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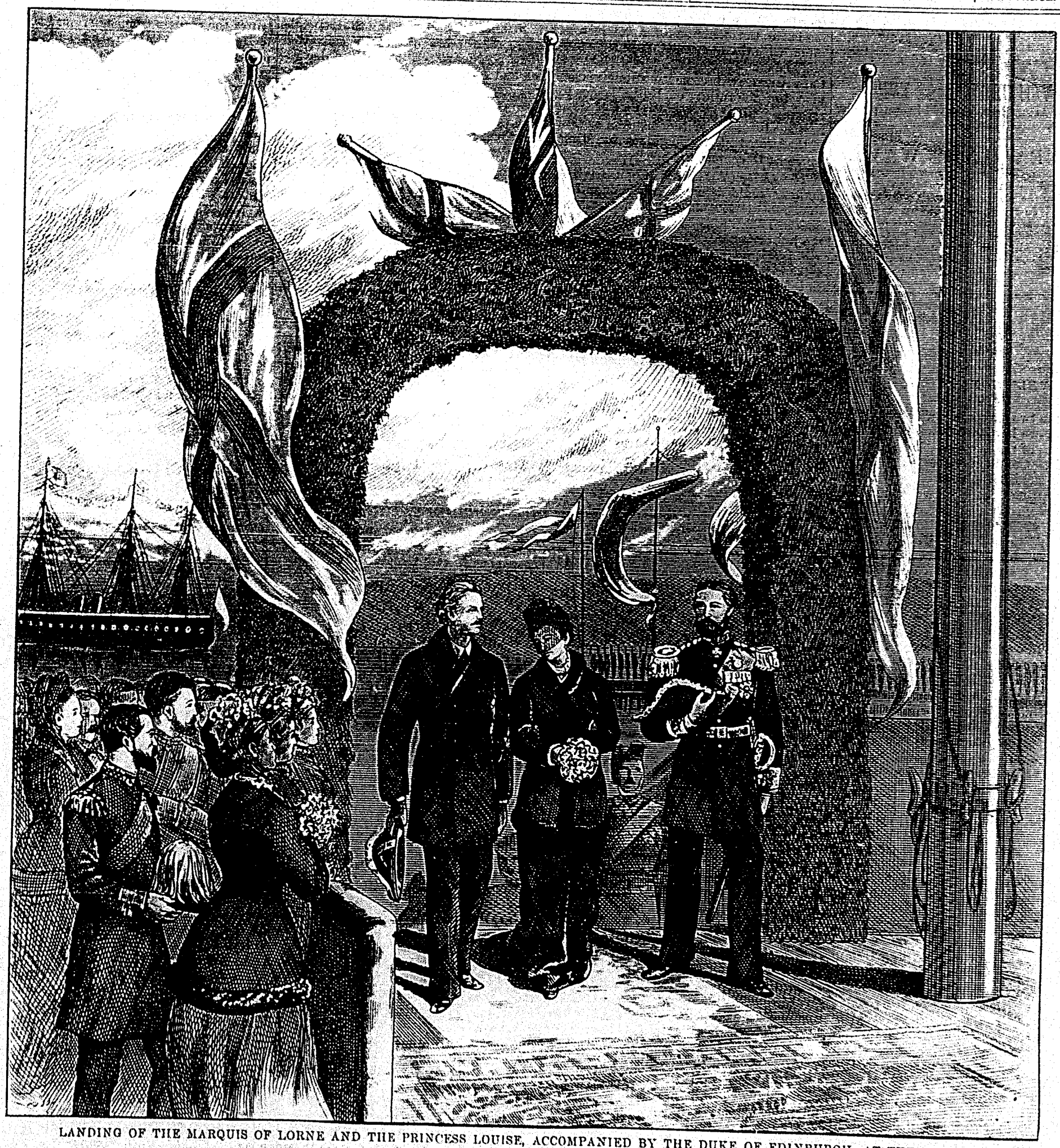

LANDING OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AT THE DOCKYARD.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT HALIFAX.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: $4.00 per annum in advance, $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. $3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 14, 1878.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

In the two preceding numbers of this journal, we have given our views and impressions of the new Governor-General of Canada. Considering the circumstances of his appointment to office, and the peculiar manner in which a certain portion of the English press is wont to speak of Canada, we have thought that our readers would like to have a glimpse of what the chief English papers, otherwise inacessible, have to say on this interesting subject.

