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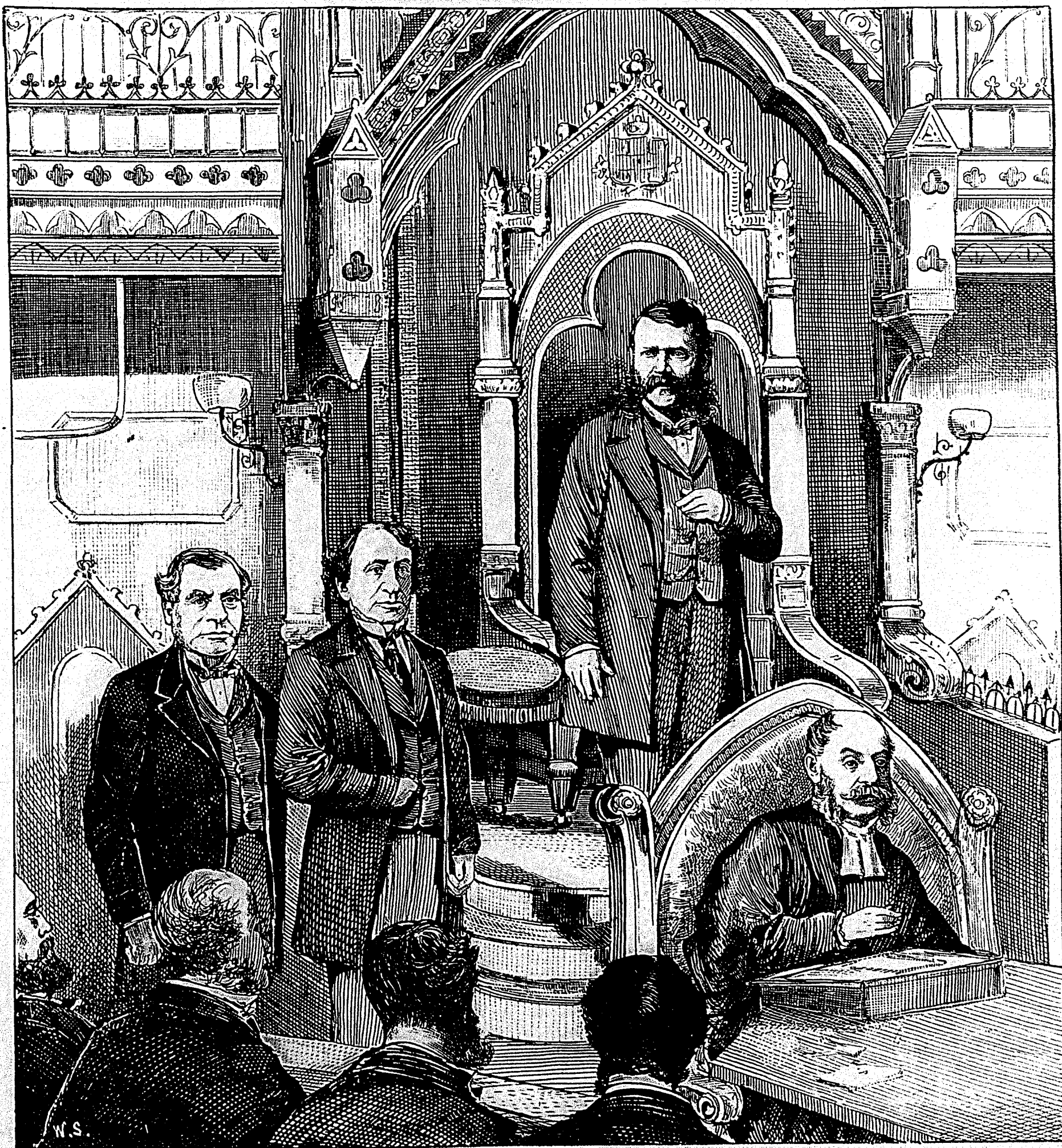
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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.
THE NEW SPEAKER, HON. J. G. BLANCHET, CONDUCTED TO HIS SEAT BY SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD AND HON. MR. TILLEY.

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BENEATH THE WAVE.

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 22, 1879.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

On Friday afternoon, the 14th inst., amid unwonted pomp and ceremonial, His Excellency the Governor-General delivered the Speech from the Throne to the assembled Parliament. That Speech will be found in another column, and we have published it entire, not only because of its intrinsic importance, but because it is the first official document of the kind which has emanated from the pen of the Marquis of Lorne. It will be remarked that, as to form, the speech is above the usual standard of such productions, leading to the inference that it is due to the practiced pen of the noble Lord himself, and not the creation of any of his Ministers. The substance is grave and copious. We have no patience with the party hacks and scribes who attempt to pick flaws in a State paper, crowded with suggestions and promises, and foreshadowing an elaborate scheme of commercial and financial regeneration. It is true that the reference to the tariff and its readjustment is not specific, but general; still, the broad announcement is there, and a pledge laid down which no Ministry could dare to trifle with. The revenue must be increased to meet a deficit of nearly seven millions, accumulated within the last four years, and that fact alone would necessitate a thorough overhauling of our customs and other duties. But, beyond this, there is a need for protection to all our nascent native industries, and this the Speech from the Throne distinctly promises to carry out. We confess that we were not prepared for the assumption of Life Insurance by the Government, but the surprise is an agreeable one and a progressive step, which we are certain will meet with general approval. The success of the Post Office Savings' Bank system appears to warrant that the trial of a similar scheme with regard to the insurance of lives would be equally well received. The economic principle involved in the plan is the retention in Canada of hundreds of thousands of dollars which yearly flow into the coffers of foreign insurance companies, and, in our present circumstances, it is wise to keep Canadian capital in Canadian hands. With regard to the Weights and Measures Act, a great reformation is needed, and we are glad to see that it is proposed by the Government; but before any thorough reform is attempted, we would suggest the propriety of enquiring whether the adoption of the Metrical System would not be the best at the present moment. The Metrical System is practically received by every civilized nation except England and her colonies. In the United States, the scheme is so popular that we may expect its adoption

within the next decade, and, if we are right in our surmise, it would become imperative for Canada to follow the same course. We are somewhat concerned to find that nothing is said in favour of foreign immigration. At a time when social upheavals on the Continent and the wide-spread labour crisis in England is throwing thousands upon their last resources, and when such men as Lord Derby not only suggest, but recommend a general emigration as the only cure for the evil, we think Canada might take some steps to secure for herself a portion of the outflow. The single State of Kansas announces an increase of one hundred thousand in a single year, and the Western States show a proportionate increment. The question naturally arises, why should Canada not reap a small portion of this source of strength and wealth? Altogether, the Speech from the Throne reads like an earnest, business-like document, which will give the present Government and Parliament plenty to do, and which, with the support of the press and the people, is almost sure to result in substantial constructive advantages to the whole country.

THE WHITE CHEST.

In our issue of the 15th instant there appeared a short story under the title of this article. A respected correspondent from Brockville writes to say that he has reason to know that the story is, in part at least, quite true. That the "white chest" really existed, and was under a glass case upon a roof, he can affirm with all positiveness, for, during his stay in London in 1875, he repeatedly saw it. The house upon which it was perched was on Uxbridge road—the west-end continuation of Oxford street—and was nearly opposite one of the gates opening thereon from Hyde Park. The tradition respecting it agrees substantially with the one given by the author of the tale. That it really contained a "remains," or was finally "cremated," is more than our correspondent can say. He believes that the will—or a legal copy of it—can be seen by applying to the proper authorities and—paying the necessary fees. Why the heir should have hit upon such a manner of keeping his relative above ground, would seem the oddest part of the whole affair. He must have been an inventor, of unusual resources. One would think that his safest plan would have been to have had the old gentleman cremated in the first instance, and then to have deposited the ashes in a funeral urn upon the mantel-piece, where he could have cast his eye upon it "when he felt so disposed."

The story, as our correspondent heard it, runs thus:—The legal heir had done something displeasing to his aged relative, who added a codicil to his testament with the "above ground" stipulation, intending thereby to make the young man the author of his own ruin. For, as is known, it is customary to read the will after the funeral, when, of course, it would have transpired that the property had passed to the reversionary heirs. By some means or other the heir intended discovered the true state of affairs, and when his aged relative departed for the happy hunting-grounds, he had him boxed up under oath by a carpenter, assisted by legal forms and affidavits innumerable, so that there should be no mistake. The other branch of the family, indignant at being thus cozened, sought an opportunity of carrying off and burying the chest, with its contents. The possessor, however, recognizing that glorious fact, that a Briton's house is his castle, put the box on top of the castle wall and defied the enemy. That he was finally conquered by fire is not improbable, yet that would hardly invalidate his claim to the property, for instead of the old gentleman going under ground, we think our readers will agree that in that case he would be very much gone up.

The diagram of the House of Commons which we publish to-day, along with the

names of the members corresponding to their seats, will be found both interesting and useful for reference. We are indebted for the diagram to our excellent contemporary, the Ottawa Citizen.

We have made arrangements with a special correspondent who will send us letters from Ottawa during the session, giving the points of information of chief interest each week. The first of his letters appears to-day.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, Feb. 15th, 1879.

For the first time, yesterday, the Royal Standard of England floated in the breeze from the flag-pole of the great tower of the Parliament Buildings; and, at about ten minutes to three, the Princess Louise drove up in a covered sleigh with a single pair of horses, escorted by the new company of dragoons, who made a really imposing show with their brilliant riding and new, shining, white helmets. Ten minutes later, precisely at three o'clock, the Governor-General came up in an open sleigh drawn by four horses. The Princess entered by the Senators' door, the band playing the National Anthem, the militia officers, in their uniforms, making a cordon on the steps through which she passed. The Governor-General entered by the door under the great tower, the band again playing the National Anthem, while the artillery boomed out a royal salute. His Excellency and Her Royal Highness took their seats in the new chairs of state placed on the newly erected throne, and the members of the House of Commons were summoned in accordance with the ancient custom; and they, as usual, tumbled in pell-mell, to the Bar of the Senate, when His Excellency delivered the Speech from the Throne in French and in English. It was remarked that he uttered the French with very marked purity of pronunciation.

Probably there was never before in Ottawa so much desire to witness the opening of Parliament, and get a glance at the Princess on her first state appearance among us. The limited number of tickets for the floor were soon exhausted, among those to whom of right, or, at least, of established custom, they should be sent; and no pressure or influence could extend that limited number of places. But the tickets for the gallery were more freely given out. To appease the clamour for them, many more tickets were given out than the galleries could contain. Long before the appointed hour of three o'clock, in fact before noon, the crowd began to stream towards the Senate Chamber. All the galleries were densely packed shortly after noon, the people, ladies and gentlemen, sitting and standing, as they best could, in a dense jam, to wait for three mortal hours for the opening, and those who went at one o'clock were unable to get in. The large corridors also became packed, so that egress was exceedingly difficult, in fact, almost impossible, for those who had simply got thus far and found further progress hopeless. There were also immense crowds outside, notwithstanding the day was bitterly cold. His Excellency, as he drove up in his open sleigh, was very enthusiastically cheered. He acknowledged this compliment by uncovering his head as he passed through the crowd, despite the sharpness of the frost. In the crush of the galleries one woman was noticed to faint, and she could neither be removed nor could she fall down, and so had to remain for the space of about half-an-hour in this apparently inanimate state.

And thus amid a great crowd gathered from many parts of Canada, amid demonstrations of loyal enthusiasm, with military display, the voice of music, and the roar of cannon, after faithful observance of the ancient forms, this fourth Parliament of Canada was opened by the Marquis of Lorne, in the presence of the daughter of the Queen.

The Speech from the Throne you will have received by telegraph before these lines are written, and it is, therefore, unnecessary for me to make any recapitulation of its contents. But I may remark that it refers to topics of vast importance for the future of this country, and it is not exaggeration to say, of modern civilization itself. It will be my duty more particularly to refer to some of them as the session advances. The speech, of course, you will print, and all parties will scan its announcements at this critical time.

On the day of assembling, as everybody who is aware of Canadian political events knew would be the case, Dr. Blanchet, the Member for Levis, was elected Speaker by an unanimous vote. He was proposed by Sir John A. Macdonald in a few well-chosen words, setting forth his claims and his services. Mr. Tilley seconded the nomination. But neither he nor Sir John made any reference to the old practice, before Confederation, of choosing alternate speakers from the French and English sections of Parliament. I think, however, it is plain that Dr. Blanchet was elected because of the pressure of those reasons which first caused this rule to be established.

Mr. Mackenzie, from his point of view, made a rather happy attempt to catch Sir John in an inconsistency, in that he, Sir John, had contended, in 1873, that it was not advisable to pass over the claims of Mr. Cockburn, the previous Speaker, who had performed his duties with impartiality and to the satisfaction of both sides of the House, and that it was better to follow the English practice of continuing the same speaker. Mr. Mackenzie therefore thought that Sir John should have proposed Mr. Anglin instead of Dr. Blanchet, but it is plain that even according to Mr. Mackenzie the strictly logical course, by the rule he mentioned, was to reappoint Mr. Cockburn. Mr. Mackenzie did, however, say that Dr. Blanchet would make a Speaker in every way satisfactory to his side of the House, apart from the considerations he had mentioned.

There was another political event on Thursday worth notice, viz.: a great State Dinner given by the Governor-General and the Princess Louise, at Rideau Hall. As many as 90 invitations were sent, including Governors of Provinces, Privy Councillors, Judges of the Supreme Court, Chief Justices, Heads of the Civil Service, &c. This was followed by an "At Home," at which were present a large number of ladies and gentlemen.

In the evening of the opening, to be continued this evening, the Marquis and the Princess held a Drawing Room, and I think there has never been before a more brilliant display of beauty and of ladies' dresses, and of civil and military uniforms, of high official persons, in the dazzlingly lighted and magnificent Senate Chamber of Canada. The Princess Louise, to whom all eyes were turned, was dressed in simple black, relieved only by a coronet of brilliants on her head, and an ornament of the same on her breast. The ladies, her attendants, who stood behind her, were also simply attired in black, with very little ornament. And nothing could be more gracious and simple than her bearing. His Excellency was dressed in the very profusely ornamented Windsor uniform of the first class. The centre of the floor of the Senate Chamber was occupied by the military officers, in attendance in their uniforms, and the Aides and Major De Winton stood in a file on the left of the ladies and gentlemen who approached the throne, on which His Excellency and the Princess stood, and made the presentations. Those presented immediately passed out into the corridor, and many went to the gallery to obtain a view of the both brilliant and magnificent spectacle below; the effect of which was much enhanced by there being no crowding on the floor; the Senators with their wives and daughters, Privy Councillors, Lieutenant-Governors, Judges of the Supreme Court, and other notable persons, alone remaining after presentation. And as to the dresses of the ladies in attendance, what words can give a description of them? They were simply bewildering! Both the ladies of Ottawa and those who had come from distant parts, fairly outdid themselves for this grand gathering. There was infinite variety of colours and materials. And if I were to be allowed one word of criticism, the error was rather on the side of doing too much. But all grouped together made really a beautiful spectacle, which those who saw will not soon forget. One further word I may say for information of the ladies. The dresses were not confined to low necks. And it is, in fact, whispered that the customs which the Daughters established, both as regard dress and invitations, and kinds of entertainments, are to be followed.

The Government have passed an Order in Council continuing the contract with the British-American Bank Note Company for a further period of five years. It is perfectly understood that this Canadian Company have performed the responsible work confided to them for some years past to the satisfaction of both the Government and the banks. The Company are known to have invested large capital in this very special enterprise, and, we understand, have an establishment with facilities capable of doing double the amount of work to be done in the country. It seems, therefore, that the Government have acted wisely and consistently in thus maintaining the National Policy platform by supporting institutions already established in the country.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SILVER DISCOVERY NEAR OTTAWA.—While reports from surrounding towns and villages speak invariably of general business depression, the little isolated community of Carp, near Ottawa, is enjoying a return of that prosperity which left it long since, and which the oldest inhabitants have been wont to speak of with regret. The prosperity alluded to above has its origin in the discovery of an extensive deposit of silver, on the farm of Mr. Henry Mooney, about a mile from the village. The manner in which he first became aware of the presence of silver on his farm is somewhat singular. It seems that two of his daughters last summer collected a number of specimens of beautiful white stone, with which they decorated a what-not in the parlor. No further notice was taken of them until last week, when an American gentleman called, and being shown into the parlor, was surprised at seeing so many specimens of what he unhesitatingly pronounced to be composed of at least 75 per cent. of silver. On leaving soon after, he secured a lump weighing about a pound, and submitted it to a practical analyst in Ottawa. The result of this test proved it to be scarcely equal to the expectations of those interested, but fully 45 per cent. of sil-

ver and 30 per cent. of lead was taken from this small specimen. It is considered that even 20 per cent. of silver is a good paying investment. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the whole neighbourhood is excited, and when spring opens, fully two-thirds of the residents of this township will be out prospecting in the hope of discovering some equally rich bonanza. Mr. Mooney has sold a half interest in his mine to Mr. R. H. Walker, of the firm of Walker & Leggitt, of Newark, N. J. These gentlemen are largely interested in mines in Passaic, N. J., Marquette, Mich., and Silver Islet, Thunder Bay. He also placed the remaining half interest upon the market in the shape of shares, at \$100 each, to be limited to \$200, retaining some 40 shares for himself. The remaining shares were quickly bought up by leading business men.

THE NORTHERN SHRIVE.—The Perth, Ont., *Expositor* says:—A bird has lately made its appearance about town, called the Northern Shrive, which has been killing the sparrows in large numbers. It has a grey head, with pink wings, and a bill like a woodpecker. They should be killed wherever seen.

