas jets enhanced the brilliancy of the scene. Mr. E. Holliwel, the indefatigable Secretary-Treasurer of the Club, deserves every praise for the excellent arrangements made for the comfort of spectators, who expressed themselves frequently as being highly gratified. The "B" Battery Band furnished excellent music and the mazy dance was freely indulged in. The belle of the ball was chosen out of many by various admirers, and it were hard to know to whom to award the palm, when all looked well. An Ethiopian character claimed the title and, in his speciality, was immense. But we do not go to Africa for our belles. Quebec ladies, whether blonde or brunette, will hold their own against all comers for beauty—until it be proved they should take a back seat. The carnival was a complete success and did not conclude until a late hour.

BURNS' FESTIVAL.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

On Friday, 24th ult., a concert was given in the Mechanics' Hall to commemorate Burns' birthday. Several interesting addresses were delivered, and songs were sung by Mrs. Thrower, Miss Annie Edwards, and others. Mr. Hamilton Corbett, the Scotch humorist and singer, was received with loud applause, and contributed largely to the amusement of those present. His drollery is inimitable, and he is possessed of a good and flexible voice; whether singing a comic song or a pathetic one, he is alike at home. Mr. Corbett gave two concerts, at which he sang a medley of songs of Burns and of the Jacobite period, as well as some English ones. We have seldom heard a better rendering of "The Village Blacksmith." Mr. Corbett can certainly claim first rank among concert singers.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Junior Naval and Military Club at Marlborough-gate is to be re-established, with the title of the Beaconsfield Club.

A GENTLEMAN addressed to himself a letter in Hebrew characters, and posted it. The letter was delivered in due course, the English translation being written in one corner for the guidance of the postman. This is an agreeable tribute to the erudition of the Post Office.

A NUMBER of the friends of Lord Dufferin, who greatly admired the statue of him in Montreal, have ordered a duplicate of the sculptor, Mr. Joseph Milmore, to be placed in London. The statue will be in bronze, 8 feet high, and will be mounted on a pedestal of Scotch granite, 20 feet in height. Who ever heard of this in Montreal?

AMONG other causes to which the increased mortality of the winter season may be attributed is the unwholesomeness of places of public worship. In many of these buildings there is no attempt whatever at ventilation; and the warming arrangements, when they exist, are as a rule defective, and wholly insufficient to neutralize the effects of damp and cold draughts of air that exercise so pernicious and often so deadly an effect on invalids, aged persons, and young children.

THE origin of the British nation has often supplied ethnologists with matter for discussion. Most of us are content with accepting the fact that we are a mixed race, or, in the words of the Laureate, "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we;" but some curious individuals have carried their researches further, and have arrived at the conclusion that we are of Israelitish origin. Associations for diffusing information on this subject have been formed in Bristol and Sheffield

and other places. A course of lectures is being delivered in London, and an association to be called the Metropolitan Anglo-Israel Association has been inaugurated.

THE French are making a handsome thing out of the low prices of English shares. They have money in abundance, and have bought up at terribly-depressed prices the stocks our people have had to sacrifice, and these same stocks, as they well know, we shall buy of them back again before May next at an enormous rise. The loss to us and the gain to our fortunate neighbours will amount to a startling sum. Fancy France, the conquered and ruined country, that had to pay Germany two hundred millions sterling a few years ago, being to-day in a position to play such a part as this, while we are groaning under hardships and distress! 'Tis passing strange, to say the least of it.

THE electric lamps on the Thames Embankment are being more absolutely tested than they have hitherto been. Until now they have been used only side by side with the ordinary gas-lights, and although the contrast was all in their favour, their capacity to supersede gas entirely was not shown. Now, however, the gas lamps are not lighted at all where the electric lamps are, and, notwithstanding the as yet unsurmounted difficulty of the light waxing and waning, the electric illumination is very powerful and very agreeable to the public using the Embankment. The number of tradesmen putting an electric light in their windows is increasing rapidly, and this will have a tendency to compel the adoption of the same means of lighting the streets.

It is said that before long the people of England will be startled by a new development of the Ministerial policy in the East. The scheme of introducing a large number of English colonists into Asia Minor has been suggested by the English Government, and is now the subject of negotiation with the Porte. The Ministry has discovered that not only the institutions, but the people of Asia Minor want reform, and the plan appears to be to scatter throughout the country a sprinkling of English colonists, who would act as models and guides to the native population. There will be no difficulty in obtaining land for a large number of English agriculturists, and the idea seems to be that the introduction of a foreign element among the people of Asia Minor will give them new life and the much-needed spirit of enterprise. Such a scheme, undertaken by private enterprise, with the sanction of the Turkish Government, would not be open to any objection, and it might be attended with considerable benefit.

LITERARY.

TENNYSON is writing a poem on the death of the Princess Alice.

B. L. FARJEON has written a new novel, "The Widow Cherry." It can be swallowed in two bites.

It has been suggested that the chapter mottoes in George Eliot's later works are principally her husband's running commentary on her work.

LOUIS BLANC thinks there will be a universal republic in this world soon, and only two languages spoken, English for commerce and French for literature.

A WRITER in the London *Spectator* says plainly that "Mr. Cook's style, which decidedly rises sometimes to the 'highfalutin', is much against him with English readers."

AN American edition of Gladstone's essays is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons. "Gleanings of Past Years," is the title of the forthcoming small volumes, five in number.

CHARLES G. LELAND ("Hans Breitman") has just completed for a London magazine a short novel, entitled "Ebenezzer," in which all the characters are American negroes.

It is rumored that Mr. Tom Taylor is about to retire from the editorship of *Punch*, and that Mr. F. C. Burnand will probably succeed him.

BOSTON had a Carnival of Authors in Music Hall on the 2nd inst. They had a Tennyson booth, a Bryant booth, a Goethe booth, and so on in numbers without number. Pretty girls, of course. Music naturally.

SWINBURNE, the poet, according to the London correspondent of the Irish *Times*, is preparing, under the instruction of Father Keogh, the Superior of the Brompton Oratory, for his reception into the Roman Catholic Church.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK, author of "A Princess of Thule," is at present living at Brighton, where he intends to remain for six months. His readers may therefore look forward to a new story, one of the chief features of which will be the delineation of the life, manners, and scenery at the greatest of English watering-places.

IN the forthcoming number of *Social Notes* there will be an article on the late Princess Alice, from the pen of Mr. Theodore Martin. It is said that the Queen herself has taken a deep interest in the paper, and has revised it with her own hand.

WITH such unfinished works as Charles Dickens' "Edwin Drood," Thackeray's "Denis Duval," Macaulay's "History of England," Motley's "Life of John Barneveldt," and Henry Wilson's "History of the Great Conflict," must now be placed Bayard Taylor's "Life of Goethe."

THE late Caleb Cushing was a great novel reader, and read everything in this line from the trashiest yellow-coloured novel, through the light and heavy French schools, to the profound works on psychology that the novels of to-day are getting to be. He has always had a passion for novel-reading, and unless extremely busy would keep one at his side all day long, ready to pick it up at his first spare moment. He could not converse on light, social topics, but would stop on the street and join in a discussion with strangers if a word was dropped while he was passing on any profound subject, or indicating a sober topic of discourse.



THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.



PRINCESS THYRA OF DENMARK, PRINCESS OF CUMBERLAND.

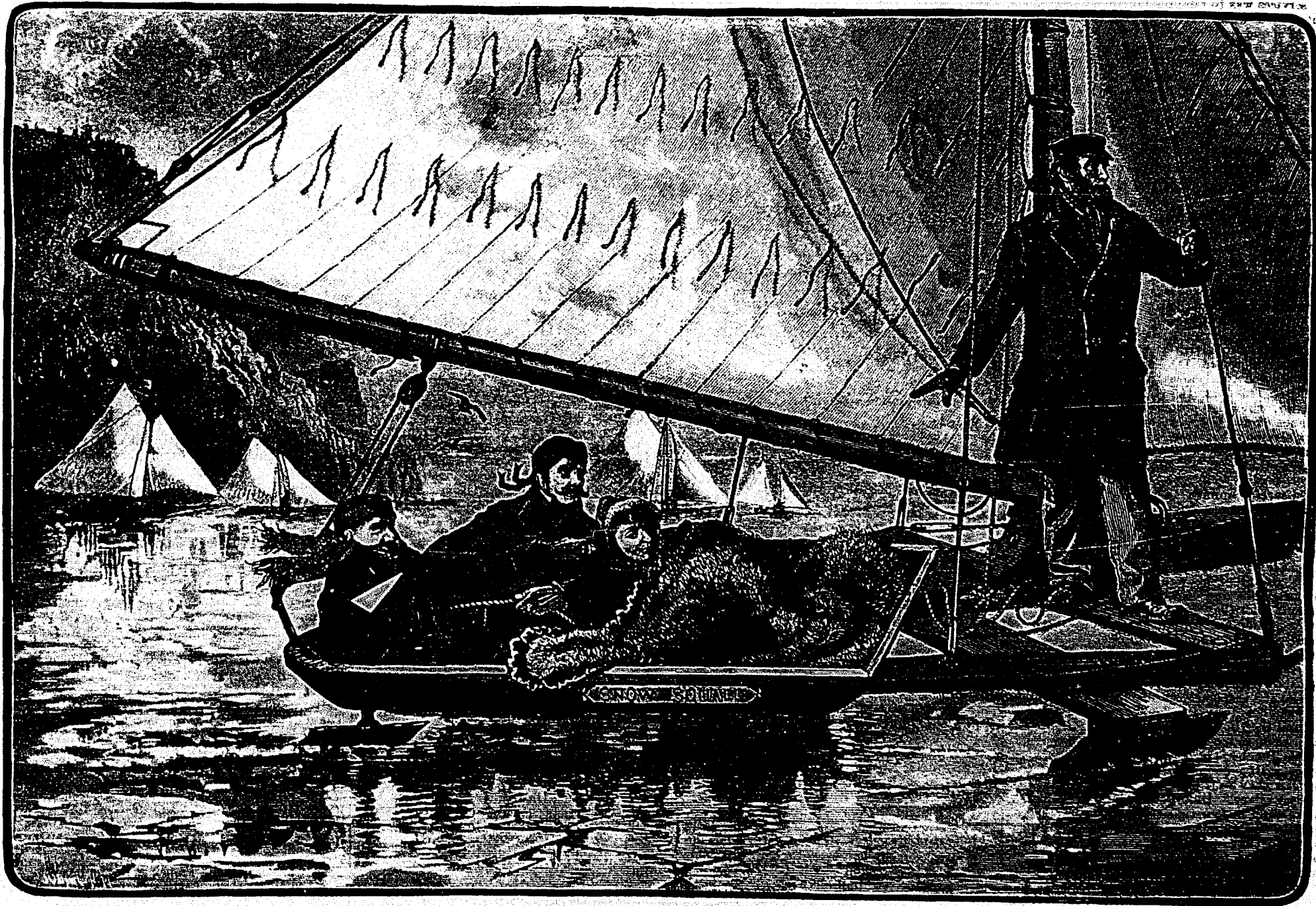


"TIME TO BE OFF."—A SKETCH IN THE KHYBER PASS.



ADELINA PATTI.

SIGNOR NICOLINI.



ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.

BEECHER'S BONANZA.

HOW THE PLYMOUTH PREACHER EARNED TWO MILLION OF DOLLARS.

The announcement made by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher that the new rentals of his church had aggregated in the neighborhood of a million dollars took many people by surprise, and it was not until they turned to the printed record that they could realize the startling reality. But, says the *New York Herald*, if Mr. Beecher has thus far been monumentally successful in filling the coffers of the corporation of which he is the head and animating spirit, his own personal reward has been greater and even more remarkable yet. It has been said that, like other men of genius, Mr. Beecher is chronically hard up, and that the pull of the dun is not entirely unfamiliar to the Beecherian gong. Of this sad fact the distinguished divine makes no secret. Indeed, in a characteristically jolly way he makes light of it and never allows his own money matters to worry him an iota or keep him on a ragged edge for a moment.

With the possible exception of the late Daniel Webster, to whom money was as dross and debt a chronic fact, it may be doubted if any American ever made money so rapidly or spent it as easily as Henry Ward Beecher. In round figures he has handled, outside of the funds of his church, not less than a round million of dollars, and yet if he were unfortunately to die to-day it is doubtful if his estate, after his debts were paid, would net \$50,000 in cash. In his early ministerial days, he lived on charity to a certain extent—that is, he preached in churches unable to pay his salary, and, as he often stated in public, he was a beneficiary of the American Home Mission Society, without whose aid neither he nor his charge could have lived.

His salary, when he became pastor of Plymouth church, was at first \$1,200, although it was soon thereafter raised to \$1,500. As the church and society grew and prospered the first effort made was to pay off the church debt. Then the pastor was remembered, and it was not long before he received the then handsome salary of \$5,000. In fact, it would be a fair average to say that Mr. Beecher's compensation during his first Brooklyn decade was \$5,000 per annum, which sum includes what he may have received at meetings and as presents. By this time he was quite popular as a lecturer before lyceums, mercantile associations and general societies. Like Dr. Chapin, Dr. Thompson, Parke Benjamin and others, Mr. Beecher was very glad to lecture for what Dr. Chapin called "F-A-M-E"—i. e., "Fifty dollars and my expenses." Engagements poured in rapidly, and he soon found that the only way in which he could restrain the rush for his services was to raise his rate to \$75 a lecture. But after a while even that resort failed him, and he raised to \$100, which sum was cheerfully paid by associations that found it an easy matter to make from \$500 to \$1,000 by the operation. A low estimate of Mr. Beecher's lecture receipts in the first ten years of his Brooklyn life is \$2,000 a year and his lecture receipts at \$2,000, it is clear that he made not less than \$7,000, or \$70,000 in the decade from these two sources.

THE SECOND DECADE.