The London *Post* says:—An event which has been looked forward to as having a peculiar significance in connection with Her Majesty's possessions on the other side of the Atlantic, was initiated by the departure of the Marquis of LORNE and the Princess LOUISE from our shores upon the high mission with which the Queen's son-in-law has been entrusted. The advice which the Prime Minister has given to Her Majesty for the appointment of Lord LORNE is another proof of the soundness of his judgment in putting the right man in the right place. The speeches which the Marquis of LORNE made in replying to the addresses presented to him by the Liverpool Corporation and the Chamber of Commerce show that he perfectly understands the nature of his mission and the responsibilities which it casts upon him. Lord LORNE's sense of the reciprocity of good feeling between the Mother Country and Canada is a guarantee that in administering the duties of his office he will do all that within him lies to strengthen a bond of union which has been so happily established. No Governor-General has ever been sent to any part of the Queen's distant possessions under more favourable auspices than those which accompany Lord LORNE.

The following is the language of the *Times*: "While we believe that the Government of the Marquis of LORNE and the position taken at the head of Canadian society by the Princess will produce great and useful results, we should guard ourselves against the disappointment into which exaggerated hopes might too easily lead us. The new Governor-General has given proofs of ability and intelligence, but he has yet to show that in the art of managing men he is the equal of his predecessor. We have no reason to doubt that Lord LORNE will take up Lord DUFFERIN'S work skilfully and carry it on successfully. Still it is evident that the strength of his position lies in the appeal to sentiment; and, without undervaluing the power of sentiment in politics, we must recognize the fact that it rarely holds its ground, permanently at least, against a strong impulse of self-interest. The loyalty of the Canadians to the British Empire is beyond all question, but we cannot decline to acknowledge the existence of powerful forces which are attracting Canada in another direction. At present there is no sign of any disposition among the Canadians even to consider any projects, open or disguised, of annexation to the United States, but the economical path on which they are now entering seems to lead them, though their so-called Conservative politicians do not see it, in the direction of a commercial union with their powerful and prosperous neighbours. We hope, indeed, that the Canadians may become so strongly convinced of the futility of Protection as to reject resolutely the prospect of sharing in the advantages of the financial system of the United States. But for the time we must be content to hope."

The *Daily Chronicle* is of opinion that nothing could be more auspicious than the circumstances under which the Marquis of LORNE proceeds to Ottawa. With the best wishes of the people of England speeding him on his important mission, and an enthusiastic welcome awaiting him in the land over which he has been appointed to rule, he has the further good fortune to have had his course made smooth for him by the transcendent ability with which the Earl of DUFFERIN has governed the Dominion during the last six years. In fact, every condition of success renders its contributive aid in facilitating the happy accomplishment of the task which Lord LORNE has undertaken. But not the least conspicuous element in his good fortune is the presence of the Princess LOUISE, whose co-operation will be of inestimable value to her husband. Although Canada has been in rebellion during the present reign, the sentiment of loyalty has now taken such deep root that in no part of Her Majesty's domains is devotion to the Throne more sincere and profound than in our great American dependency. The Princess will do much to deepen that feeling, for she will be regarded by the Canadians as the actual living link which connects them with the Throne. Even if the Marquis of LORNE were less prudent and less able than we know him to be, much would be forgiven him for the sake of his illustrious consort; but with his prudence and ability, joined to a considerable legislative experience, the co-operation of the Princess must render his tenure of the Governor-Generalship both pleasant and successful.