A SHEEP KILLER.—A wild dog of Alexandria Bay, near Kingston, has killed about 250 sheep since the winter set in.

A SLIDING ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday night of last week, a crowd of boys took advantage of the beautiful moonlight to indulge in coasting on Telegraph Hill, Ottawa, and among them was a lad named Johnny Burnett, son of the widow Burnett, of Albert street. After several of his companions had "run the gauntlet," this little fellow mounted his sled, and started down the hill at a lively rate. Before he had proceeded far the sleigh was knocked out of the narrow course, and he was precipitated 20 feet below, his head striking on a stone and producing a fracture of the skull. Medical assistance was immediately summoned, and the lad removed to his home. The unfortunate boy lingered through the night in terrible pain, and the next day death put an end to his sufferings.

MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY PRESENTATION.—On Friday afternoon of last week the Battery mustered at the Drill Shed, the occasion being the presentation to Gunner Thomas Walker of the Dominion Artillery Association money prize, and also the medal given by Capt. Kings, of the Welland Field Battery, for the highest individual score in the Dominion. The score was 46 points out of a possible 52, being the highest number obtained by any gunner in the Dominion. The Montreal Field Battery made the highest score, as a battery, of all the batteries in the Dominion.

OPENING OF THE NORTH SHORE RAILWAY.—The first through train by the North Shore Railway from Montreal arrived at Quebec at 9.30 p.m. on Feb. 9th. Several hundred people were at the depot, and had been waiting for some hours for the arrival of the train. Loud cheers, rent the air as the cars moved into the station, and after some remarks from Mr. Joly, a torch light procession was organized and escorted the Premier to his residence on the Cape. At Terrebonne bridge Mrs. Joly drove the last spike, a silver one, of the road, sending it well home by her own efforts, with a silver hammer presented her by the contractor, Hon. Thomas McGreevy.

ICE-HARVESTING.—Ice-harvesting is rapidly progressing to the east of Isle Ronde, Montreal. Our readers will have an idea of it from the sketch.

MOUNTAINS OF SNOW.—The sketch in the corner represents St. Denis street, opposite the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Ever since the snow-fall this street has been the admiration of the lovers of the beautiful snow, which seems to have accumulated there from the heavens, the mountain, and the neighbouring streets. Corporation men are busily employed cutting a sidewalk daily, but, as one pithily remarked, "The more you shovel, the more there comes." Shortly after passing the reservoir there is a snow wall some fifteen feet in height. In the rear of the St. George's cricket field the road is impassable.

AN AVALANCHE AT CAPE DIAMOND.—A snow avalanche from the cliff at Diamond Harbour, Quebec, last week, partially smashed in a building of considerable dimensions and importance.

THE LATE RT. REV. DR. BETHUNE.—The Right Rev. A. N. Bethune, D.D., D.C.L., was appointed Coadjutor Bishop to the Bishop of Toronto (the late Dr. Strachan) in 1867, under the title of Niagara, and became Bishop of Toronto on the death of Bishop Strachan in 1868. Bishop Bethune was looked upon in Church circles as a man of great learning and piety. He was of the High Church School of thought, and gave his countenance and assistance to those clergymen in his diocese who belonged to that school.

THE LATE POET DANA.—Richard Henry Dana was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Nov. 15, 1787. He was the son of Francis Dana, Minister of the United States at the Court of Russia, and Chief Justice of Massachusetts. He studied, but did not graduate, at Harvard College, was admitted to the bar of Baltimore in 1811, and removed to Cambridge, U. S., in the following year. His tastes being chiefly literary, he became connected in 1814 with the *North American Review*, then just established, and his earliest writings, "An Essay on Old Times," and an article on the poems of Washington Allston, first appeared in that periodical, of which he became part editor in conjunction with Professor

Channing in 1818. With some assistance from Mr. Bryant, the poet, he published "The Idle Man" in 1821. "The Dying Raven," and "The Husband's and Wife's Grave" appeared in the *New York Review* in 1825, and "The Buccaneers" in 1827. Mr. Dana delivered, in different places in the United States, in 1839-40, a course of ten lectures on Shakespeare.

THE EXECUTION OF MONCASI.—The attack on King Alfonso was made by Moncasi as his Majesty was passing from the great central plaza of Madrid, the Puerta del Sol, through the Calle Mayor toward the royal palace. The King was attended by a guard of honour, but rode ahead of his aides. Moncasi, who stood near the arched passageway into the ancient Plaza Mayor, where were performed the awful acts of the Inquisition, fired twice at his Majesty, the second shot taking effect in the hand of an aide who rode up to his rescue. The culprit was at once secured. The examination of the prisoner began on the second day after the shooting. The public prosecutor conducted the investigation with the utmost rigor. The court appointed counsel to defend the accused, who had declared to the magistrate at the prison that he did not wish to choose his own lawyer. According to the custom in Spain, the lawyers of Madrid are obliged in turn to take up such cases when the persons interested can not afford or do not choose to select counsel. The counsel appointed was Senor Jimenez del Cerro. He displayed much zeal in the cause of Moncasi. He requested the Court of Appeal to allow him to examine the witnesses, and to permit the examination of Moncasi by two medical men whom the defender named in his petition. Both requests were granted, and the public prosecutor on his side named two eminent physicians, who visited the Saladero Prison on October 30. The four doctors questioned the accused, and he answered all their queries with great readiness. They reported, after a second visit at a later date, that Juan Oliva y Moncasi was quite sound in mind. One of the physicians desired that more information should be obtained from the family and native place of Moncasi, and Senor Jimenez del Cerro directly filed another petition claiming this inquiry, on the ground that the accused was reported to have been detained for several months in a lunatic asylum. The judge did not consent to this petition, and he only prolonged the delay granted for the medical investigation of the prisoner himself. The trial resulted in condemnation to death, and the sentence was carried out on the 4th of January. Hanging was long since abolished in Spain, and the garrote substituted for the barbarous gallows. The method of execution is clearly shown in the engraving. The culprit is placed on a seat, his back leaning against a strong upright post, to which an iron collar is attached, inclosing his neck, and so contrived as to be drawn home against a sharp steel point by turning a powerful screw behind the post. The arms and legs of the culprit are tightly bound. When all is ready the executioner takes the lever of the screw in both hands, gathers himself up for a powerful muscular effort, and at the moment of a preconcerted signal, draws the iron collar tight, while an attendant flings a black handkerchief over the face. The sharp point severs the bones of the neck, and a momentary convulsive pressure of the hands and a heaving of the chest are usually the only visible signs of suffering. Death is instantaneous.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE AT ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—The Montreal Garrison Artillery held their annual target practice the week before last, on St. Helen's Island, commencing on Wednesday, the 5th inst., and lasting until Friday. The duties necessary before the practice, namely, clearing the storerooms and battery of snow, bringing the guns, 24 pounders, into position and mounting them, and placing the target on the ice, were very readily performed by the men. The distance was 1200 yards, and the five rounds allowed each man consisted of 3 solid shot, 1 common shell, and 1 shrapnell. Capt. Short, of "B" Battery, acted as umpire, and Lieut. Sheppard, also of "B" Battery, took charge of the range party. Lieut.-Col. Fraser, in command of the Brigade, was present; also, Capt. Molson, Acting Adjutant, and surgeons Major and Brown, alternately, according to militia regulations. The officers commanding the various batteries attended while their own squads were firing. The prizes, presented by the Dominion Artillery Association, are a silver medal and two badges, for the first, second, and third, respectively, of each battery. The prize winners are as follows:

No. 1 Battery—Gunner Hyndman, Corporal Denman, Sergt. Farrow.
No. 3 Battery—Corp. Brunell, Gunner Aiken, Sergt. Hibbins.
No. 4 Battery—Gunner Pilgrim, Gunner Fenner, Corp. Mount.
No. 5 Battery—Gunner Sharpe, Gunner Plow, Sergt. Andrews.
No. 6 Battery—Sergt. Linklater, Gunner McLeod, Sergt. Cunningham.

The highest score, 38, was made by Gunner Sharpe, of No. 5 Battery. The noise caused by the heavy guns brought a great number of spectators across the ice from the city, who were much pleased at the opportunity afforded them of witnessing the efficiency attained by this branch of the Montreal force.

A RARA AVIS.—A large black bird, resembling a crow, was seen in front of the Court House, Montreal, the other day, busily engaged in pecking into the food that had been thrown out for the sparrows, and at the same time keeping the little birds at a respectable distance.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A WOVEN book has been manufactured at Lyons, France, the whole of the letter-press being executed in silken thread.

THE Emperor of Austria has presented to Madame MacMahon a purse embroidered in the style of the thirteenth century, with her armorial bearing in pearls.

THE Italian Commission of the Paris Exhibition has presented the Queen of Italy with an album representing the most notable objects of the Exhibition. It is really a very beautiful *souvenir*, worthy of the Exhibition and of the Queen to whom it was presented.

THE genius of M. Gustave Doré has at length obtained official recognition in his own country. He appears among the promotions in the Legion of Honour recommended by the Ministry of Fine Arts. M. Doré has been raised to the rank of Officer in the great national order of merit. The same honour has been conferred on M. Paul de St. Victor, distinguished as a dramatic critic; while M. Lamoureux, the conductor at the opera, and M. Emile Pessard, the composer, have been made Chevaliers.

A COUPLE of members of the French Academy claim to have made an astounding advance in dentistry. They profess to be able to take out a tooth, stop it, and put it in again! They further declare ability to substitute a sound tooth (not artificial) for a decayed one. In each case the consolidation of the tooth is said to occur in ten or twelve days. One of these scientific Frenchmen, M. Magitot, asserts success in fifty-seven cases of the first kind out of sixty-two operations.

THE fan of fans for this winter is the Camargo fan. It is of Louis XV. in style, and in material of white or coloured satin, embroidered in flowers and moss foliage. The frame is of mother-of-pearl. On black satin, this coloured embroidery of flowers and moss is marvellously effective. For mourning, the fan may be embroidered in white flowers, lilac flowers and silver. A Camargo fan costs £4 English money, and it is the cheapest of all this winter's fashionable fans. But there are cheaper fans; as, for instance, the plain silk fan, painted with flowers, which may be had from ten to fifty francs according to the mounting. Japanese fans cost thirty francs. The ladies admire them very much. Japanese hand screens are equally in favour, and do not cost much.

A WARNING to romantic young ladies who fall in love with "distinguished foreigners" is afforded by a case which is just now the talk of the fashionable world in Paris. It appears that recently the French police received notice from the Austrian authorities that a young lady belonging to one of the highest families in Hungary had run away with a gentleman, and the couple were believed to be living in Paris. The police there were not long in finding them out. They had taken an apartment in an hotel in the St. Honoré Quartier, and the gentleman had given his name as that of the Baron Johann de Wirst. On examination it turned out that the distinguished visitor was only the *valet de chambre* of a count living in the neighbourhood of the chateau inhabited by the young lady's parents near Pesth. He had written a number of love-letters to her representing himself to be an Austrian nobleman, and promising to marry her as soon as they arrived in Vienna where his property lay. Before leaving Pesth the *faux baron* robbed his master of several thousands of francs, with the help of which, added to a somewhat polished exterior, he succeeded in throwing dust in his foolish victim's eyes. The young lady has been sent back, bitterly repentant, to her family, while the *valet de chambre* has been handed over to the Austrian authorities, who, it is to be hoped, will make him pay dearly for his heartless conduct.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is stated that a trial of the electric light will shortly be made at the reading-room of the British Museum.

It is expected that the Archbishop of Canterbury will officiate at the marriage of the Duke of Connaught.

It has been proposed to introduce the electric light into the London ball-rooms—as it will improve the aspect of the fair dancers, and keep the room cool. The idea of a cool room at present is an addition to the horrible.

THE bronze lions in Trafalgar square are beginning to wear away already. Not one of them is without incipient signs of decay. This is very bad. The British Lion evidently will not do without some kind of protection in this case, a coat of colour.

It is regarded as a certainty that Queen Victoria intends going to Germany this year. It is expected that after visiting the grave of the late Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, Her Majesty will go to Cobourg, where she will make a longer stay.

By the first week in March it is hoped that the second section of the Metropolitan bridges—Lambeth, Vauxhall, Chelsea, the Albert, and

Batterser—will be opened toll free to the public. By August next it is considered probable that the whole of the bridges within the Metropolitan area will have been freed from toll, both for vehicle and passenger traffic.

A VERY curious literary fact is that Lord Houghton has actually not only competed for the literary prize of £5 5s. offered by a weekly newspaper, but has so answered the questions put as to carry off the money. This is not a little remarkable, for that so old and distinguished a man should try at all is curious, while that he should win is not less notable.

HUMOROUS.

BOOKS are man's best friends. They never go back on him when he lends them to a neighbour.

A CONTEMPORARY tells "how to utilize" old fruit cans. Give a boy a string and a strange dog and he needs no further directions.

PROBABLY the happiest combination in all this wide world, during these merry winter days, is half a mince pie with a boy around it.

THE schools are deprived of the presence of many a boy who has just enough of a sore throat to keep him at home in the back yard building snow forts.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know if we are the author of the "American Encyclopedia." Well, no—no; not exactly the author of it. We killed the canvasser, however, if that is what you mean.

JONES, through the lather: "Strange, I never can grow a good beard, and yet my grandfather had one three feet long." Hair-dresser: "Can't account for it, sir, unless you take after your grandmother."

MUSICIAN: You say you have a desire to become a musician, and have a good ear for music. Judging from the ear on the photograph enclosed in your letter, we should think you had a better ear for a lead pencil.

MRS. PARTINGTON again: "Poor man!" said the old lady, "and so he's really gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that if he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion."

It is all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet.

"CAN a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" asks an exchange. We see no impediment in the way. But if he is given to practicing at home, it is an utter impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian.

"WERE there cats in the ark?" is a question that is troubling the religious edifier of an exchange. Certainly there were, and the first thing they said after leaving the ancient craft was, "If there's Ararat round here we want to gopher it."

A CONCITED young man, in talking with an aged clergyman, said, with a most dogmatic air: "I never believe anything which I cannot understand." The old clergyman mildly responded: "Then, young man, it is probable that your creed will be a very short one."

Two little children went to church alone in Westfield, Massachusetts. They became tired during the long sermon, and the older one, supposing that school rules held good in churches, led his sister up in front of the preacher and said: "Please, sir, may we go home?" He said "Yes," and they soberly walked out.

A PROVIDENCE youngster fond of visiting museums, of a speculative turn of mind and very affectionate, started his mother the other day by remarking that if she died he would stuff her, so that he could sit in her lap all the time. He afterward added, "When I die, if I don't go where you are, I'll come back and die over again."

ECCLESIASTICAL.

THE venerable George Lovick Pierce, the oldest minister of the Southern Methodist Church, has become very feeble. He is now in his 93rd year.

IN the ten years ending in 1871 the Roman Catholics of New South Wales, Australia, increased from 99,193 to 145,932, being a larger percentage than any other denomination could exhibit.

THE Memphis Synod of the Southern Presbyterian Church has rejected an overture asking for the formation of a coloured presbytery, on the ground that at present it is not expedient.

THE receipts of the Baptist Missionary Union to January 1 of the present year were \$117,131 12, or \$28,542 77 more than to January of the preceding year. The financial year ends April 1.

At the invitation of Bishops of the American Episcopal Church, Rev. W. J. Knox Little, rector of St. Albans, Chesham, has left England to take part in mission service in several cities of Canada and the United States.

THE English Church Union claims a membership of 17,750, including 10 bishops, 2,500 clergymen, the remainder being laymen. During the past 10 years the Union has spent nearly £40,000 in defensive litigation.

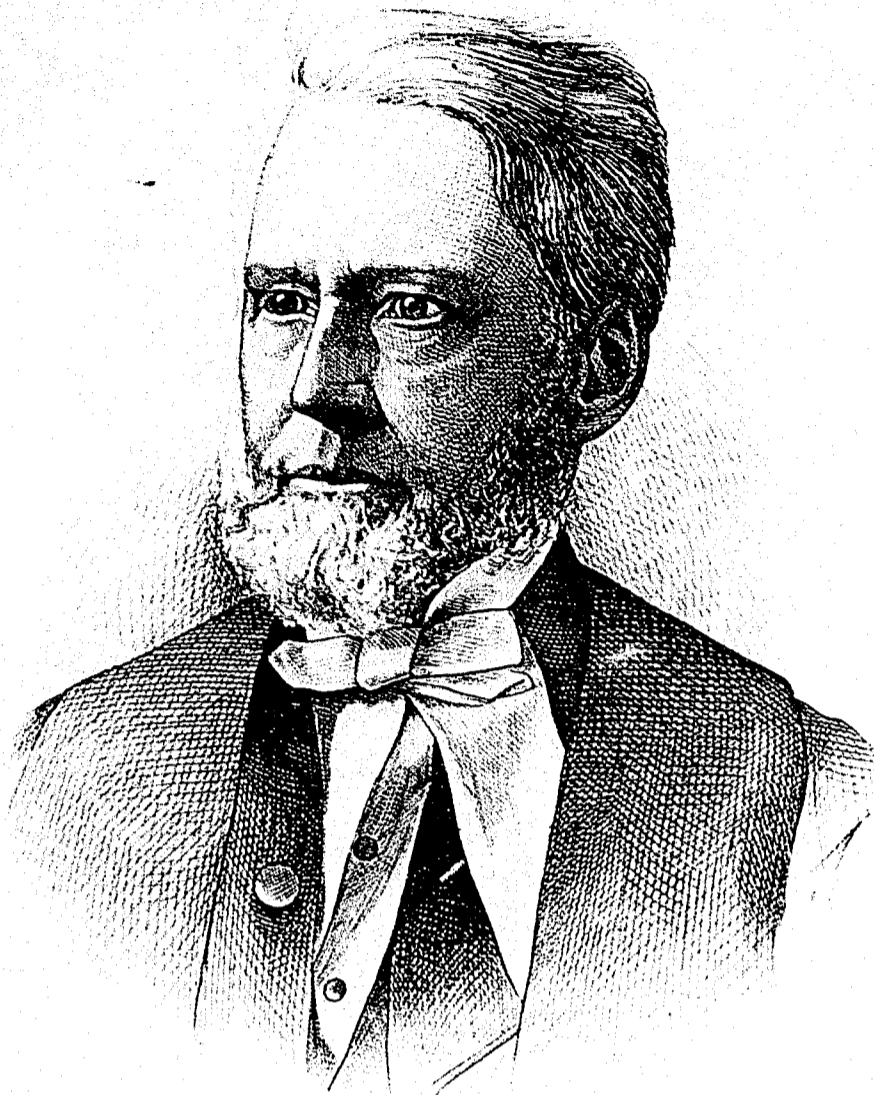
THE "Revised Book of Discipline" of the Southern Presbyterian Church has been rejected by the first presbytery which has voted upon it. The book has been repeatedly revised, but rejected and sent back for further revision in every instance.