But the second term of ten years developed the young man's money-making faculty still more surprisingly. His people knew the necessity of keeping their pastor comfortable if they cared to keep him at all. Boston offered him the old Park Street church and New York was willing to build him a great tabernacle centrally located, where strangers as well as residents might have the pleasure of listening to his eloquent ministrations. A series of revivals and several misfortunes conspired to keep Mr. Beecher in Brooklyn, where his salary was gradually increased and averaged during the second decade the cheerful sum of \$10,000 per annum. This was the term of his greatest activity, when he preached political sermons, sermons on the war, sermons on the dignity of man, sermons that from his stand-point taught men how to serve the state. Naturally the one fed the other, and Mr. Beecher's services in the lecture field were in increased demand. He prepared several apropos to the excitement of the time and went from state to state sowing liberal seed in fallow ground, and making money rapidly. He made not less than \$5,000 a year and probably much more, by lecturing in the second term of ten years. It was during this time, also, that he went to Europe, faced the British mobs and earned the gratitude of the nation. For that great service he received no compensation except the thanks of the Government and the empty compliments of a few brevets in the army for his son.

Having been the pastor of the leading Congregational church for twenty years, and having carried the corporation which he served through a period of financial depression, it was but natural that his people made him participate in their exceptional prosperity. It was argued that as Mr. Beecher's preaching put in the Plymouth treasury from \$50,000 to \$60,000 a year, it was but fair that he should have at least \$20,000 a year as salary. His friends said he could easily make three or four times that sum by lecturing, and the society unanimously voted him \$20,000 a year. That sum he has averaged in the past ten years. A few seasons back he requested the society to reduce his salary to \$15,000, but Tom Shearman made a point in his behalf by voting that a donation of \$5,000 should be accepted from the pastor, but that his salary should remain at \$20,000, and it does, Mr.

Beecher's lecturing popularity took a sudden rise, and under skilful manipulation his income has averaged not less than \$15,000. Some years it was not quite that figure, but in others it exceeded it by a very large amount.

MR. BEECHER'S LITERARY LABORS.

Although there has never been a time in Mr. Beecher's busy life when he was not "at" some literary labour the little he made by his pen prior to his settlement in Brooklyn cannot effectively be considered in the estimate of his pecuniary successes. The lynx-eyed Henry C. Bowan saw the money there was in the pastor at a very early date, and after paying him liberally for several years as the "Star" contributor to the *Independent*, made him editor of that political-religious weekly at a handsome salary. About this time Mr. Robert Bonner was one of Mr. Beecher's greatest admirers and most staunch supporters. He in vain endeavoured to capture him as a story writer, but succeeded in securing a number of articles called "Star Papers by a Man Who Keeps His Eyes and Ears Open," for which, it is said, he paid the writer \$200 each. By means of shrewd diplomacy and a magnificent offer Mr. Bonner finally induced Mr. Beecher to write for the *Ledger* the New England story of "Norwood." It was the hardest, because the longest and most regular exacting work Mr. Beecher had ever undertaken. Still for it he received Mr. Bonner's check for \$25,000, and, on dit that liberal *douceurs* to Mrs. Beecher were given for her persistency in keeping Henry up to his work. From this time on the editorial pen, the contributor's pencil, the hymn-book maker's scissors and the compiler's paste-pot were part and parcel of Mr. Beecher's regular outfit.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

When the "great and good" Mr. Bowan and his pastor became two, there was an opportunity for the latter in a paper called the *Church Union*. It was purchased and put in a stock company as the *Christian Union*. Mr. Beecher's salary was \$10,000, and he was given one-half the paper. About this time Ford & Co. conceived the idea of Beecher's "Life of Christ," and made him an offer of \$10,000 for the book and a large copyright. He took the check and wrote one volume, from the sales of which he realised largely also. Then came the Tilton mess, and the aid afforded in one way or another, was not less than \$100,000. The "Life of Christ" dragged slowly on, involving the distress of the publishers and widespread discontent of all who had purchased the first volume and waited for the second. It is no part of the motive of this review to treat of the "Life of Christ" other than as one of the elements of Mr. Beecher's wonderful money-making faculty. His receipts from that source were in the neighborhood of \$15,000.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LECTURE SEASON.

An enterprising Boston firm have monopolized Mr. Beecher in the last two years, and they farmed him out in the lecture field to immense profits. Under their management he has travelled from Maine to California, lectured all over the country and refused four times as many offers as he accepted. It is within bounds to say that Mr. Beecher has profited by this engagement not less than \$30,000, and he is yet in the early days of his tour.

RECAPITULATION.

From this brief and cursory review of a great man's pecuniary progress it will be seen that he is one of a million as a maker, if not a saver, of the one thing needful.

Tabulated the estimate is as follows:

Salary first ten years	\$50,000
Salary second ten years	100,000
Salary third ten years	200,000
Total	\$350,000
Lectures first ten years	\$20,000
Lectures second ten years	50,000
Lectures third ten years	100,000
Novel of "Norwood"	25,000
Copyright and sales of "Norwood"	5,000
"Life of Christ"	10,000
Copyright and sales of "Life of Christ"	5,000
Editorial and journalistic work for thirty years	100,000
Receipts from sermons, books, hymn books, sundry copyrights, &c.	25,000
Weddings in thirty years	5,000
Aid during the trial and for expenses	100,000
Total	\$795,000

What special sources of income, other than these known to the general public, Mr. Beecher may have we do not know. There are always tidbits for the favored clergyman and Mr. Beecher is not likely to be an exception. One of his earliest receipts was a paid-up policy for \$10,000 in the Equitable Life Insurance company; and it is a fair assumption that in many ways he has appreciated the generosity of an affectionate flock, so that in round numbers he may be credited with having made and received not less than \$1,000,000 since he put his foot in Brooklyn, thirty-odd years ago.

That he has spent his earnings freely is well known. He has a small army of relatives depending largely on his bounty. So has his wife. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, children, grand-children, friends, parishioners and strangers have been, and always will be recipients of his generosity. He owns a fair but not a magnificent house on Columbia Heights and a farm in Peekskill. On the latter he has recently built for himself and all his sons, married and single, a grand residence that cost a fortune, and so long as he lives will be a resort for swarms of friends. His interest in the

Christian Union is not especially valuable, and in fact, his one remunerative property is that from which all his money has been coined—his active, fertile brain, backed by a sturdy physique that has endured a strain greater than that ordinarily borne by a score of men. Obviously Mr. Beecher as a money maker is a monumental success.

BRITAIN.

STATISTICS OF A GREAT EMPIRE.—Whitaker's Almanack (London), for 1879 gives to the world the most complete exhibition of a nation's life and manners ever presented by a single publication of its size.

A brief table of population, revenue, etc., presents, says the editor, "a result unparalleled in this world's history. The British Empire is greater than those of Greece or Rome, and it may be safely asserted that its rule is more beneficent." The totals of this table reach these enormous proportions: Area in square miles, 8,982,177; population, 287,400,000; revenue, 160,105,000; public debt, 966,250,000; imports and exports, 946,500,000. The "area" is mostly colonial. Great Britain and Ireland have only 121,114 square miles (Texas has 237,321), while British India has 1,558,254, Australia, 3,173,310, and the North American Provinces 3,620,500. The population of Great Britain and Ireland is only 33,500,000, while that of the Indian Provinces is 241,000,000. The home property leads, however, in other reports; the debt is 730,000,000, the revenue 80,000,000, and the imports and exports are 646,000,000. India has a pretty debt of her own, 140,000,000, and a revenue of 52,000,000, with imports and exports, 100,000,000. Australia's public debt is 60,000,000, with a revenue of 16,000,000, and the North American Possessions' debt is 27,000,000, with a revenue of 5,000,000.

The English debt has fluctuated considerably in the last half century, but it is less now than at any other time. In 1817 it was 840,850,491. In 1859 it was over 810,000,000; since then it has steadily declined to the present figure. Lord Beaconsfield has now made a systematic attempt to reduce it by annually paying off a part of it; in 1878, 1,175,975,745 was canceled.

The Almanack figures the actual indebtedness at 399,056,627, and says: "During the last fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, the debt was reduced by 4,871,278, making since March 1, 1869, a total decrease of 100,498,789. A nation which can pay off its debt at this rate has reason to believe in its ability to pay off the whole in course of time. In 1860 the entire debt was less than 12,000,000, equal to not quite eight shillings per head of the population. In 1865 the civil war had increased the debt to the enormous total of 552,286,314, equal to nearly 16, per capita. Last year the debt was equal to about 8, 6s per capita."

The totals of expense for civil service and various institutions, scientific and other, are enormous, and among these not the least liberal are the annuities to the royal family. To her Majesty is allowed 385,000, as follows: Privy purse, 60,000; salaries of household, 131,260; expenses of household, 172,500; royal bounty, 13,200; unappropriated, 8,000. The Prince of Wales has 40,000, and the Princess 10,000, the Duke of Edinburgh 25,000, and so on down through the family to the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who gets only 3,000. The Queen enjoys the assistance of thirty-four aides-de-camp with the rank of Colonel.

In the little army the pay of general officers amounts to 130,000. There are about 100 Generals, about 114 Lieutenant Generals, and over 250 Major Generals. This does not include the Indian army.

Religion flourishes in the empire, but the empire, but the variety of sects equals that in the United States. It is a notable fact that the Established Church is in a minority, having 12,500,000 out of the total population. Out of all the English-speaking population in the world, 80,250,000, there are 17,750,000, Episcopalianes. The Methodists of all descriptions come next, 14,000,000; the Roman Catholics next, 13,500,000; then Presbyterians, 10,000,000; Baptists, 8,000,000; Congregationalists, 7,000,000; Unitarians, 1,000,000; minor religious sects, 1,500,000; and "of no religion in particular," 7,500,000—a very curious item.

The list of distinct religious sects in Great Britain numbers over 150, and some of the names are odd enough: Believers in the Divine Visitation of Joanne Southcote, Prophetess of Exeter (a Hartford lawyer would need to be wide-awake to get it all in an information); Believers meeting in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ; Baptized Believers; Christians who object to be otherwise designated; Christians owning no name but the Lord Jesus Christ; Christian Eliastness; Christian Teetotalers; Eclectics; Countess of Huntington Connection (these have thirty-seven chapels); General Baptists; Free Grace Gospel Christians; Glassites; Glory Band; Halifax Psychological Society; New Connection General Baptists; Old Baptists; Open Baptists; Particular Baptists; Peculiar People; Plymouth Brethren; Progressionists; Ranters; Rational Christians; Recreative Religionists; Revivalists; Revival Band; Secularists; Strict Baptists; Unsectarian.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England has a salary of 15,000; the Bishop of York and London each 10,000; the Bishop of Durham 8,000; the Dean of Westminster

2,000. It is said that Dean Stanley has recently declined the Bishopric of Durham.

The number of paupers (exclusive of vagrants) in receipt of relief in the parishes of England and Wales, January 1, 1878, was 742,703—3.27 in 100; of these the adult able-bodied paupers were (door) 21,407; outdoor 76,692; all other paupers (indoor) 145,490; outside 647,776. There has been a great reduction since 1871, when the total of paupers relieved was 1,081,926.

In the important "Chronological Landmarks" of the world, the latest news given from America is, "Battle of Bull Run, 21st of July, 1861."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

TITLES of nobility are not recognized in the lists of French officers in the *Annuaire Militaire* for 1878. This is a most magnificent bit of republicanism.

THE photographer, Pierre Petit, at present takes very satisfactory photos by the electric light. Clients allege the "eyes" come out better in the portrait than with ordinary daylight, and are devoid of what are called studio smuts.

FRENCH newspapers are amusing reading. An English correspondent telegraphed home that General Roberts had held a durbar, or official reception. The *Liberté* thereupon gave out that General Roberts had occupied (*s'est campé de*) Durbar.

CAPTAIN ROUDAIRE is at the present moment busily employed in M. de Lessep's enterprise of creating a vast inland sea in Africa in the gigantic natural basin which lies to the north of the Desert of Sahara. The country through which the projected canal would be cut is, it appears, entirely free from rocks or other obstacles. It has been carefully surveyed, and is found to be composed of sand and soft earth.

ACCORDING to the annual report of the French Jockey Club, 600 races were run in France during the past year. The total amount of the prizes distributed was three million and a half francs. At the head of the list of winners figures M. de Lagrange, who carried off sixty-nine prizes, worth in all 598,000 francs. This included the Jockey Club prize, which brought in 105,000 francs. M. Fould comes next with twenty-six prizes, valued at 300,000 francs. The other leading winners were MM. de Rothschild, Soltykoff, and de Juigne.

NUMEROUS Sheriff's sales are taking place. Humble speculators staked their all to make their fortune by the Palace, assisted by friends; they have now to face reckoning day, and as the small creditor is in turn pressed by the great one, there is no rest for the debtor; thus at the public auction mart most beautiful things can be had for a song; there are no purchasers, because no person is inclined to risk a son, when there are no evidences of the good time coming, and even furniture brokers suffer from that "universal glut," alleged to be the cause of all our commercial miseries.

A VERY good *bon-mot*, which is, unfortunately, not capable of exact translation in English, is running the round at present in France. It sprang from the famous letter of the Comte de Chambord, and may be best stated in the form of the following dialogue: Legitimist: "You will never convert me. I stand firm to my principle that the Legitimate Monarchy is the only stable Government for France. For myself the Comte de Chambord is, and will ever remain, *l'oint du Seigneur* (the anointed of the Lord)." Republican: "That title we gladly accord him, so long as he is and will ever remain *loin du trone* (far from the Throne)."

THE Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, a part of which has disappeared in the opening of the Boulevard St. Germain, has had a considerable number of celebrated men among its inhabitants, and almost every house has its history. Dr. Guillotin, inventor of the instrument for executing criminals which bears his name, lived at No. 2; Destouches, author of the "Philosophe Marie," at No. 4; Cambacères, at No. 5; General Baron de Feuchères, husband of the Mistress of the Household to the last Prince of Condé, at No. 12; the Théâtre Français was first established at No. 14, and the house may still be recognized by the spacious gateway and sculptured ornaments; Baron Gros and Horace Vernet, two great French artists, lived in the same house; Fabre d'Eglantine, author of "Philinte et Molière," and of the popular ronde, "Il pleut, il pleut, Berger," at No. 16; and at No. 13 is the celebrated Café Procope, once the resort of Voltaire and all the wits and writers of his day. The Café Procope was opened by a Sicilian, named Procope Cultelli, in the same year as the Comédie Française. The founder of this establishment was a hunchbacked doctor, who had dabbled a good deal in literature, and who soon won for his establishment a celebrity which it never quite lost.

