Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

	Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur		Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
	Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée		Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
	Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée		Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
	Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque	\checkmark	Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
	Coloured maps /		Pages detached / Pages détachées
	Cartes géographiques en couleur	\checkmark	Showthrough / Transparence
	Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire	e) 🗸	Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
	Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur Bound with other material /		Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
	Relié avec d'autres documents Only edition available / Seule édition disponible		Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / II se peut que
	Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long of marge intérieure.		certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.
/	Additional comments / Continuor	us pagination.	

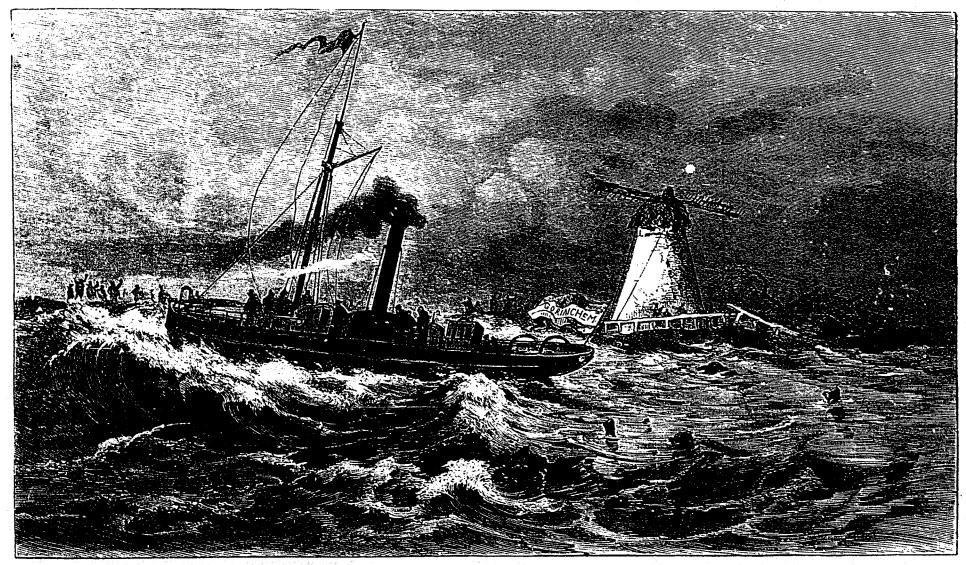
Vol. XXIII.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

SINGLE COPIER, TEN CENTS.



THE FLOODS IN HOLLAND.—THE INUNDATION OF BLYMEN.



THE STEAMER MERCURY BRINGING HELP TO THE INUNDATED VILLAGE.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal. THE WEER ENDING

F	bruary	20th, 18	¥1.	Corres	pending	m'ee	k. 1880
	Mis X	Min. N	lean.	1	Max.	Min.	Mean
Mon.		5 =	140	Mon	37 3	265	31 2 2
Tues		100	17 = 5	Tues .	64 5	8 3	16.5
Wed		210	25 0	Wed .	35 ₽	15 €	25 0
Thur.		180	54 0	Thar	35 5	1000	51 5
Pri		130	23 = 5	Fri	45 >	35.2	4:13
Sal		21.5	25 0	Sat	43 c	100 =	26 = 5
Sun		5 =	150	San	30 5	16 5	23 0

CONTENTS.

USTRATIONS.—The Floods in Holland—The Inundation of Blymen—Cattle Herders in Texas—The Elbing Canal-Boat Railroad—Indian Boys Snowballing on Red River—Wreck of the "Northern Light"—Ice-Boating on Toronto Bay—Chatean St. Louis—A Straw Ride—A Scating Party in Friesland—A Public Wash in Duloigno.

THE WEEK.—Madame Prume—The Budget - The Eib-ing Canal-boat Railway—Flogging for Wite Beaters

—The Posen.

MISCELLANEOUS, ... Novel Reading in the Family—The Seat of Government—Our Dustrations—News of the Week—Asleep—The Seer—Echoes troin London—Literary and Artistic—Musical and Dramatic—The Student's Wite—Miriam—Echoes from Paris—Mistakes in Liquette—Miscelianeous—Humourous—In the Steora—Simplicity in Dress—Realism on the Stage—Amusements—Varieties—Our Chess Column.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Mr. J. H. Gould is at present on a tour through Ontario in the interests of the News, and is now in Toronto, where we trust that he will meet with a good reception from our friends that are and those that are to be.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, February 26, 1881

THE WEEK.

WE had hoped to be able with this number to present to our readers a portrait of Madame JEHIN-PRUME, whose recent death has deprived us of a lady no less esteemed for her social qualities than her excellent talents as a musician. An accident, however, has necessitated our defering its production until the next issue. For the present, this brief notice must suffice to record the melancholy event and our sympathy with those most affected by

SIR LEONARD THLEY'S Budget speech contained the most satisfactory exhibit of the prosperity of Canada which has been presented to Parliament for many years. He showed that the new tariff was eminently revenue-producing, despite the predictions to the contrary; and that instead of a deficit we shall have a large surplus. He showed also, that manufactures were prosperous, from the fact of the very large increase of raw materials necessary for their use; and further, that exports by the St. Lawrence had enormously increased. All this is gratifying. A summary of the Budget statement will be found in the letter of our Special Correspondent.

It is somewhat curious that Mr. Eads, in his exhaustive article in the North American Review on the subject of the proposed Ship Railway at Tehuantepec, illustrations of which appeared in a recent issue of the News, while referring to the canal boat transport near Washington, has omitted any reference to the Elbing Overland Ship Railway, which we present on another page. As Mr. Exps points out, the Washington road uses tanks of water in which to carry the boats over the line, and this plan has been criticized as undesirable, and involving the carrying of so much extra weight. The Elbing road, as will be seen by the illustrations and description in another column, presents a scheme practically the same, except for comparison of the magnitude of the present undertaking and the greater weights required to be transported over the Panama lines. One point, however, seems

Ocean steamers, if thoroughly sea-worthy, are stronger in proportion to their size, and in every way better fitted to bear a proportionate strain than ordinary canal boats, and are, moreover, as a rule, less heavily laden for their tonnage. The modus oper andi is most simple, and might serve in many ways as a model for the new rail-

THE New York Legislature are being asked to sanction a bill for the re-establishment of the whipping-post for the benefit of wife-beaters. In spite of Mr. Peter Taylor, a similar punishment has had a most remarkable effect in abolishing the terrorism of the garotte in England, and viewed merely as a measure of retri bution we should heartily endorse even the most severe measures. But the case of wife-beating stands on a somewhat peculiar footing. Not only has it been a recognized difficulty of law courts in all time to get at the true facts in cases of dispute between those whom the law treats in many things as a single person, but from the circumstances of the case, the subsequent condition of the wife has to be considered in connection with any punishment inflicted on her behalf. There can be little doubt that flogging, especially if administered at all frequently, tends to brutalize an already debased nature, and destroy the sense of shame which has a limited existence in the breast of the meanest and most degraded of our species. And as the punishment does not destroy the marital relations, it is to be feared that the woman it is who will really suffer by anything that tends to degrade him whom she yet must call husband. Moreover, wife-beating is hard of definition, and the exact degree of blame often difficult to apportion as between the parties. Unmanly though it be to strike a woman under any provocation, there is yet a vast difference between a blow provoked by such tengue-thrusts as only an angry woman knows how to administer, and the brutal kicks of a drunken navy, borne by some innocent and uncomplaining woman. Yet unless we much mistake, the former would be more likely to feet the lash than the latter.

THE Doseh has gone the way of similar institutions, to the satisfaction of all but tourists and sight-seers, and it may be the non-performing amongst the Faithful. It may be well to say, for the information of those who are not skilled in the exercises of Islam, that the Dosch is the name given to the annual ride of the Sheikh of the Sacedeeyeh order of Dervishes over the naked bodies of his followers, who in large numbers lie packed together along the roadway. There are other reforms which must follow ere long. Civilization has had enough of dancing Dervishes and howling Refueryeh with their unpleasant performances with knives and fire. Such institutions are in no ways sanctioned by Mohammed, but rank with the car of Juggernauth in India, which is, in its results, at all events, in distinct contradiction to the spirit of the Buddhist ceremony, of which it is a survival. The Khedive's objection to the Doseh appears to be based upon the occasional injury done those of the bystanders, who, in a moment of enthusiaem, may be tempted to imitate the regular performers. The professional participants in the ceremony rarely get hurt, but it is considered risky for amateurs. The moral of which seems to be that it is not always entirely desirable when at Rome to do as the Romans do.

NOVEL READING IN THE FAMILY.

The excitement produced by the conviction of Jessie, the boy-murderer, has brought up the old charge against sensational novels of the class which are said to have contributed to the production of so finished a specimen of juvenile depravity. From time to time there appear to be fairly well established by the success at the bar criminals, generally of comparaof the Prussian scheme-viz.: the capatively tender years, who attribute their bility of loaded boats to bear the strain of first deviations from the path of virtue to their cargo, unsupported by the water, the influence of publications of the blood-

the indictment can be fully sustained. The mere reading of tales of robbery and murder, in however attractive dress the heroes may be arranged, can hardly be reckoned as a direct temptation to a boy of otherwise good habits; but granted a proclivity in that direction, and the unhealthy food which such literature will furnish to an already diseased mind, may have much to say to the ultimate catastrophe. There is need of a determined protest on the part of the public, and of the press, as their representatives, against immoral literature of every description, but it is to be feared that such a protest, unsupported by any authoritative interference with their authors and publishers, would, of itself, serve only as an advertisement of the book reviled. The present writer was once thanked by the publishers of a work translated from the French, which he had stigmatized in a review as indecent and filthy in the extreme. They had traced, or believed they had traced, the influence of the review itself in the increased sale of the work in question. One thing can be done, the only thing probably short of prosecution of the author and suppression of the book, and that is the diligent supervision on the part of parents of their children's reading, so far as possible. It is astonishing how culpably careless many are in this respect. It is no uncommon thing to find in the hands of young people in this country literature of the most unhealthy description, even if it stop short of absolute indelicacy, while their parents, either from ignorance or still more culpable indifference, take no steps to remedy the evil. It is not too much to say that no head of a house should permit a book to come under his roof without his own knowledge. If he be from education or otherwise incapable of giving a just opinion upon the merits of my work submitted to him, all the more is it incumbent upon him to inform himself by means of reviews or otherwise of the opinion of men better qualified to judge, and in this way the press could do much to strengthen the hands of the head of the house. It is a fallacy often insisted on, but as often overthrown, that restraint in this matter conduces to after excess. Unreasonable restraint may, but the father who allows his children license to select their own reading, subject to his approval, will only acquire a stronger title to their respect if he draws the line occasionally, and forbids the perusal of what he considers unfit food for their minds.

and-thunder school. We question whether

The question, in another aspect, goes to the root of our domestic system. It is much to be feared that the reverence paid by our fathers to their parents has been ill exchanged for the looser filial obligations of to-day. Young people are growing up amongst us with but little sense of reverence for things human or divine, and it is but natural, perhaps, that for such the fifth Commandment requires translation into the vernscular of to-day. But we believe that in all this individual parents are as much or more to blame than the spirit of the age. The laisser aller principle is illapplied to the education of the young. Some older mind, be assured, will guide the future or shape the moral character of your child. It is you, the father or mother, tory. The amendment was carried by a vote who are placed in the best position at of 32 to 54. starting to obtain that influence which assuredly must be exercised over the young mind. Woe to you if you let another take your place. To whom should your children go for advice but to you, the fountain of their existence. Wee to you again, if by your indifference and carelessness you drive them to seek from doubtful companions and questionable books the interest and information you might have provided. It is an evil day for a nation when the child has no honour for the father; but the time has come when we should use all our influence to resist the tide of so-called, "independence," which threatens to sweep from their moorings vessels which are yet unfitted for battle with the great sea of life.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, February 19th, 1881.

The Pacific Railway Bill was read the third time in the Senate and passed on Monday. All the stages were very rapidly proceeded with after the measure had been substantially carried by the very large majority on the second reading given in my last letter. The conscript fathers as I have already informal you. I have already informed you, debated the question very thoroughly and ably. But when it was found that the sense of the House was decidedly, in fact, two to one in its favour, no obstruction was offered, and all the stages were pushed rapidly forward.

No time was lost either between the passage of the Bill by the Senate and the final, assent of His Excellency the Marquis having proceeded the very next day to the Senate chamber, to the Bar of which the members of the House of Commons were summoned, and in less than ten minutes after his arrival, the Pacific Syndicate Bill became a part of the law of Canada. It was well no further time should be lost. The Syndicate have already scant time to prepare for the operations of the coming open season, and they are already too late to make any effective Immigration arrangement for the coming spring. Thus a precious year is lost.

Nothing of importance took place in the

House on Monday, and there was no evening session. The time was principally occupied with motions for returns. The Budget speech was promised for Saturday.

On Tuesday the estimates were laid on the table. The supplementary ones for the present fiscal year amounting in all to \$565,286 of which \$100,000 is for land surveys in the north west, and \$212,381 for the North-west Indians and those for 1881-82. These show an increase of nearly five million dollars over the estimates of the current, of which four millions are charge. able to capital account, and the remaining one million to the ordina y expenditure. The in-increases in expenditure are as to the larger

Public debt, dincluding sinking	
fund)	\$319,605
Civil Government	39,166
Military	61,165
Railways and Canals	22,000
Public Works and Buildings.	127,772
Subsidies	33,519
Miscellaneous	49,750
Excise	32,106
Railways and Canais	76,238
Post Office	91,500

The municipal decreases are \$69 150 is for light. house and Coast service, \$26,572 for Indians, \$20,725 for Per itentiaries, \$9,650 for Immigrations, and \$8,376 for Administration of Justice.

Mr. Pope moved the second reading of the Patent Amendment Bill from the Senate concerning which I have before written you. answer to Mr. Blake, he read the names of the persons who had applied for putents too late. Mr. White, of Cardwell, opposed the bill, as opening the door to some abuses, and it seemed to him, Parliament should not be called upon to remedy the consequences of the patentee's own neglect. After further discussion, the bill

was read a second time.

Mr. Boultbee moved the second reading of the bill to amend the Canada Temperance Act of 1878. Its object was to make it necessary that before the Scott Act could go into effect, it must receive the support of an absolute majority of the electors of the district. Mr. Ogden moved in amendment the six months hoist, saying he was proud to say be represented a country where not one drop of liquor could be sold without a violation of the law. Mr. Ross supported the one-adment, Mr. Plumb and Mr. Bannerman the bill. Mr. Songley said the real question was whether the Scott Act should be repealed. Very few members of the House had been elected by an absolute majority of the electors and if this could not be obtained under the excitement of a general election, was it likely it could be on the submission of the Scott Act to a municipulity! Mr. White, of Cardwell, supported the bill as he thought the principle contained in it ran through all our legislation. Several other members joined in the debate. Hon Mr. Blake and Sir Legoard Tilley both taking the ground that the bill would tender the Scott Act nuga-

A bill to incorporate the Peace River R. R. Co. was introduced by Hou, W. McDougall and the House adjourned at a little past midnight.

On Wednesday, in reply to Mr. Blake, Sir Leonard Tilley stated there had been no despatch from the Imperial Government in relation to such immigration. Mr. Cartwright called the attention of the House to the ventilation of the Commons building. In the whole course of 18 years experience, he had never known so many members ill, and thought the real mischief was caused by the impurity of the atmosphere they breathed. Mr. Plumb said the first principles of ventilation were violated in the methods taken to ventilate the House and advised knocking out the windows. Mr. Cuvier said Ottawa was one of the best drained cities in the Dominion, and he thought the atmosphere of the House was as pure as that of any room occupied by so large a number of people. Mr. Charlton thought other causes besides the bad ventilation might have something to do with the prevailing sickness, and there could be better ventilation

if Hon, gentlemen did not protest so strongly against currents of air in the building. Dr. Orton said the air from ventilating was brought from the river side and could not be pure. There was a great difficulty also in the chamber being surrounded by corridors. Mr. Blake thought some of the windows should be made available, and it would be advisable to get rid of the late sittings and the bar downstairs. Mr. Langevin said strong efforts had been made to improve the ventilation; but the matter was a very serious one. The House would probably be asked to vote for a sum to defray the cost of a thorough examination into the matter.

Mr. Patterson of Brant, brought up the question of drawback on goods manufactured for export. He said the export of manufactured goods was decreasing to an alarming extent, while the manufacturers were unfairly taxed on raw material. The promise of a drawback equal to the amount of duty on raw material had not been carried out, and the regulations were such that manufacturers could not make the necessary affidavit. He instanced one firm in Brantford which could not obtain a drawback.

Mr. Bowell read from the trade and navigation returns showing that the exports last year for the first time since Confederation exceeded the imports. It was not an accurate representation of facts to select some particular articles and make out a case from them. The exports last year were larger than any year since 1864; as for the particular company referred to, the reason they did not get drawbacks was because they asked for them upon manufactured articles made in the United States, and simply placed in their portable mills. The promise of the Government had only reference to raw material The articles upon which drawbacks were demanded by the Brantford company were complete in themselves and no labour was expended on them in this country. The debate was adjourned on motion of Mr. Mills.

On Thursday, Mr. McLennan resumed the debate on the Railway Commissioner's Bill. He thought there was an urgent need for the establishment of such a court and pointed out its success in England.

Mr. Macdougall thought a court of this kind should only be established in case of necessity, and he believed there was sufficient power to dispose of all railway matters in the courts of law, committees of council and the House; or, if not, perhaps the Supreme Court might take a share of the work. It might be well to refer the matter to a select committee and he suggested that the introducer of the bill should be

contented with that for the present.

The second reading of Mr. Richey's bill to prevent and punish wrongs to children was,

after some discussion, carried.

Mr. McCarthy's bill respecting the Court of Maritime Jurisdiction for Ontario was thrown

There was a long discussion upon the Hansard reports; upon a motion of Mr. Vanasse respecting the French translators, Mr. Langevin in particular complained of the bad French he had been made to speak by the translators, and urged upon the Committee the necessity of employing competent persons.

Mr. Bunster moved for a return of duties collected on rice and powder in British Columbia. He wanted a duty of 25cts, a pound on rice to keep out the Chinese. The influx of this people kept away women from British Columbia, and the white men could not get wives which was the greatest curse that could ever befall any

After several members on both sides had united in paying a kindly tribute to the memory of Mr. Connell, the late member for Carleton, the House adjourned.