At a Methodist revival at Clifford, Ind., the other day, an elder of the Christian Church, who was present as a visitor, was invited to pray, but had not gone far when he began to incorporate in his supplication his views on baptism, whereupon the presiding minister stopped him summarily.

IN obedience to the bishop's order, the choir of the Church of the Gesu at Montreal has been reorganized so as to exclude all female singers. The fine music at the late evening services, which began just as the Protestant congregations are coming out, have always drawn great numbers of Protestants to the Gesu.

THE oldest Bishop in the Church of England is Rev. Alfred Ollivant, Bishop of Llandaff, aged 81; the youngest is Right Rev. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, aged 43. The oldest prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is Right Rev. John Robert Darley, Bishop of Kilmore, aged 79; the youngest, Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged 45. The oldest prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross (Primus), aged 75; the youngest, Right Rev. George Richard Mackarness, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, aged 56.

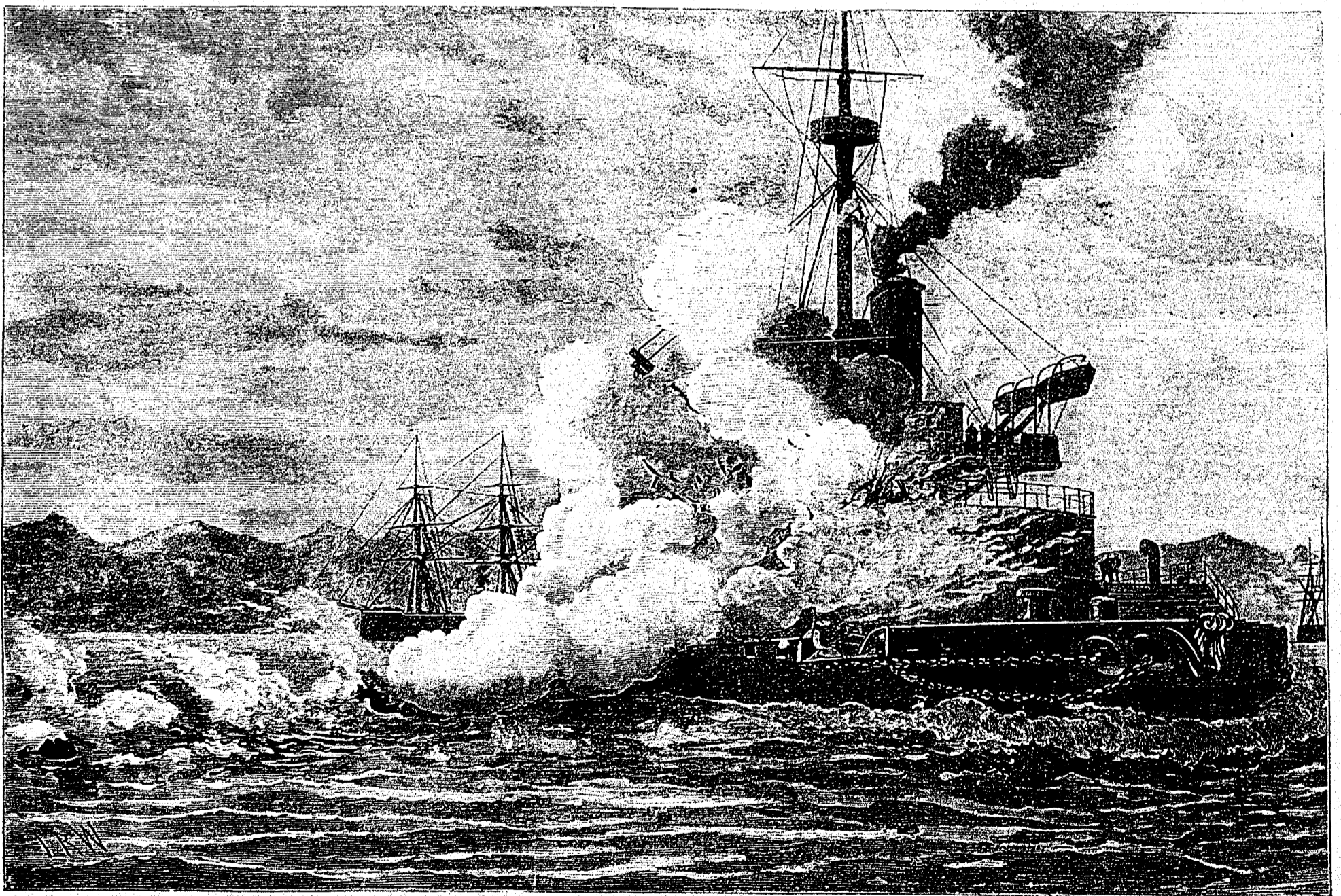
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 300.—MR. JUSTICE GWYNNE,
THE NEW JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CANADA.
From a Photograph by Notman & Fraser, Toronto.



No. 301.—THE LATE RT. REV. BISHOP BETHUNE,
From a Photograph by Notman & Fraser, Toronto.



EXPLOSION ON BOARD H.M.S. THUNDERER, IN THE SEA OF MARMORA.

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Hon. J. G. Blanchet is descended from one of the first families established in La Nouvelle France, and is a son of M. Louis Blanchet, of St. Pierre, Riviere du Sud, where he was born, 7th June, 1829. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary, and at St. Ann's College, and married in August, 1850, Emilie, daughter of M. G. D. Balzaretto, of Milan, Italy. He is Lieutenant-Colonel of the 17th Battalion Volunteer Infantry, which he raised in 1863, and has since commanded. He was elected Honorary President of the Cercle de Quebec in 1871; President of the Levis and Kennebec Railway in 1872, and appointed a member of the Catholic section of the Council of Public Instruction for the Province of Quebec, 1873. He commanded the 3rd Administrative Battalion on frontier service during the St. Alban's raid, 1865; and was in command of the active militia force on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, Quebec District, during the Fenian raid in 1866 and again in 1870. He was Speaker of the House of Assembly of the Province of Quebec, from the meeting of the first Parliament after the Union in 1867, until the dissolution of the second Parliament, 1875. He was Mayor of the town of Levis for six years, and an unsuccessful candidate for Levis in the Canada Assembly at the general election of 1857. He sat for Levis in the Canada Assembly, from 1861 until the Union, when he was returned by acclamation to the House of Commons, where he continued to sit until 1874, when, in consequence of the operation of the Act respecting dual representation, he resigned his seat in that body in order to remain in the Quebec Assembly, to which he was first returned in 1867, and in which he continued (representing Levis) up to 1875, when he was defeated. He was returned to the House of Commons for Bellechasse 23rd November, 1875, to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of the sitting member to the Supreme Court of the Dominion, and again at the last general election for Levis.

The Marquis of Lorne has accepted the position of Commodore of the Nova Scotia yacht squadron, vacated by the Earl of Dufferin.

POPE LEO XIII. sent through Bishop Healey, of Portland, a splendid medal to the Chiefs of the tribe of Abenakis Indians, who made the pair of moccasins presented to the Pope during the Bishop's visit to Rome.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 302.



THE HON. J. G. BLANCHET, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF CANADA.

THE Emperor and Empress of Austria are preparing for their silver wedding; but as the Empire, like other continental countries, is suffering from severe depression, their Majesties have declared that all costly pomp, and all celebration involving expenditure, are to be avoided.

Of all the wreaths placed on King Victor Emmanuel's grave, the most beautiful was that of Florence, which was of artificial flowers, but so natural that they must be touched to be known to be artificial. The town of Turin also sent a magnificent wreath.

A WARRANT for a prosecution has been issued by the Prussian Government against a number of gentlemen of the Province of Hanover for having collected money for gifts to be presented to the Duke of Cumberland. A portion of the collected money has been seized.

ACCORDING to a letter to England one very curious result has followed the residence of the Princess Louise in Canada: Already all the vacant houses in Ottawa are occupied, not by Canadians, but Americans, who have come across the border to settle close to the Princess. Upwards of a hundred Yankee favourites have arrived for this purpose, and rents are rising daily. I hear that some of the American ladies have actually come from San Francisco, and brought all their jewels with them. They are very anxious to show the Princess how much they possess.

A MORE remarkable type of man than a Goorkha does not exist. In the first place, they are all hill men, and, therefore, invaluable in any frontier warfare. Their absurdly small stature is compensated for by their great daring, activity and courage. Their principal idea of happiness is bloodshed; but, at the same time, they only exhibit this temperament on service, and at all other times, when their passions are not roused, they are the most charming and good-natured set of people of any natives of India. They laugh and chaff and enjoy a joke like an Englishman, and, I believe, are not too particular about caste. Each man, besides the ordinary soldier's equipment of a rifle, carries a kind of sword, or rather dirk, called a "cookery." Their curved blades are always kept as sharp as a razor, and the astonishing rapidity with which they can clear a space for an encamping ground proves how ably they can use this, their natural and national weapon of defence, or rather attack. Their cast of feature is almost Chinese.

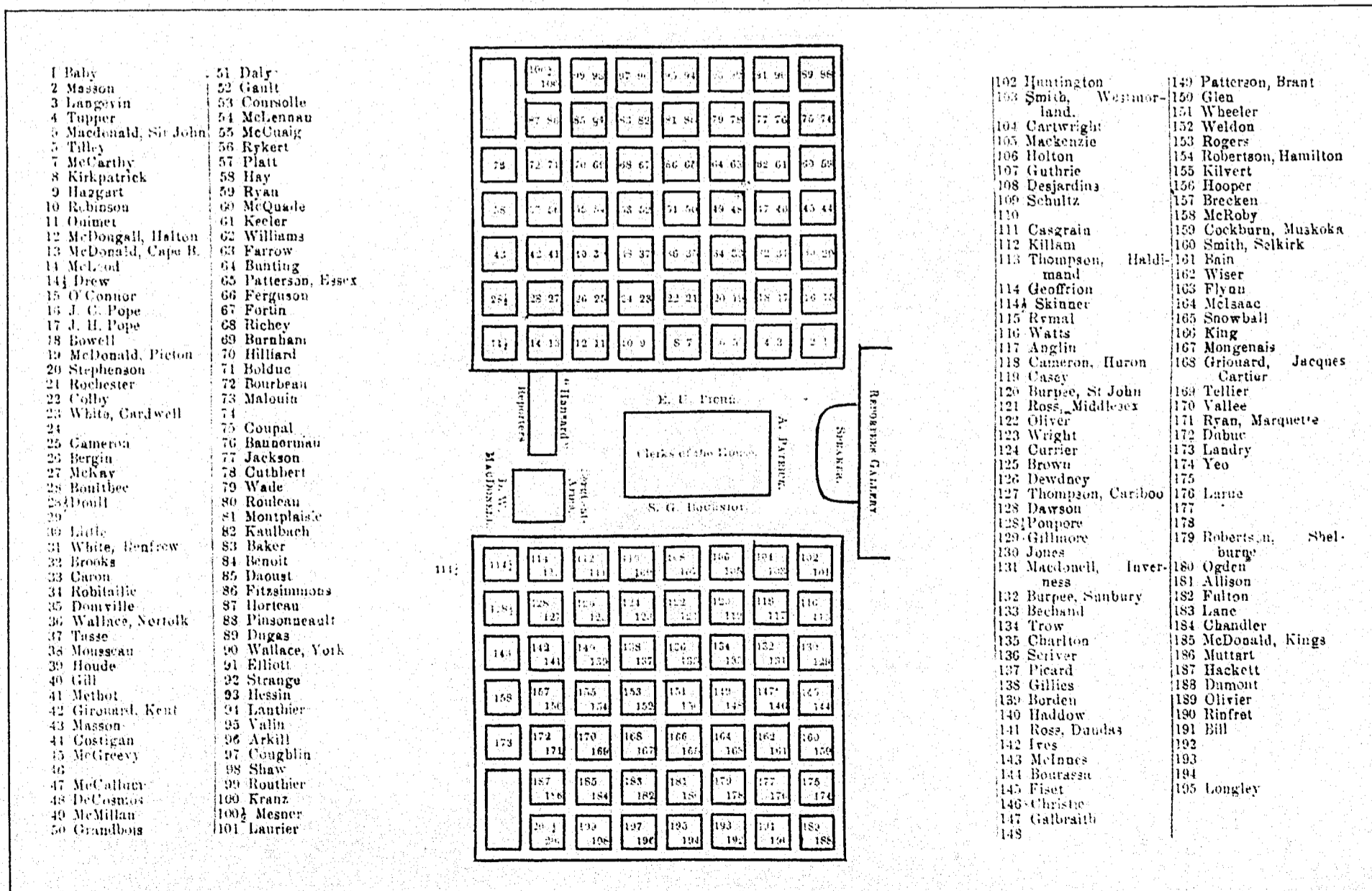


DIAGRAM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. SEATS OF MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

PROUD PEARL'S CAPRICE.

I
IN THE BALL-ROOM.

The blaze of countless wax-lights, the scented air of sweet flowers and their rival perfumes, the hum of many voices, the fluttering of gauze and silks, the gliding of hundreds of feet, some shod in lacquer and others in daintiest satin; the sparkle of innumerable gems, the more bewildering sparkling of human eyes, the important whispers of sweet lips, the laughter of light hearts—perhaps the heaviest ones laugh the loudest, who can tell?—and above all this is the moving spirit of the giddily gay scene—music!—Strauss' dance music, bewildering strains, played with so wonderful a power that they seem to force even the most lethargic of men and the most affected of women on to their feet, eager to join the whirling, festive throng.

The ball is given by Madame la Comtesse de Monteferrata, and celebrates the twenty-first birthday of Victor, her only son, the pride and joy of his widowed mother. Madame is an Englishwoman who has grand relations and great personal wealth. In her young, enthusiastic girlhood she married a noble Spaniard, moved by the eloquence of his melting eyes, his graceful dancing, and above all, by that charming fashion he had of serenading her before the windows of the British embassy in Madrid. Oh! those wonderful moonlit nights when she leaned from her balcony and rewarded him with a rose she had worn, and which he pressed so ardently to his lips. But all that happened many years ago; it would have been forgotten now, but those are just the episodes of life that women do not forget. It is over a score of years since the "noble senor" has been gathered to his ancestors, but Mme. la Comtesse has by no means forgotten his dark eyes and bright smile even now. After her husband's death the countess returned to England to live among her own people, and devoted her days and all her thoughts to her two children. Victor—fair-haired, blue-eyed—is essentially an English-looking lad, the very son of his mother; while Inez seems the gentle counterpart of the handsome dark senor, her father.

"What a charming assembly you have here to-night, Mme. la Comtesse! It gladdens even the eyes of an old soldier, who goes to-morrow to look on very different scenes." So says, with a profound bow of greeting, a venerable-looking Frenchman, one every inch a soldier from his keen black eyes and heavy white moustache down to the extra polish on his square-toed boots.

"Are things really looking so serious with you, general?" asks the countess with sympathy.

"Serious, madame? Heavens! but we shall have war—absolute hand-to-hand war, and they shall learn to tremble in Berlin when they know us better. We will teach them. Ah! there goes my noble young friend Victor. Would he were in my regiment. Of such stuff are heroes made."

"Pray, general, do not let him hear you."

"Not for worlds, madame, if it should cause you a moment's anxiety."

"Young men are so enterprising, so enthusiastic," says the fond mother; "they are always eager to rush into danger, and any novelty attracts them. I should not like Victor to be led away by wild emulation in this cause, which to me, I must confess the fact, appears a veritable chimera."

"On that point we will not argue, madame, and as to Monsieur Victor, the mother's fears are surely uncalled for," says the general, dryly. "The young man seems far too much engrossed at present to give heed to the remarks of any outsider. Well, I don't wonder! his companion is very lovely. Who is she?"

"Oh! a little nobody—my daughter's companion. An orphan we have partly adopted; I knew her poor mother well. She is rather pretty, as you say; and dear Victor is so considerate, and thinks it is his duty to dance with all, as far as possible. Remember he is host to-night!"

"And a host in himself, Lady Monteferrata," says an influential Englishman, coming up at the moment; on which these three immediately plunge into the great war question again, which at this time is beginning to agitate Europe, and threatens soon to convulse the Continent.