ARTISTIC.

M. CLESINGER, the French sculptor, has presented to M. Gambetta a terra-cotta reduction of the statue of the Republic which adorned the terrace of the Champ de Mars. The work has cost the artist some fifteen months' labour. The pediment bears the inscription, "A Léon Gambetta," surrounded by gold leaves.

THE EPIGRAM OF COMPLIMENT.

Most of us must have reason to deplore the decadence of Epigram—of Epigram, I mean, as written in the form of verse, and compressed within the limits of couplet or quatrain. There is plenty of prose epigram going about; there is a wonderful amount of it in the daily and weekly newspaper; and some of our best speakers never open their mouths but to give some utterance to some pithy and some witty sayings. Epigram in verse, however, is but rare among us; you get a little of it occasionally in the comic papers, but, it is admitted, not of the best kind. It is written to amuse, and frequently amuses; but it is not of the sort which

"On the stretched forefinger of all time Sparkles for ever.
Nor is this, indeed, to be expected. Our publicists write too rapidly and too much to be able to produce anything in this way which shall be perfectly satisfying and enduring. You cannot manufacture epigrams by the dozen. You ought to be pleased if you turn out a good one in a lifetime; nor, so far as fame goes, would your labour have been wasted. Many a man has earned literary immortality by merely producing a couple of lines which stuck to the memory of his countrymen. Look at Cleveland's couplet:

"Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom.
Not forced him wander, but compelled him home."

It is not altogether admirable, for it is almost too concentrated and elliptical. But it has done for the writer's reputation what all the rest of his works put together have failed to do. The instance is not, perhaps, perfectly in point, for the lines in question are a portion only of a satiric poem. Still, they show what a happy hit in the direction of a couplet is able to achieve for the preservation of an author's memory. The only requirement is, that the hit should really be a happy one; that the saying, whether couplet, or quatrain, or even longer, should be *totus teres atque rotundus*, like those famous lines by Rogers on Lord Dudley:

They say Ward has no heart, but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

Here is a couplet on which it is utterly impossible to improve, which says what it has to say once for all in such a perfect manner, that you feel the displacement or alteration of a word would injure it. Of course, epigrams survive of which expressions like these cannot be used—which are clever in style and in point, but which you by no means consider out of the range of emendation. But if these are not yet forgotten, they may be forgotten some day—unless, indeed, they live by virtue of association with some person, thing or event. The perfect epigram exists on no such terms: it lives, and always will live, by virtue of its aptness to its end; by reason of the consummate character of its wit, its expression, and its form; because it enshrines for ever some quip or some conceit which no one has been able to put into a better shape.

But if epigram, as epigram, is rare, what is to be said of that phase of it which I have called the epigram of compliment? If I deplore the scarcity of epigrams which are like so many barbs piercing and adhering to a wound, still more do I deplore the paucity of epigrams which glow and gleam like the eyes of a woman on her lover—gleaming with wit and glowing with good humour. The want of the former is not, perhaps, to be regretted, except from a literary point of view; for there is always something acid in the taste of sarcasm and satire, and the Martials of our verse are not the pleasantest of fellows. But the want of the latter is regrettable indeed, because it seems to indicate the decline, not only of wit and of literary skill, but of that exquisite chivalry and that perfect courtesy which are of the essence of true compliment. It looks as if we had lost the art of saying elegant things; as if the graceful speech had gone out with the graceful manners of our grandfathers.

In fact, if I were asked to name the last of those who wielded the grand style in compliment, I think I should name Sydney Smith. It was he, you remember, who, when a young lady, looking at some flowers in a garden, remarked, "I fear that pea will never come to perfection," took her by the hand, and said, "Permit me to lead perfection to the pea." What would some of us not give nowadays to be able to say anything so spontaneous and so admirable as that! What would we not give, too, if we could put together four such lines as those which Sydney Smith wrote on the subject of Professor Airey, the astronomer, and his beautiful wife! Keep in mind the avocation of the gentleman and the beauty of the lady, and you will be charmed with this:

"Airey alone has gained that double prize
Which forced musicians to divide the crown;
His works have raised a mortal to the skies,
His marriage vows have drawn an angel down."

The allusion to the famous passage in Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* will of course be observed by everybody.

Then, if you want something to place beside that quatrain, take this couplet by Luttrell, which is better known by far than the lines just quoted, and comes down to us with the imprimatur of the poet Rogers; I mean the distich upon Miss Tree, the singer, afterwards Mrs. Bradshaw, of whom Luttrell said:

"On this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
The Tree will return her as good as she brings."

Or take again those equally well-known lines of Lord Erskine, addressed to Lady Payne one day

after he had been complaining of illness in her house:

"'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew pleasure that never knew Payne."

The latter, perhaps, is just the least bit obvious; but the former is—what Rogers called it—"quite a little fairy tale."

A very happy compliment, in the form of a pun upon a name, was perpetrated by James Smith in reference to Maria Edgeworth, whose highly-improving narratives are not, to be sure, so popular as they were upon a time. Smith wrote of her:

"We every-day bards may 'Anonymous' sign;
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light,
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The bad own their edge and the good own their worth."

I am not aware that the writer of this epigram got anything in return for his neat saying, but we know that he did so in the case of his lines on Mr. Strahan, the King's Printer. These ran as follows:

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk."

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head."

Strahan was so delighted with the lines that he immediately made a codicil to his will, bequeathing Smith the sum of three hundred pounds. It is doubtful, I should say, whether any literary effort was ever so admirably remunerated.

It was to be expected that we should find in the works of Moore—the bright and the vivacious—instances, and particularly happy ones, of the epigram of compliments. Moore lived in an atmosphere of such things, and had the ability at once to conceive and to execute them. A genuine wit, if ever there was one, he had just the requisite facility and felicity of verse, and could turn a quatrain more artistically than almost any other poet of his day. The following is worth quoting because it recalls epigrams very much the same in point by at least two earlier writers. For example, Moore wrote in these terms

"ON A LADY.

With woman and apples both Paris and Adam
Made mischief enough in their day;
God be praised that the fate of mankind, my dear madam,
Depends not on us, the same way."

For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
The world would have doubly to rue thee;
Like Adam, I'd gladly take from thee the apple,
Like Paris, at once give it to thee."

Robert Fergusson, one of the melancholy group of "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," had already written before Moore, "On being asked which of Three Sisters was most beautiful":

"When Paris gave his voice, in Ida's grove,
For the resistless Venus, Queen of Love,
'Twas no great task to pass a judgment there,
Where she alone was exquisitely fair."

But here, what could his ablest judgment teach,
When wisdom, power, and beauty reign in each?
The youth, nonplused, behoved to join with me,
And wish the apple had been out in three."

Of course the idea here is not quite identical with that of Moore; but both writers use the legend of Paris and the apple to give distinction to their clever rhymes. And so does Allan Ramsay in a quatrain written probably before Fergusson was born—this was "On receiving an Orange from a Lady":

"Now, Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
For I can blithely boast with thee:
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me."

Here the idea and the expression are both particularly neat.

To return to Moore for a moment. Let us take his lines "To a Lady," composed in obvious expansion of a remark made by Lord Herbert of Chisbury to a nun at Venice: "Moria pur quando vuol," said his lordship, "non è bisogno mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un angelo."—"Die whenever you will, you will not need to change either face or voice in order to be an angel." And so Moore:

"Die when you will, you need not wear
At heaven's court a form more fair
Than beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An angel ready made for heaven."

As an anonymous writer had written many years before, "On a beautiful and virtuous young Lady":

This, however, is rather elegant hyperbole than wit. Let us take something which is more truly epigrammatic in its nature. Let us take, for example, the four lines which Dr. Wolcot wrote when his nightcap, which had been lent to him by Nelson, caught fire in a candle, and was nearly burned:

"Take your nightcap again, my good lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it."

Take again Lord Lyttelton's lines on Lady Brown—if, indeed, they are Lord Lyttelton's. They are attributed to him, and not unreasonably. He wrote:

"When I was young and *débonnaire*
The brownest nymph to me was fair;
But now I'm old and wiser grown,
The fairest nymph to me is Brown."

He also wrote of Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk:

"Her wit and beauty for a court were made,
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade."

Another excellent example of elegant hyperbole,

I must not, however, pass over Burns, who, amidst much in the way of epigram that was both savage and brutal, wrote a good deal that was both polished and good-tempered. To a beautiful girl who professed to believe in the principles of "liberty and equality," he addressed the following:

"How liberty! girl, can it be by thee named?
Equality, too! hussy, art not ashamed?
Free and equal, indeed, while mankind thou enchainest,
And over their hearts as a despot thou reignest!"

Dr. Johnson composed a Latin epigram, very similar in point, upon a young Whig lady-friend of his; but both he and Burns were anticipated in the conceit by Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax. That poetical exquisite was one of the members of the Kit-Kat Club, whose custom it was to make verses on their favourite toasts; and thus it was that he came to write as follows upon Lady Mary Churchill:

"Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parent's wit and her first blooming face,
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain."

Something in the same strain is Horace Walpole's epigram "to Madame de Damas on her learning English":

"Though British accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn as fast as we admire;
Scholars like you but slowly can improve,
For who would teach you but the verb 'I love'?"

This is better than his epigram on Madame du Chatelet, which is ingenious, but not sufficiently explicit.

One of the most elegant epigrams ever written was that which Lord Chesterfield was said to have composed impromptu at a ball in Dublin, "On seeing a young Jacobite Lady dressed with Orange Ribbons":

"Say, lovely traitor, where's the jest
Of wearing Orange on thy breast,
While that breast, upheaving, shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?"

This reminds one of an "anonymous" quatrain "On some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast":

"Those envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair,
Grieving to find themselves surpassed,
Dissolved into a tear."

But still more exquisite than either is the well-known epigram in which Congreve and Somerville collaborated, and which they represented as addressed by a Yorkist prince to a Lancastrian lady, along with the gift of a white rose. It is almost too familiar for quotation:

"If this pale rose offend your sight,
It is in your nose you wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there."

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
To kiss it shouldst thou deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again."

This, it seems to me, is the very perfection of elegant admiration.

One of the most flattering things one man ever said about another was what Richard Kendall said about David Garrick, when comparing him with his rival, Spranger Barry. Kendall wrote, in lines which are better known than the name of the ingenious author:

"The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears."

A king! Ay, every inch a king—
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing—
He's every inch King Lear."

As it happens, Garrick himself was as neat a hand at a compliment as any one that ever lived. His fluent verse is deserving of more recognition than it receives. How elegant it sometimes was may be gathered from these lines, written in Edward Moore's "Fables for the Female Sex":

"While here the poet paints the charms
Which bless the perfect dame,
How unaffected beauty warms,
And wit preserves the flame!"

Now prudence, virtue, sense agree
To form the happy wife;
In Lucy and her book I see
The Picture and the Life!"

Even more happily expressed is Garrick's epitaph on Claudius Phillips the musician, the concluding couplet of which runs:

"Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine."

Mrs. Grierson, too, had an epigram on a lady-friend, which is even better "put" than the above lines by Garrick. I refer to the lines she sent to the Hon. Mrs. Percival, along with a copy of Hutcheson "On Beauty and Virtue":

"Th' internal senses painted here we see:
They're born in others, but they live in thee.
Oh, were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues of thy breast,
His needless labours with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read, but copy you."

Unconscious beauty has found many admirers among the epigrammatists.

Charles, Earl of Halifax, wrote to Anne, Countess of Sunderland:

"All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscovered to herself alone."

This is the point of Pope's lines on Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk. After enumerating all her virtues, he goes on:

"Has she no faults, then," Envy says, "sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear."

This, like most of Pope's epigrams, must be familiar to every reader. Who, for example,

does not remember his famous tribute to Sir Isaac Newton?—

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

Allan Ramsay has a couplet almost identical with this; but a general consensus of opinion gives the priority of authorship to Pope. Not, indeed, that the "great little poet" was superior to plagiarism. Take his lines on Sir Godfrey Kneller, for example. The last couplet runs as follows:

"Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
Her works, and dying, fears herself may die."

This is admirably expressed; but the idea is taken bodily from Cardinal Bembo's epitaph on Raphael.

Pope's most successful epigram in compliment was the immortal couplet which he wrote on glass with Chesterfield's diamond pencil:

"Accept a miracle instead of wit:
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

To this, at least, he has an irrefragable claim.

Swift was another of the "courtly poets;" and was guilty of many a poetic offering to lovely dames. This is what he wrote "to Mrs. Houghton, on her praising her Husband" in the presence of the witty dean:

"You always are making a god of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind."

I pass over Dryden's famous epigram on Milton, as unworthy of the admiration which has been lavished upon it, and come to Waller, yet another of the "courtly poets," whose lines "On a lady who writ in praise of Myra" are a very fair example of his complimentary verse. He wrote:

"While she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless Myra, she reveals her own:
And when she would another's praise indite
Is by her glass instructed how to write."

Of Herrick's perfect little cameos of compliment, addressed to the beauties (real or fictitious) who inspired his Muse, take the following lines as an example:

"Roses at first were white,
Till they could not agree
Whether my Sappho's breast
Or they more white should be."

But being vanquish't quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red."

In a very similar tone writes an anonymous author in "Wit Restored" (1658):

"Shall I tell you how the rose at first grew red,
And whence the lily whiteness borrow'd?
You blushed, and straight the rose with red was dight;
The lily kissed your hand, and so was white."

With this, and a mere reference to Ben Jonson's celebrated tribute to the worth of the Countess of Pembroke, I close these few desultory notes, in the hope that, after all, we have not seen the last of the epigram of compliment, but that it may by and by be able to rival successfully the admirable performances of the past.

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

HUMOROUS.

The 5-year old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby-brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and, stamping his tiny foot, said: "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin' and then you'll see—won't he, mamma?"