Sir Leonard Tilley rose early on Friday afternoon to deliver the Budget Speech. His effort was unsterly, and at the very beginning he sounded a note of triumph. He had indeed a cheering story to tell. He had to tell of a new era of properity by every sign by which it is known. He stated that we had now fairly entered upon the National Policy and had treached a point from which we could look backward and forward. The estimated receipts for the present current year 1889-81, were \$25,517,000. After seven months and a half experience he was able to say they will reach \$27,586,000. The customs receipts will be \$17,000,000 instead of \$15,300,300 estimated, and the excise receipts \$5,600,000 instead of \$5,213,000 as estimated. The expenditure will not exceed according to the most careful calculations \$25,573,394. In round numbers, therefore, there is reason to believe there will be a surplus of \$2,000,000. This fact the Minister contended was an answerable argument as respects the revenue producing character of the tariff. The old contention on this head, therefore, may be consigued to the tomb of the Capulets.

In view of this situation Sir Leonard Tilley stated the Government proposed to make some increase, as does also ocean and river service with the subsidy of a line between Quebec and France, and a line to Brazil. The increase in the latter service will be \$56,000 over last year. Railways and canals require for repairs and maintenance \$60,000 more than last year. The Post Office \$91,000 more, but then the income is increasing in proportion. The total of all these items of increase makes \$776,944.

As respects the tariff itself Sir Leonard stated it was proposed to make some reductions on certain articles of raw materials; but it was not in an in the military sport of tent-pegging, or enter of which the foundations were begun in the fall metallic currency are being extensively signed in the commercial contract of Germany.

stated that this policy was especially desirable on view of our relations to the United States on the question of reciprocity as to the point whether the tariff was protection while it was also revenue producing, the Minister argued that this was officially answered by the very largely increased imports of raw materials used in manufacture, while it was plain to everybody that every every branch of manufactures was in a state of activity, and the whole country pros perous. There was a very large increase in the output and consumption of coal, a proof of manufacturing demand for fuel. In raw cotton there was a large increase, while the manufactured texture was sold cheaper than before. There was an increase in pig iron. Sir Leonard showed that there was special increase in the manufacture of furniture, agricultural implements, boots and shoes, earthenware, organs, pianos, brassworks, locks, clothing, soap, &c. There were sixty-five millions of dollars of raw materials in one year only. That is a convinc-ing proof of the intensity of the demand of the manufacturing interests. The exports, too, vid the St. Lawrence had increased in an astonishing degree from \$6,700,000 in 1878, to \$11,110,000 in 1880. Here is pretty good proof that the tariff has not killed the export trade. And the credit of Canadian securities in the English market has risen as has everything else,

with the prevailing prosperity.

Sir Leonard gave a statement of per capita taxation in Canada. He showed that it was \$5.01 in 1874, and \$4.96 in 1881. This besides showing decrease is a light incidence of taxation; and this, moreover, in spite of the very expensive preliminary works of the Canadian Pacific Railway; that burden, however, on the revenues of the country is now removed.

Sir Leonard submitted a schedule of the changes proposed in the tariff, of the character I before stated. His speech was received with ringing cheers; and his statement is held to be a great triumph for the Conservative

Sir Richard Cartwright replied, generally contending that the prosperity was not because of the tariff, but in spite of it, and arose from material revival of business and increased demand for Canadian products, especially of the forest and animals. My letter is already too long to permit my giving you a summary of Sir Richari's reply; and I should have liked to have had more space at my disposal for Sir Leonard's Budget Speech.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FLOODS IN HOLLAND .- Nowhere has the late severe winter which has wrought such havoc throughout Europe, been more disastrous in its effects than in the Provinces of North Brabant. The floods, which have been caused by the heavy falls of rain and snow, threaten with destruction a population of some 27,000 souls. More than 25,000 acres of land are under water, hundreds of acres of wheat washed out of the ground, and life itself everywhere in constant dinger. The climax was reached on constant dinger. The climax was reached on the night of the 30th December. Hitherto the Mass, though greatly swollen by the floods, had been kept back by the dykes which hemmed it in, but on this night of terror the dyke between Niewenik and Blymen gave way and the waters effected a breech of some fifty yards in it. A foaming and discoloured flood burst through the opening and in a few moments eighteen villages were swamped. Our illustrations are taken from sketches in one of the German illustrated papers.

THE TEXAS CATTLE HERDERS. -- On the prairies of Texas, the two most remunerative pursuits are cattle and sheep raising. Of these, he latter is the most certain, the one on which the most dependence can be placed, and is, therefore, the one to which a man desirous of rapidly accumulating a fortune usually turns his attention. The houses in which the ranchers are domiciled are usually built of logs, plastered with the thick, sticky earth of which the soil is composed. The high price of lumber, and the distance it must be carried necessitate this primitive style of architecture; for the skirts and motts of timber are composed almost entirely of what is known as "post oak." One man and a dog can, with ease, control 1,800 head of sheep. In spite of all the disadvantages under which a sheep-raiser may have to labour, no enterprise offers so many inducements to one with but a small sum at his disposal. With a capital of \$1,000 it is possible for a man in five or six years to be worth \$25,000 or \$30,000. Sheep, on an average, do not cost over forty cents a head per year-and this includes shepherd's hire and an occasional feed of cotton-seed in bad weather. These figures seem almost incredible, but they are given by parties engaged in the business. The life of a rancher is quite monotonous. It is full of inconveniences and hardships. He is practically shut out from the world, and has few opportunities for "going to town" in his peculiar way. He is sure to be mounted on a fleet and well-trained horse, and he is never separated from his revolver and clasp-knife. A sort of bravado or deviltry seizes him when he breaks loose for a trolic, and nothing so attractive to his active mind as the things which are forbidden. Thus, there is a heavy penalty on the books for any interference with the mail or the telegraph, and because of this these great public accommodations prove of unusual interest to him. If he cannot engage

tire, or test his dexterity on "Aunt Sally," he is sure of a bit of exercise at any time on the prairie lands, which in many respects is more exhilarating. This peculiar exercise is indicated on our front page, where a party of herders are enjoying themselves by violating the law, inter-fering with the transmission of telegraph despatches, end testing both their skill as horse-men and as "dead shots." The scene is eminently characteristic of the locality and people, and, as an illustration of the play of the herder, is in strong contrast with that of the work, of which travellers and writers see the most.

THE ELBING CANAL BOATS.-The interest shown in the scheme for land transportation of vessels over the Panama isthmus which was illustrated in a recent issue of the News induces us to offer this week an illustration of a similar scheme on a smaller scale in operation at Elbing in North Prussia. So long ago as 1825 the project of a canal between the Drausensee and the lakes at Mohrungen and Osterode was discussed, but the works begun in 1837, were delayed in completion and only in 1861 after 36 years, was the canal finally opened. The chief feature is the method by which communication is established over the rising ground which would have made necessary either a detour of a considerable length or a large expenditure in excavating, if the canal was to run throughout. Accordingly the scheme here illustrated was devised. An endless chain, with carriages of a peculiar construction attached to it is worked by water power, controlled by an engineer in the machine house. As as one carriage goes up the other descends, and by an arrangement of the cylinders, two boats can be raised from opposite sides at once, the descending boat by its weight assisting the ascending. The cars run on railand when at their lowest are entirely submerged in the water of the canal with the exception of the balustrades on either side, between which the boat is steered. When in position it is se-cured by cables, and the car is gradually drawn The boat floats until the car in its ascent is raised so that it rests in place upon it, when the real ascent commences, and the load is drawn up the incline, and runs down the other side into the water, where the car as it descends allows the boat to float once more, and proceed on its journey. THE "NORTHERN LIGHT."-Twenty-two per-

sons had a narrow escape recently while passing between the winter vessel the Northern Light, which got wedged up in the ice, and the Prince Edward Island shore. Messrs. H. D. Simmons, F. H. Barr and other Montreders were on After being jammed in the ice for eight days, they left the Northern Light on Saturday week, at eight o'clock a. m. The Patriot's account of the tramp, written by one of the party, says :- "We made good progress the first six or seven miles, but we then met with large drifts of broken or "lolly" ice, which was very diffi-cult to get through. By this time the weather changed from fine clear sky to overcast and dirty looking, the wind still keeping north-east. Before two p.m. it was snowing hard, and the land was lost to our view. We plodded along manfully, every man doing his duty. We were delayed considerably by the broken ice, which seemed to stretch along as far as we could see. It now became a serious question whether we would make the shore that night, and a great deal of valuable time was lost by every other man having a different opinion as to where we were and in what direction the land lay, while the second officer, who was supposed to be in charge of the expedition, seemed ready to do anything but exercise his authority in the proper manner. We trainped about first in one direction, then another, till five o'clock found us fighting our way trough broken ice, trying in vain to find a solid field. There was now nothing left for us to do but pass the night on the ice, so we chose a pan of solid ice, turned the boat up on one side, packed around her some snow and large pieces of ice, and then com-menced our terrible night watch. What we all suffered during our fourteen hours in darkness no one but those who have ever been so situated can form the least ideo of. Some of us had to eep rousing up a few who would persist in crawling into the shelter of the boat and going to skeep—a sleep from which they would never have awakened in this world but for the watch-Every man did his ulness of the others. to cheer up the others; the best of us at this encouraging work were the Wyse brothers, two of the steamer's crew, who are deserving of every praise for their persevering pluck during the whole trip." Daylight was at length seen, and after a perilous tramp of a mile and a half Cape Bear was reached, where many hospitalities were received. Complaint is made of the ice boats of the Northern Light, which are said to be for too cumbrous.

ICE BOATING ON TORONTO BAY. - This favourite amusement of dwellers in the Empire City has been a good deal interfered with by the bad weather experinced during the past winter, and the consequent bad condition of the ice. A regatta, which was announced to come off, and of which we had hoped to present our readers with an illustration, had to be postponed sinc die. But for all that much pleasant sailing was had, especially in the early part of the winter.

CHATEAU ST. LOUIS (1620-1834).-A front view from the Ring is here presented of the once famous Chateau St. Louis. As the residence of the French Governors, the Chateau St. Louis,

in 1620 to stave off the inroads of the Indians. The fort continued to exist until 1760 and later. A plan of the fort is shown in the folio published in 1760 by Jeffery, geographer to the Prince of Wales. The chateau in the days of Champlain was a long dwelling of one story; Frontenac added a second, and under British rule a third was added. A conflagration destroyed it on 23rd January, 1834.

FOOT NOTES.

A LUMINOUS paint has been invented in England, the effect of which is that of a subdued light, every object in the room being clearly visible, so that in a room so treated one could enter without a light and find any desired article. The luminous paint is excited by the or-dinary daylight, and its effects continue for thirteen hours, so that it is well adapted for painting bedroom ceilings, passages that are dark at night, and other places where lamps are objectionable or considered unnecessary. For staircases and passages a mere band of the paint will serve as a guide, and costs but a trifle.

It is generally known that the late popular actor, Edward Askew Sothern, had a perfect mania for practical joking, and a large volume would hardly contain the record of his successes and failures. His tricks with the post-office may be alluded to as harmless specimens of the kind. It was a very old practice of his to write on the back of a stuck-down envelope, and he always declared that the introduction of the post-card system was, owing to his having made this practice familiar, due to him. Frequently he must have perplexed postmen by the absurd words which he would write in with the address, of which this is a specimen :-

"To ---, Fsq.,

(My throat's so sore 1 can't spell the name). "--- House,

" Birmingham."

Later on he took infinite pains to have his envelopes printed with odd titles, as if the letters velopes printed with old titles, as if the letters came from some public institution. Here are a few specimens of his old fancies in this direction—"Southwell Smallpox Hospital," "Asylum for Confirmed Virgins," "Society for the Propagation of Pure Deism," "Refuge for Reformed Atheists," "Court of Faculties," and many others. "Curious Specimens of Contactions Rading," agious Bolding' was an announcement on an invelope which must have caused many a recipient to handle it with cautious, if not trembling, hands. Another favourite plan was to get his friends in different towns—and even countries-to post to him with his directions in pencil, scaled envelopes, and these envelopes thus ent over and over again would at last be despatched to friends to whom letters were due, and who would be utterly bewildered at the number of post-marks with which they were covered. One correspondent has an envelope which is stamped with the postmarks of China, Turkey, Rio de Janeiro, Giasgow, Dundee, Suez Canal, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Birmingham, with, of course, a corresponding number and variety of postage stamps. When what is now commonly known as the parcel or "pattern' post was first introduced, he played with it such "fantastic tricks," which, if they did not make "angels weep," would have caused many a postman to use ungentle language.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE well-known jockey Constable is dead. HANLAN has had an easy victory over the

Australian. THE Chilians have established a municipal government in Lima.

GENERAL Roberts has been presented with the freedom of the city of London.

THE announcement is made of the conclusion of peace between Russia and China. THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts was married to

Mr. Ashinead Bartlett on the 12th inst-CATTLE are dying in great numbers all over Montana Territory from hunger.

SYMPATHETIC articles appear in several of the Paris papers in reference to Parnell.

Another heavy fall of snow in the North-West threatens to blockade the railroads.

An Edinburgh despatch says there is intense excitement because of the proposed abolition of the tartan. THE Home Rulers have resumed their ob-

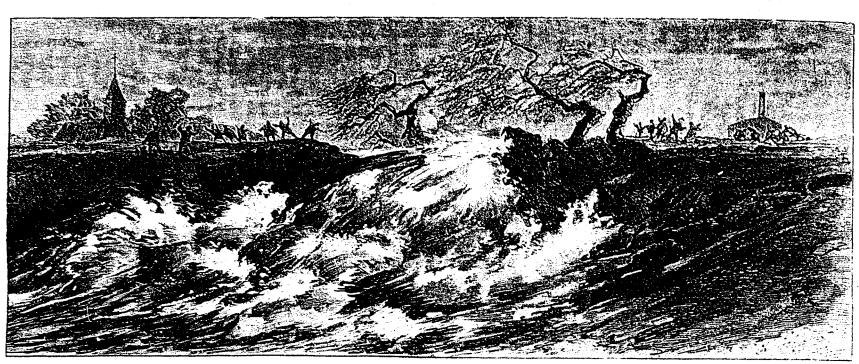
struction policy in the Imperial House, on the Coercion bill.

Four convicts, after a desperate fight with the guards, escaped from Kingston penitentiary recently. THE first party of M. de Lesseps' Engineers

or the Panama Canal arrived at Colon on the 27th ult. A LONDON cable says Lieut. Roper, R. E., was

found shot in Brompton Burracks, London. The murder, it is supposed, was the work of a Fenian. As encounter, in which ten lives were lost, scentred on Sunday list, resulting from the murder of a Christian by some Turks in Beyrout,

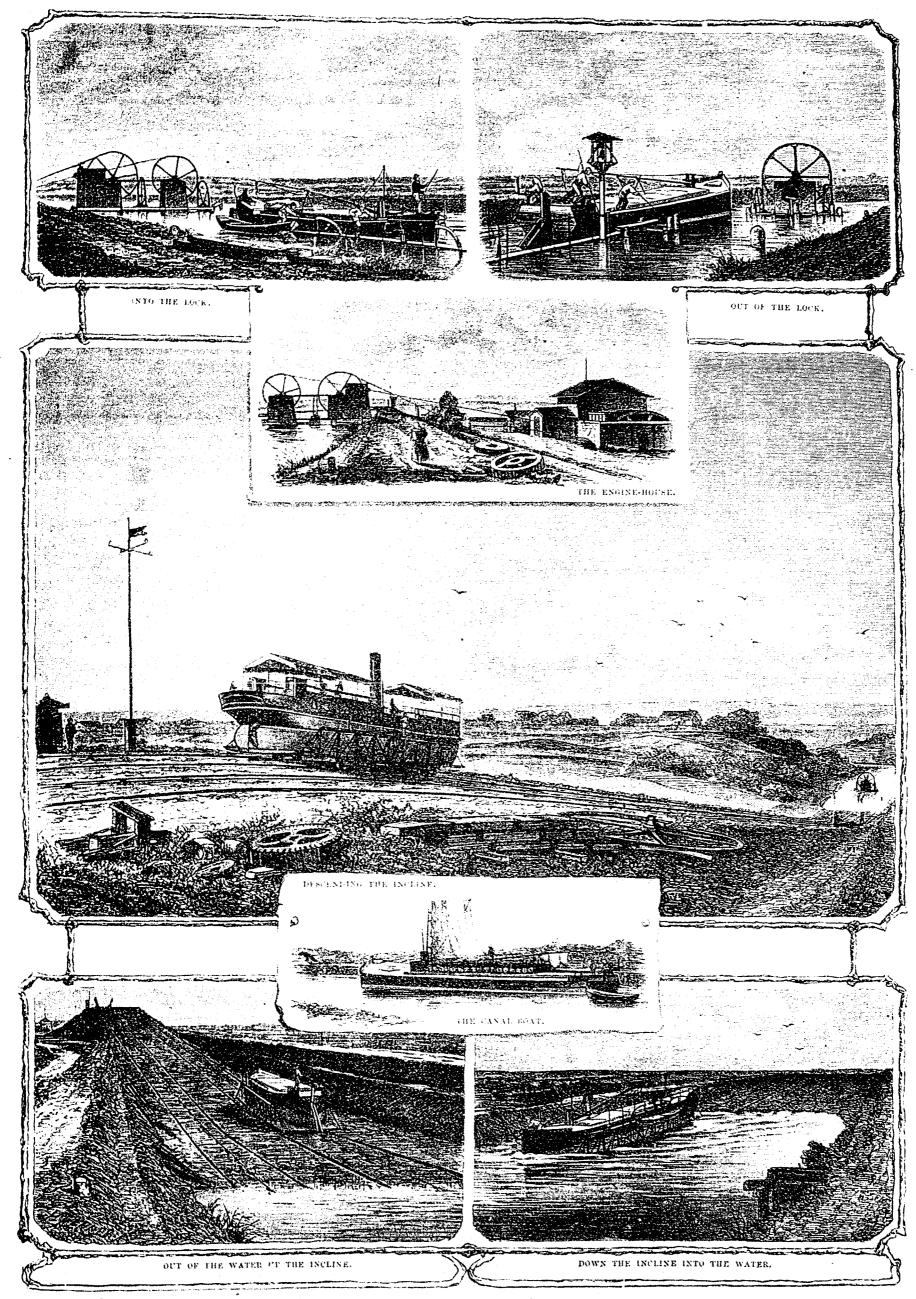
MEMORIALS for the establishment of a bi-



THE FLOODS IN HOLLAND.—BURSTING OF THE MAIN DYKE AT HAARSTEEG



CATTLE HERDING IN TEXAS.—REVOLVER PRACTICE ON TELEGRAPH INSULATORS.



OVERLAND TRANSPORTATION OF CANAL BOATS ON THE ELBING CANAL, NORTH PRUSSIA.