Meanwhile Victor and "the little nobody" have a subject of more vital import to themselves to discuss than general questions concerning empires and dynasties.

"Come into the conservatory, Pearl, I must talk to you away from this maddening, noisy crowd," and as he speaks Victor draws her little hand close within his arm. She leaves it passively, and walks on silently by his side, through a long, dimly-lighted corridor, which leads to the furthest entrance of the great glass-house.

II.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

The conservatory is very large—it is built along one entire side of the house. It contains magnificent plants of tropical growth. Huge palms and graceful ferns form a verdant and shading screen. Entering at the last door, Victor feels secure from the prying eyes of visitors. He places Pearl in a low rustic seat, and stands before her in silent contemplation.

"I thought you wished to talk to me, Monsieur le Comte!" she says presently, and as she speaks she lifts her clear gray eyes steadily to his.

"Has it ever happened that I do not want to talk to you? Oh! why have you so utterly withdrawn yourself from me of late, Pearl? I scarcely ever see you at all, and never alone. You avoid me as though you hate me—you, Pearl—who are my very life! How I have longed, hoped, prayed, for to-night! I could scarcely await its coming. But I thank God I have had my reward. I have held you in my arms, and we have danced together; you, the loveliest of women, and I, the happiest, the very happiest, of men." He pauses for a moment. She is no longer looking up at him, and sits motionless.

He catches at her hand and presses it fervently; she meets his eyes again, and a faint smile comes to her lips. In truth, she is a very lovely woman. Her hair is of that wonderful chestnut colour in the waves of which golden light seems to play at hide-and-seek; her clear gray eyes are shadowed by dark lashes, the firm chin is cleft by a delicious dimple, and it was for the tinting of her wondrous skin that her romantic mother called her "Pearl."

"Dearest," says Victor, with renewed tenderness, "do my eyes betray me? does my voice move you? does my heart speak to yours of its passionate adoration? Pearl—you pearl beyond price, I have done your bidding, I have waited in silence for a whole year! To-day I have attained my majority. I am my own master, I know no will but my own, and I get possession of a fortune that even you might deign to accept. And all this—will—fortune—absolute command of myself, and all that ever may be mine, I lay at your feet. Will you bless me? Pearl, will you be my wife?" As he speaks his passion overpowers him. He says no further words, but throws himself a suppliant upon the ground at her feet.

She is strangely quiet, and hesitates a long minute before she answers him. Of all her charms perhaps the greatest is Pearl's voice. In its low musical tones she now speaks to her lover, and he hears her to the end; but as he listens he is thrilled by a measureless pain. He himself scarcely knows which emotion is keenest.

"Monsieur le Comte," she says, "believe me, I value truly the great honour you are doing me, and more still the true love, which, as you have now proved, lives in your heart for me. I have learned it well ere this. You have indeed bravely kept your word. For a whole long year you have been silent on this subject, on which just twelve months ago you first spoke to me. And now you come to repeat your question, and not having changed your mind, expect an answer. You are rich, handsome, noble. You can hold up your head with the highest in the land, and you come to me who have nothing—am nobody—a poor dependent, living on your mother's charity, befriended by your gentle sister—you come to me and ask me to be your wife! Oh! if only you were poor! If we might work and live together! If you were an artist like my poor dead father, who struggled so hard—and to whom a wife was a right hand—a help and a blessing!—how I could glory in helping you, in watching you rise, as rise you surely would, ay, and assert yourself, your own true noble self, among men. I am very proud, Victor! Is that a fault? Think how proud I should be of you and of your success! Now you have no need to work, no desire to distinguish yourself. Your father's title and your mother's wealth make you an object of admiration and envy to your little world. Such a little world after all! Your whole life has been one of indulgence; flattery has surrounded you. There has never been need for you to lift your little finger, or endeavour to be useful to yourself or others. I like you much, Victor, but I can never marry you. I am no fitting wife for the Comte de Monteferrata. I must look up to my life's lord with veneration, and he must have won something for himself and by his own merits—something no money can buy. Then I could sit at his feet in absolute content, admire, worship and obey my hero!" She rises, and with gentle movement withdraws the hem of her dress, on which he is kneeling. He has scarcely realized all she has said, but he feels she is going, going from him, who, alas! has no laurel crown to lay at the feet of this proud, ambitious, lovely, lovable woman. He also starts up now and seizes her arms almost roughly.

"You mean to leave me, Pearl—is this to be our farewell?"

"It is best to part at once, as it must be for all time. I cannot marry the Comte de Monteferrata."

"Because to his mother and father alone he owes his position?" he cries.

"You have said!" she answers quietly.

"There is no other shadow dividing us? There is not graven in that deep heart of yours the picture, the thought even, of any other man?"

"Great heaven, no!"

"If I—for you—unaided—alone—can win honour and renown—prove myself a man among men, fight my way upward if I can—thus win distinction for you, will you deem me worthy? Will you then be my wife?"

"I will."

"You promise faithfully, on your honour?"

"I swear it," she pauses for a moment, then flings her arms about his neck and looks into his eyes. "I swear it, Victor, by the love that in my heart of hearts I gave to you, even before you asked it." And she lifts

her head and seals her bond with a kiss upon his lips.

III.

IN THE COUNTESS' BOUDOIR.

There is terrible trouble and confusion in the house of Madame la Comtesse the morning after the ball. Victor has gone. He has fled from his home in the early dawn and has left only a few lines addressed to his mother. The note runs thus: "Mother, forgive me. I dared not speak to you before I left, for you would have bid me stay. Pray do not seek me; it is my earnest wish not to be found, and I shall take every precaution against discovery. My resolve is to quit the life of luxury and idleness I have hitherto led. I feel that my better self is getting ignobly lost—I must work—must learn to assert myself. Thus and thus only can I honour the woman who has promised (when such success is achieved) to be my wife. I have long loved Pearl Turquand, and all my hopes of happiness centre in her. When I am gone, dear mother, love her for me, this I pray of both you and of Inez—dear gentle sister Inez. You have both reason to be proud of my Pearl. For she will give you cause to be proud of your son, and it is she who has raised the spirit of emulation within me, and I mean to prove myself worthy of the love of the three best women in the world, whom I leave under this roof to-night."

Roused to unknown fury by the passion of motherly love and despair, by wild anger against Pearl, and wilder fears for her first-born, Madame la Comtesse summons "Miss Turquand." "You have lived with my daughter and been her constant companion, Pearl," says the countess, striving hard to speak calmly, considerately. "I believe, I hope I have never failed in my duty toward an honoured guest. Is that so?"

Gravely sweet Pearl bows her head. Her heart is heavy within her, and her cheeks, her very lips, are pale; but her voice does not tremble as she replies:

"No lady could have treated a trusted friend with more uniform courtesy and kindness, madame, than you have invariably shown to me. Believe me, I am deeply grateful."

Her humble tone, her downcast looks, exasperate the countess, and arouse a feeling of burning anger in her maternal bosom. Her usual pale face flushes hotly as she cries: "And do you dare to speak of me of trust and gratitude, wretched, miserable girl—you, who have broken my heart? You, who have stolen my beautiful boy from me? You, who have crept with your sly looks and your sly words into his lower nature and made yourself mistress there! That is the empire you have obtained! Truly a cause for pride! Do not dare to answer me! I thought I could bring myself to speak quietly to you—to you. But nature will assert herself—the mother's nature—and you shall be punished. I will punish you, and you shall suffer—if you can suffer. To think that I, his most unhappy mother, should stand here to be defied by you—your pale-faced girl—by you, who have robbed me of my son, my joy, my pride. Where has he gone? Where have you bid him go? You know his secret—he has trusted it to you, for you have driven him away, while I, his mother, am left desolate, in utter ignorance of what has become of my son. Oh, it is hard—too hard."

"Indeed, Madame, I know nothing, truly nothing. Your son has honoured me too much. He sought to make me his wife, and I, intensely proud of him, for him, besought him to distinguish himself, to win a name to—"

"Enough! cruel, cruel girl. Perhaps you cannot realize the awful thing you have done. You have ruined my peace of mind; you have robbed me of my joy, my hope and pride, for you have sent him to his death!"

"God forbid!" cried the girl, and a gleam of terror dilated her eyes.

"Pearl, you must have some pity, some feeling for me. Oh! tell me where he has gone! Let me go after him, kneel to him, pray him to come back, even as I now implore you; I implore you! If you have given him your promise to keep his intentions secret, break that promise, break it for his mother's sake. Pearl, let us go together to pray him come back." Her haughty spirit was quelled, and the wretched mother, forgetful of all but her love and her fears for her boy, actually knelt a suppliant at the feet of trembling Pearl.

"I give you my true word I know nothing, absolutely nothing, of your son's movements," says Pearl in utter consternation. "We parted last night without his saying one word to me beyond his expressed intention of earning distinction for himself. He vowed he would win a name apart from his title, and prove his manhood among men. These were his words! How he has gone, or where, I cannot tell you, for I do not know."

"Then you defy me and refuse me; is that so?" cried the countess fiercely.

"Indeed, madame, I do neither."

"Shall I tell you where you have driven him? He had been talking to you during that lengthened absence from the ball-room. He was pale and flurried on his return. I saw it. Ah, me, how little I guessed the truth! Then he entered into an animated discussion with my old friend the general, who left immediately after. Victor conveyed to me the general's parting words, and told me that the valiant old soldier intended starting for Paris at daybreak. Thither, no doubt, in some ignoble disguise, Victor has followed also."

"Ignoble? impossible," says Pearl, raising her head for the first time during this painful interview. "Do you really believe this, madame?"

"I am convinced of it," says the countess, "and this is your doing. Now, I think it will scarcely be necessary for me to point out to you, after what has occurred, that my roof can shelter you no longer. Pearl Turquand, I hope, I pray, I shall never have to look upon your face again."

"I will leave you this day, madame."

"Yes, go now at once, it is the least you can do."

Pearl makes an attempt to touch the countess's hand, which is hastily withdrawn. Then poor Pearl, with bent head and tear-filled eyes, makes her way to the door. On the threshold Inez meets her.

"You will not leave me, Pearl? You will not forsake me also! Victor loves you! I love you both, dearly. Let us wait for him together. Be my sister still, as you have ever been, and when Victor returns he will draw the loving tie between us closer still." So speaks Inez, and laying her hands carressingly on the shoulders of Pearl, seeks to detain her.

"Inez, my daughter," cries the countess, "I have bidden the false girl go. Do not attempt to detain her. She and I can breathe the same air no longer." With a stifled cry the countess sinks back in her chair, half closing her eyes. Inez flies to her mother in tender compassion. Pearl goes from the room, and a little time after from the house.

IV.

BEFORE PARIS.

It is midnight. Such a night! The ground frozen hard as iron, every sound, every movement reverberating with a metal clang through the cold stillness. The sky has been showing a brooding, ominous blackness for hours past. If only that threatening snow would begin to fall! Any change must be for the better; any down-coming, any drops, hail or snow, must bring less cruel bitterness into that cutting, biting air.

Outside the walls of Paris the brave "Garde Nationale" is on the watch. Here and there camp-fires are cracking and blazing, and attracting as closely as possible to their welcome warmth such of the men as dare leave their appointed beat. These soldiers who have been on outpost duty for the last twelve hours, keeping incessant and wearisome watch, have now stretched themselves wearily enough on the bosom of mother earth. She is a cold, unnatural mother to-night, and gives but scant welcome to her overwrought children.

To a stranger there is something appalling in the great boom of the iron messengers that send startling reminders of their hideous power through the silent night. But to those watchers without the gates, the horrid sounds have become familiar by perpetual repetition, and Monts Valerien and Bicetre may send forth their deadly minute messages of massacre unheeded.

Neither the boom of the guns nor the heavy breathing of his wearied companions, who are asleep in the cold, lying without tent or other shelter, appear to disturb the meditations of a young sentinel who steadily continues to step to and fro on his limited beat. His heavy gray coat is closely buttoned up to his chin, his small kepi is pressed well down over his forehead, but his fair hair, curly in spite of its close clipping, peeps out underneath. No head-gear could possibly hide or disguise the straight outline of profile, or the gaze of those blue eyes which had been to that young soldier's mother the most welcome and beautiful sight in the world—the sight for which she is now longing and praying, how wearily!

It was thus Pearl's lover had determined to "distinguish" himself. Here, he believed, was a chance of winning, unknown, and without the influence of high-born relations, that laurel crown which he had resolved to earn, to take home and lay at the feet of the proud woman whom he loved! To-morrow will be his first chance. To-morrow he goes into action, to-morrow he will strike his first blow. Fired by Pearl's ambitious words, and by the answering throb in his own breast, he will rush into the thick of the battle—dare the greatest dangers joyfully, likely thus to secure greatest success—and all for the sake of Pearl—proud Pearl! Oh! she shall have cause to be proud of him yet! He holds her plighted word, and she with her own sweet lips has told him how she loved him—long ago—and she gave him her promise, and sealed it, too, with a kiss! a soft, lingering, intoxicating, bewildering kiss. * * * Even now his heart beats wildly at the delicious recollection, and the remembrance sends the blood tingling hotly through every vein. Present cold, privation, most uncongenial companionship, are all forgotten for the time being, and Victor in imagination is once again in that shady nook, behind the great fern screen, in the conservatory. Close to his heart he holds the one woman he adores beyond her kind, he feels her kisses—Pearl's kisses—for whose caprice he has now proved himself willing to risk his very life. And fervently he prays, "God bless and keep my darling, and let me come home to her victorious!"

And in the chamber, far away over the sea, his mother on her knees is also praying, "God bless and keep my darling, and let him come back to me soon and safe."

She little guesses, poor mother, where her curly-haired darling is at that moment; still less does she dream of the spirit of joyful enterprise with which he intends to rush into the

heat of battle to-morrow—risking his precious life, to do honour, or rather to satisfy the ambition of the woman he loves.

V.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The heat of the fray is over. Under D'Aurelle de Paladines an important sally was made, and so fierce an attack on the Prussians that it not only temporarily disconcerted their leaders, but spread alarm among the beleaguering troops. Night is creeping on, apparently willing to do her gentle share toward shrouding in darkness the horrid sights that the garish sun and the crisply, glittering snow have made too awfully apparent during the past ten hours.

For the time being truce is proclaimed—after a fashion. The great forts have not ceased sending out their getting of destruction, nor is there any relaxation in the preparation for further raids on the morrow. But that wild combat to which Victor had looked forward with such a spirit of ambitious enterprise has ceased. It has ended with the light of day, and how sad a day has it been for some of the bravest and best! Victor had rushed wildly into the thickest of the melee, he had steeled his heart with the bright thought of Pearl's steady gray eyes, and wished for nothing so much as the chance of proving himself undaunted. The ambitious intention was genuine and grand, but the carrying it out rash and reckless, and its results by no means such as the young hero had hoped for—nay, reckoned on. In lieu of the first step toward promotion his career has received a fatal blow at the very outset; for he now lies sick to death, faint and almost unconscious, with a deep home-thrust from a vengeful sabre in his breast.

At last the heavy rumble of the cross-protected ambulance smites on the ears of the wounded, who lie so wearily listening—listening. So they have lain for hours in the enforced lethargy of agonizing pain, numbed, crushed, unable to move—dying of cold or maddened to fever and suffering from its accompanying parching thirst.

Poor Victor is beyond the hearing of any promise of relief, when suddenly there comes upon him the feeling of a horrible wrench, as strong arms lift him. Then he feels himself cruelly jolted, every bruised muscle shaken, every nerve in his body terribly strained. Finally he loses consciousness as to feeling ill or well; in a death-like trance he lies, oblivious of all surroundings. Such a swoon, truly, is the greatest boon mother nature can bestow on worn-out, suffering humanity.

VI.

IN THE WARD.

How grateful is the hush, the absolute repose, that comes to those weary soldiers, when at last they find themselves laid at rest, in the neat beds provided for them by kindly Samaritans in the temporary hospital for the wounded and the dying. Gentle women watch over the helpless ones with unremitting patience and care; with hushed voice and quiet tread they go from one couch to another, offering comfort for the body and solace to mind of the wounded and the dying.

Victor lies at rest in one of the softest beds of the ward, set apart for dangerous patients, that is, for those whose lives are at stake. And this ward is established within the precincts of an ancient royal residence, and on its floor dainty satin slippers and handsome buckled shoes have danced many a stately minuet. That deadly sickness is on poor Victor still, but he is no longer faint, though he lies absolutely motionless. He now hears and heeds the various sounds about him, even as with wary eyes he notes those who pass to and fro, and sees vaguely the outlines of other sufferers as they lie stretched on their beds of pain to the right and left of him and away against the further windows.

Thus Victor watches listlessly enough with half-closed lids, and presently remarks, leaning over the bed opposite to his, the graceful outline of a woman's form, that in spite of the strange Sister of Mercy garb seems to him—homelike—familiar. He looks at the nurse with growing interest. If she would but turn her head. With growing attention he opens his eyes fully now. Oh, that he could really see that face! Set on such shoulders it surely must be fair! Could he raise his head just a little? He tries to do so, but, alas! the mere attempt has made him groan in a sudden spasm of agony. His cry of pain at once attracts the nurse; she turns swiftly and runs to his side. Their eyes meet, and into his comes a look of tenderness and intense longing as he sees the love of his life once again and whispers "Pearl."

But her outstretched hands fall by her side helpless, as she stifles the shriek that she can scarce repress.

What faint colour there was in her fair face leaves it now, and she looks as ghastly as he who lies before her, her hero, her betrothed, the true love of her proud young heart.