An advertisement in an exchange says a "large gray gentleman's" shawl has been lost. That's singular. Now, if it had been a large gentleman's gray shawl, or a gray large gentleman's shawl, or a gentleman's large gray shawl, it would, of course, have been different; but the thief who would steal a shawl from a large gray gentleman deserves to have his hair turn gray in one night, and ought to be made wear a gray striped suit the balance of his days.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. HERMANN LINDE, the German Shakespearean reader, has read the tragedy of *Macbeth* in Steinway Hall, New York, with success. He repeated the whole of the play from memory and read the parts in character. He has a dozen or more voices, which he uses with equal flexibility and effect.

EDWIN FORREST and Charlotte Cushman for years greatly admired one another. Each declared that the other was the greatest dramatic artist living. During the war they both agreed to play in "Macbeth," for the benefit of a sanitary fund. They had never been on the stage together before. The performance was a great success. Both appeared at their best. But from that time they were sworn enemies and each expressed the utmost contempt for the professional qualities of the other. Forrest used to say that Cushman was "not a woman at all," and Cushman declared that Forrest was "a butcher."

A CARD.

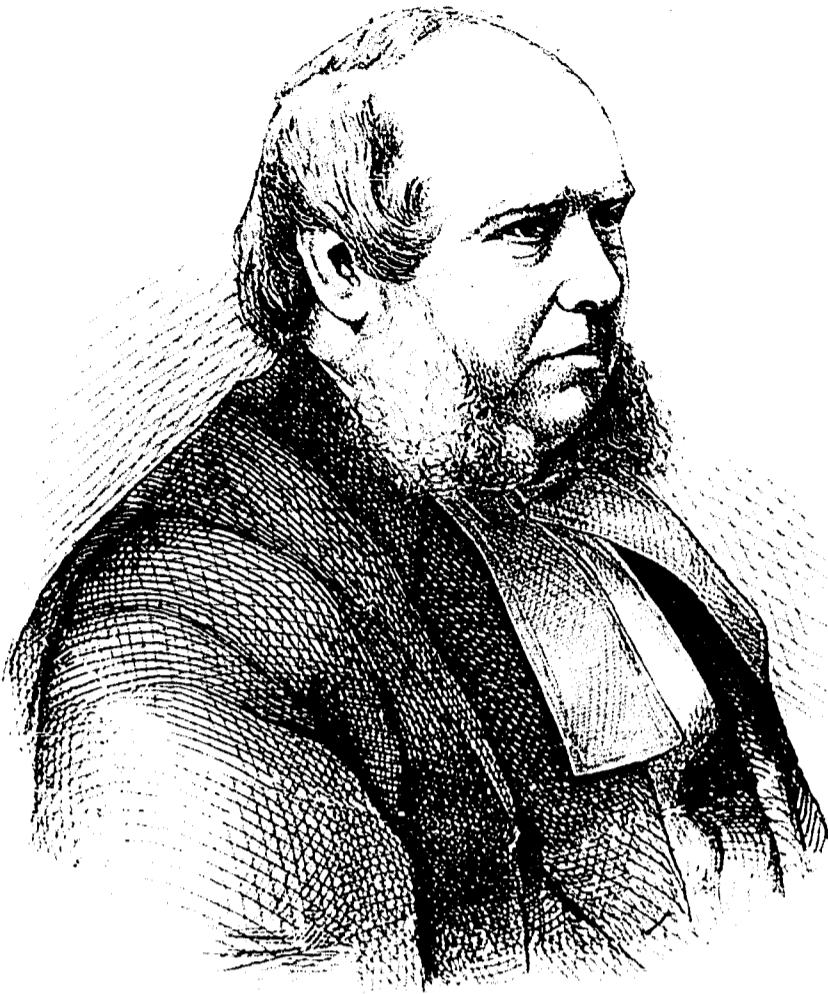
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN,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

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

THE NEW CHIEF-JUSTICE OF
CANADA.

Sir William Buell Richards having resigned his seat at the head of the Supreme Bench, the Government have appointed the Hon. William Johnston Ritchie to succeed him. And the appointment is in every respect a satisfactory one. Judge Ritchie was called to the Bar of New Brunswick as far back as 1838. He was created a Queen's Counsel in 1855, and in August of the same year was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of that Province. On the 6th December, 1865, he succeeded James Carter as Chief Justice of New Brunswick, a position which he adorned for ten years. On the creation of our Supreme Court in 1875, he was named one of the Puisne Judges. He is a ripe scholar, an earnest churchman and a man of strong determination. Last November he had the honour of administering the oath of office to the Marquis of Lorne at Halifax. In his turn, he was sworn in by the Marquis on last Monday, the 20th inst.

THE RELIABLE MAN.—Of all the qualities that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of a good business man. The world itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality, that we are tempted in our bilious moods to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance. If any one of you know such a man, make him your friend. You can only do so, however, by assimilating his character. The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind, and looks at it all round. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very efficient man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man not only in habits of body, but also of mind. He is not a passionate man; if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a



THE HON. WILLIAM JOHNSTON RITCHIE, CHIEF JUSTICE OF CANADA.

sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. Is such a quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not born—it is made. Character may be formed, of course, then, the component parts may be moulded to that formation.

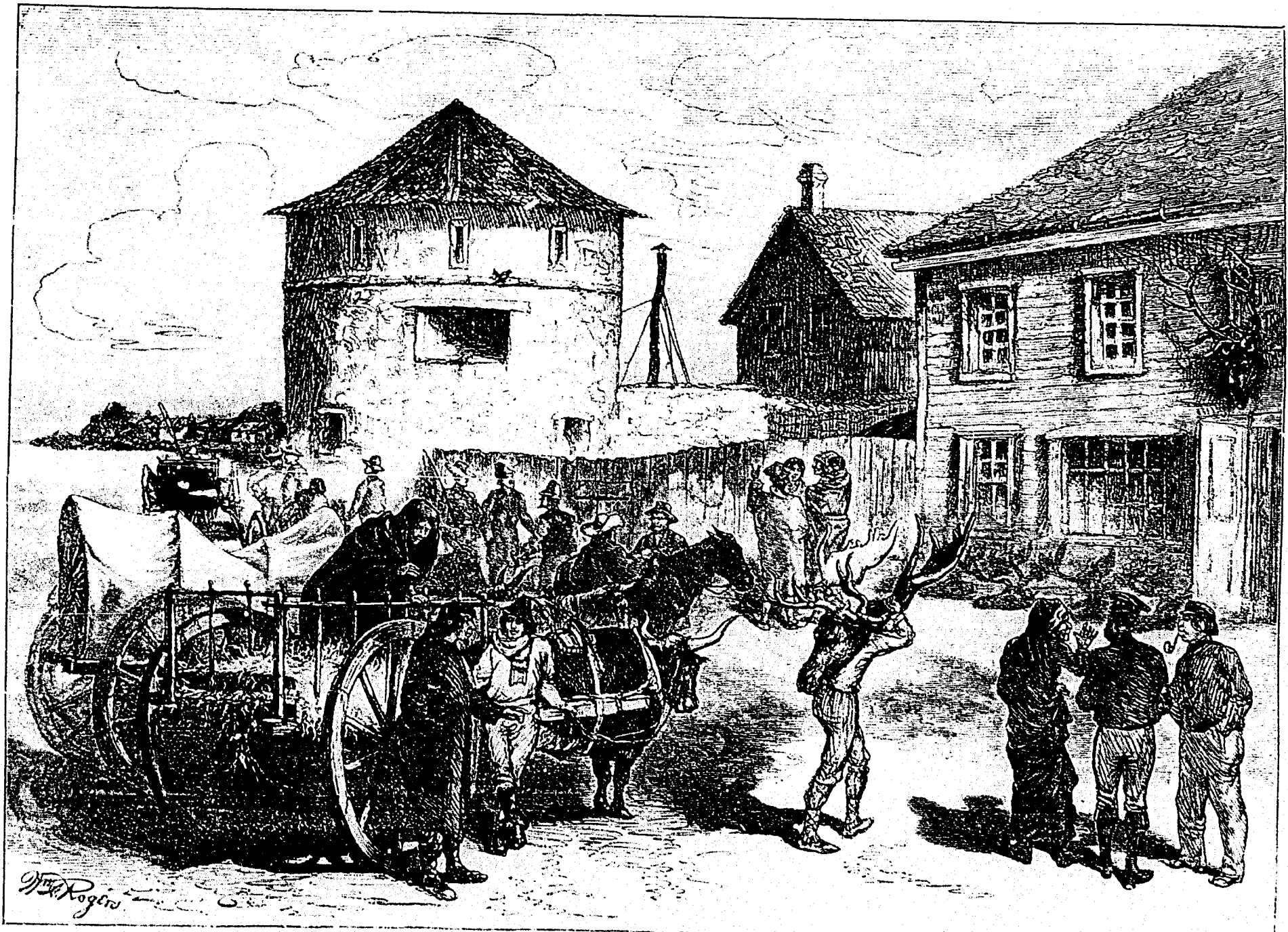
LATE VS. EARLY DINNERS.—One of the popular errors in this country is that which regards eating heartily in the evening as detrimental to health. Almost any one can find a score of persons among his acquaintances who have dinner at two and three o'clock in the afternoon, because they are unwilling later in the day to trust their stomachs with anything more solid than tea and toast. If they go abroad, they look upon the eating on board the steamer of Welsh rarebits, and the like, at ten and eleven o'clock in the evening, with much the same horror that they would regard an excessive use of liquor. But when once early brought into contact with foreign dinners, say English dinners at eight and German dinners at ten p.m., they usually fall back on the supposition that the usage of several generations has fitted the digestive organs of foreigners to bear this excessive strain. One very worthy American lady dismissed a native doctor in Paris as confessedly incompetent because he recommended for some dyspeptic trouble that she should eat a hearty meal some two hours before going to bed. Fortunately his successor took the same stand, and though she considered the method of treatment as wholly wrong, she was persuaded into following it, and what is more, was cured in spite of herself. If our physicians would make this matter of diet more of a study it would fully repay them. It cannot be that we are differently organized from our brethren across the water, and hence what long experience has shown to be healthful for them cannot prove otherwise for us. The strain which our American habits of eating put upon the physical system is that it crowds the two really life-giving meals of the day, breakfast and dinner, close together, and then leaves the body to fast for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four



MONTREAL.—NEAR THE PINES, MOUNTAIN PARK.



NIAGARA FALLS. - VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE. WALKING OVER THE ICE BRIDGE.



WINNIPEG. - THE TRADING POST AT FORT GARRY.

NUPTURA.

Hush! let me hear of love no more
Till grief has had her rightful day;
Must I not count my treasure o'er
Before I give it all away!

Sweet home! from every field and tree
Breathes all my past of joys and tears;
The store of lifelong memory,
The voiceless love of twenty years.

My father's sigh, with smiles above,
The tear my mother lets not fall,
My brother's heart, so sore with love—
Can I alone then heal them all?

To love and heal, one little hour!
To loose and lift each clinging root;
To pour the scent of my last flower
On those who shall not see my fruit.

One little hour! my woman's eyes
With childhood's dying tears are dim
Love calls me: I shall soon arise,
And bid farewell, and follow him!

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

HILDA'S PUPILS.

The Squire's accident made some difference in the arrangements of the young ladies staying at the Hall. It had been originally fixed by Patty and Lu Featherstone that they were to return home the day after the wedding, but to leave poor Mr. Trevor alone when he was in such pain Lu said was impossible, and Patty made no objection to their remaining.

Hilda Marston also did not like to speak to Mr. Trevor about business when he was ill. She wrote, however, to her old friend the school-mistress (at whose school she had been educated) and she sent her a kind letter in reply. She invited Hilda to come and stay with her for a little while, and said that she would endeavour to get her pupils for singing and music, but warned her that at first this would be very difficult, and that she must not, therefore, raise her expectations too high.

Still, this letter was very comforting, and enabled her to bear the brunt of her sister's displeasure when Hilda informed her that all her gloomy prognostications about Mr. Trevor had come true.

"I told you what would happen," wrote Marion Marston, "and," she added, "the next thing you hear will be that Mr. Trevor will be marrying someone else."

In this prophecy Hilda fully concurred with her sister. Lu Featherstone was not a girl who did things slyly. She openly devoted herself to Mr. Trevor and his sprained foot, and the probable consequence were, of course, patent to all. Nay, so natural is it to women to nurse and be kind to sick people, that Lu grew to like Mr. Trevor much better after his fall. She got more accustomed to him for one thing, for when a man is ill there are many little things he requires to be done for him which create intimacy, and Lu did everything she could for Mr. Trevor. Thus it surprised no one when they announced they were engaged. Patty Featherstone was delighted when this happened, and Lu was serious, but not unhappy. She had accepted Mr. Trevor for his position, but she meant to be a good wife to him, and was not marrying him by any means in the same spirit that Isabel had married Sir George Hamilton.

"If he is generous enough to give me money and a good home," she told her sister, "I mean in return to give him both duty and, I trust, affection. Not every man would marry a penniless girl like me."

As for jovial Antony Featherstone, he was overjoyed at his girl's good luck. Sometimes a dim vision had passed through his mind that the day might come when he would have to leave his daughters to the world's cold mercies, and an uncomfortable feeling for a moment or two had on their account disturbed his easy-going and not over-tender heart. But now it was all right. The "old boy," as he privately designated Mr. Trevor, would look after them both, and Antony need no more care for their future. So he made merry after his fashion on the occasion, and drank and boasted to his soul's content. Mr. Trevor wrote to him (a pompous letter we may be sure), and Antony answered it in his careless, sprawling handwriting. But he wrote very highly of his daughter, and told Mr. Trevor that he was a lucky fellow to have got such a prize. Indeed, to do Antony justice, he believed in his girls. They were good girls he often said, and in his way he was proud of them, though he would not have denied himself a single gratification for their sakes.

It was about a week after the Squire's accident, and Isabel's wedding day, when Lu Featherstone announced her engagement to her sister and Hilda Marston. Both the Featherstones liked Hilda Marston very much by this

time, and the Squire, in his gratification at being accepted by one handsome girl, had almost forgotten his mortification at being refused by another. Thus the party at Sanda Hall had got on very harmoniously together. But after the engagement was announced, Hilda felt that it was time for her to seek another interview with the Squire.

This was a much more agreeable one than the last. Mr. Trevor was dignified, but affable; and when Hilda told him about the correspondence which had passed between herself and her old schoolmistress, he signified his approval of the course that she had taken.