ASLEEP

In summer-time how fair it showed!—
My garden by the village road.
Where fiery stalks of blossom glowed,
And roses softly blushed;
With arure spires, and garlands white,
Pale heliotrope, the sun's delight,
And odors that pertuned the night
Where'er the south wind rushed,

There solemn purple pansies stood, Gay tulips red with floral blood, And wild thirgs fresh from field and wood, Alive with dainty grace. Deep heaven-blue bells of columbine, The darkly mystic passion-vine. The darkly mystic passion-vine, And clematis, that loves to twine, Bedecked that happy place.

Beneath the strong unclouded blaze
Of long and lervent summer days
Their colours smole the passing gaze,
And dazzled every eye.
Their cups of scented honey-dew
Charmed all the bres that o'er them dew,
And butterflies of radiant bue.
Paused as they floated by Paused as they floated by.

Now falls a cloud of sailing snow,
The bitter winds of winter blow.
No blossom dares its cup to show—
Earth holds them in her breast.
A shroud of white, a virgin pall.
Is slowly, softly, hiding all:
It vain shall any sweet wind call
To break their silent rest.

My garden is a vanished dream Dead in the waning moon's cold beam.
Clear loicles above it gleam;
And yet-1 know not how— My flowers will hear thesir, pping rain When Spring reneweth hill and plain, And then it shall be mine again: It is God's garden now.

-BOSE TERRY COOKE, in Harper's Magazine.

THE SEER.

A TALE. -- BY ECDOLPH LINDAY.

The fast train from London to Paris, voi Folkestone and Boulegne, stops for a few minutes at Verten-an unimportant station where passengers are rately set down or taken up. general, the engine merely renews its supply of water, and the train proceeds on its way

We were seven in the same carriage one fiercely hot day in July, and we had been grumbling, ever since we left Boulogue, at the parsimony of the company which. in order to avoid adding a carriage, had thus crowded us, when suddenly, at Verton, just as the train was moving off, the door of our carriage was hastily opened, and an eighth-and most unwelcome

fellow-traveller made his appearance.
I occupied a corner near the door by which he On my right an Englishman was sleeping soundly; and in front of him was the only vacant seat. It was filled with rugs, umbrellas, and other articles which we had all thrown there. Next to this unoccupied place, and opposite to me, sat a young man of about twenty-five, as to whose nationality I had entertained some doubts, until he drew from his pocket a cigarette-case in solid silver, filled with Russian pappares. He selected one of these, squeezed it gently between his fingers, and lighted it by means of a long match attached to the case. He then inhaled the smoke with a deep breath, and afterwards exhaled it, with a peculiar look of enjoyment, through his fine and well-cut nostrils.

This young Russian, who were a fashionable travelling suit, seemed out of health. His man-ners were those of a gentleman. He was very tall and thin, and, from the olive hue of his complexion, he might have been mistaken for a Spaniard or a Brazilian. The long, slender fingers of his well-shaped hand seemed endowed with strange flexibility, and were constantly stroking the long moustache which govered his upper lip. His small, regular, well-set teeth were of dazzling whiteness. His flark brown hair was short and very thick; it grew low down upon the forehead and upon the back of the neck, covering the narrow, clongated cranium, as with a dark fur cap. The youthful mouth, with its full ruddy lips, betrayed a nervous temperament, a kind, weak, and irresolute nature, and served to render attractive a countenance which otherwise might have appeared uninteresting, and even, to a certain degree, repellant. But the most striking feature in the face of my vis-a-vis were his eyes, which were round. black, set wide apart, and of exceeding bright-They were restless to an almost wearying degree-wandering from one object to another, though from time to time they would be riveted on one or other of his fellow-travellers with curious pertinacity. I had, in my turn, been subjected to this strange examination, and had been disagreeably impressed by it. It was a suspicious, disquieting, inquisitorial look, and one felt strongly tempted to reply to it by a direct question: "Do you know me? Why do you look at me thus? What are you seeking to discover?"—This uncomfortable stare of the young Russian seemed the more strange from its being in complete contradiction with his otherwise polite and even courteous manners. It was a searching look, taking no account of those on whom it rested-a bold look, which I am tempted to compare to that of a police detective who, being in quest of a malefactor, is inclined to suspect that every new-conter is the man he

The other end of the carriage was occupied by four Frenchmen who seemed to know each other, and who discussed the topics of the day.

All-with the exception of the Englishman who continued to sleep imperturbably-glanced reproachfully at the intruder; but he seemed to take little heed of our ill-humour. "If you take little heed of our ill-humour. please," he said sharply, pointing to the heap of things which encumbered the vacant seat; upon which, each of us, with more or less good grace, hastened to select the articles which belonged to him, and stowed them away, either in the net or under the seat. One railway-rug, however, remained—its owner, the Englishman, being fast asleep. The new-comer waited an in-stant; then he unceremoniously bundled it up and kicked it under the seat. I could not help wondering at the free-and-easy way in which he treated another man's property. The train started at once, and then I examined attentively our new fellow-traveller.

His appearance was coarse and repulsive—the appearance of a rough, low-lived man in his Sunday clothes. His linen was rumpled and seiled with perspiration; his clothes and boots were ill-made and covered with dust. His age may have been about thirty, and he showed every sign of great bodily strength. He was short and thick-set; bull-throated, with round, massive shoulders, thick red hands, swollen with the heat, and flat hard nails; muscular wrists, and short, clumsy legs. A man with straw-coloured hair, cut short, and brushed forward on the temples, bushy whiskers and no moustache; the sunburnt complexion of one who has led an out-door life; a low forchead, a thick nose, a wide mouth with thin tight lips, and a prominent jaw; bright, sharp, wicked eyes, which glanced stealthily and yet defiantly

around. Such was the new-comer.

He was no sooner seated than he took a rapid survey of his fellow-travellers. It was apparently satisfactory, for he pulled out of his pocket a large coloured check handkerchief, and breathing loudly, he wiped the moisture from his brow I then noticed that the first and second fingers of his right hand were bound up with fine cambric, apparently a woman's pocket-haudkerchief, In the palm of the hand there was a large stain of clotted blood. Those two fingers had evidently received a wound. After a few minutes he loosened his long black neck-tie, and drew a deep breath, like one who has gone through some violent bodily exercise, and is about to seek Throwing off his round black hat with a jerk, he stret hed out his legs, placed his two hands on his thighs, and, with his head bent forward and his eyes staring straight before him, remained apparently plunged in deep thought.

The young Russian had not failed to bestow on the new arrival that scrutinizing look with which, a short time before, he had examined me This man seemed to interest him in a peculiar degree; for whereas a single glance had sufficed for me, he now turned round towards his lefthand neighbour, and looked at him with strange fixedness, as though he sought to engrave those vulgar and repulsive features on his memory.

The man who was the object of this persistent scruting was not aware of it for some time; he was too absorbed in his own reflections to notice what was going or around him. But suddenly, as the train stackened speed on nearing Abbaville, he raised his head to look out, and his eyes met those of the Russian. This latter seemed poinfully embarrassed, while the new-comer, with an angry frown, and an inflamed counte-

nance, turned upon him, and said roughly-"Why are you looking at me ! Do you know me! What do you want with me!"

I could not but consider these questions as quite justifiable; for I had been on the point, a short time before, of putting them to my opposite neighbour. The tone in which he replied,

however, impressed me favouraldy.
"I beg your pardon," he said, in a gentle and deprecating voice. "Believe me, I had no inten-

tion of annoying you." The man from Verton muttered something between his teeth. He then got up, and with a scarcely audible "By your leave," leaned forward between the Russian and myself to look out towards the station we were rapidly approaching. After a moment he sat down again; but the train had scarcely stopped when he jumped out of the carriage, and with his right hand thrust into the side-pocket of his cont, where he seemed to be holding something, he looked impatiently right and left. The platform Besides a few railway was empt**y**. each carriage as he passed it. It chanced that move on, "Keep your places, gentlemen, if he lingered a little in front of ours, and I then you please."

distinctly saw our fellow-traveller's hand take A minute later we entered the station. The a tighter hold of the unseen article in his pocket. The gendarme passed on. When the train started again, the man got in; but he stood for some time between the Russian and myself, and only resumed his seat when we had left the tation behind us, and were going at full speed.

The Russian had opened a book, and tried to assume the appearance of an unobservant reader, but his thoughts were not with his book -and now and again I saw him steal a glance at his neighbour. His countenance betraved great perplexity, as though he were seeking the solution f some difficult problem. Once our eyes met. His look seemed to ask assistance from me, and to say, "Help me, if you can, to understand." I was beginning to feel rather puzzled at what was going on around me; so, at Amiens, finding myself near the Russian at the Buffet, I asked him whether he thought he recognized the traveller from Verton, as he watched him so per-

severingly.

politely, and in a tone which seemed to encour-

age further conversation; but the man has something about him which attracts me."
"Well, really," I answered, smiling. "I was not prepared for that answer. For my part, I must confess that his face has no attractions for me. It strikes me as peculiarly repulsive. The man looks like an escaped convict.

"An ugly face, truly,—a repulsive face, quite a strange face."

The Russian, as he spoke, shuddered nervously

"Will you excuse my giving you a piece of advice !" I added.

Pray do.

"Well, then, I think you would do wisely not] to pay further attention to your neighbour. Without wishing it, you might get embroiled in a quarrel. He seems a rough customer, and, at any rate, is a very ill-bred man. You must have noticed the rude, free and easy manner in which he thrust himself between you and me to look out of the carriage-window; he did it at Amiens, as well at Abbeville. I felt angry, but held my tongue from prudence. With a man like that, I fancy, there would be little space between a word and a blow, -and the idea of coming to fisticuffs with him des not tempt me.

From Amiens to Creil we continued to converse. I found him a well-bred, agreeable companion, and we soon discovered that we had some acquaintances in common, both in Paris and in St. Petersburg. He handed me his card, and, in my turn, I told him who I was. His name was Count Boris Stachowitch, and he lived

in Paris, Avenue Friedland. "How small the world is!" said my new friend. "Have you noticed that no man of a certain age, if he has seen something of the world, can ever meet any one with whom he is not connected by some anterior link! Half an hour ago you were a perfect stranger to me. The few words we have exchanged have shown me that one of my cousins is a friend of yours, and that I was at school with one of your relations. That does not surprise me; it is always so, I would wager that if I talked to your neighbour there who is snoring so sweetly, I should find out that he and I have something in common. Oh, what a little world it is ' I have often woudered how anybody can manage to hide in it. 1 had, not long ago, a very interesting conversa-tion on that very subject with one of the heads of the Secret Police. He was a man of wide experience, who could recken by hundreds the thieves and murderers be had beited to capture. Among other things, he told me: 'Many crimes Among other things, he told me: are never discovered at all, and those who have committed them of course clude justice; but scarcely one criminal out of a thousand, when once known, can long escape the grasp of the law. Sooner or later, whatever disguise he may have assumed, in whatever hole he may have taken refuge, we find him out. The truce of blood is never efficied. Once on the track, we

Here our conversation was interrupted sud-Stachowitch had been speaking loud enough for every word of his to be overheard by his neighbour, the man from Verton. This latter got up hastily, and, as at Abbeville and at Amiens, pushed forward between us to look out All at once, before we could offer any opposition, he opened the door rapidly and stepped down on the narrow ledge which runs along the car-

are pretty sure never to lose it. The world

We looked at each other in mute surprise. The next instant the man had leaped out on the line. I leant forward, and saw him rebound forwards, and then, with outstretched arms, fall that upon his face. In a few seconds he was hidden from view by the wall of a garden which skirted the line.

The Russian had turned very pale. The four Frenchmen ceased their talking, and looked anxiously towards us. The Englishman was awake at last, and was looking for the railway rug the Verton man had thrust under the seat.

What does it all mean ?" said Stachowitch.
I could only shrug my shoulders, for I could not make it out myself. We were soon to be en-

We were drawing near to Paris and the train was beginning to slacken its speed. About a hundred yards from the terminus it came to a stand-still. The railway officials, who had been waiting for us on either side of the line, jumped there was only one gendarme, who walked slowly ou to the train, and passing along the carriages, and unconcernedly along the train, looking into said in a loud voice, while the engine began to

place was empty. Then from the superintendent's office there came out two gentlemen, followed by one of the higher officials of the railway-one of them wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. They walked quickly up to the train, and stopped for a few seconds before each carriage. At last they came to ours. The gentle-man with the red riobon looked in, and cast a scrutinizing glance on each of us in turn.

"Has any one left this carriage since Verton

station?" he asked.

He spoke to me, as being the nearest to him but one of the Frenchmen cut in before me, and related rapidly all he knew about the eighth traveller-namely, that he had joined us at

missing passenger. I was able to answer accurately, for I had examined the man closely.

While I spoke, the agent nodded repeatedly, in assent.

"No doubt," he said, when I had concluded my description, "that is the man. Please, sir, to follow me.

I gathered up my wraps and got down. Stachowitch followed. The railway guards shouted, "Paris," and while the platform was filling with passengers and porters, Stachowitch and I entered the office of the Special Commissary of Police. The order was given for an engine to be placed at our disposal, and a few minutes later I found myself scatted in a luggage van, in company with the police agent, his attendanta vigorous and apparently agile man of about thirty-two gendarmes, and lastly, the young Russian, who had obtained leave to come with is, after he had related to the agent the altereation which had taken place between the Verton stranger and himself. I had already described the spot where the man had jumped out, and had added that I felt confident of being able to point it out exactly.

On the way I learned from the police agent that the Baronne de Massieux, who lived with her daughter on a property near Boulogne-sur-Mer, had been murdered on the previous night, and that her coachman, Bechound, was strongly suspected of being the author of the crime.

"The description of the man was telegraphed to us barely an hour ago," he added, "and we would have been in time to arrest him on the arrival of the train, if he had not thought fit to make off, before reaching Paris. But that won't avail him much. He can't be far, and we will soon overtake him. A murderer can no more be lost in the world, than a needle in a bundle of nay. All that's wanted, in either case, is patience to look for them."

Stachowitch nodded to me, as much as to say, "You see, I was right; the world is too small to hide in." But there was no time for further conversation. We had passed St. Denis, and we were now moving on slowly, in order to give me time to point out the spot.

"I know that house again," I said; " and this is the garden wall. Here is the place; but see! the man is there still—he has not moved. He is dead!"

We all got down. And there, just beyond the rails, flat on his face, lay the poor wretch we were seeking. His left arm was doubled beneath his chest, but the right arm was stretched out forwards, and was covered with earth. The cambric handkerchief had come undone in the violence of the fail, and from the re-opened wound it had concealed, a few drops of blood had trackled. The body lay motionless

The poli e agent's assistant, who had been the first to jump out, sprang upon the prostrate form with the exgerness of a blood-hound on the track. He stooped down, and taking hold of a shoulder and a leg, with a dexterity which betrayed professional practice, he turned the body slowly over. Sore enough! The man was dead. The face was uninjured. At the corners of the mouth there was a slight foun of a reddish tint, and a few drops of blood which had gushed from the nostrils stood clotted on the upper lip. The wide open eyes, of which only the whites, were visible were harrible to see. Stehowitch, who had leant over my shoulder look at the corpse, uttered a loud cry, and fell senseless to the ground.

The murder of the Baronne de Massieux was on forgotten by the general public. The judicial inquiry had established that the crime had been committed by Bechonard alone; he had not long eluded punishment, and was dead. Human justice had obtained satisfaction; the case offered no particular interest, and people ceased to talk about it. Two persons only thought of it often, Madame de Massieux's young daughter Marie, who mearned the loss of a beloved mutter, and Boris Stachowitch, whose life appeared to have been deeply influenced by

It was December, and six months had gone by since I had made the young Russian's acquaintance on the railway. We saw a good deal of each other. We lived in the same part of the town, had many common intimates, dined at the same restaurant, and rarely spent a day without meeting. My new friend interested me. Stachowitch, on many subjects, had original, and even wildly eccentric ideas; but it was evident that, with him there was no affectation either in mech or thought. I soon discovered many cellent qualities both of heart and mind in the young Russian; he was truthful, charitable, generous, and singularly gentle; he was eager for information, and, considering his age and position, had read and learned much. He was, in the true sense of the word, amiable. I should add, that I felt pity for him. Stachowitch it was evident, was unhappy, but I found it impossible to discover the cause of his secret sorrow. He never complained, and when I ventured to question him discreetly, his answers were o evasive, and his embarrassment so evident, that, for fear of offending, I soon desisted from any inquiry as to the cause of his constant and gloomy preoccupation. His apartments were splendid; he had carriages and hor-es, and was Verton, and had jumped from the train before reckless of expense; evidently it was no want it reached St. Denis. "This gentleman," he added, pointing to me, "can, no doubt, indi- health give him cause for anxiety. True, he adden, pointing to me, "can, no doubt, indi-cate the precise spot, for it was on his side that the man—a villanous-looking fellow—escaped." enjoyed an excellent appetite; and during an The police agent—as we had rightly judged excursion we had made together. I had had op-"No, I do not know him," he answered him to be-requested me then to describe the portunities of ascertaining that he was not only

an indefatigable walker and a bold rider, but also that he could indulge in the most violent bodily exercise without any apparent effort.

He was a capital fencer, and was known as such in all the fencing schools of Paris. He was considered eccentric, but he was a general favourite, and people were disposed to be indulgent to his peculiarities. For instance, there were men belonging to the club with whom he positively declined to fence, without giving any reason for his refusal. It was certainly no fear of defeat or loss of reputation for dexterity which actuated him for he bore being beaten with very good grace; and, moreover, some of those with whom he refused to measure himself were notoriously less expert than he was.

Apparently, in the choice of his adversaries followed his enprice, for which he always offered some polite excuse, but no frank or sufficient reason.

I was present on one occasion when this peculiarity of his was shown in a very character-

istic way. Stachowitch," said the young Viconite de Drieux to him one day, "take your

foil; I want to try my strength with you."

"Excuse me, my good fellow," replied Stachowitch: "you know very well that I will not fence with you."

"But why not? Do be rational. You don't fear, I suppose, that I will run you through ?" "Not a bit; only I would rather not have you for an adversary."

Drieux placed himself in front of Stachowitch. and said with mock gravity,

"There must be an end of this, Count Stach owitch. I must know why you hold my doughty sword in such respect. I am resolved to fight you; and if you refuse me satisfaction here, in the fencing school, I insist that you do me the

honour of killing me on other ground."
"Pray, do not make those jokes, my dear Drieux. You do not know what pain you give

Drieux and I looked at each other in mute astonishment; Stachowitch had turned pale.

"What a queer fellow you are," said Drieux, laughing; but noticing the gloomy expression of the Russian's countenance, he added, more seriously, "I value your friendship too much, Stachowitch, not to yield in this matter, So that is settled: I never will ask you again to fence with me. But on your part, pray satisfy curiosity, and tell me what is your objection.