Oh! how low has that pride laid!

With all the strength that is in her, and it is great, she conquers her trembling, overwhelming agitation, and sinks quietly on her knees by Victor's side. She takes his weak hand in hers, and covers it with passionate kisses; she prays with all fervor to the Father in heaven to spare the life of this bravest and best-loved of his creatures. Then comes a sudden thought that prompts her to quick action. Help, immediate

help! Victor needs the best care and instant attention. Good advice can procure it for him, and this shall be done instantly!

So Pearl goes swiftly to seek the doctor in whom she has most faith, and who has already proved himself a kind and patient friend to all who suffer, and to her who tends them. The doctor comes. He has seen Victor before, and knows well that his is a helpless case. The kindly doctor meets the eyes of the young nurse with a wistful sadness that says more than words. This nurse has always shown an earnest devotion to the good cause, and has been unremitting in her care and attention to all the sufferers. But now there is more than ordinary anxiety in the poor girl's manner as she learns the fate of the handsome young soldier lying sick unto death before her. It is a keen feeling of personal agony that blanches poor Pearl's face, and sends that look of desperate entreaty into her eyes.

"Oh! save him, save him, doctor, for his poor mother's sake!" she cries with uplifted hands, while tears course freely over her cheeks. "Is it really too late? Cannot you send for her, my poor mother, my dear mother?" asks Victor feebly.

There is no answer. And the invalid fully understands the import of this ominous silence.

"Ah!" he presently says, with a long-drawn sigh. "Then it is too late, all too late, I feel it now. Kiss me, my beautiful love. I wished to live for you, and now I am dying—dying for you!"

"My glorious hero!" cries Pearl, the ring of passionate despair trembling in her sweet voice, "do not say it, do not think it. Live, Victor! you must live, you shall live, for your mother's sake, for poor Inez, for your own heart-broken, miserable Pearl."

"Ay, and will," he cries, and with a superhuman effort raises himself and lifts the arm that is not maimed and puts it up to her neck. With a sudden revulsion from agony to hope, she folds him close to her warm throbbing bosom, and kisses his hair, his brow, his lips passionately, as though she would fill him with the vigorous current of her warm life's blood.

"My darling," she cries, "Oh! say it again! You will live, live to forgive me, to bless your poor mother, live to be mine—mine."

"I will live to bless you, my beautiful Pearl, but as to forgiving you, sweetheart, what can there be to forgive? I have loved you, I love you now, and shall—and shall."

The words came slowly, brokenly. His life's blood and breath are both failing him.

"Pearl," he whispers, "my darling, kiss me." Then, more faintly still, "My proud love—my beautiful love—and shall—forever."

His hand holds hers closely, and his head falls heavily on her bosom.

Pearl's pride, her hero and her hope in life—are dead.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

The House met on Thursday, the 18th February, at 3 p.m. The first business disposed of was the election of a Speaker. Sir John A. Macdonald moved that the Hon. Joseph Goderic Blanchet, the member for Levis, take the chair in this capacity. Mr. Blanchet, he said, had had a long course of Parliamentary experience, and had presided for eight years as Speaker over the Legislature of his native province.

Hon. Mr. Tilley seconded the motion. Hon. Mr. Mackenzie expressed surprise at the nomination. The usual practice, he believed, was that the previous Speaker should be recalled until something should occur to make him retire from public life. He had certainly expected that Mr. Anglin would have been re-elected. He would, however, propose no amendment, feeling it his duty to afford the Speaker every support consistent with a due regard for Parliamentary proceedings.

Mr. Patrick, the clerk, then declared Mr. Blanchet duly elected.

The Speaker elect thanked the House for the honor conferred upon him, and stated that in presiding over the deliberations of this assembly he would act with the strictest impartiality, according to the laws of Parliament and the will of the House.

Sir John A. Macdonald added a few words of congratulation, and the House, on his motion, adjourned at 3.25.

The State Dinner at Rideau Hall in the evening was a very grand affair. Dinner was over at 9 o'clock, when the guests invited to Her Royal Highness "at home" arrived. The Princess wore a rich black satin dress, handsomely trimmed, with jet and fringe head-dress, ornaments, diamonds, Orders of Victoria and Albert, Indian and Cobourg. Lady Sophia McNamara wore a black *poult de soie* dress, handsomely trimmed with gauze, and head-dress of diamonds, and the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton also wore a black *poult de soie* dress, trimmed with *moiré* silk and jet.

Friday, February 14.—Parliament was opened to-day with the usual ceremonies, at 3 o'clock, this afternoon, and the scene in the Senate Chamber was a brilliant one. The crush was something fearful, and several ladies fainted.

The affair was the most brilliant ever seen within the walls of the Senate Chamber.

H. R. Highness Princess Louise occupied a seat on the dais, and was dressed in mourning, with diamond ornaments.

She was loudly cheered as she drove up to the buildings, and the Governor-General arrived shortly after.

The usual message was delivered by Black Rod, and the Commons proceeded to the Senate Chamber, where the customary speech from the Throne was delivered.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate:
Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In meeting the Parliament of Canada for the first time, I desire to express the gratification I feel at being selected by Her Majesty for the high and important office I now fill, and to assure you of the great satisfaction with which I now seek your aid and co-operation. In acknowledging with profound gratitude the reception which has been accorded to myself as Her Majesty's representative, I am also commanded by the Queen to convey through you to the people of Canada her thanks for the loyal, generous and kindly manner in which they have welcomed Her daughter.

CANADA AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The contribution of Canadian products and manufactures to the great national exhibition at Paris last year attracted much attention, and it is believed will have a beneficial effect on the trade of the Dominion with Europe. I congratulate you on the success which must in no small degree be attributable to the kind and unceasing exertions of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as President of the British section. The report of the Canadian Commissioners will be laid before you when received.

THE FISHERY AWARD.

I am pleased to inform you that the amount awarded for the fishery claims under the Washington Treaty has been paid by the United States, and that Her Majesty's Government has arranged with Canada and Newfoundland for their respective shares of the award. The papers on the subject shall be submitted to you.

THE CATTLE TRADE.

The important and rapidly increasing trade between Canada and England in live cattle has been seriously threatened by the appearance, in various parts of the United States, of pleuropneumonia. In order to prevent the contagion from spreading to Canada, and the consequent interruption of the trade, I have caused an order to be issued under "The Animal Contagious Diseases Act, 1869," prohibiting the importation or introduction into the Dominion of American cattle for a short period. It is hoped that the disease will be, ere long, extinguished in the United States, and the necessity for continuing the prohibition removed. Your attention will be invited to an amendment of the act I have just referred to.

TRADE WITH FRANCE AND SPAIN.

My Government has commenced negotiations with Her Majesty's sanction for the development of the trade of Canada with France and Spain, and with their respective colonies. I hope to be able to lay before you the result of these negotiations during the present session.

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

It is the purpose of my Government to press forth the most vigorous prosecution of the Canadian Pacific Railway and to meet the reasonable expectations of British Columbia. In carrying out this intention, due regard must be had to the financial position of the country. Communication by rail has been effected between Manitoba and the United States' system of railways, by the junction at St. Vincent of the Pembina branch of our railway with the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. That portion of the main line which extends from English River to Keewatin is now being placed under contract and will be energetically pushed to completion, in order to secure as rapidly as possible the connection between Lake Superior and the great North-west.

STAMPS, WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

A bill for the amendment and consolidation of the act relating to stamps shall be submitted for your consideration, as well as a measure amending the act relating to weights and measures.

THE CENSUS.

The decennial census must be taken in 1881. I think it expedient that a measure for the purpose should be passed during the present session, in order to give ample time for the preparation of all the preliminary arrangements, and to ensure the census being taken as accurately and inexpensively as possible. In connection with the subject it may be well to consider the propriety of providing some means for the collection and collation of vital, criminal and general statistics.

NEW MEASURES.

A bill will be laid before you for the re-arrangement of some of the departments of the Government, also measures relating to the survey and management of the Dominion lands, to the mounted police and to the post office department, and also for the amendment in some particulars of the laws relating to Indians.

ORDNANCE AND ADMIRALTY LANDS.

A measure will also be submitted to you for the vesting in Her Majesty for the use of the Dominion of certain ordnance and admiralty lands in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

THE ESTIMATES.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:
The estimates of the ensuing year will be laid before you at an early day. They have been

prepared with as much regard to economy, as is compatible with the efficiency of the public service.

THE DEFICIT.

I regret that the receipts into the Treasury from ordinary sources continue to be inadequate to meet the charges against the consolidated revenue. You will, I doubt not, agree with me in the opinion that it is not desirable that our finances should longer remain in this condition. By the application of the strictest economy to the public expenditure, and by the readjustment of the tariff, with the view of increasing the revenue, and at the same time of developing and encouraging the various industries of Canada, you will, I trust, be enabled to restore the equilibrium between revenue and expenditure, and to aid in removing the commercial and financial depression which unhappily continues to exist. I have directed that the public accounts of the past financial year shall be laid before you.

INSURANCE.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Parliament has recognized the importance of providing for the safe deposit of the surplus earnings of the people by arranging for their being placed with the Government at a fair rate of interest. It may be well for you to consider how far it is practicable to give a like security and encouragement to persons who may desire, by an insurance upon their lives, to make provision for those dependent upon them.

Your best attention will, I doubt not, be given to the important subjects I have alluded to, and to the general interests of the country.

On the return of the Commons to their Chamber,

Sir John A. Macdonald introduced a bill relative to the administration of the oaths of office.

Mr. Speaker said he had received several judgments in trials relative to certain elections. He laid upon the table the report of the Library of Parliament. He stated that he had asked that the ancient privileges of Parliament be granted to members, and His Excellency had graciously granted them.

Sir John A. Macdonald moved that the Speech from the Throne be taken into consideration on Monday next.

Carried.
Sir John A. Macdonald moved that a select committee be appointed to trike the Standing Committees.

The House adjourned.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TOM TAYLOR, who is one of the few English critics who dare speak freely of Henry Irving's faults, which, though few, are glaring, alludes to them as follows: "It can not be necessary that a man should go on with this heartless vivisection of lines and sentences, cutting off verbs from their nouns, substantives from their adjectives, antecedents from their relatives, and prepositions from the words they govern; that he should make 'God' rhyme to 'mad,' or 'ghost' to 'lost,' with a host of other tricks of pronunciation just as outrageous. It is with tricks of movement as of speech. Are there not drill sergeants and dancing masters for the one, as well as professors of phonetics for the other?"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

A CARD.

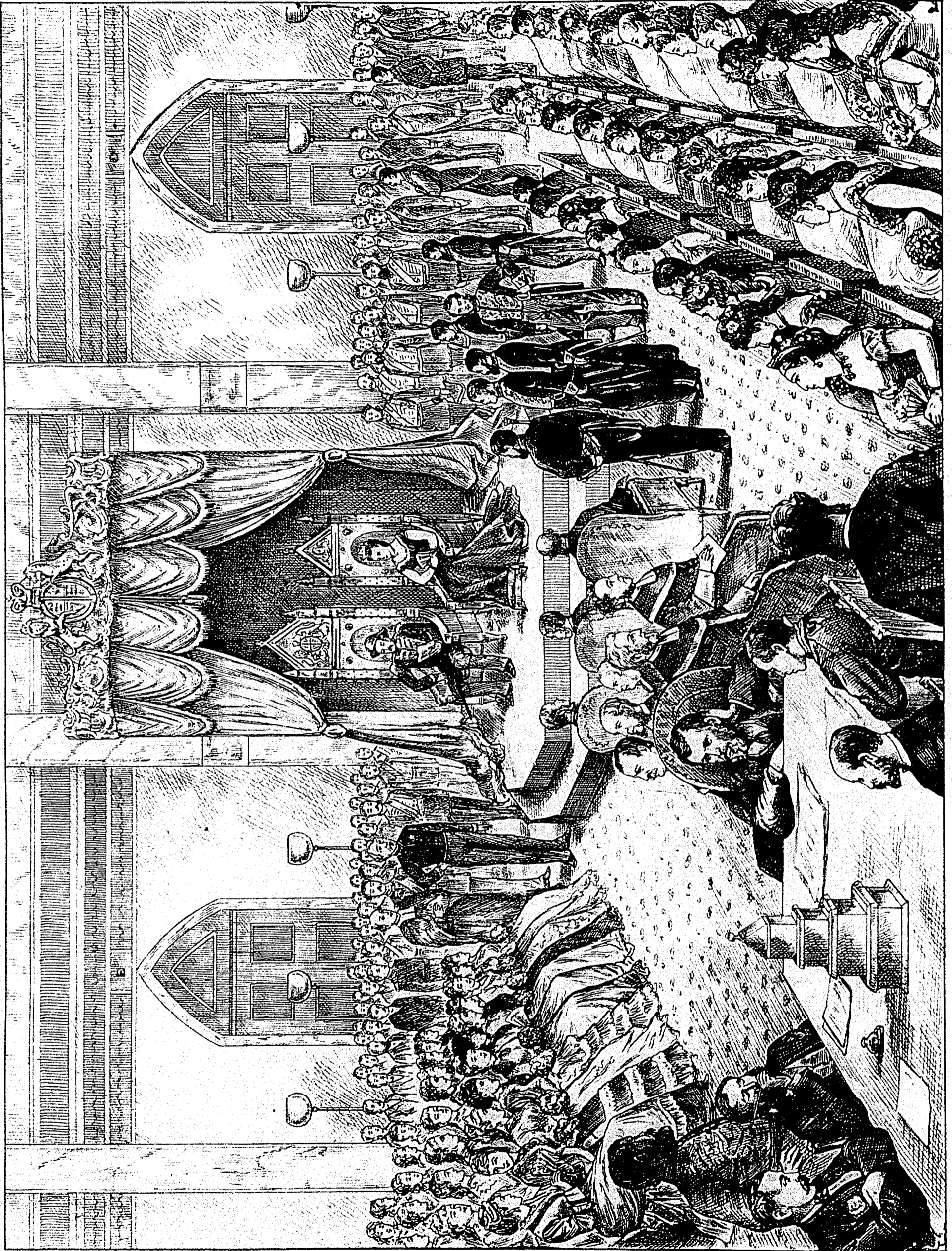
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN,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

NOTICE TO LADIES.

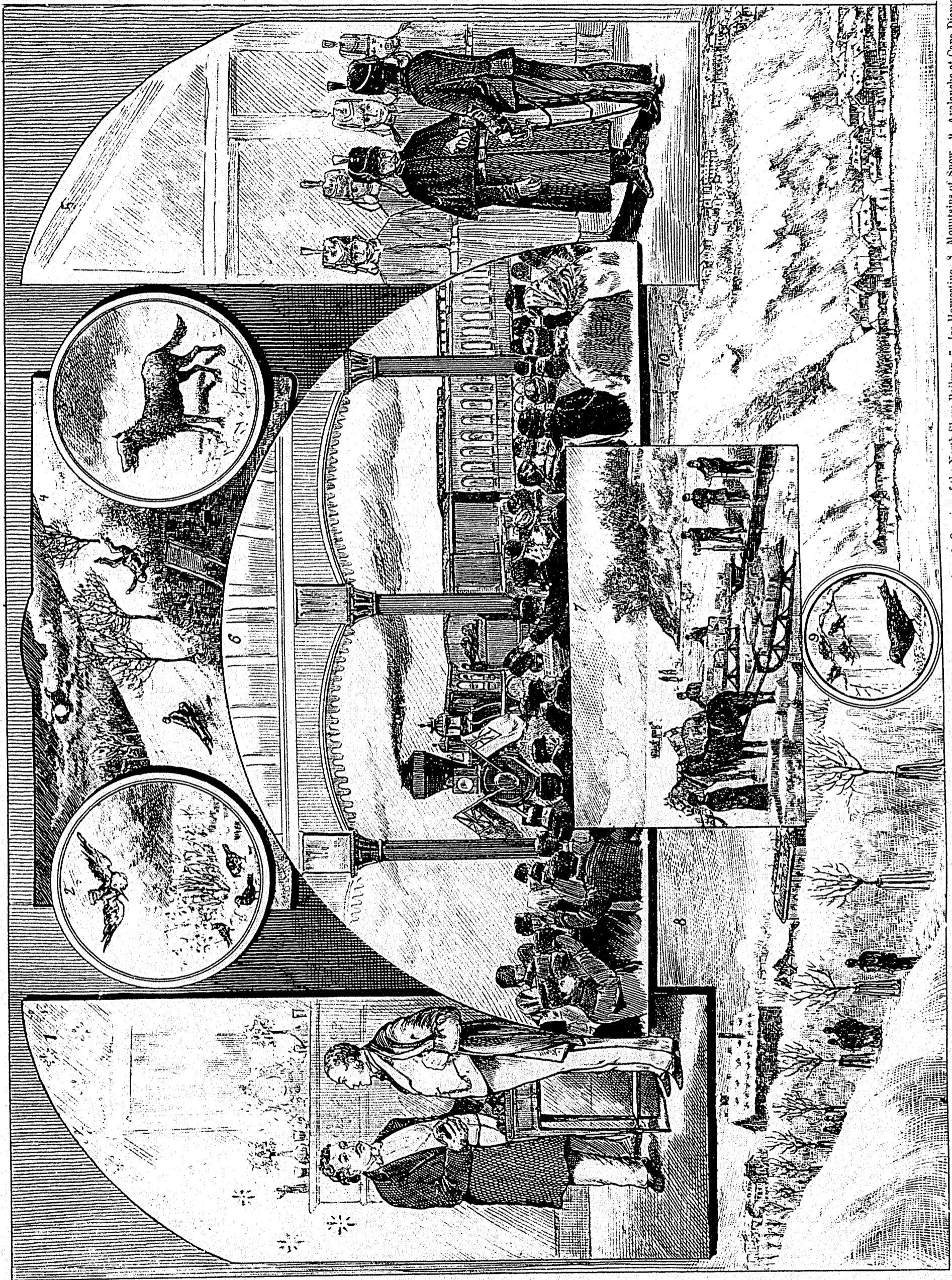
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed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

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 TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

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



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL READING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.