"And I may tell you, Miss Marston," he added, drawing out a cheque book, "that I have always intended presenting you with a year's salary when you quitted my establishment. I believe it was settled that you were to receive forty pounds a year as my daughter's companion? Allow me, therefore, to present you with a cheque for that amount." And Mr. Trevor handed a cheque, which he had just filled in, to Hilda.

"I thank you. I am very grateful," said Hilda.

Mr. Trevor waved his hand graciously. "You will find, Miss Marston," he said, "that though I admit no claims on my beneficence, that when I choose I can give with no niggard hand. But I will not allude further to my many charities. I act, as I may indeed conscientiously say, always up to the rules of life that I consider the duty of a gentleman in my position. Regarding your brother Edward," he continued, "I am willing to defray the expenses of his education until Christmas. After that, as I may have future claims on my purse which I cannot foresee, I must decline any longer to burden myself with his maintenance."

"I will take him to live with me," said Hilda. "Miss May, the lady I told you of, hopes to be able to get me some pupils, and I shall also have time to educate Edward myself." "No doubt, abundant time," said the Squire. "And I should advise you not to over-educate him. I consider this is one of the mistakes of the present day. Formerly gentlemen and the sons of gentlemen only were highly-educated. Now young men without position or fortune are pushed forward, and this has caused, to my mind, a most dangerous class to arise."

"Yes," said Hilda, meekly, for she could not exactly follow the Squire's argument.

"As your brother's future position in life will probably be a clerk in an office," continued Mr. Trevor, "I should advise you, therefore, to teach him sound English, and if he has any idea of a mercantile career, French would be desirable. But all books of dangerous tendency, such as would induce to free thinking on any point, scrupulously keep out of his way. His sphere of life will necessarily be a narrow one, and his ideas, therefore, should be in accordance."

Hilda could scarcely forbear a smile at this. The narrow-minded Squire laying down the law, and thinking how clever he was, touched her sense of humour, and with an effort only could she preserve a proper humility of countenance.

"I—will try to remember," she said. "Do so," replied the Squire, "and I assure you that you have my good wishes for your future welfare."

"And—I must offer you my congratulations," said Hilda.

"Thank you," said the Squire, graciously. "Yes, I have decided," he added, "now that my daughter has left me, to form a second marriage, and I think that I have been fortunate in my choice of the lady."

"Indeed you have," said Hilda, warmly, for she liked the Featherstones very much. "Miss Lucinda Featherstone is attractive as a young lady," continued the Squire, "and I have no doubt she will be yet more attractive as a married one. If you will favour us with your address when you are settled in town, I shall desire cards to be forwarded to you on the occasion of my marriage."

Again Hilda said "thank you" for these gracious words, and then, after a few more speeches, her interview with the Squire was over. She left his presence with a lightened heart. Little Ned was to be taken care of until Christmas, and by that time Hilda hoped to be settled and at work, and at all events to have some sort of a home to receive him in. Mr. Trevor's gift, and the price Isabel had given her for her locket, made up a respectable sum, and altogether Hilda felt in better spirits than she had done since she had known that the Squire's patronage was to be withdrawn from herself and her family.

She left Sanda two days after this interview, and proceeded direct to town. Miss May (the lady at whose school she had formerly been) received her kindly, and it seemed somewhat like the old school days again when she found herself once more among a lot of girls. But when she had been with Miss May before, she had a father and a home, as most of these young girls had now, and the change sometimes made her very sad. The prospect, too, which lay before her was not a pleasant one, for Hilda shrank from going among strangers, and to solicit favours was not easy to one of her nature. But she had little Ned to think of, as well as herself, "the boy brother, whose fortunes she had so seriously injured," Marian Marston wrote to her, and Hilda felt that in some measure her sister's words were true. So she practised assiduously, and was pronounced competent to give both music and singing lessons by the

good-natured music master, who attended the school. Miss May promised to try to get her some pupils, but Hilda's hopes grew very low as day after day passed, and none could be heard of. She had received one or two kind letters during this time from the Featherstones, and one from Lady Hamilton. Isabel had forgotten something at Sanda that she wanted, and wrote to her late companion to forward it to her at Paris, never remembering that Hilda would in all probability have left Sanda by this time.

In this letter Isabel mentioned her father's approaching marriage. "I am utterly astonished at the news," she wrote, "but my future step-mother wishes me to be present at the marriage, and we shall therefore return to England early next month, when I believe the event is to take place."

But though she wrote thus discreetly, she had not spoken so when she had first received her father's letter announcing his engagement. With a contemptuous exclamation she had flung the letter on a table near which she was seated at breakfast, and Sir George, who was opposite to her, looked up in surprise from his newspaper as she did so.

"My dear Isabel, what is the matter?" he asked.

"He is a fool!" said Isabel, with curling lip. "His Lucinda indeed! Anyone's Lucinda who would be mad enough to marry into such a family as theirs."

"Of whom are you speaking?" said Sir George.

"Of my father," answered Isabel. "But you can read the letter. He has actually been infatuated enough to propose to Lu Featherstone!"

Sir George looked grave for a moment and then he said—

"Isabel, is that a proper way to speak of your father?"

Isabel shrugged her shoulders.

"My good creature," she said, "I did not come to Paris to go to school." And Sir George, as he heard her answer, looked for a moment in her face, and then rose from the table with a heavy sigh.

They had been married just about a fortnight at this time, and already Isabel had frequently given way to her temper and caprices. But he loved her still. The power of her beauty held him still. At times, too, she exerted herself to charm him, but she was very tired of it. She liked many things better than Sir George Hamilton. Admiration, the world's good gifts, "the pride of life." She had all these, and Sir George's generous, nay, lavish hand, grudged her nothing. She had only to express admiration for a thing, and if he could get it for her, it was hers. But still she did not love him. She was not even grateful to him, for she estimated herself so highly, that she thought nothing too good to be squandered at her feet.

And Sir George saw all this. Not, perhaps, that she did not love him, for the human heart is vain, and it is hard to believe that a violent affection meets with no return. But he saw that she was selfish, and wonderfully capricious. And yet he was ready to forgive her, to tell himself that she had been badly brought up, that she had been spoiled, that in time all her faults might pass away.

But he was not happy. He watched her eyes wander away from his to seek a look of admiration from some passing stranger. He listened to the words that fell from her lovely rosy lips, and heard no noble, nor even tender one. Isabel was charming and coquettish to him sometimes, but he felt that he could never lay his head on her shoulder, and tell her of his heart's weariness; tell her what he could have told her, if she had been a loving and faithful wife.

Isabel was exceedingly annoyed, as we have seen, at the news of her father's engagement. It would affect her socially, she thought. To be connected with a broken-down family like the Featherstones, must be a disadvantage to the new Lady Hamilton, who meant to hold her head so high.

But after her first anger was over, she felt that she could do nothing to prevent it, and that therefore it would be well to be on civil terms at all events with her father's young wife. But it was a bitter pill. Reckless Antony Featherstone rose before her mind's eye, familiar and encroaching. Then there was Patty—Patty, who would expect to be chaperoned, and who was too honest and free-spoken to be converted into a useful or convenient friend. Altogether, Isabel disliked the match, but she wrote a fairly kind letter to her father when she did write, and sent a message to "his Lucinda," the satire of which term she could not resist pointing out to Sir George.

"Let us hope they may be happy, Bella," answered Sir George smiling, when she showed him her letter, and he stooped down and kissed her fair cheek as he spoke.

"Let us pray so," said Isabel, scoffingly, "for there is no reasonable hope."

These words, as so many of her words did, jarred on Sir George's ears. But he did not say this. He stood looking at her, wondering if she ever would be gentle and womanly, as his mother had been; as he most ardently longed that she might be.

"She is marrying him presently," continued Isabel, still speaking of her father's distasteful engagement, "to save herself from being a governess or something of that sort, for, of course, when Mr. Featherstone dies, if they are still unmarried, they will be left paupers in the world. Certainly one can scarcely wonder at it, for do you know I had a letter from Hilda Marston to-

day, and she is absolutely going to become a teacher of music!"

"Indeed! Where is she now?" asked Sir George.

"At some school at Brixton, I think her address is. 'Oh! I dare say she will do very well,'" added Isabel, "for she was always an industrious, patient kind of person. As for me, I would kill a child, I think, rather than teach one a note."

"Don't talk like that, Bella."

"Very well, sir," said Isabel, looking up with her bright smile. "I will give you some pretty talk. I will take lessons in music from Hilda Marston, so as to be able to teach all the dear little unwashed—I was going to say brats—but I correct myself, all the dear little youthful inhabitants of your estate at Massam, and you shall have the pleasure of listening to our mutual performances."

"Very well," said Sir George; but the next moment Isabel began to talk of something else. She had forgotten all about Hilda Marston. She allowed her to drift out of her mind, and away from the luxurious pleasures of her life, under the impression "that she would do very well."

But this was far from being the real truth of the case. By this time Hilda had left Miss May's (her old schoolmistress's), and had taken rooms, and begun her struggle for daily bread.

She advertised in several papers, but no one, in all human probabilities, ever read the modest lines in which she announced that she was prepared to receive pupils, although these modest lines cost her a little sum that she could ill afford to spare. Then she asked for permission, and paid for permission, to place her cards in the music-shop windows of the part of the town in which she lived, but still without any result. She had been a fortnight alone in her little rooms, with only disappointment for her companion, when one morning she received a note from Miss May, inviting her to go to her house during the afternoon, as she had heard of two likely pupils for her. They were old pupils of her own, Miss May wrote, and wanted a musical young lady to practise constantly with them, and Miss May thought that Hilda might probably suit them.

Poor Hilda! She was sensitive and tender, and she trembled when she heard of the near approach of what she had been so anxiously hoping for. Often I think of the timid gentlewomen who are left to fight the world's hard battles. Men go into these with honour, and mostly the best men win, but what can women as a rule win? A bare living and no honour. This is the real truth as regards this world; perhaps in the next the meek daughters of toil may meet with a better reward.

Miss May's school was not a very grand establishment. It was situated in Brixton, where a neat villa, enclosed in its own grounds, and guarded from the outer world by a high brick wall, was rented by Miss May, and had been rented for the last twenty years. It was an old-fashioned, old-established school in fact, and Miss May herself was now an old woman. But she was a good soul. A little eccentric, perhaps, and of sharp and sarcastic tongue, but a woman who meant well, fearing God, and trying her best to keep His laws, and also acting well towards her neighbours.

She was a lady, too, and had a hard hit now and then at the "great families of yesterday," amongst which she principally lived.

"I never mention people's grandfathers, my dears," she used sometimes to say to her pupils. "Mine, poor man, was the Vicar of Normanton, yet, you see!" And she would shrug her angular shoulders, to the great edification of the girls. "But he had better have been a linen-draper, or a grocer, or a tavern-keeper, or something that makes money. Then I should not have had the enjoyment of your society." And the old woman used to laugh and show her white, prominent teeth.

But in spite of her queer ways she was very kind. She had taken a sort of fancy to (and she took strong likes and dislikes) Hilda Marston. For one thing, she came of gentle birth, and for another, Hilda was clever, good-looking, and upright. The shrewd old woman saw a good deal with those blinking eyes of hers, and she thought she saw in Hilda's face the indications of a true and honest heart.

"If she had been a linen-draper's daughter with twenty thousand pounds for her fortune, all the men would have been raving about her," she thought. "As, poor girl, she is only a clergyman's, and a gentleman's daughter, no one will ever rave about her, and she will probably end her days, as I shall end mine, a lonely old maid teaching the children of those whose grandfathers were born in the position of her grandfather's servants."

So she had tried to do her best for Hilda, and was unwilling to let her go, when the girl announced she must leave her kindly roof.

"Wait here until you really get some pupils," she urged. "Your little stock of money will slip away in no time if you don't. You are quite welcome to stay here."

But Hilda's sense of right would not allow her to do this. She knew that Miss May had worked hard for her money, and still worked for it, and as her staff of governesses was complete, she felt that she had no right to encroach on her old friend's kindness. So she went away, and took two small rooms near the Victoria Station, as she thought that this would be a central situation to travel from to the different parts of London, where she hoped to find her pupils. But none had ever come. Her money (as Miss

May had prophesied) was slipping fast away, and days, almost weeks, went on, and still no pupils came. At last the note about the two expected ones arrived from Miss May, and with a beating heart Hilda found herself ringing at the bell of the gate of Octavia Villa, Brixton, and having been admitted into the neat grounds, was kindly received by Octavia herself.

This was the name that the schoolgirls (among themselves) usually gave to their mistress. The "ancient Octavia," they called her, after the name inscribed on her villa gates, though the name had been there long before Miss May had taken the house.

But if girls, with homes and fathers, felt inclined to laugh at Miss May and her peculiarities, the homeless and fatherless girl to whom she had been kind certainly did not. Miss May kissed Hilda, and then, having discreetly closed the drawing-room door, proceeded to give her ex-pupil what she called a few hints.

"Now, my dear," she said, "I've got a few words to say to you, and the first of these is, remember, you are not going among gentle-folk."

Hilda smiled at this good-temperedly.

"Rich people can buy nearly everything," continued Miss May, "but they can't buy fine feelings. They can get fine houses, fine carpets and curtains, but they can't get the gentle delicacy of the well-born in a hurry. I'm an old woman now, and have gone through life in a dependent position, and therefore I'm a good judge—the lower and more vulgar people are, the ruder and more inconsiderate they are to any one who is obliged to work for their daily bread."

"I can understand that," said Hilda.

"Well, I suppose that it's natural," said Miss May, pithily. "However, to go on with, the ladies—you see I give them the title by courtesy—who are coming here to-day to see you, are not real ladies. They are the wife and daughters of a Mr. Moxam, who is a merchant in the city, and a very rich man, and they presume on this and are very disagreeable young women in consequence."

"Still they want music lessons?" said Hilda, laughing.

"They want a young person—pray remember you will be considered a person at Florentia Villa—to practise daily with the young ladies, so that (as Mrs. Moxam graphically remarked) the favoured young person may 'push them on.' Their 'pa' she says, is anxious that they should be first rate musicians, and they have expensive lessons twice a week, but they don't practise enough. They want some one to grind them, in fact. Do you understand?"