"Do not be angry," replied Stachowitch, "and believe when I say this is not mere cap rice. I have a presentiment that you would come to grief if you fought against me. Your hand, Drieux. We are friends, are we not ?"

To be sure we are. But that does not orevent your being the queerest and most incomprehensible of men."

Stachowitch, who seemed to have a strong liking for me, and was disposed to be confidential on most subjects, never referred again to this incident when we were alone. For some time past, it must be added, we had matters of greater importance to discuss. I had fathomed with no great difficulty the cause of the strong affection the young Russian had conceived for me; and I had easily found out why, in spite of the difference in our ages, I was of all his friends, the one with whom he liked best to talk. fact was, that I was the only person with whom he could speak of Marie de Massieux.

His theory of the "smallness" of the world had received new and striking confirmation. Very soon after the death of Madame de Massieux he had learned that his sister, the Countess de Villiers, married to a Frenchman, had known the murdered lady; and, moreover, that his friend Drieux, whom he met daily at his club and elsewhere, was related to the Massieux. Since she had become an orphan, Marie de Massieux had lived with her aunt, Madame de Bandy, in the Faubourg St. Honore, in the very same house as madame de Villiers.

Stachowitch was delighted when he made these discoveries; for several days he recurred to the subject continually, talking to me incessantly of the "small, small world."

"Just ride out daily for a fortuight," he said, "and you will know every horseman and horsewoman of Paris: only follow a course of concerts for a month and you will know every amateur of music in the town. And you call that a great capital! About the size of a play-house, my good fellow. Well, maybe a little larger, but not much. If you would only take the trouble, in a II who lies in it when you did, you would find out that hardly ten in the whole number are complete strangers to you. One has written a book that you have read: another has said something that you have heard; this one you know from meeting him every day at the same hour on the boulevard; that other is in love with some woman you know. Indeed, you may notice that there is general and instinctive distrust felt of any one who has no link with something or somebody that is known. The world is very, very small, I tell you. One can discover nothing in it that

was quite unknown before.' Stachowitch, who frequently went to see his sister, had one day met at her house, Madamede Baudy and Marie de Massieux. He had been introduced, and Marie had from the first felt a painful interest in him, having heard that he was the last person to whom her mother's mur derer had spoken.

"What induced you to notice that man so particularly?" she asked one day, when he had told her that he had been very near having a quarrel with Béchouard. "Had you any notion that he was a murderer?"

"I neither knew nor guessed anything about him, but his face was strange and horrible. Curiosity and fear attracted me towards him. He had upturned eyes—the eyes of a dead man, -white eyes." And Stachowitch shuddered as he spoke,

"White eyes!" repearted Marie with surprise, "What do you mean! I knew the man; he had wicked grey eyes-1 think I see them

Stachowitch made no reply, and turned the conversation into another channel. In a few minutes the Vicomte de Drieux was announced. He cast a not very friendly look towards the Russian, said a few words to his consin and then sat down near Madame de Baudy, at whose house, for the last few months, he had been in the habit of meeting Stachowitch almost daily. The latter, for whom time passed quickly whenever he could talk with Marie, became suddenly aware that he had paid an unconsciouably long visit, and took his leave at once. From Madame de Baudy's he came straight to my house, and I had to listen for the hundredth time to the recital of the first chapters of his love for Marie. If I did not always lend a very attentive ear, at any rate I heard him with friendly sympathy. And thus it was that I became his dearest friend, from whom he was con-

stantly seeking advice and encouragement.
"Take heart," I said, "all is going well.
You are timid,—that's all. You seem to expect that the girl is to declare her feelings of her own accord. It is asking too much. I cannot understand your hesitation. From what your sister has told you, you have reason to feel sure that Madame de Baudy does not object to your paying your addresses to her niece. Indeed any looker on can see as much as that. If she did, would she allow you to see Mademoiselle de Massieux every day, and talk to her as much as you please! The sunt is on your side. That of itself is a capital card in your hand. Your rival, Drieux, inspires me with no apprehension. He is a charming fellow, I admit; but he does not realize the ideal which the poetical heart of your beloved has, doubtless formed for itself. I have noticed that she is always joking with M. de Drieux, and that, with him, she never launches into one of those grand philosophical subjects which, strangely and comically enough, form the favourite theme of conversation between true and virtuous lovers. Drieux tells his pretty cousin many amusing stories, and I have no doubt that she finds time pass very pleasantly in his company. She bearns from him what plays are being acted, who are the best dressed women in Paris, and the name of the favourite for the "Grand Prix de Paris." All this is very useful knowledge for a young lady who hopes to be at the head of a salan of her own before many winters have gone by; but it is the sub. my dear sir. Above all do not disquiet yourself jeets that interests her, not the teller. If her, about your health." aunt would but allow her to read the Figure she would find in it ample compensation for the loss of her cousin's conversation. Drieux succeeds in making Mademoiselle de Massieux lægh very often. That's an excellent sign for you, for a man who makes a young girl laugh is not a daugerous rival. He may be successful with older women, but never with a young girl. In very young people lave does not manifest itself under a smiling aspect. Love, in their case, is a sentimental comedy, which must be played very seriously. For the more mature spectator, who has gone through it all, and who, alas will never go through it again, there is something at once laughable and touching in such seriousness. Well! you and Mademoiselle de-Massieux are both quite perfect in your lover's parts. She tells you of her passion for flowers; she plays Chopin's music for you, --tor Drieux she plays waltzes; and lastly I have heard her describe to you, with gentle melancholy, her moonlight walks under the old trees of the park at Massieux. All this is as it should be, and the charming girl will, I have no doubt, be some day an excellent mistress of a well-ordered household. You, on your part, recommend good books to her; you read verses to her, and you lead her out on the balcony to make her admire the glorious constellations of the firmament -Orion, Cassiopeia, and Ursa Major. This is as innocent as it is instructive, and it serves to imbue her with profound admiration for your houndless knowledge. You teach her the elements of geology; she does not understand, but she listens with scrupulous attention. You explain to ber the beauties of a Murillo, the deep and hidden meaning of Don Quixote; you are ready to initiate her into the music of Wagner or the philosophy of Kaut. All this, as I said, is just as it ought to be. Go on, my young friend, you are in the right way. Take heart, friend, von are in the right way. and ask for the hand of mademoiselle de Mas-

sieux : you will obtain it, I warraut vou. Poor fellow! He listened to these and similar speeches with every wish to believe what I said, but I could not induce him to follow my advice. Something he would not tell me weighed upon his heart, and prevented his putting an end to

the doubts which tormented him. One evening, after a long silence, Stachowitch asked me suddenly whether, in my opinion, a man who had not long to live was justified in

marrying. The question took me by surprise. I got up, and standing in front of him, examined him attentively. He had grown thin; he looked ill and weary, and there was an unusual brightness in

his eyes, which wandered restlessly from one object to another.

"Stachowitch, you grieve me," I said in a fatherly tone. "Come now, man, look me full in the feet." in the face."

His wild look gave place at once to a serene

and friendly expression.
"You look like a kind and venerable grand-father," he said; "it does me good to look at

I could not help laughing. "You do me too much honor, and I do not ask as much as that. I am your senior by nearly fifteen years, it is true; but that is no reason for speaking of me as a grandfather. But never mind me; let us speak of yourself. What now? Do you fancy you are going to die? What does it all mean This is really pushing eccentricity too far. Even your love affords no excuse. And pray, what will it please you to die of ?—of heart-disease, or of consumption? Any other illness, I suppose you would not think sufficiently pathetical. What do you complain of?"

"I do not complain." "Then why do you ask me that absurd question as to whether a man who was soon to die had a right to marry ?"

"I am wretched. Nobody knows, nobody can suspect, how much I suffer."

He spoke with sorrowful resignation, staring fixedly at the fire which was burning in the grate. I saw tears gather slowly under his eyelids, and trickle silently down his wan cheeks. I laid my two hands on his shoulders, and this time I spoke seriously:

"You are a malade imaginaire, my dear Stachowitch. Yours is not an exceptional case, and certainly not one that is considered incurable by the faculty. Promise me to see a doctor."

He shook his head. "Do it to please me," I said.

"What good can a doctor do me?"

"What good can a doctor do me:
"More than you fancy; and I must insist
upon your consulting one. You have reposed
and benea in me, and I am your friend. This imposes duties upon me which I am ready to fulfil, and gives me privileges which I mean to exercise. To-morrow, at one, I will call for you, and take you to a doctor whose opinion you may trust. You must go with me, or tell me why you refuse to do so.

He turned to me and replied very gently, "I will go with you quite willingly. I am grateful for the interest you take in me; but, believe me, it is of no use. Do not be angry with me, and. above all, do not give me up. I am miserable.

The doctor's opinion was most satisfactory. He pronounced my friend to be apparently in good health; heart, lungs, and all essential organs were in good working order. As to the nervous excitement to which I called his attention, he could not be brought to attach much importance to it, as he feit convinced that it would yield to the regimen which he prescribed

He dismissed us, saying to Studiowitch:
"You are constituted to live a hundred years,

When we got out into the street, Stachowitch

shrugged his shoulders despondingly.
"What?" said 1: "are you not satisfied?
What do you want? Do you wish to live to a hundred and fifty !"

"I knew betorehand," he replied, "that this viset would be of no use."

And, indeed, there was no amendment in his sad condition; on the contrary, his melancholy increased daily to a disquicting degree. I had almost made up my mind to return alone to the doctor's and ask for further directions, when an unforeseen occurrence changed the whole position of affairs.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Irish state trials have cost the enormous sum of £15,000 or £20,000.

St. Paul's Cathedral is shortly to be lighted by the electric light, as an experiment.

THE life of Mr. Delane, the late editor of the Times, will soon be really. If this book is as interesting as it might be, it will be as readable as the Mesternich memoirs.

WHILE Mr. Grav's "bull" about outrage in Ireland was applauded to the echo, the House did not notice a far finer specimen contributed by one of the members for Wicklow on the previous evening: "As long," said the honour-able member, "as Ireland was silent under her wrongs, England was deaf to her cries." quired a little stretch of mental attention and quickness to see it.

How steam has annihilated distance is shown by the system of excursions which the Great Eastern Railway Company has organized to Holland to enable enthusiastic Londoners and others to enjoy a little skating on the Dutch canals. A train leaves London on Saturday afternoon, which enables a passenger to skate all day on the Sunday and to be at work again in London on Monday at mid-day-and all for fifteen shillings, including Sabbath breaking.

THERE is an amusing story going round the military clubs in relation to an officer in the Royal Engineers who was recently deputed to superintend a batch of suppers in clearing away some snow. The work done he, by request, furnished an account to the "proper authorities," setting down, among other details, this item,

" Refreshments for self, one shilling." In a day or two he received an official letter, stating a shilling could not be paid for refreshments for officers on duty, even in the snow. If, however, the officer could set the shilling down as having been paid for assistance, or anything of that kind, the matter could be at once settled. Prompt as the post could take it there came the captain's answer, "Please erase refreshments and put down the shilling for porterage."

MR. FAWGETT'S Postage Stamp Saving System has been put to a use which neither he nor any one else contemplated. Business men are, of course, aware of the large number of accounts that are daily settled by payment in postage stamps, especially in instances where the amounts due are below 5s. One can easily imagine that the duty paid by firms—such as music sellers, who do extensive business in this way-to the Post Office authorities, for converting their stamps into currency amounts to a considerable sum in the course of a year. To evade this some houses have hit upon the following plan. Instead of weekly changing their stamps and refunding 6d. in the £ they have opened various accounts under different names under the new system, and weekly deposit on interest that which before they were obliged to pay discount for.

Or the more offensive aspect of Irish membership, which repels the house, an example was given recently. Mr. Newdegate has a seat at the corner of the fourth bench below the gangway, which has been allotted to him for a quarter of a century. He is always to be seen there, occasionally waving his red pocket-handkerchief, in signal of battle, or dropping it hopelessly on his knee at some fresh evidence of the determination of the world to go wrong. When he arrived he found his seat appropriated by Mr. O'Kelly, one of the persons who came into the House in the train of Mr. Parnell. Newdegate said nothing, but took a place lower down, and presently found himself seated between Mr. O'Kelly and Mr. Finigan, one of the oddest conjunctions seen in any Parliament. In this position he had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Forster's speech, and smiled grimly between the two crest-fallen gentlemen who had prepared this little pleasantry.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

THE interesting biography of Dr. J. H. Raymond the late President of Vassar College, for which his daughter, Mrs. Harriet P. Lloyd has been preparing for the past two years, is promised us early in February.

THE same publishers (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) announce a narrative of Gospel History by J. R. Gilmore and Dr. Lyman Abbott.

GENERAL DI CESNOLA has received a full and complete exoneration from the charges made against him in the Art Amateur by Mr. Fenardent regarding his treatment of the Cyprus antiquities.

THE Society of Decorative Art (New York), in furtherance of the good work it has undertaken offers a number of prizes to stimulate the efforts of artistic workers throughout the country. The prizes range in value from \$25 to \$500. For particulars of rains and sent to For particulars of rules and conditions send for circular to Prize Design Competition, Society of Decorative Art, 34 East Nineteenth street, New York. The exhibition will be held during the first two weeks in May, at Moore's American Art Gallery, 6 East Twenty-third

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"La Rousette," Lecocq's new opera, played at the Paris Varietés, it is said, is not a succes-

RUBENSTEIN'S opera, "The Demon," will be produced by Mr. Gye in the coming season in London. It will be under Herr Rubinstein's own supervision.

THE Poe memorial, at Booth's, was a success sense. Several thousand dollars will thus be in every sense. Several incustors assume added to the fund for the proposed monument. In the way of sacred music, nothing grander

has been heard for a long time in Rome, says a correspondent, than the funeral mass of Palestrina, performed at the Pantheon in commemoration of the late King Victor Emmanuel

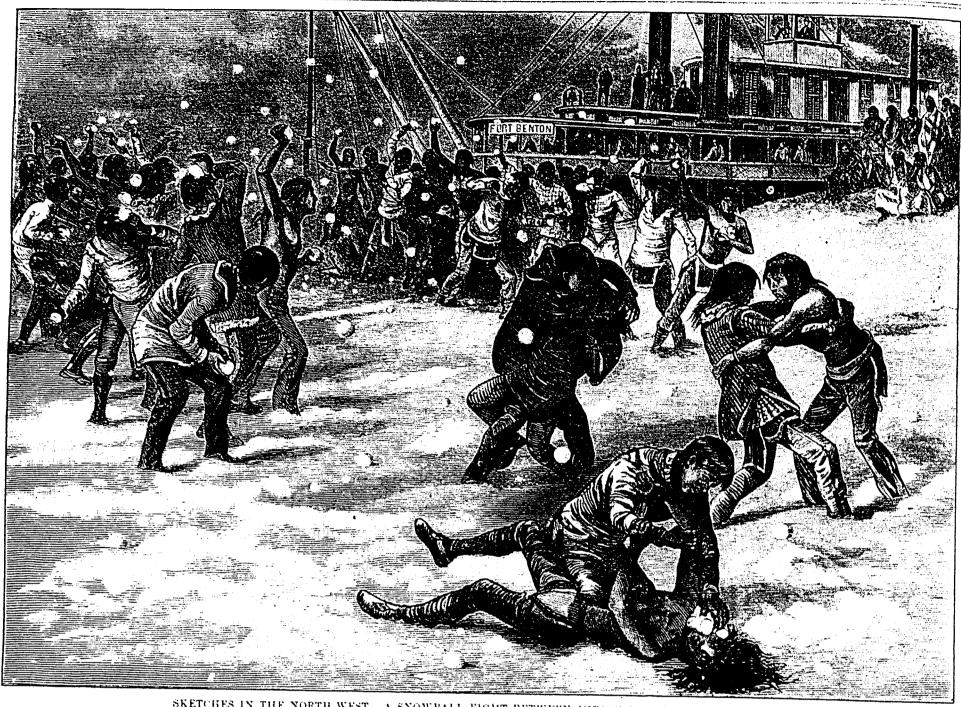
THE first piece produced at the new theatre on the Boulevard de Strasbourg, La Comédie Parisienne, will be "La Reine des Halles," a popular play, with parts for Thérésa and Paulin Ménier.

M. MARECHAL, the composer of "Les Amoureux de Catherine," has written a new opera entitled "La Bohémienne." The role of the heroine was expressly composed with a view to its personation by Mile. Marie Van Zandt.

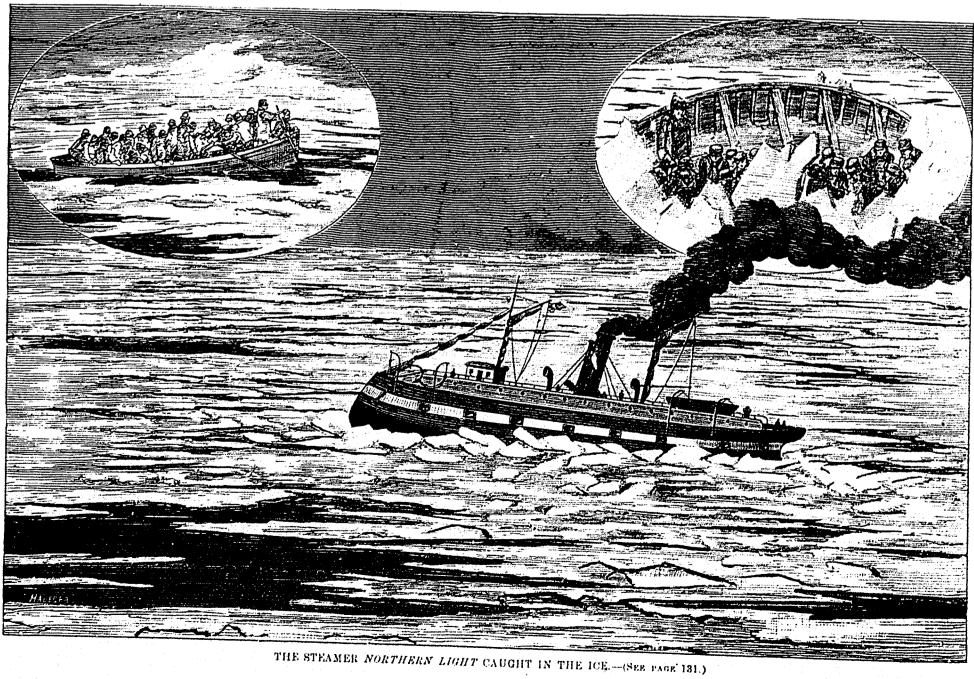
M. PHILLIPPE GILLE, the dramatist and writer, and M. Planquette, the composer, have engaged to provide next summer for the Théatre Dramatique an opera comique of which the subject is taken from an American story.