1. Silver Discovery near Ottawa. 2. The Northern Shrive. 3. The Sheep-Killer. 4. A Sliding Accident. 5. Montreal Field Battery Presentation. 6. Opening of the North Shore Railway. 7. Ice-Harvesting. 8. Mountains of Snow. 9. Avalanche at Cape Diamond.

PICTORIAL INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

CHAPTER XXX.

A HESITATING ANSWER.

Poor little Ned continued very, very ill. Some days there seemed to be reasons for hope, and some days hope seemed quite to pass away. Through all this dreary time Hayward acted as Hilda's faithful friend. He came daily, and brought whatever luxuries he thought the sick child could take, and he asked his employer, Newcome, to advance fifty pounds of his salary, as he wished to assist a sick friend. Newcome opened his sharp little brown eyes to their widest extent upon this request being made to him.

"Why, ye don't mean to say," he said, "that you are such a—" (he was going to say "fool," but stopped himself when he remembered Sir George Hamilton) "that you're such a soft one as that? To borrow money to help a friend?"

Hayward laughed.

"Yes, I am such a fool," he said, "so will you oblige me?"

Newcome made no objection to do this. He fancied some day or other, through Sir George's agency, that Hayward would become a great man, and he was anxious, therefore, to give him no offence. He also was undoubtedly pleased at the idea of the thrashing that his nephew, Mr. Joe, had received from Hayward's hands. He had many a secret grudge to repay this objectionable young man. He had even condescended to chaff Hayward on the subject, and had asked him if he had been horsewhipping any more young scamps lately.

So Hayward continued on good terms with his employer, and did not absolutely dislike his work. It was not degrading, at all events, for the worst written book he was ever called upon to read did not approach in vulgarity and lowness of thought such men as his uncle and cousin Moxam.

On the second or third day of little Ned's illness, he took Hilda the fifty pounds he had asked Newcome to advance, and placed the notes in her hand with a smile.

The girl burst into tears when she saw them.

"No, no, I cannot," she said; "not all these—I might ask Lady Hamilton for a little help—you too are poor."

"Yes," answered Hayward still smiling, "but not too poor to help a friend. We must try to pull little Ned through—and—you don't mind my saying this—but I wish you would not ask Lady Hamilton for anything."

Then Hilda dried her eyes, and held out her hand, which Hayward took.

"God will bless you," she said in a voice broken with emotion. "You have truly helped the fatherless and the poor."

Thus all anxiety about money was over for the present at least, but still little Ned got no better. Sometimes he lay in a stupor, and sometimes he raved and wandered, but it all ended in the same thing. It was a bad case, as the doctor had told Hilda from the first, and gradually Hilda almost ceased to hope.

One evening the end seemed very near. The child lay gasping, panting—struggling as it were with death. Hilda stood in tearless agony by the bed, holding up the little sufferer, and trying vainly to relieve him.

It was a pitious sight. By and by Hayward came quietly into the room, and stood also by the bed. He too thought the end was drawing near. Suddenly he went up to Hilda, and whispered:

"Hilda," he said, "would you like to see Jervis?" And he coloured like a girl when he asked the question.

Yet he felt that this young man might bring them some comfort. The very presence of his serene and perfect faith, which left all things so confidently in the hands of God, might, he thought, console Hilda in this trying hour, and thus he asked if he might bring his friend.

"Oh, yes," said Hilda, eagerly, "yes."

Anything—if they could but do anything! Mrs. Bargate, their landlady, had shaken her head and prophesied with the freedom of her class during the evening "that it was no good trying anything now." But it is hard, very hard to believe that we can do no more. So Hayward went for Horace Jervis, and half an hour later the young curate entered the room.

"He had a face like a benediction." Unconsciously, Hilda looked up for hope and comfort in the serene grey eyes that were bent so kindly upon her. And he had some to give. He had stood by sick-beds and death-beds so often, that he was familiar with the needs alike of the sorrowing and the dying. He could tell of the peace which the world giveth not, and cheer the startled summoned soul, with words of hope and pardon.

He knelt down by little Ned's bedside and prayed, but the child heeded him not. The fluttering spirit was dulled by the mysterious link that bound it to the stricken-fevered frame. And yet Hilda felt thankful that the curate had come.

"Will you come again?" she said, with

streaming eyes, before he left, and in his gentle, kindly way, Mr. Jervis promised to do so.

"But do not be afraid," he said. "You are not forsaken. God is keeping watch over the child."

How often Hilda thought of these words during the night! God was keeping watch over the child. Whether he lived or died he had still a father in heaven, and somehow this thought seemed to lighten the responsibility that had weighed on the poor girl's heart.

She told something of this to Hayward. "I have blamed myself," she said. "If I had married, little Ned might have been so differently brought up in every way. This is what my sister says. I thought only of myself."

"If you had married?" repeated Hayward, in surprise.

"Yes," answered Hilda, blushing. "I never told you, but Mr. Trevor asked me to be his wife before I left Sanda. This was why he would do nothing more for little Ned. I—I fear I was selfish."

"No," said Hayward, warmly, "you were a good and honest girl. Never marry a man you do not love; if you do you will be false to all that is true and noble in your heart."

Hilda blushed more deeply still at these words, and her head fell. Life seemed so difficult to her, and there were so many things hard to understand. This illness of little Ned's, for one thing. She had been doing her best. She had tried to be honest, and had preferred a life of toil, almost of penury, to taking a false oath, and swearing to love the old man who had asked her to marry him. And yet all this evil had come upon her, and the shadow of a great grief.

This did not lighten as days went on. Little Ned fought with death, and after a weary struggle the grim foe for a time seemed to leave the child, but the marks of that deadly fray remained. The strong, healthy, mischievous, merry little boy was gone. What Hilda had left was a pale, drooping child, almost dead, and with some other painful drags of the dangerous disorder through which he had passed.

He was now a constant cure. It took all Hilda's time to attend to his fretful wants, and to soothe and try to amuse the poor little fellow who such a short time ago had been so well and strong. Then grim care came to add to Hilda's troubles. Her late pupils declined to receive her after having scarlet fever in the house, and what was Hilda to do?

Horace Jervis and Hayward were more than good to her. The curate would never allow her to despond. He was greatly interested in her, and almost daily he came to see little Ned. The poor boy was threatened with hip disease, and Jervis took him to one of the most eminent surgeons in London, and spared no expense in endeavouring to restore his health.

All this threw the curate constantly with Hilda. Hayward had told him of her refusal of Mr. Trevor's offer, and the girl's sweet, unselfish, tender nature, her noble struggles for independence, and her patient endurance of poor little Ned's fretful complainings, when she was doing everything for his benefit, deeply touched, and finally won Horace Jervis' heart.

But he did not at first tell her so. Had he who lived not for earthly things any right to form new and tender ties? Would they bind him to life with too strong a bond, and make death—which he believed to be but the gate of heaven—seem dark to him, if it separated him from the woman he loved? Again and again he argued these questions. But at last the girl's care-burdened life decided him to speak, for one day Hilda with painful hesitation asked him if he would help her to gain some new occupation.

"My pupils have left me," she said. "Miss May, who was here yesterday, told me plainly that she dared not now recommend me, because if a child were to take scarlet fever a year hence, under the circumstance she would be blamed for it. Yet it is absolutely necessary that I should work. Do you think I could be a schoolmistress, and that you could get me into some parish school? I will do anything—I must do something. I might perhaps be a telegraph clerk?"

Then Horace Jervis after a moment's silence spoke.

"Will you be my wife, Hilda?" he said quite quietly. "I will take charge of the boy. Do you think you could learn to like me well enough to marry me?"

Could she learn to like him well enough to marry him? What made Hilda start when she heard these words, and a burning blush dye her face? Was it another face that rose before her? A clever, thoughtful face, that she had first seen in the little village church of Sanda-by-the-Sea? Yes, she was thinking of Philip Hayward. Of the man who did not love her, as she had so often told herself sadly enough, but whose image now came between her and another man. She had ordered herself not to love Hayward. He was her friend. She was bound to him by extraordinary bonds of gratitude, but this was all. Not until Horace Jervis said, "Will you be my wife?" did she admit to herself that Philip Hayward was anything more to her than this. Then, when she thought of marrying another man, she knew that she loved Hayward, and that the thought of anyone else bound to her in such close relationship would be hateful to her soul.

But on the other hand there was little Ned; and there was also the generous man, who in this hour of trial had asked her for her love.

"Well," said Jervis gently, almost tenderly,

looking at the girl's changing face, "do you think you could learn to love me?"

"You—you—are very good," faltered Hilda. "How good!" said Jervis. "Sometimes I have thought of late, do you know, Hilda, that it was not 'good,' or even right of me to seek your love. I feared the sweet tie might make life too pleasant to me, and perhaps interfere with what ought to be, and must continue to be, its most absorbing interest. But lately I have taken another view of this, and I pray God that it is a right one. For one thing there is the child to consider, for another, can we not be fellow workers? There are many cases of sin and sorrow where a good woman's voice and presence is more than a man's. If you will be my wife, we might help each other."

It was not a romantic wooing, was it? And yet Jervis' heart was beating with tender emotion, and he loved the girl he was asking to share his life. You see he esteemed this beyond everything. It was his Master's work. If Hilda would come and help him she too would enter that gracious service. It was thus he had argued when he decided to ask her to be his wife. But who knows? Perhaps the frail mortal deceived himself and clothed his own fond yearnings in words of seeming duty and reserve.

"May I think?" hesitated Hilda. "This is so sudden. Let me have time to think."

"Yes, certainly," answered Jervis. "Tell me to-morrow what you think. Be quite open with me, Hilda. Let me be your friend as well as your lover?"

"Yes," said Hilda, and she held out her hand, which the curate pressed, and then after a few more words he took his leave.

It was a momentous question that the poor girl was left to decide. Between a good man's love, a settled home and position in the world, and comforts and tender thought for the sick child in her care, and a vague, shadowy feeling—an unreturned love—for another man. Yet that vain shadow disturbed her. It made her shrink from the thought of what otherwise would have been sweet to her, and tremble at a prospect which might have seemed so fair and smooth.

But she was not left alone to make her decision. During the evening Miss May (who had been very kind in sending little Ned jellies and fruit during his illness) unexpectedly arrived. No sooner, then, did the old lady enter the room than she at once noticed Hilda's agitated and absent manner.

"Oh, my dear!" she said, fixing her sharp brown eyes on the girl's face, "surely no new misfortune has happened to you?"

"No," answered Hilda; and then, eager for a woman's counsel, she told her old schoolmistress of the curate's proposal.

As she finished her story, Miss May jumped up off her seat and kissed her.

"My dear!" she said, "I never was so pleased."

"But, Miss May, I don't know—" faltered Hilda. "I—I don't love Mr. Jervis."

"Then learn to do so, as fast as you can," answered the energetic old lady. "What! you don't mean to say you are hesitating? My dear, are you mad?"

"I hope not," said poor Hilda, trying to smile.

"You would be utterly so, stark mad, in fact," continued Miss May, "if you did not thankfully accept this young man's generous proposal. Why? do you know what you are? A girl without a sixpence. No particular beauty either, though you have an agreeable face; and then you do not forget the unfortunate child that you have the misfortune to have attached to you?"

"No, I don't forget poor little Ned," said Hilda, her eyes filling with tears. "Mr. Jervis mentioned him twice—he said he would take charge of the child."

"Then I can only say he's a man in a hundred, and you should thank God night and day, for having got him!" piously ejaculated Miss May. "My dear, offers of marriage are not plentiful for poor girls who have to work for their bread. I had one, and I may tell you, though I wasn't bad-looking, and was quite agreeable to be married, that I never had another."

"And you think—"

"I think—no, I don't think, I'm sure, that it's your duty gratefully to accept this proposal, and immediately begin to love Mr. Jervis with the greatest fervour. Ah, my dear, a good man to help and protect you through life doesn't fall to everyone's lot! You are a fortunate girl, and if you got to know this young clergyman through little Ned being expected to die, I can only say that it was very obliging of little Ned to appear to be so near his end."

"O Miss May!"

"I am quite in earnest, my dear. Bless me, what a lucky girl you have been! With your by no means remarkable looks, you might have faded and faded, and no man ever looked at you."

This strictly practical view of the case was not without its influence on Hilda. Another strong, practical argument, too, in favour of Jervis was the state of her purse. That "base coin dug from the bowels of the earth," has indeed a wonderful influence on our destinies. It is all very well for those who have never felt the want of it, to talk grandly and largely on the subject. But wait until the pinch of poverty comes, before which you can estimate money at its full value. Hilda had felt this

cold pinch. She had known what it was literally to want the means of existence. She had been forced—oh, cruel necessity!—to borrow; to accept the grudging dole which usually falls from the rich man's hand.

So, when Horace Jervis came for his answer the next day, she accepted him. Then the young curate took her in his arms and kissed her pale cheek.

"My dear, may God bless the new life on which we are about to enter," he said, solemnly. "May it be to His glory and honour."

Hilda trembled, and her heart was greatly troubled when she heard these words.

"I—I—fear I am not good enough for a clergyman's wife," she said, with much hesitation.

"None of us are 'good enough,' Hilda," answered the curate with a smile, "but we must try to make each other better."

"I will try," said Hilda, and she put her hand modestly into her betrothed's. She meant she would try to do her best, not to make Horace Jervis better, but to do her duty in the new life that she had now chosen.

"I wonder what Hayward will think of this?" presently said the curate. "Do you know, Hilda, I once thought that you and he were likely to marry each other, but when I hinted this to Philip he told me that it was not so—that in fact some unfortunate attachment had greatly embittered his life."

"Yes," answered Hilda, with changing colour, "he once cared for the most beautiful woman I ever saw—for Miss Trevor, now Lady Hamilton." "Poor Hayward!" said Jervis, kindly. "But in time I trust that he will get over it—in time I trust he will find a good and loving wife."

"Yes," said Hilda, and she sighed, and almost immediately afterwards changed the conversation.

But the day did not end until her interest was excited afresh in Hayward. The late evening post brought her a letter from him, the contents of which greatly surprised, and even alarmed her. They were as follows:

"My dear Hilda, excuse my not calling to see you before I leave town this evening, for I have spent such a busy, distressing day that I have not had time to do so. Sir George Hamilton called upon me last evening, and from circumstances which have occurred, urged me to return with him to Massam. Something very painful and tragic has happened there, but I have not time now to write the particulars to you. I write this note so that you may know where I am to be found, and if you want any money or anything else that I can possibly do for you, please let me know, addressing your letter 'Care of Sir G. Hamilton, Massam Park.' I will write you further particulars when I reach Yorkshire, and I remain, dear Hilda,

"Yours, very truly,
"PHILIP HAYWARD."

"P.S.—Tell little Ned, with my love, that if I remain in the country—of which there appears to be a probability—that he must come and stay with me, and that I will get him a pony."
"P.H."

Never before had Hilda received a letter which had so completely puzzled her. Hayward had never even hinted at the possibility that some day he might return to Massam. Then what could have occurred there that was at once tragic and painful? Hilda tried in vain to answer this question, but she felt uneasy and disturbed. Why had Hayward gone back to Massam? Why had he once more approached the fatal beauty that had so nearly destroyed his life?

CHAPTER XXXI.

CLOSE ON LIFE'S TREAD STEALS DEATH.

To answer these questions, and to explain Hayward's letter to Hilda, we must go back two days. Two days, then, before the evening on which she received it—received the letter that caused her such anxiety and pain—the hounds had met at Massam Park. It was a favourable morning, and a great gathering of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood had assembled there. Isabel was now in the zenith of her popularity, and was almost universally considered the most beautiful woman in Yorkshire. Men raved about her charms, and even women as a rule admitted them. But she was a greater favourite with gentlemen than with ladies. This, perhaps, was only natural. The careless, even slightly defiant manner that she often indulged in was more likely to fascinate men than matrons, and there were faint whispers too (not exactly scandals) that she was indiscreet in her friendships, and that Mr. Hamway, Sir George's lawyer, was more frequently at the Park than there was any necessity for.

But this did not affect her position. Sir George's great wealth and her own beauty had fully secured this, and Lady Hamilton of Massam was courted and admired wherever she condescended to appear.

The morning on which the hounds met at the Park, she had felt very triumphant. She went out on the terrace after the breakfast was over, and stood there talking to the red-coated men, while some of the favourite hounds also gathered around her. Always gorgeous in her dress and surroundings, she wore this morning a costume of dark green velvet and sable, and as she stood with the sun shining on her golden hair and wonderfully perfect features, she was conscious that every man present was admiring her.

Prominent in the group near her was her old acquaintance, the handsome guardsman, Captain

Warrington. Isabel was jesting and coquetting with him, as was her wont, but Captain Warrington was by no means as devoted as several other of her admirers were supposed to be. There was a certain Lord George Ker there also, who raved about her, and was ready to do any mad thing for her sake. But Isabel in consequence cared very little about Lord George. Captain Hugh Warrington, on the contrary, was perfectly cool, and apparently unmoved by the beauty before him. He smiled and chatted, and looked as he ever did, remarkably handsome, but that was all. Yet jealous eyes were fixed upon him. There was a cloud on Mr. Hannaway's brow as he hovered near Isabel, and saw that she lavished most of her looks and smiles on the favoured guardsman. Yet he lingered on the terrace after the other men had mounted, and, approaching Isabel, said a few words in a low tone.