"I think so," answered Hilda.

"And now, my dear, I wish to give you a hint," continued Miss May, "how to behave to people with no grandfathers. You must—"

But here she paused abruptly, for a rap came to the room door, and the next moment Miss May's neat waiting-maid announced:

"Mrs. and the Misses Moxams."

"Ah, Mrs. Moxam," said Miss May, advancing to receive her visitors perfectly at her ease, for she always said that she had gone through so much that she would not be disconcerted if the king entered the room, though she did not specify which of their defunct majesties she would have received with composure. "Well, my dears" (this was addressed to the Misses Moxams); "and how are you this cold day?"

"Only pretty well," answered Mrs. Moxam, languidly. "In fact, as I tell Mr. Moxam, another year I am determined to winter abroad."

"Well, it's the fashion you know," said Miss May.

"And so essential to health," said Mrs. Moxam.

"Have you ever been abroad for a winter?" asked Miss May, who had a perfect knowledge that Mrs. Moxam had not.

"Well, not exactly," replied Mrs. Moxam, hesitatingly. "But about this young person of whom you spoke, Miss May," she added, changing the conversation, "can we see her?"

"This is the young lady I mentioned to you," said Miss May, moving her hand in the direction of Hilda. "Allow me to introduce Miss Hilda Marston."

Mrs. Moxam bowed coldly on this to Hilda, and the Misses Moxam bowed coldly. Then all the three ladies looked her over as they would have looked over a dress or a shawl lying on a linen-drawer's counter. She was purchasable also, so naturally they thought they had a right to examine her.

"You—ah, teach music, I think?" said Mrs. Moxam, affectedly.

"Yes," answered Hilda, the burning blush on her face betraying what she was feeling.

"Ah—well—Do you understand high class music, do you think? Are you competent to push on these young ladies after they have received instructions from Signor Salviati, whose charges, as perhaps you are aware, are immense?"

"I—I—hope so," faltered Hilda.

"Miss Marston is quite competent," interrupted Miss May with decision, "otherwise I would not have recommended her. She is a young lady of natural musical ability, and she has been well instructed."

"Ah, I dare say—well then, Miss Marston, what are your terms?"

Then followed a polite wrangle between Mrs. Moxam and Miss May, about what terms Hilda should ask. Mrs. Moxam evinced a surprising meanness during this discussion for so fine a lady, and Miss May showed a good deal of the energetic sharpness which sometimes distinguished her.

While the two elder ladies were arguing the point, Hilda Marston sat covered with confusion and with her eyes cast down; but the Misses Moxam looked occasionally at each other, and smiled superciliously. At last Hilda rose, and laid her hand entreatingly on Miss May's arm.

"Don't say any more, please, Miss May," she half-whispered. "I'll take what Mrs. Moxam considers right."

Mrs. Moxam heard the whisper and saw the girl's piteous look, and she grew in consequence a shade less hard. Miss May also slightly modified her demands after Hilda's appeal, and finally the ladies came to terms. It was then agreed that Hilda was to go every day to Florentia Villa, and practise music and singing for two hours with the Misses Moxam. For this she was to receive a certain remuneration which Mrs. Moxam agreed to increase if she gave satisfaction.

"And my son Joe, said Mrs. Moxam, before she took her leave, with no small pride in her voice and manner, "will, I dare say, sometimes join his sisters in their duets. He has a fine voice, a true bass I'm told, but he wants a little cultivation they say, though for my part I think he sings extremely well as it is."

"My dear," said Miss May to Hilda, after their visitors were gone, "you must take care of your heart. Young Moxam, whose bass voice you are to have the honour of cultivating, is simply the most odiously vulgar, ill-bred young man I ever met, and that is saying a good deal."

CHAPTER XXV.

"HOW WONDERFUL IS DEATH!"

While Hilda Marston was thus beginning her new career in London, at a village by the sea, on the coast of Devon, Mrs. Hayward was dying.

She knew it, and he knew it, who watched and waited on her with a girl's tenderness, who, in accepting Sir George Hamilton's generous gift, had laid self aside for her sake, though his heart had revolted so bitterly at the thought. But, for his mother Hayward had done this, so that she might have every comfort and luxury to soothe her last hours.

They were very peaceful ones. Outside the morning sun was glittering and shining on the winter sea, whose waves came rippling and rolling into the bay. Inside, the mother lay, with her hand clasped fast in her son's; while, kneeling by the bed-side, in solemn, gentle tones, Horace Jervis, the curate, was reading portions of the Bible that he thought suitable to one who was so near a closer knowledge of their truth.

Mrs. Hayward had not spoken for some hours. Her eyes were apparently closed to all outward things, and yet as the waves broke she seemed to hear them, for her fingers slightly moved, as if with instinctive sympathy to the sound. On her face was the pallor of coming death, but round her lips lingered, as if it could not go, the sweet and patient smile which had been one of her characteristics during the later years of her life.

Philip Hayward looked pale and haggard. He had been sitting up all night with his mother, and his face was worn and sharpened. For her heat and burden of the day was over; for him the toil, the sweating brow, the weary task, was still to come.

"The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them, and delivereth them out of all their troubles," read the curate. "The Lord delivereth the souls of His servants, and they that put their trust in Him shall not be destitute."

Then, as he paused a moment, the dying woman began to murmur some inarticulate words, and both the young men started and looked in her face as she did so.

They saw there was a strange and glorious change. The dim eyes had opened, and the closed lips moved. She was looking upwards, as if she saw beyond the narrow confines of the scene around. A look serene, but full of joy and wonder, had usurped the usual placid, patient expression of her face.

"She sees heaven!" said the curate, in a voice of awe.

"Mother! mother!" cried Hayward, and as that loved voice reached the ears that were about to close to earthly sounds, she looked back once more on her dear son's face.

"Mother, do you know me?" again asked Hayward, and she answered by stretching out the hand that was not in her son's, towards Horace Jervis.

"Be his brother," she said, addressing the curate, in the husky tones of death, who eagerly sprang forward, and clasped her hand. "Be a brother to my boy after I am gone."

"I will," said Horace Jervis, fervently.

"There will be no sighing nor sorrowing there, Philip," continued Mrs. Hayward again looking upwards. "None—none—And then—even as she spoke—a glory that was not of earth again seemed reflected on her face, her eyes once more lit up with wonder and delights, and with a smile of ineffable joy and trust, the next moment her spirit had passed away.

"She is with God," said Horace Jervis, falling on his knees, while Hayward gave a startled, awe-struck cry.

"My brother!" then said Horace, holding out his hand. "Hush," he added the next minute, "she may hear still—grieve not her parting spirit by the thought of your distress."

So the two men knelt there still and silent. The waves came rolling and breaking into the bay. The voices of the children playing on the shore, and the harsh cries of the fishermen as they moored and unmoored their boats, broke at

intervals on their ears, but they seemed to hear them like those who dream. They were in the presence of the mystery of Death. Between them and the woman who had just spoken, had come a silence that would end no more. The loving mother, the faithful friend, could not now speak words of comfort. She was gone! The awful and inevitable hour was come, when all that are born of woman must taste of death.

Later in the day, when the dusky evening had crept over the sea, and the mists had wrapped the rocks and headlands, making them seem weird-like and mysterious in the murky gloom, Philip Hayward and Horace Jarvis were walking together on the shore.

"Pardon me, but I think you are wrong, Philip," said the curate.

"Perhaps so," answered Hayward, gloomily, "but what matter? I have nothing to live for now."

"Nay do not say that," answered Horace Jervis. "We all have something to live for, all to hope for, all to toil for. The nobler and higher a man's career is, the more good he may do—therefore I wish my brother to be ambitious."

The curate had a sweet thrilling voice, through which truth seemed to vibrate, and as he spoke he gently pressed the arm of Hayward, on which he was leaning, who was deeply touched by the young man's kindness.

"So you mean to keep your promise—to her—" said Hayward, in rather a broken voice.

"Then I shall not be quite alone in the world."

"Not as long as God spares me," answered Jervis, simply. "But as I was saying, I think you are wrong," he continued. "This Sir George Hamilton seems an honourable and generous gentleman, and in accepting help from him to push you forward in any career you may choose, you are incurring no debt. Remember he is indebted to you for what no money could purchase."

"There are reasons," said Hayward, briefly, "why I cannot accept any more favours from Sir George Hamilton. While my mother lived it was different. For her sake I would have done almost anything. Now I shall return to town, and Newcome will, I've no doubt, give me back my old post."

"Do not decide hastily," urged the curate.

"Come to me at all events, first. I want you to help me with my work," he added with a smile.

"And you must not be angry—I think my brother is too good a man for a printer's office."

"It gives me daily bread—that is enough," said Hayward, and he turned his head away to hide the bitter emotions passing in his heart.

Yes, these were bitter days for Hayward. Days when he learned that the man whose money he had taken, whose money had soothed and comforted his mother's last hours, was now wedded to Isabel Trevor, had been wedded the very day after he had accepted such a favour from his hands.

When he knew this, pangs of shame, humiliation, of fierce anger and pain took possession of his heart. He fought and wrestled with these like a brave man, hiding his feelings for his mother's sake so that she might pass her last days in peace. But there were dark hours that she knew not of, and groans wrung from his pale lips that the sea birds only heard. Night after night he used to wander on the shore while the stars looked down on his restless agony. Then the change came, and his mother's end grew nigh. The wild passion that tore his heart grew pale in the presence of death. The eternity that she was about to enter dwarfed the strongest and bitterest of mortal pangs.

But although this was so, on one point they left him resolute. He would accept no further favours from Sir George Hamilton. Though by far the larger portion of the sum Sir George had forced upon him remained untouched in his hands after his mother's death, he yet gave orders for her funeral to be conducted in the most simple and modest fashion. He had made up his mind, in fact, to return Sir George's money, and to decline all further assistance from him.

"She shall not taunt me for being a hanger-on of a rich man, at least," he thought with curling lip. Yes, he thought of her still. He was thinking of her when Horace Jervis urged him not to refuse Sir George's offers; when he decided to throw away all chance of rising in life, and to content himself with unambitious toil.

"These will give me my daily bread," he said, holding out his strong brown hands, as the curate continued to urge him not absolutely to decline Sir George's proposal.

"But what about the strong, clear brain?" said Jervis. "Will you hide the talents that are your master's gift, or as the good and faithful servant did, use them to the honour and glory of His name?"

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

THE London Standard is to pay the Post Office 2,000l. a year for a single line of wire to Paris. The paper is to have three hours daily exclusive use of this wire.

THE Pope has sold the sole remaining ship of his navy, the *Immaculate Conception*, stationed at Toulon. The admiral and two captains who were aboard are superannuated.

A SELECTION of the Rev. A. Cyril Pearson's chess problems is about to be issued. Mr. Pearson is well known as an ingenious constructor of chess puzzles. Mr. Taylor's collection of Chess Clips has just been published by the same firm.

THE property of Pius IX. is being sold at the Vatican every Wednesday and Saturday. Everything from superb jewelled crucifixes to empty bottles is offered for sale, which is semi-public, under the superintendence of Monsignor Pericoli. Every article is priced very low.

Ancient as well as modern thought finds its representatives now-a-days. Statuettes of Sennacherib, Sardanapalus and his Queen, modelled from the marbles in the British Museum, are being advertised. The enterprise is said to be under the patronage of Her Majesty and of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia.

"COOKING" is the term for a neat job in photography by which a beautiful young lady's head may be attached to the nude form of Diana, Venus or any other female in the symptom of dress worn by female divinities. A young girl saw herself as Mazeppa the other day in a shop window in London, and it cost her papa 100l. to buy up all the "cooked" pictures.

A PARISIAN musician has suggested a new way to test the sweetness or compass of a voice. Cause a candidate tenor or prima donna to sing before the cage of a lion or tiger; if the animal does not roar, the conclusion is favourable for the voice; if the contrary, the sooner all parties decamp the better.

IN ORBITUM PRINCEPISÆ ALICIE.

Filia cara, soror dulcis, fidissima conjux, Mater, sui soboles vitâ pretiosior ipsa, Te tua voce unâ gemit Anglia, te memor isdem Prosequitur lacrymis, te nunquam oblita silebit.

MAKING artificial flowers is quite an art in Paris, and many ladies are now learning to turn it into a profession, which is certain to prove remunerative to those who are skillful. It is a pretty, cleanly, amusing occupation, demanding no special vocation and no great outlay for tools, etc.; and already teachers in the art are advertising courses of lessons. Never were artificial flowers more in demand than in the present day—dinner as well as ball dresses being trimmed lavishly with them. It has become a custom at large dinners to place a small bouquet on the serviette of every lady guest; the style of the bouquet is known as "Jardinier," because it is of mixed flowers, but always seasonable ones.