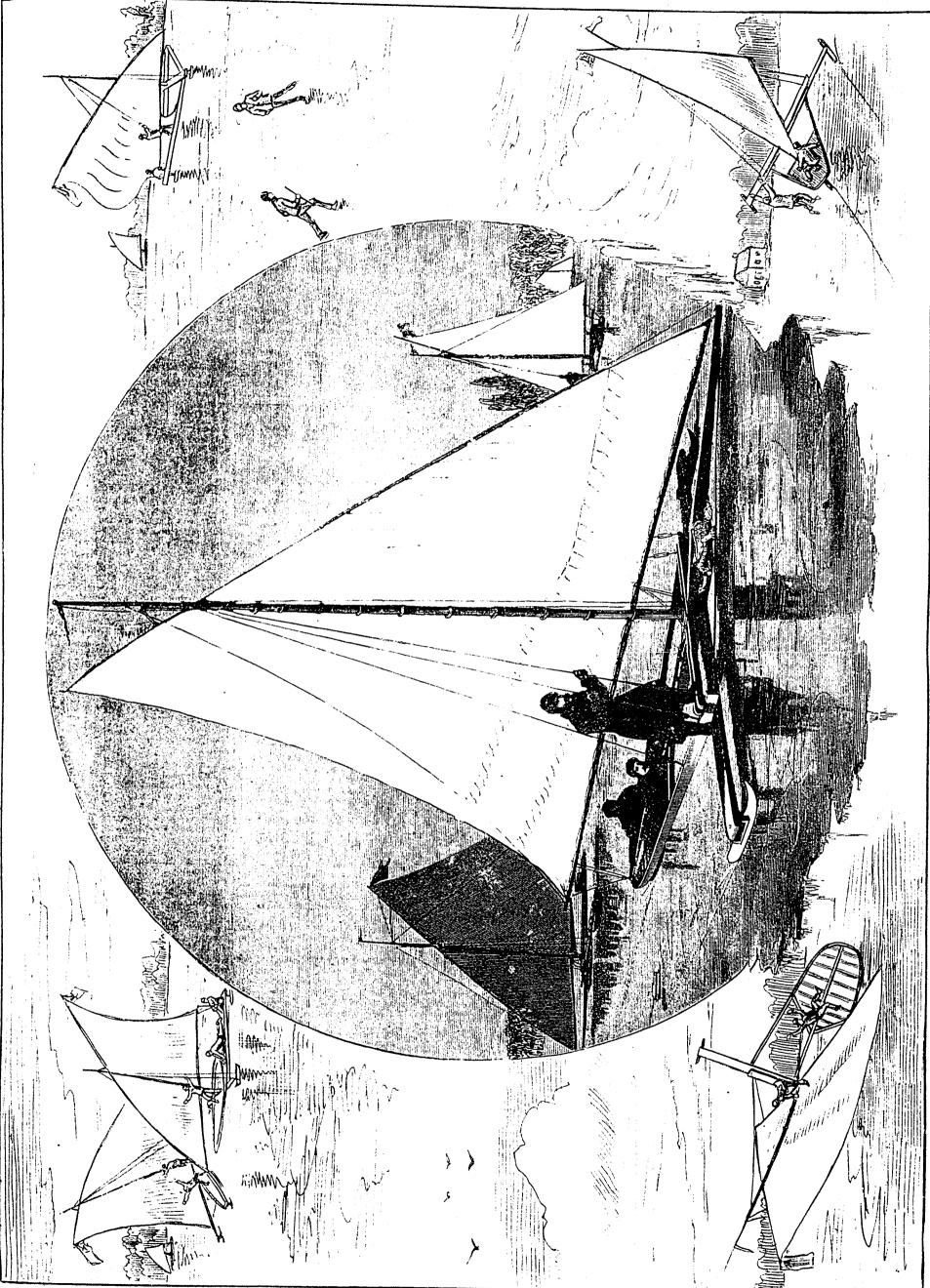
AT the Porte Saint Martin, Paris, M. Clèves is preparing "in the profoundest secrecy," so half the Parisian journals inform their readers, a revival of "Les Chevaliers du Bronillard." The actress who is to play the role of Jack Sheppard, created by Malame Marie Laurent, is not yet decided upon.

THERE is talk of transferring "La Dame aux Caméi as" from the boards of the Gymnase to those of the Comédie Française. Some one spoke recently to Alexandre Dumas on the subject, but he made answer that nothing could be done till after the return of Sarah. She and she only is judged capable by the Parisian public of impersonating Marguerite Gauthier on the classic



SKETCHES IN THE NORTH-WEST, -A SNOWBALL FIGHT BETWEEN INDIAN BOYS ON THE RED RIVER.





TORONTO SULT BOATING OF TORON

THE STUDENT'S WIFE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

She said: "It is true, Love; how foolish my sighs! It is true that the hours pass enchantingly so; n are here, and I gaze unreproved on your eyes, Where I read all your thoughts, as they come and

'Tis bliss to behold you, but bliss incomplete Don't f rey, however, I grieve at my lot; I watch that nought irksome invades your retreat. For I know what you like, Dear, and what you do

In a corner I nestle, amaxingly small,
For you are my lion, and I am your dove;
I plek up your pen, when it happens to fall,
And the soft rustling sound of your pepers I love.

No doubt, I possess you-I see you, no doubt; Still, thought is a wine with which dreamers go

Still, thought is a wine wind which including drink.

You should dream but of me; I have reason to pout When, each eve, in old books, your whole being is

There's a shade in my loving heart's inmost regess.

When you ne'er raise your head, never speak, never smile.

amile.

And I never can see you completely; unless,

Tou look at me sometimes yourself for a while !" GEO. MURRAY.

MIRIAM.

A STORY.

BY FESTINA LENTE,

Author of "Hie Jace," "The Holy Grail," "Brownie," "Roman Antiquities," etc.,

Uncle Rollo was dead. Peace be to his ashes. He was gathered to his ancestors, and they never rested well. It was a peculiarity of their house. They lived ill lives, and did evil deeds: then when they died it was reported of house. They lived ill lives, and did evil I shall like," said Miriam. deeds: then when they died it was reported of "You are very childish," said Mr. Jubb, them that they returned to their old haunts and knitting his brows. "You are old enough to terrified their descendants. It was an unenvia-ble peculiarity. Mirism denounced it bitterly, and thought with a shiver of disgust that perhaps her life of subjection to this evil old uncle of hers was not to be ended by the mere fact of But -she determined if he did come back he should find her prepared for his coming by some wholesome truths which had lingered so long on her tongue's end, that she longed to deliver them. He had brought her up merely to suit himself. He found in her the capacity for making a good nurse. She was patient, de-licate in her use of her fingers, her touch was pleasing to him. Henceforth she was the prisoner of his sick room. He taught her to read, that also was for his own benefit in order that she should amuse him without annoying him. It was nothing to him that her mind was opened and fed in a strange, disorderly way, whether she knew anything or nothing; he cared only that she was intelligent enough not to annoy him. He asked her no questions, she dared ask him none; she had no companions, and only one friend. She had taken her life as her lot, had lived it without thought or rebellion. But Uncle Rolio was dead, no longer was she a prisoner, she tasted freedom, she felt what the twenty-five years of servitude had cost her. It he dared come back to her. Ah 'she was a free woman, she would rebel. She believed in the ghost stories related of the gloomy old houseshe had grown up in their belief, the servants

whispered to her with vague warnings.
"Never walk through the corridors in the dark : never enter the east, the north, the west wings by night. Avoid the hall after dark."

Miriam who had believed in these warnings all her life, threw off all thraldom to them after Uncle Rollo's death. Let one ghost come, let them all come, she cared not. She had her opinion of them, and she intended to wither them and scare them back to their gloomy tomb in the chancel of the church at the first oppor-

On the first Sunday after the funeral, while she sat in the high-backed new belonging to her race, she deliberately pulled back the dingy red curtain and amused herself with reading the old inscriptions on the wall opposite especially dwelling on the names of those who were said to be the most unable to rest of all their race. As she walked down the chancel she looked at the heavy stones so firmly cemented down, under which they lay extended.

"It's a lot of trouble for them to get out, I know," she said, with some sausans self. "Let them come, I do not care." she said, with some satisfaction to her-

To her unworldly mind it never occurred that now her uncle was dead she had no right to re-main at "The Hall." She had so long been a She had so long been a slave, so long been bidden do this and that, she was only beginning to awake.

Thus a week passed. Mirjam growing bold, explored every crack and cranny of the house, went in and out of the rooms when she pleased -almost challenging the appearance of the ghosts of the house-but none came; no, though she chose the ghostliest hours for her researches she was unmolested in her wild

It was a bright December morning, and as the sun was shining it occurred to Miriam that she would go out of doors. She put on her hat and jacket, and ran away down the gravel paths and sped across the crisp frosted lawns away to the avenue of oaks and pines. Under their boughs the inspiration that she was a creature possessing force, freedom, life, came to her, and she caught one of the drooping boughs and

swung herself into a seat, and as it swayed back and forth laughed out loud for sheer delight. She began to sing. Words silly enough at best rushed to her lips in a glad rythm, idle as the words, idle as the hour,

"I had a nest, a nest of my own.
Ah! happy, happy I."-JEAN INGELOW.

"Twenty-five years old," she sang, "and I have never lived at all. Ah! how glad I am I did not die two years ago, when I was ill. It would have been had to die before I had learned how to live.

The thought sobered her, she lay back in the sunshine and looked up the distant dark blue sky. She began to wonder where Uncle Rollo was, and whether spirits had bodies. The ghosts always did. Then again she fell into the idle refrain--

"I had a nest, a nest of my own-Ab ! bappy, happy I."

The dinner bell rang. Miriam obeyed its summons when she chose for she was to be considered now. So she strolled slowly up to the house and threw down her hat in the hall, and with a feeling of elation went into the diningroom. Mr. Jubb, the old family lawver, was there, kindly and genial. Miriam was used to him, she liked him. He had come down to look through her uncle's papers by the desire of the next heir, Rollo Martin, who might be expected now at any hour.

"Will he live here " asked Miriam, with a little curiosity. "I hope so, it is so dull here, all alone."

The lawyer looked surprised.

"My client, Rello Martin," said he, "is a man of about thirty years. He is a widower, having made a foolish, hasty marriage in his youth. He has one child, a daughter. His wife was a missionary's daughter, her mother was a Hindoo. It is to be hoped that he will marry again and live here at the Hall."

"Well, then, I hope he will marry some one

have some sense

Miriam could not think why her words needed reproof. She had not begun to realize that she had an independent part to act in life.

The lawyer settled to his work. Miriam in a thoroughly idle mood resumed her pastime of examining the old house. Her imagination had always been morbidy active, and as she opened the shutters of the mouldy rooms she peopled these rooms with occupants. She touched the furniture, she examined the pictures; all this amused her. At length came twilight, and the be given up for to-day. amusement must Miriam bethought her of the ghosts; it was the time when one of them wandered at will through the corridor she was in. With decision she shut the shutters of the room she had last examined. She then sought the door to the corrider, and as she found it, and looked out, she stood for one instant as one petrified, for there, indeed, was the restless, wandering form of the ghost.

It was huge, it was of immense height and breadth. This ghost must have measured six feet one without his boots, and towards this bulky figure Miriam advanced, wrath in her heart, and the determination to give it vent in

her soul.
"I know who you are," she began, "and you can't frighten me one bit. I think it is despicable, and weak, and detestable of you to come back, and to pretend you are sorry for what you did when you were alive. I have not one bit of patience with you. Go back to your coffin, and if you are really sorry find out something better to do than to frighten servants and try to fright-

The ghost laughed, and the sound echoed horribly. Miriam put her fingers in her ears.

"It is no use laughing, noise won't frighten me. I am downright ashamed that you were ever related to me at all. I should like to feel my ancestors were manly, which you are not one

The ghost laughed louder than ever, and Miriam took her fingers out of her ears, and truth to tell made a hideous face at him.

"I suppose you are proud of being a bogic," e continued. "I should hate it. Can't you she continued. help being selfish after death, I wonder if you have run away from the other bad spirits. Perhaps Uncle Rollo is there too, it so I have got something I meant to say to him."

have all this nonsense over at once, and do not attempt to trighten me again with any of your appearances. I tell you once for all I despise ghosts, and you can follow me about just as much as you want to, there is a horse-shoe nailed over the door there, and I suppose you dare not cross the threshold. Bah! bah! a ghost is afraid to do what a woman can do, table.

after me. As Miriam said this she made another face at the ghost and dropped an ironical courtesy; and the ghost indulged in such a hearty peal of laughter that the old rooms seemed to shake

with the aoise. "Come out of this mouldy old hole," said be ghost in a deep bass voice. "Upon my word the ghost in a deep bass voice. even a ghost can't stand it."

"Come as far as you like," said Miriam, in a tone of keen sareasm, "but I tell you there is a horse-shoe over the door."

The ghost anathematized the horse-shoe. "Are you afraid to take my arm !" he said,

in as firm a voice as he could command, stoop-

ing to offer it to the little Miriam.
"Afraid! she crid, undaunted. "I have the greatest mind to stick a pin in it."
"Don't!" he cried pitifully. "I am dreadfully afraid of pins."

So Miriam contented herself with giving the

arm she held some stinging little nipping

"I did not know ghosts had any flesh," she said, musing. "I thought they wore a sheet over their bones. What are you laughing at "

Was I laughing to said the ghost. A Oh! let go my arm; here is the horse shoe. I dare

not pass the horse-shoe." "You came without asking my leave," said Miriam firmly, "and now I shall just punish you. I hope it hurts you very much. Cross the threshold you shall, or else you shall take me with you into the ghost-land. I won't let

The ghost begged, implored, entreated. Apologized for not shedding tears of woe, groaned awfully.

"When I say a thing I mean it," said Miriam firmly. "You shall come right into the light. It is of no use to tremble. You ought to have been more manly than to come to frighten me. I've got you, and I'll just keep you. I'll ask the parson to say prayers over you. There

"What an awful threat," said the ghost, shaking with fear (or laughter.) Then with a clever little-twist he freed himself from Miriam and vanished.

"Never mind, I'll come with a candle the next time," said Miriam, "and I'll tie you up. Now mind, if ever you come again, I'll tie you up so that you can't vanish. You are the worst coward I ever met."

There was a sound of a chuckle from a remote corner, Miriam grew wrath.

"You had better believe me," she said, "I mean what I say."

There was no answer. "Do you hear?" cried Miriam.

There was no sound. So she took her key, ocked the ghost up in the rooms, and went down to the tea-room.

" Now I am going to have a pleasant evening," said Miriam to herself. So she brought her favourite book and laid it on the table, and she broke the coals into a bright blaze, and in a pretty womanly way that was all her own, drew the warm curtains and made the old panelled room look cozy and delightful. When she came back to the fire a new surprise awaited her. Was this a ghost too !

A tall, handsome girl of eight years stood on the rug, watching Miriam's movements with quiet interest. Young though she was, she was essessed of a splendid physique. She was broader, and almost as tall as Miriam. After a moment's pause Miriam went up to her with open arms, only too pleased to have a child so near her, she had rately touched one in all her dreary life. But the child put up her powerful arms and held Miriam at a distance, while with keen, wise eyes she read her face; she then drew her up close, and now as if she were the elder clasped her to her heart and covered her face with kisses.

" Irene," said a voice in grave rebuke.

"Well, papa !" was the deliberate response; and without deigning to turn, Irene freed Miriam from her embrace.

Miriam turned to see a man of great height and breadth standing at her elbow, and as she looked at him, he bowed and said,

"I am Rollo Martin. This is my daughter.

And you——"
"I am Miriam Bach," said she, quietly looking up with curious eyes. "Oh! how much you are like your ancestors."

To her surprise he burst out laughing, nor did

he find it easy to cease. Irene came forward.
"Miriam Bach," she said. Oh, Papa! Uncle Rollo sent you her likeness once, and you burnt

it. Do you remember ?"

"I have an excellent memory," he said, his lips quivering. "Miss Bach will you give us

Miriam saw then that the table was laid for

"I thought you would call me cousin, per-

haps," she said, half entreatingly.
"I shall call you only Miriam," said Irene, decidedly. "I love you and I shall do as I

"Miriam shall teach me," said Irene.

should dislike school." There was a pause, and Miriam looked long at Rollo Martin. He meantime seemed to be

struggling with some strong feeling that caused him to turn his head away, while his whole body shook until the china shook on the There now! I have cared you I hope of coming "You have lived at the Hall, year in and

year out?" he asked, presently, turning a steady look on Miriam.

"All my life, ever since my parents died," said Miriam. "No. I forgot, once I was away for fifteen days. I was bridesmaid when Fannie French was married. That was charming."
"This is a mouldy, ghostly old place," said

Rollo, checking a disposition to uncontrollable laughter. "I mean to pull it down."
"What will the ghosts do!" asked Miriam simply. "I wonder where they would walk.

Perhaps they would leave off such antics, and try to be good."

"I do not believe in ghosts myself," said N.Y.

Rollo carelessly, with a slight shrug of the

"But if you could see one. If I tied one up so that you could catch him," said Miriam, triumphantly.

"Folks always say that seeing is believing, do they not?" said Rollo, with a re-assuring

smile to Irene. "Some day when you have time," said

"Oh ! if it depends on that I fear it will have to wait," said he, " for I have to go away again to-morrow. Come and sit down by the fire, Miss Bach, I want to talk to you about Irene."

Miriam sat down in her usual chair, and took her needle-work and busily plied her needle. And Irene sat on her father's knee and listened with equal attention to all that was said.

"Irene has taken to you," he said. "She never yet has paid any lady the compliment. She will now want to have you with her. She will make your life a burden to you."

"No," said Miriam, quietly and decidedly. "That would not be good for her. I shall not allow it.'

"So much the better; she will, I trust, see the matter in the same light," said Rollo, with some amusement.

"I am going to live," remarked Miriam. "It's quite time. I am going out into the park when. ever I wish. I am going to visit the old people in the village. It is a disadvantage not to know anything. Irene shall come too.

(To be Continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

MME MARIE BLANC of Monaco has made a resent to Adelina Patti of a diadem worth 80,000fr.

A consucat discussion from a French play: Monsieur: "Do I make the laws here, or do I not f" Madame: "Possibly—but nothing shall hinder me from presenting amendments !

THERE is a talk of reviving the military style of coilfure for gentlemen, that is, that of having the hair cropped as short as scissors can cut it. This is so old a fashion that it ought to become new again speedily.

THE fortifications round Paris have at stated intervals splendid barracks, capable of accommodating 500 soldiers each, These not being all occupied, and being situated in the most healthy confines of the capital will be turned into auxiliary hospitals.