"So you have not even one smile for me this morning?" and the man's voice trembled as he spoke.

"Yes! he was in earnest. She had wiled his heart away, as she had wiled Hayward's, as she had wiled Sir George's, and now she was ready to laugh at the once astute lawyer, who had laughed and scoffed in his day also at the very feelings to which now he had fallen a victim.

"And what would you do with a smile, even if I were to give you one?" answered Isabel, jestingly.

"You know how much I would treasure it," said Mr. Hannaway, almost passionately; and then after a few more such words he turned away.

Isabel looked after him for a moment, but presently returned to the house, singing a few lines of the chorus of a hunting song as she did so. She was not allowed to hunt just then, but the excitement of the sport had great charms for her, and she was a fearless rider. She was not thinking of Mr. Hannaway, however, as she went in, nor yet of Sir George. She was thinking of Captain Hugh Warrington, and wondering if he would ever learn to like anyone better than himself. This was his attraction to her vain heart. She could not apparently make him miserable, and so she was absolutely beginning to imagine herself sometimes miserable about him.

She loitered through the next two hours in her usual frivolous manner. It chanced that she had no visitors staying in the house that morning, and she therefore spent it principally in her dressing-room, planning new costumes with her maid. About one o'clock, however, she was startled by Sir George coming hastily into the room, looking very pale and shocked.

"I have come to tell you something very painful, Isabel," he said kindly, going up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder. And then as Isabel looked up inquiringly in his face, he added, "There has been a sad accident on the hunting field, and poor Hannaway has had a terrible fall."

"Mr. Hannaway?" echoed Isabel, and for a moment her blooming face grew pale.

"Yes, he is insensible, poor fellow," continued Sir George, "his horse rolled over him, and I fear he is badly hurt. They are carrying him here, but I hurried on to tell you—for I was afraid, my dear Isabel, that the sudden shock might do you harm."

"You are very kind," said Isabel, slowly. Then she asked, "Do you think he will die?"

"I don't like his looks," answered Sir George, and Isabel's brows contracted, and an expression of anxiety stole over her face as she heard the words.

A minute or two later they heard a strange stir in the hall below, and Sir George, after listening for a moment, left Isabel, telling her, however, that he would return almost immediately. But Isabel was in no mood to wait. Scarcely had Sir George left her than she too passed swiftly out of the room and went to a corridor which looked straight down upon the hall.

She saw there a mournful sight. On the inlaid marble pavement lay a figure, motionless, ghastly. She could see the white face, too—the changed white face, which but two hours ago had been so full of life and love! By the side of this prostrate figure a surgeon was kneeling, and endeavouring to pour something between the set teeth. But as Sir George approached the surgeon looked up and shook his head.

"Is he worse?" asked Sir George, bending eagerly down, after pushing his way through the little group of gentlemen and servants collected in the hall.

Then the surgeon opened the prostrate man's waistcoat, and laid his ear down upon his body.

He did this for a few moments, and then again looked up and once more shook his head.

"It is all over," he said, addressing Sir George. "The heart's action has stopped. Mr. Hannaway is dead." And he arose to his feet after having pronounced this verdict.

"My God! you do not say so!" exclaimed Sir George, and he too proceeded to examine the dead man.

But it was all over as the doctor had said. The vain, clever, worldly heart had ceased to beat, and with an anxious frown upon his face Sir George rose, after he had satisfied himself that this actually was the case.

"Carry him to a bedroom," he said, and as the servants obeyed him, he followed the sad procession, and when the men laid Mr. Hannaway's body on a bed he sharply and peremptorily desired every one present to quit the room.

to search the dead man's pockets. He did this carefully, though his bitten lips and clammy brow showed his shrinking aversion to the task. But he was looking for the dead man's keys which locked away some of Sir George's own secrets, and he wished no prying eyes to see that he was doing this. Presently he came on what he wanted, and on some letters. These he took, and the keys, and then with a shuddering glance at the white face and fixed half-open eyes he left the room, which was presently entered by the usual weird attendants of the dead.

Without a word to anyone in the house, Sir George then went straight by a private way to the stables, and ordered a horse to be saddled. Isabel had seen the servants carry Mr. Hannaway's body upstairs, and she had seen Sir George follow the body. She felt nervous and alarmed and uncertain how to act. Mr. Hannaway had secrets of hers also, and she began to be full of fear that his sudden death might bring these to light. Yet what could she do? She presently went down into the small dining-room, where lunch was laid, and glanced anxiously around the shocked faces of the group of gentlemen who were standing by the fire discussing the accident, to see if Sir George was amongst them, but she saw that he was not.

Lord George Ker approached her with a few commiserating and feeling words.

"This is a terrible thing, Lady Hamilton," he said.

"Most terrible," answered Isabel, wondering all the while where Sir George could be.

Sir George was riding at that moment as fast as his horse could carry him to Combe Lodge, where Mr. Hannaway had lived. He wished to get there before the lawyer's death was known to his household; before anyone could take possession of the dead man's effects.

He succeeded in this. The neat, well-kept place, with a gardener mowing with a machine the trim lawn in the front of the house, looked quite undisturbed as he approached it. No evidence of the news of sudden death was here. The man who was mowing glanced up and touched his hat as Sir George rode past him, but that was all. Sir George knew from this that he was in time. He beckoned to the gardener, therefore, to hold his horse, and having dismounted rang the house door-bell, which was answered by a page-boy.

"I wish to look at some papers in Mr. Hannaway's library," said Sir George, and without hesitation the youth admitted him, for of course Sir George was known to all the members of Mr. Hannaway's household.

Then Sir George went into the library, in which a good fire was burning (for the late owner loved comfort well), and having got there his first action was to turn the key in the door. Secure thus from interruption, he proceeded with the dead man's keys to open his secretaire, and after glancing at its contents he next opened an iron safe which stood beside it.

Here were kept Mr. Hannaway's most private papers. Pockets of letters, neatly tied together and endorsed, now met Sir George's view, and with trembling hand he quickly drew out one on which was written *to Isabel's letters from Sir George Hamilton, from Spain*; and to each was added the date on which it had been received. Other documents were enclosed in this packet also; documents concerning certain sums of money settled on a Dona Catalina Mendoza, and on a child. There was another packet, too, lying near this one in the safe. Receipts in Spanish from Padre Fernandez, of Seville, for sums of money received up to a very late date. All these papers were methodically arranged and docketed, and as Sir George lifted out of the safe the receipts of the Padre, his eyes suddenly fell on another packet of letters lying near also.

This was endorsed "Letters from Lady Hamilton," and was secured, not like the others with an elastic strap, but was tied together by a narrow blue ribbon.

Sir George glanced at this packet for a moment in surprise, and then frowned. Then he looked at the address of one of the letters, and recognized Isabel's clear handwriting, and his breath came short and his brow darkened as he did so. Next he opened this letter, and an exclamation of rage and shame broke from his lips as he read the words it contained.

It was the first letter that Isabel had written to the lawyer; the letter which she had written when she had pruned to Massam as a bride, and in which she had asked Mr. Hannaway to ride over to renew the conversation about her father's proposed marriage with Lucinda Featherstone.

These were the words that Sir George now read: the brief words that his bride of a few weeks had written to another man:

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

"Yours truly,
"L. HAMILTON."

Was this real? Was this true? Sir George could scarcely believe his dazed and dazzled eyesight, before which the clearly-written lines seemed to dance and whirl!

But too convincing evidence lay close at hand. This was but one letter, and there were many others. Letters which disclosed the whole plot about the anonymous letter to Mr. Trevor; letters which grew more and more confidential as time went on, and in which she constantly alluded to himself in semi-contemptuous terms: "Sir George looks a little more solemn than usual this morning; Sir George has gone up to

town for a day, and I must say that the house feels more lively in consequence;" and so on. In such terms had Isabel written to Mr. Hannaway of her husband, and now, pale—almost ghastly—her husband stood reading the condemning words.

A curse broke from his white lips as he went on; a curse, and a cry of bitter, bitter agony. "This was the woman he had passionately loved—this! What! she had lied, then, from the beginning! She had cheated him when she seemed most fond—and now—and now!"

Oh, what bitter, miserable thoughts rushed through Sir George's brain during the next half hour. Old memories; ill deeds of his own that he had tried to forget, and wrongs wrought on an innocent being for the sake of the false, fair woman who had betrayed him—all rose before him revengefully then.

And what must he do? Go to her—show her these vile letters—strike her dead!

"O, God! O, God!" groaned Sir George, as the last thought occurred to him, and he buried his face in his hands.

Of what was he thinking? Of a blow which he had once given in his passion, long ago, and the consequences of which had ever since haunted his life with remorse and shame. No, he must not go near her. He dare not trust his outraged, maddened heart. The woman that he had loved—the woman soon to be the mother of his child—and he must meet no more.

"I dare not see her," he thought. "I dare not look again on the false, fair face that has fooled my soul so long."

So he made up his mind to go away. He took the letters that he had written long ago to Mr. Hannaway, from Spain; the letters from the Padre in Seville, and all documents connected with this affair. He took, too, the letters that had stabbed his heart with so terrible and treacherous a blow. Then he locked the iron safe that had given up its dark secrets, and the secretaire also, in which some of the dead man's own secret doings lay hidden from the light.

But Sir George meddled not with these. What was it to him if Mr. Hannaway had deceived other women and lied to other men? He was not thinking of Hannaway. In his heart he knew that this man had probably been a victim like the rest—"like Hayward"—thought Sir George—"the young man who saved my miserable life."

Then he thought again of Hayward. He knew that he was honourable and trustworthy, and he wanted some one now in whom he could trust. There were things that must be done. Some one must take Hannaway's place and arrange Hannaway's affairs, and see after matters that Sir George had trusted to the late lawyer's hands. So Sir George decided to go to Hayward. But before he went he must write a few lines to the woman who had so shamefully deceived him; to the woman whom he still must call his wife.

He wrote these in Mr. Hannaway's library, or rather in the room that had been Mr. Hannaway's. Only a few cold words:—

"It is necessary that I should go to town to-day. I will write to you to-morrow."

This was all. No token of the relationship between them; no token of the love that Isabel had trifled with and flung away. Then he directed his letter, and entrusted it to the gardener, whom he found when he went outside still holding his horse.

"Take this to Massam," he said, placing the letter and a gratuity in the gardener's hand. "Ask for Roberts, the butler, and desire him from me to give it to Lady Hamilton at once." And the man touched his hat, and held Sir George's horse while he mounted, thinking all the while how strange it was, that the owner of such wealth should look so dark and sad.

Sir George rode from Combe Lodge straight to the nearest railway station. A train for the South passed in half an hour, and in half an hour Sir George was on his road to London. He arrived there in the evening, and then drove direct to Hayward's lodgings. Imagine the young man's shock, his shame and pain, when he heard Sir George's story. He, too, had loved—had loved most deeply, this beautiful woman without honour. It seemed a shame and a disgrace even to him as he listened to Sir George's burning words of indignation; to him that he had wasted so much on so vile a thing.

Sir George left Isabel's letters with Hayward when he went away.

"Read them all," he said, "I cannot, and then judge between us. If you believe she has done me the worst wrong a woman can do her husband, she shall leave my roof. But if you think—and her nature is so vain, and her heart so cold, that it is probable—that she has but trifled with the affections of the unfortunate man who died to-day, as she trifled with yours, then, for the sake of the child that is to be born, I will bring no public disgrace upon her. But from this day," continued Sir George darkly, "she is no wife of mine. But what will she care?" he added with extreme bitterness. "She is Lady Hamilton. If she retains her position and her name, she retains all for which she married me. Well was it for you, Hayward, that you were a poor man! Had you been a rich one, you would have been the chosen husband of her love!"

With a harsh and grating laugh Sir George turned away and left Hayward after uttering these words—left Hayward to read the letters, and to sit in judgment on the woman whom he had once so passionately loved.

(To be continued.)

A SOCIABLE!

They carried pie to the parson's house,
And scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthy cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck
Their apple parings for sport,
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout
Spilled his tea in the pianoforte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees
With his wife—but not to pray;
Oh, no—twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away!

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHEN a man has no mind of his own, his wife generally gives him a piece of hers.

It takes a good deal of grief to kill a woman just after she has got a new seal-skin sacque.

THERE are two periods in a woman's life when she does not like to talk. When one is we never knew, and the other we have forgotten.

WHAT the country needs now among women is not so much a hand that can bring ravishing strains from a grand piano, as one that can spank a baby *con expression*.

"Your late husband, madam," began her lawyer.—"Yes, I know he was always late out o' nights, but now that he's dead don't let us upbraid him," said his charitable widow.

A South Lincoln (Me.) couple were so anxious to get married the other day that they started for the minister's in a furious storm, with two men in advance of the sleigh to shovel the way.

TONGUE cannot tell the words or express the astonishment of the crippled soldier in Connecticut who awoke to find his wife was using his wooden leg to pound the beefsteak for breakfast.

"Why, are you looking at me so intently, Alice?" said Theodore. "I was gazing at vacancy," replied Alice, demurely; and yet there was a twinkle about her mouth that showed her appraisalment of the young man.

SOME men are endowed with the clinging nature of cobwebs, and like them are continually hanging around the house until cleared out by the end of a well-balanced broom, with an industrious female at the other end.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a young woman in a fur-lined silk cloak to walk along without letting it flap open just a little, to show that the fur is more than mere border.

THERE are some scenes almost too pure and sacred to be viewed by the thoughtless world. One of them is a 200 pound woman, with a mole on her chin "talking baby" to an ounce and a half canary bird in a brass cage.

It has been suggested that the Young Ladies' Cooking Club of this city adopt the name of "Belles of the Kitchen." And, by the way, it is related of one of them that she recently asked, "Where is the kitchen, mother, anyway?"

THE day before a Turkish girl is married she is taken to the bath by her lady friends and lumps of sugar are broken over her head as a forecast of the sweets of matrimony. A year or so afterwards her husband breaks the whole sugar-bowl over her head.

THE proudest moment of a mother's life is just after she has trimmed the hair of her young hopeful, using the edge of a bowl to guide the shears evenly around his intellectual forehead. 'Tis then she gazes on him with the fondest maternal hopes, and sees the future congressman standing out in bold relief.

THERE is one woman in Maine who has lived a good deal in a year. This is her story. "She lives in Fairfield, is 40 years of age, and is the mother of seventeen children. Inside of a year she gave birth to two at different times, married off two and lost three by death. One of the two married sons lost his wife and was re-married within the same year."

A YOUNG lady, after passing the Cambridge local examination, suddenly broke off her engagement with her sweetheart. A friend expostulated with her, but she replied, "I must merely say that his views on the theosophic doctrine of cosmogony are loose, and you must at once understand how impossible it is for any true woman to risk her happiness with such a person."

AND still the missionary cause waxes stronger. New Bedford has a clever young lady worth a million dollars, and "of a rather pious turn of mind," who made up her mind she would be a missionary. Could anything be more beautiful? The church accepted her services, and when asked what field of labour she had in view, she pensively looked down at her lavender kid gloves, and replied, "I think I will go to Paris."

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



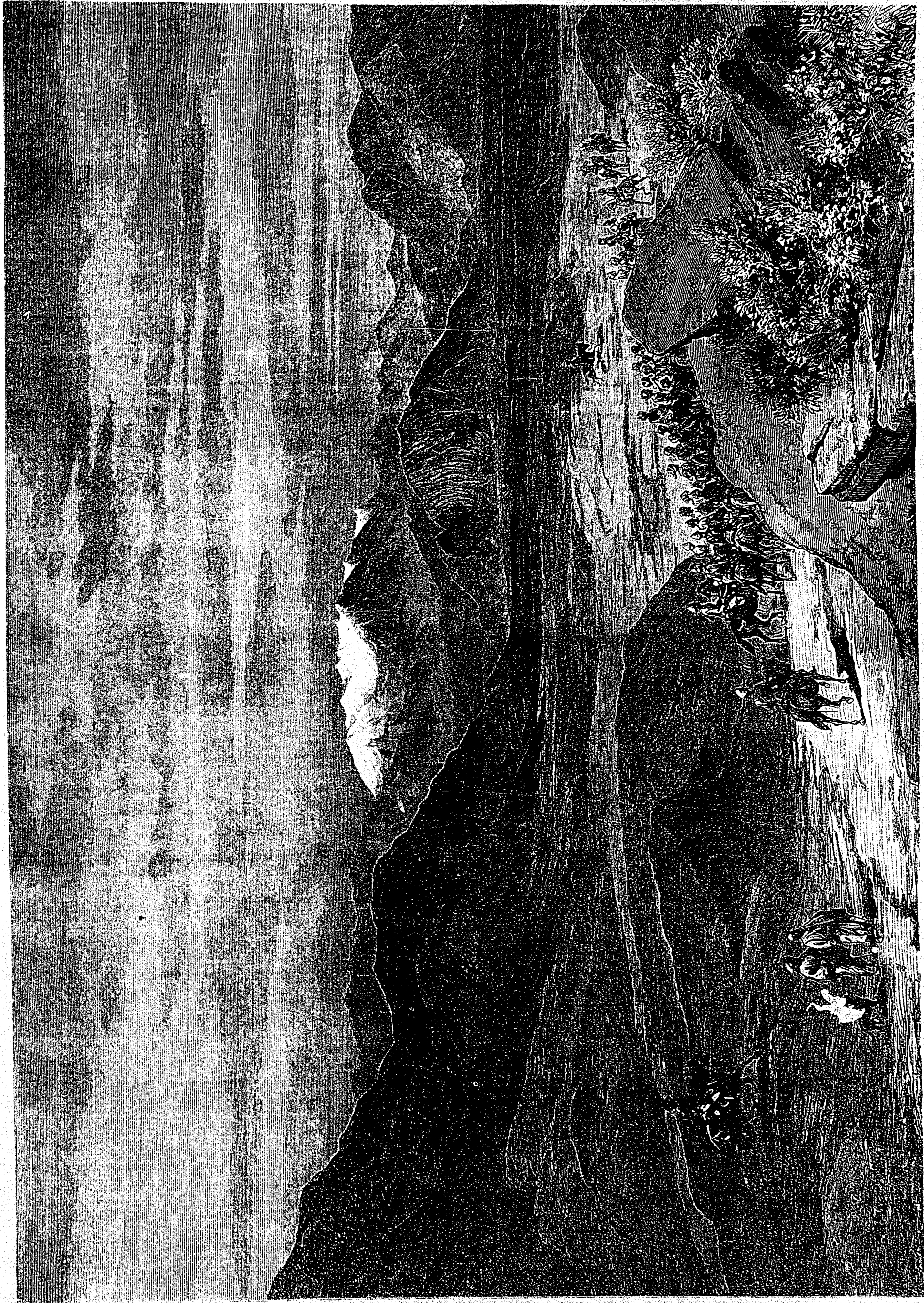
THE LATE AMERICAN POET RICHARD H. DANA.