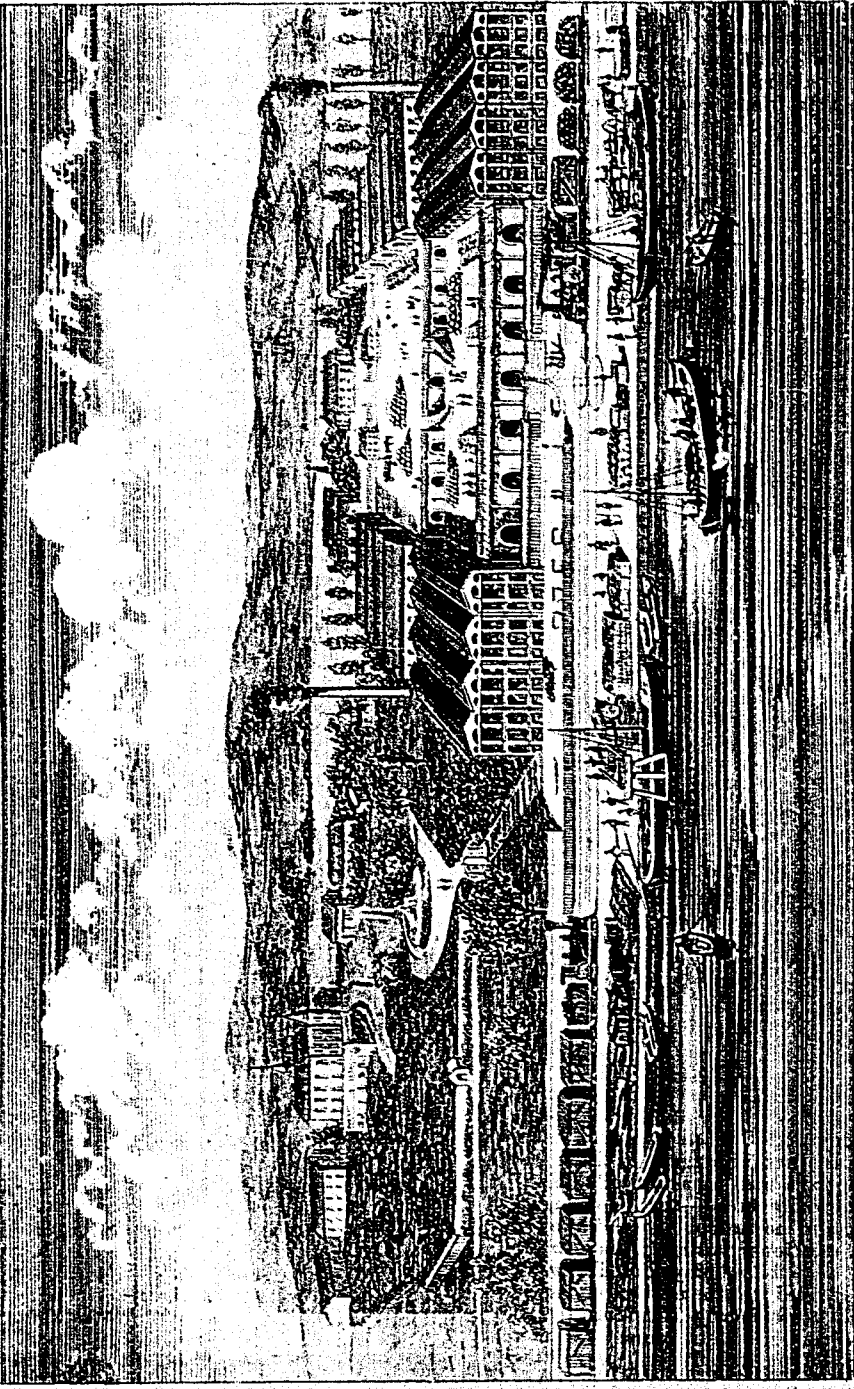
HEARTH AND HOME.

INNATE POWER.—The most abundant advantage and the most generous education can never supply the lack of brains, or implant innate power, or compel untiring perseverance. If they could, there might be some justice in regarding the academy or university as the rival of self-education, and in distinguishing rigidly between the self-made man and the college-made man. As it is, every one whose life amounts to anything at all is self-made in the true sense, whether he be favoured with outward helps or not. He must not only supply the foundation of a capacity to learn, but must also furnish a continual relay of power in the form of assiduous and patient labour. The fact cannot be too deeply impressed upon the young.

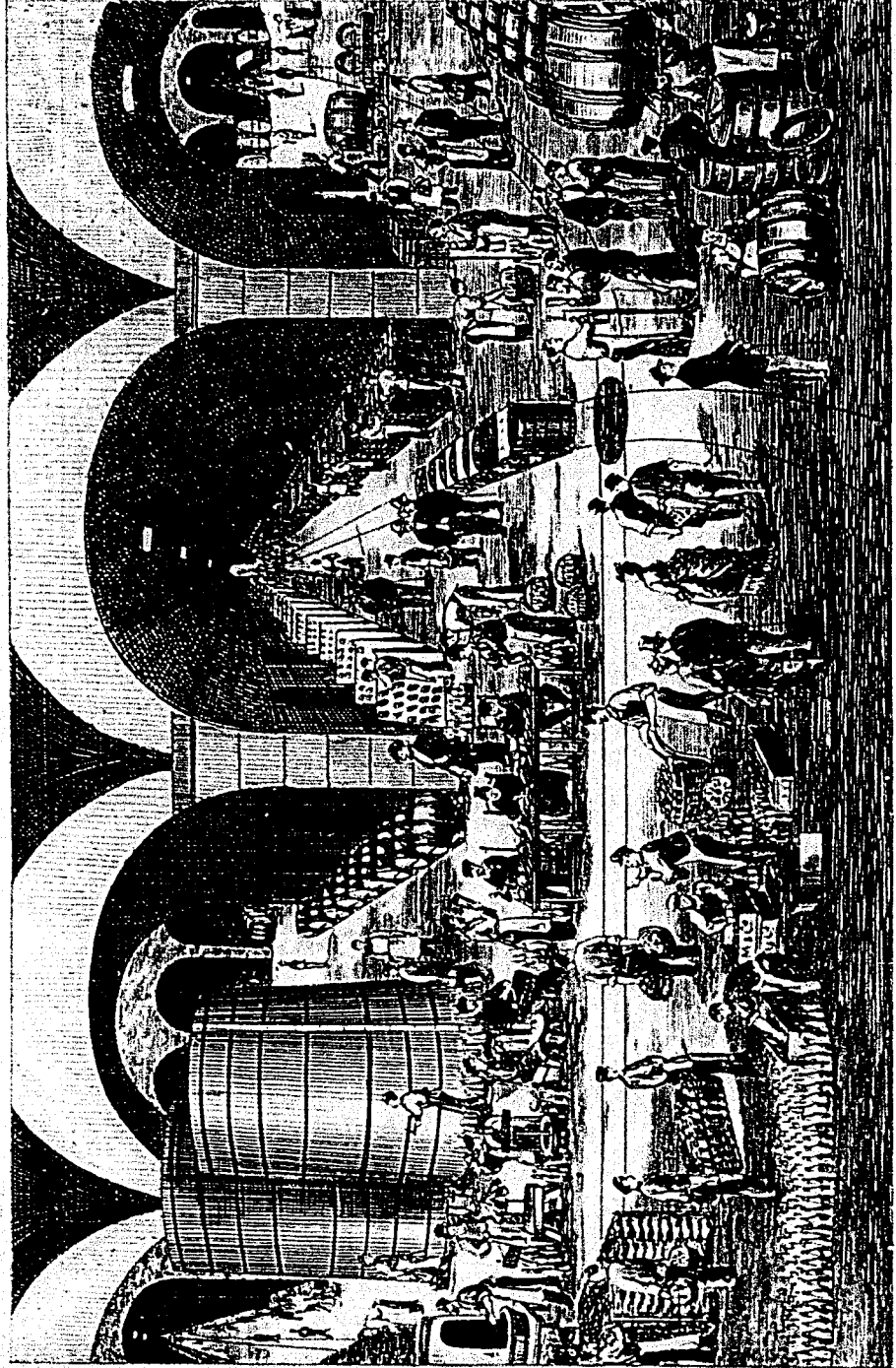
CHARACTER AND WORK.—None of us can pass through this world without encountering obstructions to our progress which time only will enable us to surmount, and perplexities which a hasty, petulant spirit will only augment. The eminent philosopher Newton said that his successes in science were attributable to patient thought. And all who have been illustrious for their attainments or achievements would, did they bear testimony, speak in similar terms. The growth of intellectual power, the acquirement of worldly possessions, and the formation of an admirable, lasting reputation require much time. That which, mushroom-like, is to be of few hours' duration, may, mushroom-like, occupy but a brief period in springing into existence. But the character and the work which are to spread wide and tower high and endure long must have a broad, deep, well-laid foundation.

LIVING IN QUIET.—A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of dispute. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And, when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end to one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

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



THE PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENT AT EPERNAY AND RESIDENCE OF M. MERCIER.



CELLARS AND VAULTS OF MERCIER & Co.
EPERNAY.—GRAND WINES OF CHAMPAGNE—M. E. MERCIER & Co.



LONDON.—THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



MOTHER'S LOVE.—FROM A PICTURE BY PAUL MARTIN.

A NOCTURNE.

BY JOHN MORAN.

The whispering glades are glad :
Yesterday nature was sad,
Now the beetles boom through the air,
And orchard blossoms out there
Are fresh and fragrant and fair,
My queen.

The storm is over and gone ;
White moonbeams lattice the lawn ;
The tears of the sorrowful dead
Must sometimes cease to be shed,
And smiles shine through overhead,
My queen.

Let us drift out into the sea
From the troubles and toils that be,
Where the soft, strong wash and flow
Of the wind-borne waves, as they go,
Make murmurous melody low,
My queen.

Where the winds are the wings of Love,
And brood as an amorous dove,
If the chorus of my perfect bliss
Throbbed forth in a fervent kiss,
Would you deem it so far amiss,
My queen ?

Such joy could never remain,
Such rapture tarry with twin ;
With you here close to my breast
I could find us an endless rest
Under the curled foam crest,
My queen.

There is worse than death that devours—
Lile yet for a little is ours ;
And though but a breath or a span
Are the days of the life of a man,
Whatever Lore will, Love can,
My queen.

GOING HALVES.

A STORY FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS PRIMARILY, AND THEN THE REST OF FOLKS.

Barbara Blunt was not a pleasant-looking girl. There was a frown between her eyes and the corners of her thin lips turned down, instead of up. There was a sharp ring in her voice and she had a fashion of snapping out her answers at school.

"Just as if the words were beans and her mouth a pop-gun," said Charis Temple. "Oh ! it will never do to have Barb in the Archery Club. A barb at each end of the arrow. Ha ! ha ! ha ! We'd be shot, every mother's daughter for us. Besides, she could never afford a bow, to say nothing of a costume."

For be it known these young Dianas all wore green kilt-plaited dresses, with gilt bands at throat and wrists, and, to crown all, jaunty hats cocked up on one side, with sprays of golden wheat. So Barbara was "black-balled" by the club. And, what was worse, the secret leaked out ; for one sprite of a girl turned "state's evidence" (if you know what that means) and frankly informed Barbara all about it.

Barbara said not a word ; but the frown between her eyes grew deeper, and she took to learning her French lessons between 4 and 5 o'clock, to the dismay of the aforesaid sprite.

"Because the Club practice from 4 to 6, Barb, I can't study then. And you know I can never write out my French *idiots* alone. I'm sure, Barbie," with a pathetic sniff, "I stood up for you, and told Charis Temple you weren't half so cross as you looked."

"Humph !" said Barbara. And not only did she pursue her French idioms from 4 to 5 every afternoon, but she worked on her algebra lessons between 5 and 6 ; so that the sprite was utterly left out in the cold, and in no time her marks at school sank to zero.

Barb smiled grimly when she saw that. But she did not smile when every day the Archery Club went merrily by, with bows and arrows ; nor yet when she heard how Charis Temple, who Barbara knew had voted against her, won a quiver on a score of twenty-two with three arrows.

"But she shan't get the prize in algebra, not if I can help it," murmured Barbara, fiercely. And day by day she shut herself up to dig out the answers to problems which seemed to come to Charis by magic.

Everything "came easy" to happy, handsome, healthy Charis. She rowed well, she could walk five miles without being tired, she shared the highest school-honors, she was a prime favourite with all the girls, and now here she was President of the Archery Club and the "best shot" besides.

Can you understand how ugly, ill-clad, plodding Barbara envied her, and how her face grew hard as she found that, in spite of all her efforts, her rival managed to stand even with her in algebra, now the term was drawing to a close ?

"They'll have to cut the prize in two, Barb," laughed Charis. "Oh ! well, I'm sure I'll condescend to 'go halves' with you."

But Charis had only been in jest. She had no idea that Barbara was ready to be at swords' points with her. Since the day Barb had been black-balled, Charis had thought no more about it. It never entered her head that Barbara would care very much any way. Charis had always been "on the top of the wave." She did not know how it felt to be underneath, with the bitter salt water in eyes and mouth.

"I've not lost all chance yet," thought Barb. "There's one more week at school, and, if we do get as far as page 175, there's a tremendously hard question about a greyhound. You best not sing till you're sure of your notes, Miss Charis Temple."

So Barbara plodded on. Her head began to ache, so eager was she. She sat up at night to work ; she rose early in the morning and was at it again.

And now there was only one more lesson. It was Barbara's last chance to put herself a mark in advance of Charis.

Now, this very afternoon the members of the Archery Club were in a great flutter, for they had been bidden at 4 o'clock to a lawn-party at Col. Vermilye's, just across the bay. They were to go in a small government steamer. There was to be music by the regimental band and dancing on the green after the shooting ; and rumour stated that the Colonel had been seen at a jeweler's store, looking at a gold locket, with a tiny turquoise arrow on the corner. What did that mean ? Here was mystery ! Here was excitement !

"I wish Mrs. Vermilye had waited till next week," complained Sally French. "Then it would be vacation. Have you learned to-morrow's lesson, Charis ?"

"No, I haven't," answered Charis, briskly. "I can look it over when we get home from the party. I don't believe there's anything very hard about it."

Barbara Blunt was standing near. She knew that the lesson was on page 175. She knew that the terrible "greyhound example" was included. Should she hold her peace ? Should she let Charis go unwarned ? All the more hope of victory if she did. Barbara's eyes grew black. It was a fearful temptation. But Barbara might be cross ; she might be disagreeable ; she was not mean.

"We'll fight it out fair and square," said she to herself.

"Charis," she went on, aloud, "I've worked for a fortnight over example 12, and never got it done till yesterday. You'd better be careful."

"Or you will get the prize, after all," answered Charis, roguishly. "It's a very polite in you to mention it, Barb. I'll look out and not give you a chance."

But she went to the party, after all. Barbara saw her pass, with the other girls, on her way to the boat. She saw the little steamer, gay with flags and bunting, glide down the bay. She could not see the party land on the other side. Later, the faint sound of distant music came floating to her ears.

The moon shone out round and full that night, to waken Barbara, and, as she crept from her bed and peeped out of the window, to show her the girls once more, at 10 o'clock ; and the waggish old orb actually lent a special beam to glint on a small gold locket with its tiny turquoise arrow, which Charis Temple wore at her throat.

"I wonder—I wonder if she's done that sum," queried Barbara.