The Paris municipal authorities have shown themselves equal to the occasion, as, ere the snow-storm had covered the streets, 5,000 brooms, wielded by as many sweepers, male and female, and fifty huge sweeping machines, each drawn by six horses, have cleated the way. The wine-shops were kept open all night for the accommodation of "the ladies and gentlemen who swept the streets"-" Pour ces dames et ces messieurs qui balayent les rues," as the courteously-worded placard stated to their ragged-

THE journal whose reporter affects to be the evoured guest at Sandringham and Marlborough House, which records the sayings and doings of the English aristocracy, was enabled to inform its readers on Monday that the Prince of Wales arrived here two days past in strict incognito. He was present last night at the rehearsal of "Nana," at the Ambigu, and went behind the scenes to compliment Mile. Massin on her performance. The labours of Sisyphus and of the Danaides would be light compared with those who would correct the inaccuracies of the Figuro.

THE doors of the Ambigu have been closed several days for the special rehearsals of M. Zola's " Nana." The first performance has been somewhat delayed by various difficulties, among which the following are given as samples; the necessity of a bona-fide water-course in the scenery representing the "Ruins of Chamont," by Cheret; the "Burning of the Hôtel Muffatt," by Robecchi, which is to be terribly realistic; the "Enceinte du Pesage," by Zara, in which The ghost approached looking huger in the dusk, but Mirtan did not quail.

"She has always done what she liked all her dupart upwards of a hundred and fifty booking hugher in the dusk, but Mirtan did not quail.

"Go and fetch him," she said. "Let us school." right good earnest on the turf of the Bois de Boulogne.

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 for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Dobility 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, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. Shehar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester,

TWO MUSICIANS.

When one with skilful fingers swift as wind Swept to and fro along the glittering keys, I said: I wish I were away from these Cluttering and noisy players: but resigned Myself to listen, and I tried to seize Upon some meaning in the tune I heard. But in my ears the harsh notes rung and whirred; It was as if I listened carelessly It was as if I listened carelessiy
A mong a crowd of people coarse and rude,
Who talked in shrillest tones of grudge or fend,
Though only seldom one could catch a word.
Even their voices were a bure to me;
I pictured their dull faces, till released
From such companions, when the music ceased.

11.

But when the second player struck a note
And fingered softly onta gentie aft—
It was like coming from that turmoil where
I waited, to a light Venetian boat.
Illy to glide among the shadows, there
Where one may drift and dream; and suddenly
One deep sweet voice sang such a song to me.
I listened, and I followed far away.—
I never could call back the tale it told,
But all the world seemed lost, as when, one day,
I laid me down upon a high cliff's creat;
Warm with the smoshine, there alone to rest,
While far below the great waves shoreward rolled.

SARAH O. Jewer But when the second player struck a note

SARAH O. JEWRTT.

MISTAKES IN ETIQUETTE.

Every year brings out one or two books on most of them written by penny-ahners, who have pecuniary profit more at heart than the uniform understanding of rules generally observed in our best society. One which has recently been added to the long list would seem to have been written with the best intentions, after careful study of other works on the same subject, as its author tells us, but a glance over its pages shows not a few of the errors which distinguish books so written from those which combine, with the work of compilation the results of observation and experience. We say nothing of the writer's English nor of the style of composition, nor yet of the ideas set down as to what is included in "true womanhood;" but we cannot pass over without notice the fact that there is information and instruction given, which will mislead the ignorant and make trouble for all who take the book for what it professes to be.

The author states that "a card sent by mail is now recognized as an attention, ladies having found that the distances, the engagements, and the carriage hire, will not permit of their making all their calls." The exchange of cards, delivered in person, between ladies, is just as binding as ever it was : there has been no relaxing of the stringency of society rules in this matter. The lady, who, misled by this piece of information, sends her visiting card by post junless sent to notity her friends as to her reception day, may expect to receive a return card sent in the same way, terminating all exchange of visits in that quarter. For ladies in our best society would not know what construction to put upon the card of another lady sent by post; whether it was ignorance, or impertinence, on the part of the sender. The author however straightway contradicts or qualifies her statement and says that, "It is not enough that a card should be sent by post from young men who have been invited to an entertainment. is a well-known fact that a great number of invitations which flood some of our young business men, has made impossible an acknowledgment of them all by a call in person; and hence the onerous duty of leaving the card of acknowledgment (which London men send by their servants,) has fallen upon the mothers, or sisters, or wives, of these young men. Accordingly when an English writer proposed that these cards of ceremony should be sent by post there were found sensible women in our best society who wished the custom to be established here. Hostesses looked with leniency, if not with approbation, upon the men who, engaged in busi ness, took this method of making known their appreciation of an invitation; instead of neglecting all acknowledgment, as men must do upon whom invitations pour down in torrents. When this writer says that "the best ladies in society" do not advocate in young men the sending of cards by post, while it is "recognized as an attention," when cards are sent by ladies, does it not suggest the idea that these "best are more partial to the society of men than to that of women, inasmuch as they are willing to make the woman's cards do duty for a call, and regret the cards of the men; for the teason given, namely, that "if a lady has time troduce this custom in our "age of license;" to invite a gentleman he should certainly find time to call." Our ladies in society know that the card left after an entertainment is a mere mafter of ceremony. The hostess instructs her servant that she does not receive; the card is taken in; and this is all that is requisite. The card may be left by a relative, by post, or in person; it is all the same, to the hostess who understands the way of the world.

Among the many errors scattered through this

hook we shall only take up a few of those most likely to lead astray the uninstructed. Brides are told that, though married in the day-time, they must wear full evening dress. This is not so. Low neck and short sleeves for a day ceremony are confined to brides outside of the best society. Let the material be what it will, the corsage or body must be high in the neck, and the sleeves long, to be strictly ca regle. When the bride wears "low body and short sleeves," she is at liberty to do when the ceremony takes place in the evening or by gas-light, the groom wears evening dress also. It would indeed be day, as usual," "Oh, do you call that a mark of operation, she had learnt by heart the peculiar

an anomaly to see one in morning dress, the other in full evening dress. Again, it is given as "an infallible rule" that a bride's trousseau must contain twelve dozen of everything. Sensible mothers do not provide in such parvenu prodigality; and such a rule, did it exist, would be better honoured in the breach than in the observance. Some of the rules here laid down, for instance that gloves must have from ten to eighteen buttons, would seem to suggest more interest in the retail trade than in behalf of the best instruction of the readers of the book.

We are told that "cheese is to be eaten with the fork or fingers, as the person chooses. For a very good reason cheese should not be touched by the fingers in eating. Ladies use forks; men sometimes use knives when they wish to spread the cheese, a bit at a time, on the biscuit or bread which they cat with it. The use of the fingers would be anything but an agreeable sight, to say nothing of the odor and other inconveniences for the persons most in-

timately concerned.

An anecdote is given of an Englishman who was so rude as to "hum" a tune or sing when driving with a New York lady. The author says:—"One thing this gentleman did know, and that was that it was proper to sit opposite to the lady in her carriage and not by her side, for which piece of conventional good breeding she mentally thanked him." The Englishman ought to have known that it was the correct thing to take his seat by the side of the lady if they were the only occupants of the carriage and they were equals, and the lady ought not to have been guilty of the incivility of permitting a guest to sit with his back to the horses in her own carriage. Perhaps her dress took up so much room that neither had any choice in the matter. This writer often confuses bad breeding with lad training; but as well trained men are more frequently found among the well bred than among the ill-bred, the rarity of good breeding leaves all the more to be done by training and by instruction, and makes it important that books written on these subjects should descend to "first principles" and give correct information. It is better not to know any rules than to know such as are put in prac tice by the under-bred only.

The book counsels its readers to watch the host at a dinner party, and if he offers his right arm to the lady whom he takes in to dinner, the guest is to do likewise; if the left arm, the guest must offer the left. This may serve as a compliment to the host, but a man should not have to occupy his thoughts with such uncertainties. There are strong reasons for preferring the right arm. In all countries where it is the custom to turn to the right in passing, the gentleman, by giving the lady his right arm, places her out of danger of being jostled by passers by. The man who gives his right arm is always in the right. If for any reason a lady prefers the left arm she

will make it known.

The writer quotes from an English author on ctiquette, placing an interrogation point at the end of the misquoted sentence (as if puzzled to render the meaning), as follows :- "This is a sign which a well-drilled butler observes for removing the plates!" During the serving of the courses at a dinner the well-trained servant removes the plate of each guest as soon as the guest places his knife and fork, side by side, across the plate; and replaces the same with a clean plate, on which is a clean knife and fork, placed side by side. The well-bred guest, who has been as well trained as the servant, unmediately removes the clean knife and fork, placing both at the right of his plate, so that all delay is prevented when the next course is passed. Itherwise he would keep the servant standing by him, as the knife and fork must be removed before he could help himself. In our country it is often a great annoyance to the hostess to witness these unnecessary delays. Abroad in good society both knife and fork are removed by the guest the instant that the place is placed before him.

Again, we are told that the word "thanks" instead of "thank you" is fashionable just now, but this word has recently gone out of fashion, following the course of the words "polite" and 'genteel," which are no longer used in compliments in good society. Yet this book makes use of the word "polite" instead of "kind" or "very kind 'in its form for regrets. It is an obsolete form. Again we are told that "A gentleman in driving touches his hat with his whip;" "the but well-bred women rebel against such free and easy modes of salutation. It is not recognized as good form in the most cultivated societies of Europe. In the Coach drive from London to Windsor a lady sitting on the box with the driver noticed that while he touched his hat with his whip while passing acquaintances of his own sex he invariably shifted his whip and lifted his hat when saluting the women whom he knew on the road. This man was not one of a class in life instructed in such forms; but he knew that it not a respectful salutation to touch his whip to his hat, and his instincts served the purposes of instruction; or, possibly, it was the effect of example; for if an English gentleman lets his eyes wander from his horses to salute a lady, he salutes her properly, and not with his whip. A young well-trained English girl said to a Newport swell, "You passed me to-day without bowing to me; you frequently do so."
He answered, "I beg your pardon. that is impossible. I touched my whip to my hat, to-

recognition "' She replied, elevating her eye-brows slightly. "I was in ignorance of the existence of such a custom, excepting between

After this civilly adminstered reproof the young man, not being a sufficiently "good whip" to lift his hat when handling his reins, contented the requirements of the lady by a bow bending somewhat more forward, and the bow more pronounced than men give, unless under like circumstances. Without doubt the lady understood "the situation" and preferred to dispense with the lifting or touching of the hat if the whip had to accompany it. Nothing in the way of a salutation can be more "free and easy" than lifting the whip to the hat; but we are free to acknowledge that men are having things their own way, with free and easy women, so entirely that they have forgotten what they owe to women who are worthy of their respect.

The true gentleman at heart may from want of instruction, omit to lift his hat when he passes ladies to whom he has not been introduced, the staircase of a hotel, in a corridor, and in like places, but he will not be wanting in this mark of respect to those whom he does know, nor will he lift his "stick" to his hat in passing. When we are told that a lady—stranger though she be -always acknowledges such a salutation: that "this is real breeding," that "conventional breeding is apt to leave this undone," we are forced to protest against such really bad breeding or rather bad training. A gentleman abroad lifts his hat whenever he enters the presence of ladies, be it in a railway carriage, in a hotel, or elsewhere under cover, but he expects no return of the salutation. A lady of a certain age may incline her head in acknowledgment, but should a young and attractive woman venture to notice the slight attention-well-bred and well-trained though he be—he might be tempted to presume upon the ignorance of the lady. Very different is the necessary return made for any service rendered, such as the opening of a door; the picking up of some articles dropped, the giving of a seat, all these require a civil though formal bow, or a simple "Thank you."

Let it be understood, for the sake of the foreigners who plunge into errors here after investing in books on American etiquette, as well as for those who are novices in society, that as Americans we have no established, sanctioned code of etiquette, and that if we ever succeet in making one for ourselves, we must follow those customs which rule good society elsewhere, so far as they are suited to our republican modes of life. Though a young nation, we not only hold our own, but we are marching with longer strides than those nations on whom the infirmities of age are pressing with a merciless hold. want an effquette of our own built up out of all that is the best in what is now observed; a sensible etiquette which will adapt itself to our needs; not imposing useless ceremonies and forms, the best good of all concerned, uniform and consistent .- Home Journal.

MISCELLANY.

A STRANGE AWAKENING .- James Smith, who lived some time ago in the parish of Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, was rather fond o' a wee droppie, and on one occasion, when in Turriff at night, had partaken rather freely, and on his homeward journey he lost his equilibrium and fell down at a wooden spout at the Bleachfield station among the coals beside the engine, where he lay sound asleep until morning, when he was aroused by a very black-looking man, whom he saw shovelling coal into a large furnace. Jamie, being in a muddled sort of state, came to the conclusion that he had departed this life and landed in the regions of darkness. The Irishman at this time seeing Jamie demanded who he was, and what he wanted. Jamie gave him a pitiful look, saying at the same time, " Oh, I was Jamie Smith, o' the Brae o' Gask, in the last world, but I'll be onything ye like here, Mr.

THE young lady who has been asked to become the Crown Princess of the Hapsburg monarchy, and has accepted, is undergoing a course of studies such as few mortals would care to undertake short of strict necessity. Her day of marriage has been postponed in order to perfect the Princess Stephanie in those acquirements which indispensable. She takes daily lessons in ridgentlemen at Court. The Vienna Court has always been partial to music, painting and schol. Paul's, or the Lord Mayor.—City Press. ars, and the Crown Prince is himself an accomplished student of natural history. But the Princess is expected to speak with most of her future subjects in their native tongue, and so she has to devote a large part of her time to the study of languages. She knew German ween she accepted Prince Rudolph's offer; at present she studies two extremely difficult languages-Hungarian and Bohemian.

THE following sketch of a baby telephonist, "pretending" to communicate with her papa, is from the Concord Monitor.—She was a pretty child, happy-hearted, full of fun, and a great mimic. Only two summers had sent sunshine across her curls and waked to sensuous delight the intantile beauty and form. She dwelt in a home filled with creature comforts, among them a new innovation, the telephone. She had often watched this wonderful mechanism, and while she neither knew nor cared for the secrets of it.

and one-sided formula of a telephone conversation. Unheeding that someone was watching her, the other day she put a little hand to the wall and imitated the pushing of the button on the telephone. Up went the other hand to the ear, as if holding the ebony cylinder, and the little miss went on in mimicry of her elders, in the following fashion:—"Hello." She then paused for an answer from the central office. paused for an answer from the central office. "Hello. Please hitch on Mr.—house to Mr.—office." Pause. "Is 'at you, papa ?" Pause. "When is you coming home?" Pause. (Turning to her dolls, the little one here spoke impatiently, "Do you keep still; I can't here a word.") "Yes." (Rising inflection.) Pause. "I don't know." (In doubt.) Pause. "Yes." (Gizefully.) Pause. "Why papa." (In surprise.) Pause. And so the little one went on, maintaining perfectly an imaginary conversation, till at last she dropped her hand with a motion till at last she dropped her hand with a motion indicative of weariness from holding the telephone, and pronounced the conversational "That's all; good bye," with all the nouchalance of a veteran."

BERNHARDT SEES A WHALE .- Previous to her Boston visit Sara Bernhardt had never seen a real whale, although she has for years been gorged by sharks, as successful people generally are. Happily for the great actress, Fred Englehardt happened to be exhibiting in Boston the finest specimen of a whale ever seen in this country, and was about departing for Chicago with his treasure when he learned of the artiste desire to gaze upon the monster. usual gallantry, manager Englehardt delayed his trip, and accompanied by Mile. Bernhardt, her sister, Jeanne, Mr. H. C. Jarrett, and Mons Jehan Soudan, special correspondent of the Voltairs of Paris, a journey was made to New England freight docks, the bright, crisp morning air adding keenly to the pleasure of the trip. Arrived at the place where the monster lay ready to be hoisted, a great concourse of people was found, and a great string of private vehicles were drawn up on the dock, an unusual sight at a freight depot. There was quite a distance to go on boot, but leaning lightly on the arm of Mr. Englehardt she sprang from her coach, and with a merry twinkle she darted away like a fawn, some 150 yards, to where the whale lay, pursued by her friends, who were out of breath hen they arrived on the scene. Mlle, Bernhardt was profuse in her admiration of the monster, admitting, like all others who have been fortunate enough to see it, that all illustrations and descriptions fall far short of giving an adequate idea of the reality. Some fifteen minutes were spent in examining this royal captive of the great North sea, and he was divested of one sheet of hone, which was cut out as a souvenir for Mlle. Bernhardt, the only mutilation of this magnificent specimen which has been permitted. This is not a fish story.

THE GREAT BELL OF ST. PAUL'S .- St. Paul's has always possessed, and still owns, a great bell. From time immemorial the citizens claimed the eastern part of the churchyard as the place of assembly for their folk-motes. "In the great steeple there situate (which, we may remark, was an isolated structure) was their common bell, which being there rung, all the inhabitants might then hear and come together." Thus Stow. Dugdale supposes this building to have stood where is now St. Paul's School. So far back as the 15th of Edward I. (1286) mention is made, in a Quo Warranto, of the custom of ringing a bell in this tower as one existing long ere that date. Henry VIII. lost tower, spire, and bell at a game of hazard to Sir Miles Partridge, who quickly overthrew his winnings and the bell. For not far short of two centuries St. Paul's had no great hell. That which it now possesses was the gift of William III. It was originally east in the reign of Edward I., and was hung at the gate of Westminster Hall to notify the hour to the Judges. It was afterwards called "Edward of Westminster," and subsequently "Westminster Tom." William gave it to the Cathedral of St. Paul, whither it was brought on New Year's Day, 1699. Since then it has been twice recast, each time with an addition of metal. It weighs more than 2 cwt. over 5 tons, it is 10 feet in diameter and 10 inches in thickness of metal. The tone is very fine in the musical note A, concert pitch. The hour is struck by a large hammer, and falls on the future Empress of Austria-Hungary will find the outside brim of the bell by its own weight. The bell is only tolled—that is to say, the claping, and is expected to be sufficiently versed in the arts and sciences to deal effectually with the Royal Family, or of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St.

HUMOROUS.