THE LATE MARSHAL ESPARTERO.



THE EXECUTION OF MONCASI, WHO ATTEMPTED THE LIFE OF THE KING OF SPAIN.



THE KHOORD KHIVBER, WITH SAFED KOH IN THE DISTANCE.

THE MONTREAL SNOW SHOE CLUB.

5TH FEBRUARY 1859—TWENTY YEARS AFTER—A WICKED STORM—ANNALS OF THE CLUB—THE NEW ROCKAWAY.

On the 5th of February, 1859, a number of the members of the celebrated "Tuque Bleue Club" went to St. Hilaire at the invitation of Mr. Comte, the then proprietor of what is now termed the Iroquois House.

The former race we will give an account of as it has been narrated to us by some of those who were present or took part in both races; the latter we are happy to be able to describe from personal experience.

Among those who ran or were present in 1859 were Messrs. Romeo Stepiens, Col. Ernauting, G. Lamothe, our present postmaster, Arthur Lamothe, his brother, Col. de Salaberry, the "evening" N. Hughes, W. H. Rintoul, Thos. Cross, Thos. Coffin, Dr. McCard, brother of David McCard, Esq., Dowd, Samuel Macaulay and others.

The present members of the Club are "chips of the old blocks" and all things considered, they accomplished on the 25th ult. a greater feat than the "oldsters," if we may call them so.

Without further ado, let us plunge *à medias*. In town, heavy snow has been falling for two days, and the snow and ice as to the race coming off at all are freely discussed, but as Mr. Angus Grant, the President, tells Mr. Campbell on arriving at St. Hilaire Station, "If it had been ten times worse we would have come, for when the Tuque Bleue boys undertake a thing they always carry it out."

Bravo! But we are anticipating. At last all are at the Station; friends come to see the boys off and kindly prophesy that they will be buried in the snow, that the train will be stuck for a week, but that they will come and dig them out and so forth.

All aboard! The panes are frozen and nothing can be seen of the country through which we are passing and yet we console ourselves with the thought that "things" will look better in the country. "Things" is a very vague word, yet it is a straw to catch at.

Groups are formed, snow shoes spread out on our knees and quiet little rubbers are indulged in, i. e. as quiet as they can be whilst a dozen good voices are going through a whole repertoire of comic songs.

That pest of railroad carriages, the orange-peanut-pize-package-cheap literature-boy is unheeded; he has soon to beat a hasty retreat. Then begin discussions about the probable winners of the race; Starke of course is the favourite; then the eternal "dark horse" is spoken of.

All goes on merrily till St. Bruno, where there is a stoppage and for a time the prophecies of our kind town friends seem likely to be verified. Let us look out on the plain; it is a sight never to be forgotten.

"turned turtle;" Major MacDougall's head appears sticking out through the window. The boys pass us and we see no more of the race. Suffice it to say that after a few more spills we reach the Iroquois House, and there we get all matter of valuable information.

A publication that will interest the members of the Club and more especially their lady friends, is the new rockaway just brought out by that enterprising publisher Mr. Prince.

The Treasurer of the Montreal Snow Shoe Club is about to put forth a neat little volume containing the history of the Club from its inception down to the present day.

VARIETIES.

AN INSPIRED ORATOR.—On a certain occasion S. S. Prentiss visited Boston and addressed its citizens in Faneuil Hall. A gentleman who heard him, then a venerable judge, told this anecdote, which illustrates the orator's power.

A JOURNALIST.—Picture yourselves seated at your desk from seven till long after midnight every evening, lumps of ice and wet towels on your head.

COMMON SENSE.—If only this much-talked-of and to-be-praised gift could but be widely diffused among us, how vastly different would be our lives, and how much less conventional we should become!

courage to take from its hiding-place the common sense with which we are more or less provided, to cultivate it by constant use, and to act solely on its dictates, what a very different world this would speedily become!

RICHNESS BOTH WAYS.—He had been sitting still so long that the mother expected to find him asleep, when she looked around and asked, "Well, Harry, what are you thinking of?"

RED-HEADED GIRLS.—An exchange pauses to remark between items: "Why there should be a prejudice against red-headed girls, is not wholly apparent; but there is no want of evidence that there is such a prejudice.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TELEGRAPH MATCH.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

The Ottawa Club, we are informed, has been recently reorganized, and is at present in a flourishing condition.

We are informed that a game of chess, with living chessmen in costume, will shortly be played in Holyoke, Mass.

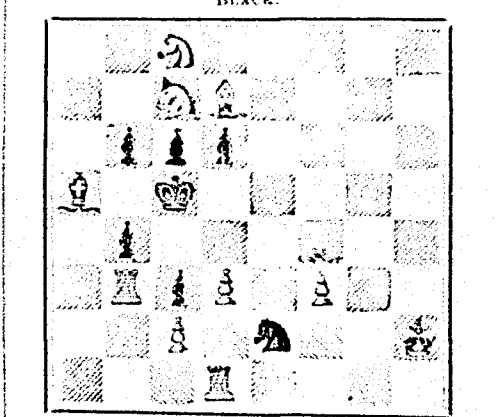
A contest of an unusually interesting character has been commenced between two members of the College Chess Club, viz. the Misses F. and H. Down.

A game of chess was played January 21st, by telegraph, between the Chess Clubs of Bradford and Woodstock.

The Rev. A. Cyril Peatson announces that towards the end of January he will publish a book containing 100 of his problems.

PROBLEM No. 217.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 307th.

OTTAWA vs. TORONTO.

- 1. P to K 4. 1. P to K 4.
2. P to K B 4. 2. P takes P.
3. K Kt to B 3. 3. P to K R 4.
4. P to K R 4. 4. P to K R 5.
5. Kt to K 5. 5. P to K R 4.
6. B to Q B 4. 6. Kt to K R 3.
7. P to Q 1. 7. P to Q 2.
8. Q takes P. 8. Q Kt to B 3.
9. P to Q B 3. 9. Q Kt to B 4.
10. B to Q 3. 10. P to K R 3.
11. P to K 5. 11. P takes Kt.
12. P takes Kt P. 12. Kt to K B 2.
13. P to Kt 6. 13. Kt to K R 4.
14. Q to K 2. 14. Q to K 2.
15. Castle (e). 15. B to K 3 (d).
16. P takes Q P. 16. P takes P.
17. B takes Kt. 17. P takes B.
18. Q takes B (e). 18. Q to K 2.
19. Q takes Q (e). 19. B takes Q.
20. P to Q 5 (e). 20. Q R to B sq.
21. Kt to Q 2. 21. P to Q Kt 3.
22. R to K B 7. 22. Kt to K 2.
23. B to Q Kt 5 (e). 23. Kt to Q 4.
24. Q to K B sq. 24. Kt to Q B 4.
25. P to K Kt 7. 25. R to K R sq.
26. Q R to K B 5. 26. P to K R 3.
27. B to Q B 6. 27. Kt to Q 2.
28. R takes R P. 28. Kt to B 3.
29. R to R 8. 29. P to Q R 4 (f).
30. R takes Kt (e). 30. K to Q B 2.
31. R takes B. 31. R takes R.
32. R to B 7. 32. Resigns.

(a) P to R 3 is considered by the authorities as the best move at this point.
(b) The right move, and the one that controls nearly the whole of the rest of the game.
(c) The position now is very interesting.
(d) A weak move on the part of Black, of which his opponent immediately takes advantage very effectively.
(e) A very useful move, as the position of Black's Knight will easily demonstrate.
(f) Black here has hardly any better move.
(g) And the struggle is over. The attack from the beginning has been vigorously maintained by White.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY. GAME 307th. An International Tourney game between the Rev. J. T. C. Chatto, Cambridge, England, and Mr. F. E. Brunsfinger, of New York.

(From the Nottingham Express.)

WHITE.—(Breuzinger.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to KB3 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q B 3 The safest and best defence. 5. P to Q 4 6. P to Q Kt 4 7. P to R 5

Although it is very desirable to unite the centre pawns, we consider Kt takes P the better move here. Black's K Kt is too well posted to be treated lightly, and the suggested play not only can quickly force its retreat, but gives White a very good position.

10. B takes Kt 11. P to Q R 4 12. Castles 13. R to R 3 14. Kt to B 3

The game has thus far been well opened by White, but this move betrays want of caution. We think Black's Bishop should at this stage be prevented coming to K Kt 5, and P to K R 3 is here almost absolutely necessary.

15. Kt to K 2 16. B to Kt 2 17. Kt takes P 18. Q takes B 19. R to Q Kt 3

We do not like this move. True, Black has doubtless the best of it, but White as his only chance, should try to get up a counter-attack, R to K R 3 we think superior. Black would then scarcely venture on the capture of White's Q Kt P, &c.

20. P to Q R 5 21. R to K R 3 22. Q to K Kt 4 23. B to Q R 3 24. Kt to K B 3

And White wins the exchange against two Pawns.

25. P to R 5 26. P to Kt 5 27. Q to Kt 4 28. B to R 2 29. Q to Q 7 30. Kt to Q B 4

Again well played.

This looks like a perfect setting. Black throughout has played with consummate skill, and the finishing moves cannot be surpassed, and are highly instructive.

25. Resigns

If White moves Queen, or P takes Kt, Black takes K B P with Q (ch), and mates in three moves.

Mr. Chitto here remarks that his opponent might have tried the effect of B to B 3, before resigning. This is perfectly true, and sound judgment; Black, however, could not fail in ultimately winning, even by the following simple way, &c.

25. B to B 3 26. R takes Q 27. P takes R

With two pawns for the Rook, a Pawn ahead, and a winning position.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 211.

WHITE. 1. Kt to K Kt 2. Mates next.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 259.

WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 4 2. Kt to Q 6 takes Q Kt P 3. P to Q B 4 mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 210.

WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 7 2. R to K 2 3. R to Q 6 4. Kt to Q 5 5. Pawns at K B 3 and Q Kt 3

White to play and mate in two moves.

Mr. H. M. STANLEY has withdrawn from the proposed scheme for opening Africa to commercial enterprise and the final extinction of the slave trade. He states that, inasmuch as his health is now completely restored, and finding an unfriendly feeling towards him by certain gentlemen in Manchester, he at the beginning of the year committed himself to another undertaking.

The long-talked of temperance hotel for the metropolis is at last to be proceeded with. The contracts have been signed, and the other arrangements completed. The building will cost over £11,000, of which nearly £10,000 has been subscribed. The promoters are so consistently temperance men that the architect and contractors chosen are one and all total abstainers.

The proposal to give "certificates of posting" to the senders of letters who wish to have some evidence to show that they have entrusted their letters to the custody of the post-office—a plan which has long had some strenuous advocates—it appears, has been already tried for a short time in Liverpool and some other great towns; but, according to the Postmaster-General, the results of the experiment have not been satisfactory.

Among the latest wonders talked about is the Notenspiel, which, though to the eye a toy, is guaranteed to teach a child to sing and play at sight. By this ambitious plaything the child is said to be made thoroughly acquainted with the musical system. He is enabled by it to get a whole chord, and even a musical phrase, and thus learns unconsciously, as it were, to sing and play at sight. The inventor is a Viennese.

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Trains will be run in this Division as follows:—

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RETURNING Leave Quebec Arrive in Montreal. EXPRESS 12:45 p.m. 7:00 p.m. MIXED 6:45 p.m. 10:10 a.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Levee & Aiden, Agents, 292 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations.

J. T. PRINCE, Gen'l Pass. Agent. Feby. 7th, 1879.



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

QUEBEC, 23rd January, 1879.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased by Order in Council, dated the 20th January inst., to add the following clause to the Timber Regulations:

All persons are hereby strictly forbidden, unless they may have previously obtained a special authorization to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands or from his Agents, to cut, split, clear or chop on Lots in Unsurveyed Territory, or on Surveyed Lands not yet open for sale, or to cut down any merchantable trees which may be found thereon, comprised within the limits of this Province, and forming portions of the locations granted in virtue of licenses for the cutting of timber thereon, said timber being the exclusive property of the holders of said licenses, who have the exclusive right to enter actions against any person or persons who may be found violating this order.

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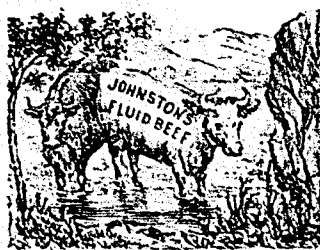
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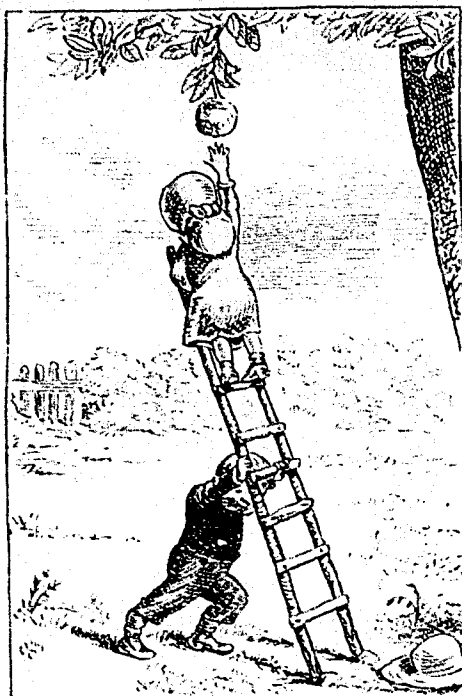
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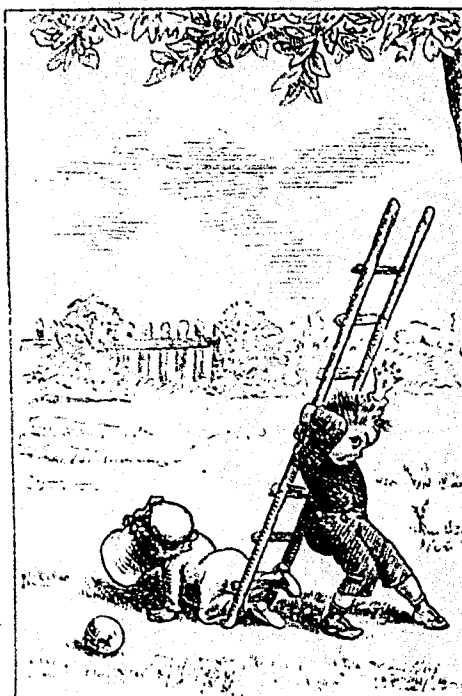
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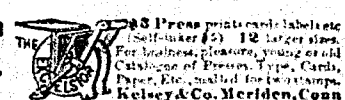
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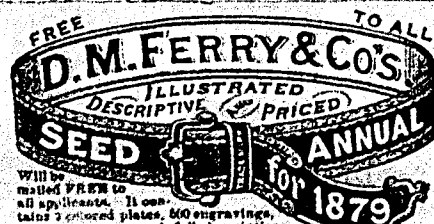
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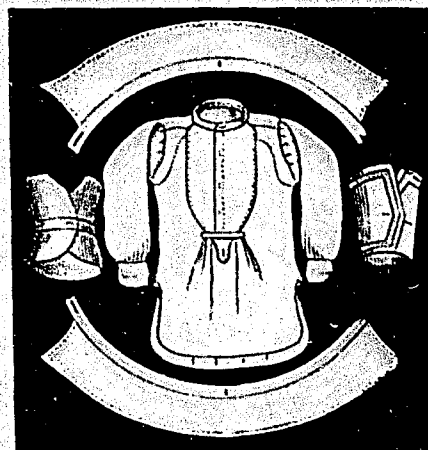
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1878-79.

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Leave Point Levis	8:00 A.M.
" River de Loup	2:00 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pivots (Dinner))	3:00 "
" Rimouki	4:49 "
" Campbellton (Supper)	16:40 "
" Dalhousie	10:21 "
" Bathurst	12:28 A.M.
" Newcastle	2:10 "
" Moncton	5:00 "
" St. John	9:15 "
" Halifax	1:39 P.M.

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C. J. BRYDGES,

General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.

Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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