"No, I haven't," said Charis, next morning, to Sally French, unconsciously answering Barb's last night's question. "If example 12 comes to me, I'm gone. But my luck never deserts me. I always fall on my feet."

Alas ! where was Charis' luck to-day ? One by one the girls were sent to the black-board ; and Charis remained on the settee, "which was full of pins and needles, and I sitting on 'em," as she announced afterward.

She grew pale. Her chances were narrowing. "Example 10, Miss French," said the teacher ; and Sally had escaped "the greyhound."

There were only two girls left. Charis, her teeth fairly chattering with dismay, was one. Would the next sum fall to her lot ? She was at her last gasp. There was a pause. And now the mistress spoke.

"Example 11, Miss Fuller. Miss Temple, you may try the 12th."

Try it ! Charis would make the effort ; but she knew she should fail. Barbara knew it too, and a triumphant thrill went over her. The prize was won.

With sparkling eyes she watched Charis' fruitless endeavours. Then she glanced at Charis' face. Pale, with wide, troubled eyes and quivering lips.

"It's her own fault," muttered Barb. "I warned her. It's but fair she should fail."

She turned resolutely to her own work ; but Charis' face haunted her. The crayon broke in her nervous fingers. She bit her lips. The frown between her eyes grew deeper and deeper. Her breath came thick and fast. Then suddenly, with a mighty effort, Barb spoke. If ever her words came from her mouth "like beans from a pop-gun," now was the time.

"Miss Stevens, will you let me change sums with Charis Temple ? I want to explain that 12th example. I've a new way of doing it."

A singular request ; but Barbara was always peculiar. Moreover, the teacher was not very quick-witted.

"If Charis is willing," said she. It may be truthfully observed that Charis was "willing." Barbara never forgot the look of relief that came over her face.

And so Barbara Blunt and Charis Temple stood even on the rank-list, after all.

"I knew it would be so," said the teacher, smiling ; "and I have provided two copies of 'The Lays of Ancient Rome'—one for you, Miss Blunt, and one for Miss Temple. I was half afraid, when I heard of your picnic yesterday, Charis, that you would be behindhand to-day."

"My luck—" began Charis, and stopped. A sudden thought flashed into her mind. She turned round and faced her rival.

"Barbara Blunt," she said, slowly, "I solemnly believe you did that on purpose."

A hot flush crept over Barbara's face from chin to brow.

Charis eyed her keenly, then impulsively held out her hand.

"That was a mighty nice 'thing for you to do, Barbara Blunt. I'll never forget it as long as I live. But I can't take the book, Miss Stevens," the quick tears springing. "I couldn't do example 12. Barb knew it and took it out of my hands. The prize is hers, not mine."

"Dear me ! What shall we do ?" cried the puzzled teacher. "Your marks are even and here are two books."

Then, for the first time in her life, Miss Stevens' wits moved fast.

"Open the book, Barbie," said she, "and write as I dictate. 'Charis Temple.' Have you written that ? Have you written that ? 'From her sincere friend, Barbara Blunt.' There, Charis, take the book as a gift from Barb. You will prize it no less on that account."

Once more Charis wrung Barbara's hand. "You are a first-class angel !" said she.

But was that all ? Was Barbara never elected a member of the Archery Club after this ? I don't know ; but I don't believe she ever was. You know that we decided that the school committee could hardly be expected to be generous to the extent of a costume.

This only do I know. Having done Charis one good turn, Barbara was ready to do one—a dozen more. The frown between her eyes grew fainter, little by little, and the clouds of "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" gradually melted away under the sunshine of a certain gracious tenderness which began to flood Barbara's heart.

And was not that—well, we will say next best to being a member of the Archery Club ?

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 208 received.

Chess Player's Chronicle, London, Eng.—The Nos. for November and December have not come to hand.

W. B.—Shall be glad to receive the promised game.

R. D.—Send in the Problem for inspection.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 205 received. Correct.

We have great pleasure in publishing the following letter, which was sent to a gentleman in Montreal by Captain Mackenzie, immediately upon his arrival in Boston, whither he proceeded after leaving our city.

We are glad to perceive that he was pleased with his visit to the Chessplayers of Montreal, who, we are sure, are equally desirous of testifying to the gratification they experienced from their contests with him over the chess board. Every Montreal player who had an opportunity of witnessing his skill, must have felt that something of this nature is required occasionally in order to raise the character of the play in the Province ; and there is no doubt that many useful hints have been gathered which will be treasured up for future use.

An onlooker at the Montreal Club, who was intently watching the Captain's manoeuvres in a game, said, very pertinently : "Why, he seems to have a Pawn always in the right place." We may add that the same might have been said of the rest of his pieces.

138 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, 17th Jan., '79.

My Dear Mr. Shaw—

I was fortunate enough to arrive here "on time," which, considering the snow-storm they have had here, was rather surprising.

Let me thank you most sincerely for all the trouble you have taken in bringing about my visit to Montreal, for, as some gentleman at our dinner observed, had it not been for you, I should never have been the guest of the Club, and would thereby have been deprived of one of the most pleasant visits I have made during my Chess tour. With kind remembrances to all members of the Chess Club, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. H. MACKENZIE.

The following notice from the Hartford (Conn.) Times of Chess Magazines and Chess Columns, may prove interesting and useful to many of our readers :

(From the Hartford (Conn.) Times.)

As to the numerous chess magazines and chess columns in this country and the old, we will only mention those by whom we are honoured with an exchange.

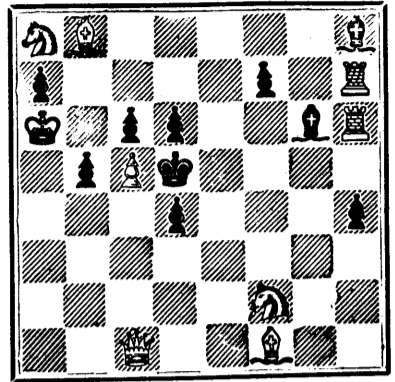
Since our last New Year's greeting, *Brownson's Chess Journal*, which for several years struggled hard for an existence, has been discontinued. While its demise was a loss to the chess community, it can hardly fail to benefit the Professor's pocket. The *American Chess Journal*, which was transplanted from southern soil to New York, still thrives under the management of Messrs. Moore and Loyd. The *Journal* is now the only magazine in this country devoted exclusively to Chess. In England, the *Westminster Papers*, the *Chessplayer's Chronicle* and the *Huddersfield College Magazine* still maintain their high reputation. In Denmark, the *Nordisk Skaktidende* is without a rival.

As to newspaper columns, in this country, the *Clipper* and *Turf Field and Farm* alone take precedence of the *Times* so far as age is concerned. Miron still wields the chess sceptre in the former, and McKenzie and Allen in the latter, while the chess department in the *Forest and Stream* is conducted by Mr. E. A. Kunkel, formerly of this city. Hull presides at the chess table of the *Free Press*, and the jolly McKim speaks through the *Sunday Voice*. Ben R. Foster ably conducts the column in the *Globe-Democrat*, and A. F. Wurm that in the *Sunny South*. Shinkman and Seymour wave and ripple in the *Holyoke Transcript*, while Orchard grinds out the chess music on the *Columbia Herald* organ, and Curran has just begun to revolve on the *Globe* published at "the hub." Across the water the *Glasgow Herald*, *Argus* and *Express*, *Nottingham Express*, *London Figaro*, *Derbyshire Advertiser*, and in far-off Australia the *Adelaide Observer*, *Town and Country Journal*, and *South Australian Chronicle* ; and in Canada the *ILLUSTRATED NEWS*, all contain chess departments replete with interesting matter, and without exception all are ably conducted.

PROBLEM No. 210.

INSCRIBED TO CAPT. MACKENZIE.

By J. HENDERSON, Montreal.
BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The two following games were played some time ago in London, Eng., between Mr. Gumpel's, "Mephisto," and distinguished amateurs.

GAME 332ND.

Played between "Mephisto" and Mr. Gunzberg.

(Evans' Gambit, Compromised Defense.)

WHITE—"Mephisto." BLACK—(M. Gunzberg.)

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. B to B 4 |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | 4. B takes P |
| 5. P to B 3 | 5. B to R 4 |
| 6. P to Q 4 | 6. P takes P |
| 7. Castles | 7. P takes P |
| 8. Q to Kt 3 | 8. Q to B 3 |
| 9. P to K 5 | 9. Q to Kt 3 |
| 10. Kt takes P | 10. Kt to K 2 |
| 11. B to R 3 | 11. P to Kt 3 |
| 12. Q Kt to Kt 5 | 12. B to Kt 2 |
| 13. Kt takes P (ch) | 13. Kt to Q sq |
| 14. Kt takes R (ch) | 14. Kt to Q 5 |
| 15. B takes Kt (ch) | 15. K takes B |
| 16. Q to R 3 (ch) | 16. K to Q sq |
| 17. Kt to R 4 | 17. Kt to K 5 |
| 18. Q to K Kt 3 | 18. B takes Kt |
| 19. Q takes P | 19. R to K sq |
| 20. Q to Kt 5 (ch) | 20. K to B 2 |
| 21. K R to B sq | 21. K to Kt sq |
| 22. B takes P | 22. Q takes P |
| 23. Q takes Q | 23. R takes Q |
| 24. Q R to Q sq | 24. R to K 5 |
| 25. P to B 4 | 25. P to Kt 4 |
| 26. B to R 5 | 26. B to Kt 3 |
| 27. Kt to R sq | 27. Kt to K 3 |
| 28. B to B 3 | 28. R takes P |
| 29. B takes B | 29. R takes Kt |
| 30. P to Kt 3 | 30. R to R 3 |
| 31. B to K 4 | 31. Kt to Q 5 |
| 32. R to B sq | 32. Kt to K 3 |
| 33. R to K B 7 | 33. P to B 4 |
| 34. R takes Q P | 34. Kt to B 4 |
| 35. R takes P | 35. R to K 3 |
| 36. R to K B sq | 36. R to K sq |
| 37. B to B 6 | 37. R to Q B sq |
| 38. B takes P | 38. Resigns. |

GAME 333RD.

Played between "Mephisto" and Mr. Tinsley.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE.—(Mephisto.) BLACK.—(Mr. Tinsley.)

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. Kt to K B 3 |
| 4. Kt to Kt 5 | 4. P to Q 4 |
| 5. P takes P | 5. Kt takes P |
| 6. Kt takes B P | 6. K takes Kt |
| 7. Q to B 3 (ch) | 7. K to K 3 |
| 8. Kt to Q B 3 | 8. Q Kt to Kt 5 |
| 9. Q to K 4 | 9. P to Q Kt 4 |
| 10. B to Kt 3 | 10. B to Kt 2 |
| 11. P to Q 4 | 11. B to Q 3 |
| 12. P takes P | 12. B to B 4 |
| 13. Q to Kt 4 (ch) | 13. K to B 2 |
| 14. B to Kt 5 | 14. Q to B sq |
| 15. Castles Q side | 15. Q to K 3 |
| 16. Q to B 3 (ch) | 16. K to K sq |
| 17. Kt takes Kt | 17. Kt takes Kt |
| 18. R takes Kt | 18. Q to K Kt 3 |
| 19. P to K 6 | 19. R to K B sq |
| 20. Q to B 7 (ch) | 20. R takes Q |
| 21. P takes R (ch) | 21. K to B sq |
| 22. R takes B | 22. P to K R 3 |
| 23. B to Q 2 | 23. Q takes Kt P |
| 24. R to K sq | 24. Q takes B P |
| 25. R takes B P | 25. Q takes R (ch) |
| 26. B takes Q | 26. P to Kt 3 |
| 27. B to Kt 4 (ch) | 27. K to Kt 2 |
| 28. P Queens, mating | |

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 208.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------|
| 1. B to Q R 8 | 1. P to Kt 4 |
| 2. Q to Kt 7 | 2. Any move |
| 3. Q to K R sq mate. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 206.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| 1. B to Q B 8 (ch) | 1. R covers |
| 2. K to K sq | 2. P moves |
| 3. B mates | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 307.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------------|
| K at Q Kt sq | K at Q R 6 |
| R at Q R 8 | Pawns at Q R 4 and 5 |
| Kt at K B 6 | and Q Kt 6 |

White to play and mate in three moves.

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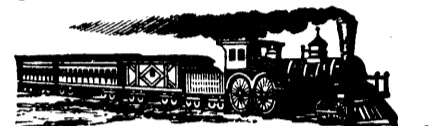
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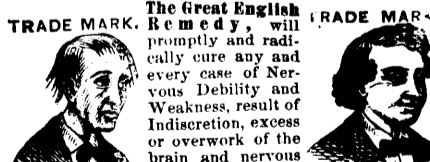
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Canadian Pacific Railway.

The time for receiving tenders for the sections between Lake Superior and Red River is extended until noon on WEDNESDAY, January 15th, 1879.

The time for receiving tenders for the sections in British Columbia is extended until

WEDNESDAY, the 12th day of February, 1879.

For further information, apply at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 19th Dec., 1878.

FURTHER EXTENSION OF TIME.

The time for receiving tenders for the sections between Lake Superior and Red River is further extended until noon of THURSDAY, the 30th day of January, 1879.

F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 7th Jan., 1879.

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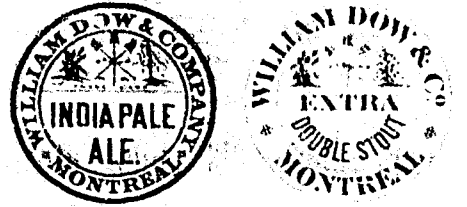
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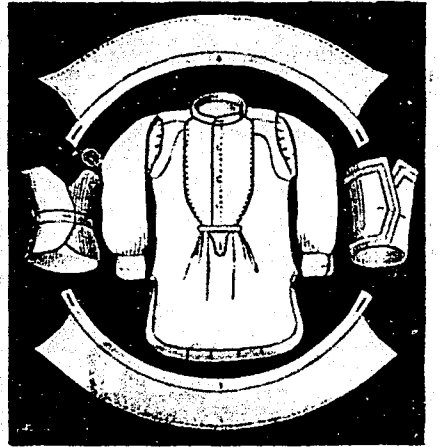


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Montreal, 19th Nov., 1878.

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