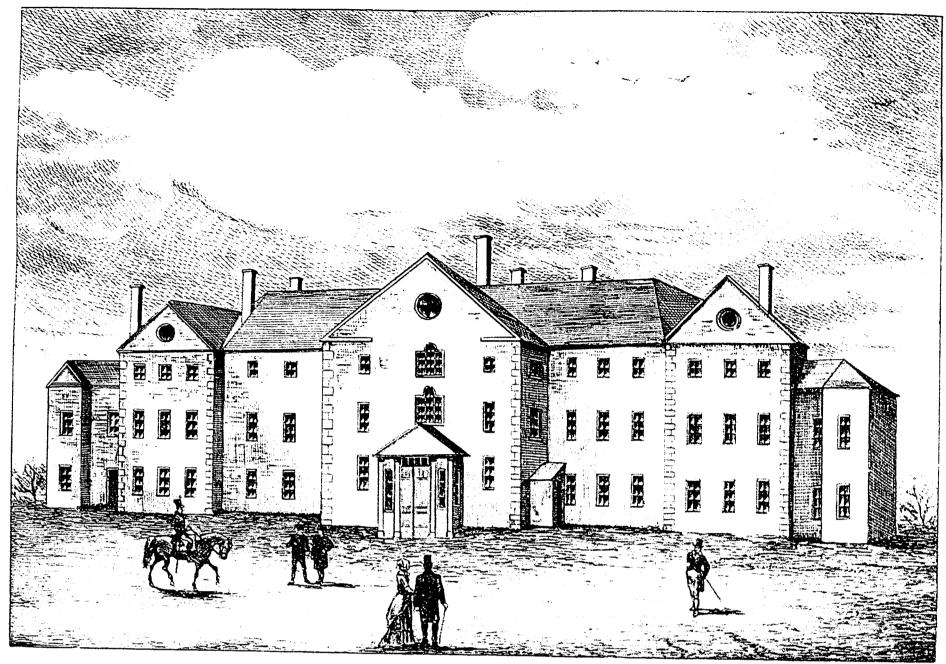
It is better to love a short girl than never to have loved a tail.

WHEN a dead man's property is put under the hammer it is a sale of effects; but when a man gets sea-sick it is the effects of a sail.

THREE periods of life-youth, mumps ; middle age, bumps; old age, dumps.

IF you would get wealthy get upon a mule. You will soon flud you are better off.

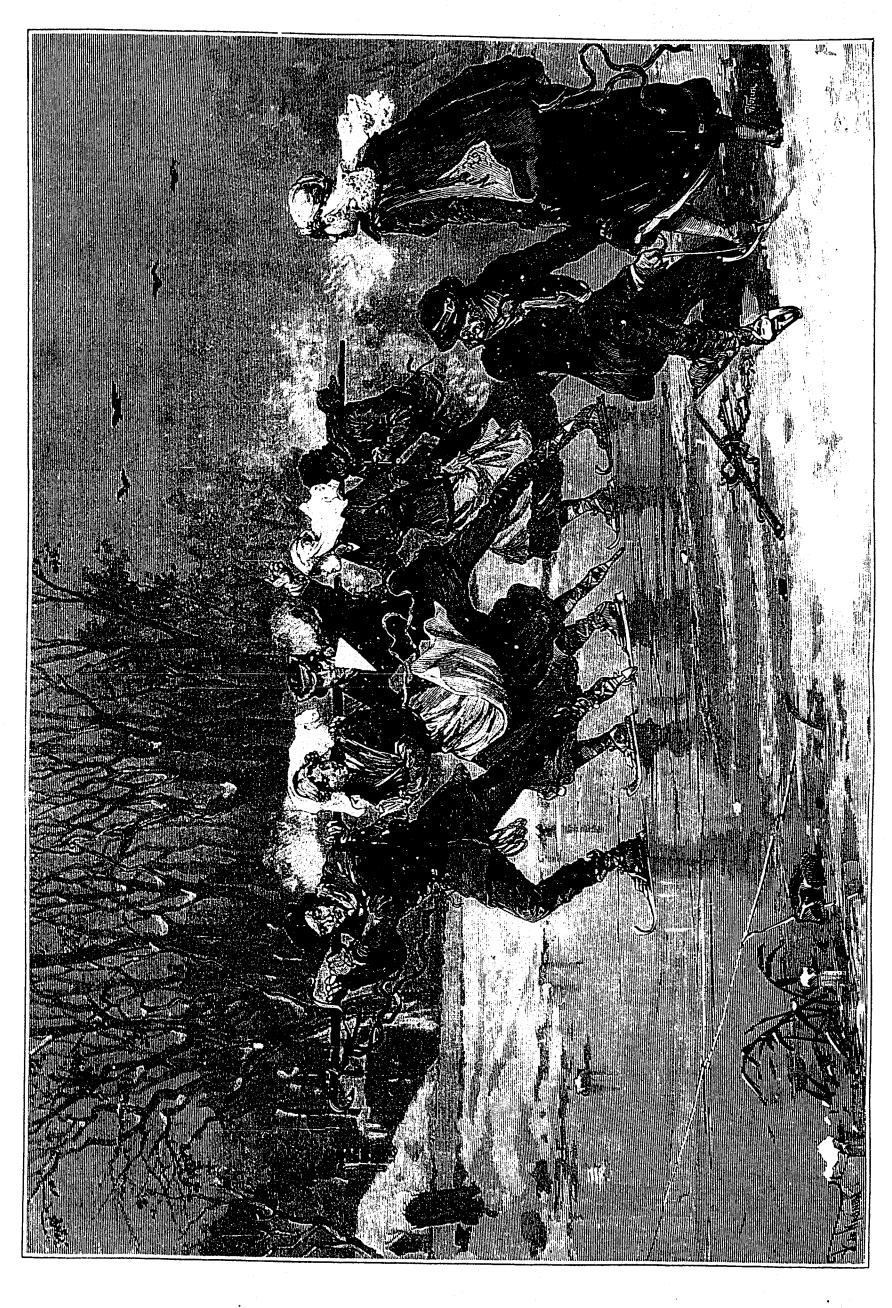
"I PREDICT," said Mr. Caudle the other day to his bosom friend, "a mild winter." "On what grounds t"." My wife and her mother have gone to Italy till spring." AN old lady who had been reading the health officer's weekly reports thought "Total" must be an awfully malignant disease, since as many die of it as all the rest put together.



QUEBEO -THE (HATEAU ST. LOUIS.-(1020-1834.)



A STRAW RIDE.—STUCK FAST IN A SNOW-DRIFT.



IN THE SIERRA.

(From Theophile Gautier.)

I love these mountains, soaring in their pride!
No plants or herbs their shivering feet coneeal,
Where crags beneath a shroud of silver hide.—
Crags—which would blunt the stubborn ploughshare.

No gladding vine, or golden grain is here, Nonght which man's ancient curse of toil betrays; Great eagles haunt the pure free atmosphere, And rocks re-echo to the bandit's lays.

The mountains yield us no prosaic gains.

Nought but their beauty, which enchants a few:
I love them better than the reeming plains.

So far from Heaven, that God seems lost to view !

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

GEO. MURRAY.

Our young girls in America do not seem to have sense of the beauty of simplicity in dress. No young girl looks as young or as lovely in heavy velvets and loaded trimmings as in simple muslins and soft, clinging materials. They de tract from their own fresh charms by calling attention to their adornment. I should be inclined to say that no jewels, unless a single row of pearls about the threat, no lace but simple Valenciennes, should be worn by any girl younger than twenty-one. A dress perfectly fresh, light in colour (where the complexion permits), beautifully cut, and almost entirely untrimmed, cannot be improved up n for a young girl. It is the sweet rounded forms, the dewy bloom on the cheek, the clear young eyes, the soft tender lips, that we want to see. Where silks are worn, they should not be of heavy quality, but soft. Our young girls wear dresses like dowagers. It is a futile waste of money: no beauty is attained.

We would like to call attention to the fact that the style of dress influences the manners, the carriage of the woman. The masculine style of dress has this objection. It is a little difficult to say what we could substitute for the Ulster that we have all adopted. It is surely a very convenient garment for our streets, and for rain and mud and snow; but there is a differ-ence in the cut of Ulsters, and they should be little like a very bad overcoat as possible. Where a young girl has side-pockets, she is apt to put her hands in them, and where she adds a Derby hat, how often the swagger follows!

The Derby hat appears to me to have no excuse. It is unbecoming even to a man, and absolutely hideous upon a woman. It is surprising to see them adopted by well-bred ladies. They have had great countenance, to be sure, but we think that if we should hand over all the younger generation to an exclusive costume of the Derby hat, the Ulster, the Jersey, and the short skirt, it would not take more than one generation to

make us lose all grace of manner. The short skirt deserves to be commended for the street, but in the house it has neither beauty Even to shorten a long skirt in front for the better display of a pretty foot is a great mistake. It is neither becoming to the foot nor the figure. It gives an intentional look of display, which is unrefined; and surely the dress that leaves something to the imagination is more coquettish and more dignified.

The scarf for a married woman is a fashion that should never die. To wear it well is a proof of grace, and it imparts an elegance, especially to a tall woman, that is very desirable. In the old portraits by Sir Joshna Reynolds and Gains. borough, by Stewart and Copley, the scarf has been very elegantly used-the long straight scarf drawn tightly across the small of the back, passed over the elbows, and dropped down in front as low as the knee, or lower. Nowadays one sees them occasionally worn by ladies who have relatives in the East, who send them scarfs of crape or camel's hair; and occasionally the French approach the scarf in the style of their light outer wraps for spring or autumn. I think that it would only require half a dozen ladies, whose reputation for good dress is high, to persistently adopt the scarf for others to recognise its grace and elegance.

The wearing of jewels is not often well understood. One does not see many handsome jewels worn in America, with the exception of dia-monds. It is said that the value of the diamond fluctuates less than that of any other precious stone, and that they therefore recommend themselves to the practical masculine mind as an inour women wear diamonds so exclusively. This is to be regretted, as the diamond, from its excessive brilliancy and hardness of light, is not becoming to many women. To the blue-eyed, the sapphire, or even the inexpensive turquoise, is often far more harmonious and decorative. A little pale woman in flashing diamonds is absurd; the silent pearl, the dull, soft turquoise, the evasive, mysterious opal, even the little moonstone, the green chalcedony, the topaz, an amethyst with a velvet surface for finish (what the French call défacée), even amber, or pale teacolored coral-all these as ornaments are becoming to ninety-nine women, where the diamond is becoming to the one-hundredth. Let us emancipate ourselves from imagining a thing beautiful because it is costly, or beautiful as an ornament because it is beautiful in itself, or ornamental in the dress of one person because it is so in the dress of another.

We knew once a charming little lady who, being in very moderate circumstances, dressed in such simple materials as she could easily procure -in winter often in soft gray woollens, in summer in light-coloured muslins, with a white

scarf, a straw bonnet, with the plainest pale ribbon neatly tying it down. Her complexion was like a wild rose, and with her soft fair hair and blue eyes, her figure delicate even to the point of fragility, no dress could have been more coquettish and exquisitely appropriate. Later her husband came into a fortune. She eagerly adopted heavy velvets, beneath whose weight she seemed to totter, diamonds of great size and brilliancy. They made her at once a plain woman; and as her freshness began to fade, we wondered how we could ever have thought her exquisitely pretty; and it seemed to us that with soft lace and the tender duliness of pearls, with crapes of gray or white as material for her gowns, even faded she would have been charming .- Miss M. R. OAKRY, in Harper's Maga-

NOT A CAPTIOUS MAN.

A night or two since, as a policeman was making his way up Beaubien street, he he was accosted by a colored man with the remark :

"I doan' want to seem capahus, sah-'deed doan', but dar's trouble in my house ober dsr."
"What sort of trouble!"

"Why, sah, a cull'd pusson called Williams sits dar with his feet on de stove convarsin' wid my wife. I'se ordered him to vacate, sah, but he refused. What am de proper course in sich Case !!

"Go and order him out once more." In about ten minutes the man returned and

reported:
"I doan' want to seem capshus, sah, but I dun ordered him out, just as you said."
"And he didn't go!"

" No, sah. He said he'd see me in Texas fust. What would be your advice under sich circum-

"If a man was in my house and wouldn't go out I'd put him out."

"Would it seem capshus, sah !"

"I don't think so."

"Jist as you say, sah-jist so, sah. I feel sartin dat I ketch de ideah.

He retired into his house, and the other remained to see the end. It came in about two minutes. Three or four yells were heard, somebody's feet seemed to strike the wall, and then the door opened and Williams flew into the street like a half filled straw bed. He was scarcely on on his feet before he bolted up the walk, and the owner of the house came down the steps to ex-

"I doan' want to seem capshus sah, but now dat I've got my han' in, I'd like your advice about cuffin' de ole woman up to a peak! 'Peara to me dat she sorter incouraged Williams to beheve dat I couldn't lick one side of him I'

GOOD ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

I am a real lover of animals, and I am always glad to hear any anecdote which redounds to their credit if it be authentic, so I am quite disposed to believe what a gentleman told me of his beautiful collie dog yesterday. I was streking his silky black-and-tan cost, and admiring his large affectionate, intelligent eyes, at the same time reading the name and address legibly engraved on his brazen collar, and by way of re-mark said, "Did this ever bring "Scoti" back mark said, "Did this ever bring 'Scoti' back to you!" "Only last week," said my friend, "I lost him somewhere in Piccadily. You know how much I rush about in hansom cabs, and 'Scoti alway goes with me-we travel many miles in a week together in this way-but on this occasion I was walking and missed him. Search was in vain-the crowd was great, traffic drowned the sound of my whistle-and after waiting awhile and looking everywhere, I returned to my suburban home without my companion, sad and sorrowf l, yet hoping that he might find his way back. In about two hours after my arrival a hansom cab drove up to the door, and out jumped 'Scoti.' The cabman rang for his fare, and thinking he had somehow captured the runsway, I inquired how and where he found him." "Wh, sir," said cabby, "I didn't hail him at all—he hailed me. a-standing close by St. James' Church a-looking out for a fare, when in jumped the dog. Like his impudence, says I, so I shouts through the winder, but he wouldn't stir; so I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him whip, vestment, and that this is the real reason that but he sits still and barks, as much as to say 'Go on, old man.' As I seizes him by his collar, I reads the name and address. 'All right, my fine gentleman,' says I. I'll drive you where you're a-wanted, I daresay. So I shuts too the loors, and my gentleman settles himself with his head just a-looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this ere gate, when out jumps my passenger, a clearing the door, and walks in as calm as though he'd been a reg'lar fare."

Need I say my friend gave the loquacious cabman a very irregular and liberal fare, and congratulated Dell on his intelligence - be it instinct or reason, or whatever it may be, that told him that hansom cabs had often taken him safely home, and that therefore a hanson cab would probably do so again now that he could not find his way, and had lost his master. Who shall say that dogs do not reason or reflect !- Lady Correspondent.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

REALISM ON THE STAGE.

Realism on the stage is the general name for very important tendency which has shown itself in all sorts of different ways, some bad and some good. So far as regards the external part of the act, the scenery and properties, realsm has had the effect of introducing great exactness and attention to accuracy of detail. On the modern stage the old wings have disappeared, and the scene is as close a copy of the actual place to be suggested as can be produced. The exterior of a house, the row of buildings in a street, the interior of a room, is put before the audience in fac-simile. In Henry the Fifth, in the charming invitation to the play given by Rumour, there is a delightful passage in which she begs the audience to summon their fancy to their aid, and to imagine as much as possible, so as to eke out the scanty material set before them. If Rumour had been a realist she would have known that the imagination of an audience cannot be relied upon for this purpose; that nothing must be suggested, but everything given in full. It is in fact one of the main differences between the old-fashioned and the modern stage that the chief effort seems to be to appeal as little as possible to either the imagination or the fancy, and to rely almost solely upon the critical faculty of the spectator. This has been carried to a point which is at times absurd. It is really founded upon a theory which is in itself a mistake. A theatrical illusion, whenever it is created at all, is unquestionably created by the acting. The theory on which stage realism proceeds is that it is created by the scenery, With any one who disputes this, there is no room for argument; there is no common ground of comparison. At the same time, if the proposition is true a tendency to stage realism is in itself unimportant, because, provided the dramatic art itself be pursued with intelligence and appreciation of its real character, the misdirected zeal for accuracy in the external representation of objects, though it may do very little good, can hardly do harm. But realism has another side which is not so harmless. One of its objects is to portray on the stage, not great passions and emotions, not great or exceptional characters, but life as it is seen every day in the streets, in houses, at parties and balls, in church, ~every-day, commonplace, accidental, dull, monotonous life. It is one of the first dogmas of realism, considered in this aspect, that you must put life as it actually is on the stage, and not make selections. Zola has carried this idea to the point at which it becomes disgust. In tact, it seems to be Zola's mission to prove that there is no difference between the beautiful and the disgusting. But long before Zola appeared on the scene the tendency was in existence, and the tendency is one which threatens to convert the drama into an engine of simple mimicry, The drama of course springs from the mimetic faculty, but it involves something far higher and more intellectual. The best way of proving this is not by absurd considerations, but by examining what the world has long agreed upon as the best dramas that have ever been produced, and asking ourselves how near or how far from the level of actual life these are. Ordinary life, as we have suggested, is dull,

and it was necessary for the realistic drama, in order to escape being duli, to become sensational. That sensationalism is unlike life never seems to have occurred to any one. Hence the modern drama, both in England and in France, has allowed itself the widest latitude in this respect. In England it has made use of the sensation of situation. In France it has generally made use of emotional sensation. In England we have trains rushing towards open draw-bridges, the victims of designing villains tied to rails, houses rapidly consumed by flames, murders in the snow, sudden arrests in ball-rooms, and, in factevery sort of thrilling situation that ingenuity can suggest. Ir France, on the other hand, we have women becoming insane on the stage, dying slowly of poison in violent agonies, dying slowly and pathetically of consumption; ladies of easy virtue becoming suddenly patterns of the highest morality under the influence of love. All this realism, and the best actress is she who can do it in the most real way. This brings us to the last and best thing in the movement, which is the tendency towards sincerity in the art itself. To be real in the representation of emotion in any school, to be sincere, not to distort and exaggerate, but to represent the feeling through a knowledge of it from experience,—this is true art .- Atlantic Monthly.

AMUSEMENTS.

On Tuesday of last week Madame Carreno gave her second pianoforte recital in the Queen's The very large and appreciative audience which filled the house testified to the undiminished popularity of the artists. We have had occasion before to comment on the exceptional talent displayed by Madame Carreno, and the present performance fully sustained her reputatian. The exquisitely delicate passages in the arrangement of Norwegian Folks Songs, by Grieg, which was probably the most characteristic piece of the evening, are peculiarly adapted to her style of playing—indeed in passages re-quiring exceeding delicacy of touch combined with a remarkable facility of execution, Madame Carreno is probably without a superior. We had the pleasure of hearing some melodious numbers from the artiste's, own pen, which met with a hearty reception, and her other numbers comprised a grand Polonaise of Chopin's and the Horice is a novelty; it reads like a paradox, somewhat lengthy "Etudes Symphoniques of but it is a scientific fact which we owe to Dr.

Schumann. The vocalist of the evening was Signorina Rubini, who possesses a pretty drawing room voice, but proved entirely unequal either in natural powers or artistic training, to the demands of such songs as the Messenger's Romance in the "Huguenots," which she essayed. The accompaniment, as before, was too loud, with all deference to Madame Carreno -so few brilliant pianists are also good accompanyists. and the effect, as before, was increased by the piano being left open during the song. One other point I must mention in connection with the arrangements. It is most desirable that people who come during the progress of a number should either be forced to remain outside until its close, or, if they are admitted to the hall, should at least have the decency to remain at the entrance and not disturb an entire andience by making their way to their seats. The former plan is adopted in England; at least the latter might be enforced here. But if this is incumbent upon ordinary spectators, it is most eer-tainly not only desirable, but imperative, that the ushers should not add to the disturbance by unnecessary promenades. It seemed to me to take two ushers to shew each party to their seats, and one more to run backwards and forwards to keep up the communication. During the progress of the first piece, one of these enemies to my peace of mind crossed and re-crossed in front of me no less than eight times, without even the excuse of ushering in a new-comer, but apparently on business of his own. This is too bad, and I am sure needs only to be noticed in order to be amended. I may add that it is not a sign of good breeding, but rather the reverse non-adays, to leave during the progress of the last piece. Real lovers of music will always remain to the close in pursuance of the object which brought them together. Well-bred ladies and gentlemen remain to avoid insulting the artists and disturbing the audience. Leave before the last number, if needs you must, not during it.

Mesners.

VARIETIES.

FURNACES FOR BURNING THE REFUSE OF Towns. -The town of Leeds burns its refuse in furnaces especially constructed for the purpose. The price of one of them was £5,580, which included the cost of fixing, land, and so forth. The sweepings from the pavel reads, •tfal, vegetable, and stable refuse, and all rib. bish that can be burned are placed in the furnaces and there reduced to finely-powdered charcoal, which is sold at from twenty-seven chillongs to thirty shillings a ton, being considered a valuable manure. The ashes, moreover, when taken out of the furnace, find a ready sale among the farmers at two shillings, and sixpance ter load.

-THE most touching incident in all hotel history comes from New York. There is in that city a certain hotel famous the world over for its vast size, its magnificence, its distinguished guests and its princely way of doing things. For the past week an item has been going the rounds of the papers, (at least of all the hotel papers) detailing with wondering admiration the following tender incident. It seems that some of the waiters of this lotel have served faithfully and well for a quarter of a century, and the millionare proprietors determined to recognize substantially this long fidelity to their interests. Accordingly with a high-minded and almost ruinous generosity they presented each one of their old retainers with aniluminated card, bearing the picture of the hotel"

COMIN' THRO' THE RVE .-- All of us are familiar with the pretty little Scotch ballad "Comm" Thro' the Rye." The common idea of this song is that a rye field is meant; but who ever saw a Scotch lassie walking through a field of tye or any grain! The river, at Rye, at Dairy or Dail, in Ayrshire, is meant. Before the days of bridges it was no easy matter to cross rivers without paying such a penalty as has immortalized Jennie in the old ballad. Burns wrote the ballad, and Brown modernized it. As Burus wrote it, it indicates the river plainly enough :-

"Jenny's a' wet, puir bodie. Jenny's seldom dry. She dragg it a' her petticoaties Comin' thro' the Rye."

Rye is spelled with a capital R. The air is nearly pentatonic-the only F which occurs in the melody being very characteristic and affective.

A DETECTIVE CAMERA. - Mr. Bolas has devised a little apparatus which may well be termed a detective camera. To all appearance it looks like a sheeblack's block, a rough squareshaped box, which may be slung over the shoulder with a strap, or rested upon the pavement if need be. In fact, when wanted for work, it is put down on the ground. It carries gelatine plates already in position, with a lens that is always in focus for any distance from twenty to thirty feet. The camera may be used without the least fear of discovery. It may be dropped in the street, in the middle of the payement, before a shop, upon a bridge, at any time the owner sees a group he wants a picture of. As the box touches the ground, a bulb is squeezed and the exposure is made. We have seen an instantaneous sketch taken on board a steamer of two men by the paddle-box, one of them rubbing his forehead in the most innocent and unconscious manner, while the other relates some story or incident .- Photographic News.

Carnelley, of the Firth College of Sheffield. After many unsuccessful attempts he was fortunate enough to obtain solid ice at tempera-tures so high that it was impossible to touch it without being burnt. This result has been ob-tained many times and with the greatest ease, and on one occasion a small quantity of water was frozen in a glass vessel, which was so hot that it could not be touched by the hand without burning it. He had ice for a considerable length of time at temperatures far above the ordinary boiling point, and even then it only liquified without any previous melting. At a meeting of the Chemical Society Dr. Carnelley showed the experiments and every one was convinced as well as grateful at the curious if not useful fact. But what visions of gastronomic novelties which may be evolved as a consequence of this discovery will in prospective gratify the gourmand; one pleasure more awaits him when the servant asks him, "Will you have 'ot or cold hice, sir!"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal. -- Correct solution received of Problem No. 309.

E.D.W., Sherbroke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 315.

We have received a pamphlet containing the consti-mition of the Ontario Chess Association, as adouted at the annual meeting in Toronto, April the 9th, 1850.

It appears that the Association has been in existence now more than two years, and we have no doubt of its usefulness in promoting the object for which it was es-tablished, that is, "the encouragement of obess play be-tween members and clubs, the smicable arrangement of disputed questions, and the general advancement of the interests of the game." The articles of the constitution seem to have been judiciously prepared, and having read attentively the one relating to the management of four-ness, we have reason to believe that care has been taken that in future contests in the Province none of those dis-agreeable disputes shall occur which do much to excite unpleasant feeling where friendly competition alone unpleasant feeling where friendly competition alone should manifest itself.

Altogether the pumphlet speaks well for the chess in-terest existing in the Province of Ontario.

(From the Quebec Chronicle.)

The annual meeting of the Quebec Chess Club was held at the club room, Fabrique Street, on Saturday evening. The report stated that the interesting events of the past year were the match with the Montreal Club, which was won by Quebec, and the club match, of which Mr. E. B. Holt was the winner. The financial report was satisfactory. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows:—

Bonorary President—Mr. Le Droit.
President—Mr. Lefaivre.
First Vice-President—Mr. Sanderson.
Second Vice-President—Mr. Champion.
Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. Murphy.
Committee—Messrs. Andrews, Bradley, Fletcher, Mo-

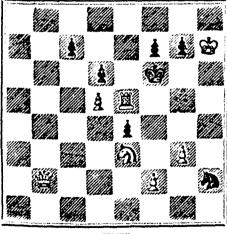
After a vote of thanks to the retiring officers, the meeting of the Dominion Chess Association, called at Ottawa for the 22nd mat, was discussed, and the hope expressed that Quebec might be successful again this year in carrying off the first prize, a silver cup presented by T. Le Broit, Esq., President of the Association.

The prize in the tournament of the Pittsburgh Library The prize in the fournament of the Pittsourgo Liorary Chess Clab, now pending, is a handsome copy six and one-half inches high, of solid silver, and bearing on two of its aides appropriate cheas embloms. This is as it should be; money prizes in cinb tourneys are an abomination,—Turf, Field and Farm.

It is with much pleasure we insert the above extract from Turf, Field and Furm in our column, and no doubt every true lover of chess will rejoice to read such outspoken condemnation of money prizes in teurneys. They are slowly but surely linking such associations with our noble game, as will ultimately prevent it from becoming, what it ought to be, a common home amusement.—
[Chess Editor C. I. N.]

PROBLEM No. 317 By W. T. Pierce.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves

GAME 444TH.

One of the blindfold games played by Mr. Blackburne at Cheadle on November 22nd last.

(Danish Gambit.)

White. (Mr. Blackburne.)

1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. P to Q B 3 4. K B to Q B 4

Mr. Cotton, Tean P to K 4
 P takes P
 P takes P (a)
 K B to Q Kt 5 (ch)

Black.

6. Kt to Q B 3
7. Kt to K B 3
8. Castles
9. Q Kt to K 2
10. Kt to K B 4
11. R to K sq
12. Kt to Q 4
13. Q to K R 5
14. R to K 3
16. Kt to K B 5
17. Kt to K 6 (ch)
18. Kt from B 5 takes B
19. Q to B 5
20. Kt takes R (ch)
21. Q to R 7 mate

6. P to Q B 3 (b)
7. Kt to K R 3
8. K B to K 2 (c)
9. P to K B 3
10. Kt to K B 2
11. Castles
12. K to R sq
13. Kt to K 4
14. Kt tukes B
15. P to K R 3
16. Q to K sq
17. K to R 2
18. Kt takes B (f)
19. P to Q 4

20. K to R 19

Notes by C. E. Ranken.

(a) Black would do better, especially with such a for-midable opponent, to be content with the gain of one Pawn, and play Kt to K B 3 here.

(b) Again, Kt to K B 3 is the best move here.

(c) Without in the least undervaluing Mr. Black-burne's wondrous talents, we have often noticed that the brilliancy of his play, and the consequent public appreciation of his games, have been in proportion to the weakness of his opponents. The present game forms no exception to that observation.

(d) The above-named brilliancy now begins.

(c) Offering him another piece, but the fish will not take a second bait just yet.

(f) But now he swallows it. P to Q 4 was about his - British Chess Magazine.

SULL TIUNG.

Solution of Problem No. 315

White. 1. Q to K Kt 8 2. Mates acc. Black.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 313.

WHITE. 1. K to Q 3 2. Mates acc.

BLACK. i. Any

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 314. Black.

KatQB4 RatKBaq Pawa atQR6

K at Q R 5 R at Q Kt8 Pawns at QB7 and QKt6

White to play and win in two moves



NOTICE.

CEALED TENDERS addressed to the Superintendent D General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this Office up to noon of Saturday, 25th February, 1821 for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, at different points in Macitoba and the North-West Territories for the year 1831 #2—consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, Harness, &c.

Forms of Tender and full particulars relative to the supplies required, can be had by applying to the under-

supplies required, can be had by applying to the under-signed or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

(No Newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.)

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, (Ottawa, 17t - Jany., 1881.

The time for receiving tenders for Indian Supplies is hereby extended to noon of Saturday, the 5th March.

L. VANKOUGHNET, Deputy of the Superintendent

General of Indian Affairs

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 14th February, 1.81.

British American MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

Capital \$100,000.

General Angravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds,

Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps,

Bills of Exchange

DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS. Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,

Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving. Portraits a Specialty.

> G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager

EA & PERRINS'SAL

In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature



without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of

Messics, J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; Messics, URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL,

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel

grateful."—See Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."
To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.

Caution.—Genuine Only with Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signa-only) C. David & Co., 43. Mark Lane, London, England. ture in Blue Ink across Label.

OF MEAT FINEST AND CHEAPEST

MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPO

CAUTION .- Genuine ONLY with

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE



MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remody for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." Anorton's Pills" act as a proceeful tonic and gentle aperion; are mild in their operation, safe under any circum tances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 15, 12d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World,

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY

(LIMITED)

CAPITAL \$200,000,

GENERAL

Engravers, Lithographers, Printers AND PUBLISHERS,

3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET. MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:--

1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE 1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,

4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,

2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES, Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EM-

BOSSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business. All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYFING AND TYPE PRINTING executed IN THE BEST STYLE

AND AT MODERATE PRICES

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALITY. The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, LOPINION PUBLIQUE, and

SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN. A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department.

Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

G. B. BURLAND. MANAGER.

IS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON PROPER Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE T), WHELE AD.

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

PATENT OFFICE RECORD A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics. THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY TH BURLAND LIPHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND General Manager. TERMS:

One copy, one year, including postage....\$2.06 One copy, six months, including postage... 1.10 Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts, per line; for three months, 9 cts, per line; For six months, 8 cts, per line; For one year, 7 cts, per line; one page of Illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of Illustration, including half-column description, \$20; quarter-page of Illustration, including quarter column description, \$10.

10 per cent. off on cash payments.

INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for pallage matter in the columns of the MacKINN and

an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form if postal-orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKINGPOWDER

en HOUSEHOLD WORD intheland.andisa HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

every tamily where Economy and Bealth are

It is used for caising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Paul nakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half

theusualshortening, and makethe food moredigestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVESTEMPER

IT SAVES MONEY. Por sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacture:

W.D.McLAREN, Union Mills, 55 Quilege Street. 19-52-362



on have seen the Extra Fine and Large Assort-ment of the very LATEST STYLES of FELT HATS at

R. W. COWAN & CO'S, CORNER OF

Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.

CANADA PAPER CO.

Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants, 374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street. MONTREAL, P. Q.

-AND--11 FRONT STREET, TORONTO, ONT-



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is

being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military

essence known which contains all the nutritive consti-tions of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men every-where to be the most perfect food for invalids ever in-troduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1,00. medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only

HENRY R. GRAY'S

A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per bottle, with patent Sprinkler. For sale at all Drug Stores.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland,



M.O. AND O. RAILWAY

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows :					
	MIXED.	MAIL	Express.		
Leave Hochelags for					
Ottawa	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.		
Arrive at Ottawa,	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.		
Leave Ottawn for Ho-		•			
chelaga	12.16 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for					
Quebec	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Quebec	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.		
Leave Quebec for Ho-					
chelaga		10.10 a.m.	10.00 n.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga		5.00 p.m.			
Leave Hochelaga for St.					
Jerome					
Arrive at St. Jerome					
Leave St. Jerome for					
Hochelaga					
Arrive at Hochelaga					
Leave Hochelaga fo					
Joliette					
Arrive at Joliette					
AFFICE EL JOHELCE	. 1.40 p.m.				

Leave Joliette for Hoche-Arrive at Hochelaga... 8.20 a.m.

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Oneber.

Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKE' OFFICES:

13 Place D'Armes, 202 St. James Street, \montreal.

Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. L. A. SENECAL, Gen'l Sap't.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS ~ ARE PURE AND THEIR ~ PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING





MONTENEGRO, - A PUBLIC WASH IN DULCIGNO.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth & free, Address STINSUM & CO., Portland, Maine.

New and Beautiful Apanese, Rose Bud, Trans-Description of Blue Bird Cards, with name on ail, 10a. Twelve packs for one dollar. Agent's com-plete outlit, 10c. Sample of Magic Cold Water Pea (writes without ink), 5a. Agents wasted. Queen City Card House, Toronto.

6 Love Letters, 24 Illustrated Escort Cards, 5 Popular songs assorted, all 10c. West & Co., Westville Cr.

50 TORTOISE, Scroll, Wreath, Chrome, Motte and Floral Gards, 10s. U. S. Gard Co., Northford, Ct.

50 All Gold. Chromo and Lithograph Carda. (No 2, Allke.) With Name, 10c. 35 Filrtation Carda, 10c. Game of Authors, 15c. Autograph Album, 20c. All 50c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn

MR. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising, Agent, 41 PARK ROW. Times Building), NEW YORK, is authorised to contract for advertisements in the CANA: BEST RATES.



CAFE DES GOURMETS

ACKERMANN BROS.

It is a well-known fact that Coffee roasted in the ordinary manner and not placed in air-sight receptacles, is greatly deteriorated by evaporation of the aromatic particles, and as this process goes on for months afterwards, the result

WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

Being roasted and ground in a Patent Apparatus, packed in Glass Jars while hot and then hermetically sealed; by this process not a particle of the

Arona is lost.

It is much stronger, for the reason that it is roasted higher, after the manner of the French. They put no water with it while in the process of roasting, as is universally done to save weight.

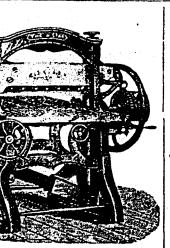
It is more economical, as two-thirds of this is equivalent to one pound of the state of the same.

It is more economical, as two-thirds of this is equivalent to one pound of the other Coffee.

It is clarified, has a beautiful colour, the flavour is delicious, wholesome and invigorating

WILLIAM JOHNSON & CO.,

77 St. James Street, Sole Agents, Montreal.



THE STAR 30 inch. 32 inch. 34 inch. 38 inch. 44 inch. 49 inch.

BOOK BINDERS' PRINTERS' and **NEW YORK,** PAPER BOX 25 Beekman S MAKERS CHICAGO, 77 Monroe St

> GEO. H. SANBORN, Standard Machinery Co.

WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS and MALTSTERS MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt.
India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single
Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.
18.6.52.282

AGENTS WANTED for Visiting Cards, Books, and Noveities. Outst 3c. Big Profits. 50 gill edge cards, in case, 35c. Detectives Club, 30c. Bird Call, 15c. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON, OIL & COLOR MERCHANTS

PROPRIETORS OF THE

CELEBRATED



WHITE LEAD.

MONTREAL.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made,
Costly Outst free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta.

ELEGANT NEW STYLE CARDS, Gill Frings, c) Chromo. Fan, Ivy Wresth, Gilt Vase of Roses, &c. no two slike, name on, 10c., 'y return mail. Ayrsite outfi, 10c. Card Mills, Nc.thford, Ct.

LATEST Styles of Photograph, Gilledge Chrone, Imported Beveledge, Embossed & Pictorial Sample Crids, 15c. 50 STYLES Chromes in beautiful colours, name neatly printed, 16c. 14 Pauks for \$1.00 Cartee Printing Co., Northford, Ct

5 OCards, no two alike, name on, 10a., or 25 Styles Love Cards, 10a, postpaid. J. B. Husted, Nassan, N.Y.

NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

One of the oldest established stands in the city to let furnished.

Including Lenses, Cameras and all necessary appar-atus, together with ten thousand negatives, furniture, sample frames, show cases, &c. Located in the best business centre of the city Terms very moderate, Apple to Apply to

BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

W. S. WALKER,

IMPORTER OF Diamonds, Fine Watches & Jewelery

ENGLISH AND PRENCH CLOCKS.

SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE. No. 321 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

ROBERT MILLER,

BOOKBINDER

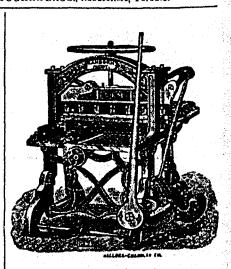
WHOLESALE STATIONER,

15 Victoria Square, Montreal.

CARDS—10 Lity & Imported Glass, 10 New Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroil & engraved in colors in case. & I Love Letter, Name on all 15c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowfiake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all 100. Agest's complete outfit, 60 samples 100. Heavy gold ring for out of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford, Conn.

TTHE Prettiest Toy Book yet published. Pretty Peggy L and other Hallada, by Rosina Emmet. Beautifully illustrated in colours. Fancy covers \$2.00. Mailed from CLOUGHER BROS., Booksellers, Toronto.



THE GEM. 80 inch. 32 inch.