The *Morning Advertiser* says: "On both sides of the Atlantic the Viceroyalty of Lord LORNE is looked to with special interest. It will be in a large degree a State experiment, for, as we have said, it will be the first time that the reigning family of England has also reigned in the Colonies of England. The people of Great Britain await the issue with an interest which is not confined to the new Governor and his Royal bride. The enthusiasm and *éclat* amid which Lord LORNE set sail for his government assure the Canadian people of the brotherly sympathy with which they are regarded in this country. In Canada, on the other hand, all accounts agree in telling us that the arrival of the VICEROY and the Princess LOUISE is expected with the most unanimous aspect of popular rejoicing and delight. We sincerely hope and we sincerely believe that the best anticipations formed of Lord LORNE'S tenure of office will be justified, and that, firmly attached as the North American Confederation now is to the CROWN and the institutions of the Empire, the Viceroyalty which is yet to begin will leave the Dominion, if possible, still more in heart, in arm, and in spirit a part of the realm in whose interests, fortunes, and glory it is her pride and her privilege to share."

The *Echo* is in a critical mood when it writes:—"Is it to be understood that, wherever the Marquis and Princess go, their movements are to be so many pageants, heralded by Royal salutes, the laying down of crimson cloth, and presentation of addresses? If so, the Colony may as well be prepared at once to maintain a little Court, with all its expensive accessories, at Government House, Ottawa, and for a proportionate increase in the cost of administration, central and local. As it is, the Marquis of LORNE and his wife have not quitted England without leaving behind them some reminiscences which will duly figure in the Miscellaneous Estimates next year. The whole of a gigantic ocean steamer must be engaged for them and their party, and the erstwhile transport ship has had to be converted into a floating palace, in point of decoration and furniture, for their accommodation. It is, no doubt, fitting that a man who is nominated Governor-General of a great English Dependence should go out under conditions of appropriate dignity to take possession of his post; but, when he puts his hand to his work, he will have something else to do besides bowing to obsequious deputations, and parading a Princess in society. Let us hope that the Canadians, however loyal, will not lose their heads while greeting the illustrious personages about to arrive among them, as certain estimable people seem to have done when bidding them good-bye."

The weekly *Dispatch* is snappish:—"Lord LORNE'S Imperialism will not find much scope in Canada. We have got rid of him cheap, and we must be thankful that he is not in any place where he might do as much mischief as the LAYARDS and LYTTONS. Still, we must not blame Lord LORNE overmuch; it is no small thing to have a mother-in-law with decided opinions, as many a stronger-willed man than Lord LORNE has found to his cost."

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION.

We devote a second number of the NEWS to the illustration of incidents connected with the reception of the new Governor General of the Dominion and the Princess Louise at Halifax, Montreal and Ottawa. In doing so we believe we are discharging a public patriotic duty, and contributing our share to that tribute of welcome which these illustrious persons have everywhere received at the hands of the people of Canada. In accompanying these sketches by full letter-press descriptions of the scenes which they depict, we have left ourselves only narrow space to enter upon those other miscellaneous subjects which constitute the usual varied material of our columns. Among the Halifax sketches in this number will be found two of capital and memorable interest. Our readers will be pleased to have set before their eyes the precise spot where a Princess of the Blood first set her foot upon American soil—a spot, we are told, which thoughful Haligonians have carefully chalked in order to put up there a commemorative stone. This scene was taken by our special artist, who was a witness of it, and he has correctly represented the appearance and dress of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, the MARQUIS OF LORNE and the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, as they passed under the arcade. Another picture which will be viewed with interest is that representing the MARQUIS and PRINCESS seated in the barge of the *Black Prince* and passing to the landing stage at the Royal Dockyard, under the guidance of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. This is a truly British picture which fills one with pleasurable associations. Our artist has added two little views of sable enthusiasm on a day when all the high world was agog. He shows us a band of darkies bringing in evergreens for the decorations of the arches at Halifax, and a bevy of coloured hucksters arraying their fair proportions in all the bravery of plaids. On the way up, we take in the handsome arch erected at Amherst, N. S., with a view of the front, while the reverse bore the Royal Monogram and Crown in evergreens. The arch of the Montreal Snow-Shoe and Lacrosse Clubs, a description of which appeared last week, is represented in the present number. The two arches in Ottawa, the monumental one constructed by the members of the Civil Service, and that which stood at the entrance to Government House, will be found fully described in another column. We have added also an exterior view of Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Queen's representative in Canada.

In addition to these pictures, we are indebted to Captain Norcott, of the 101st Fusiliers, of the Wellington Barracks, Halifax, for a few sketches in Cyprus and Malta, which are connected with the last trip of the *Orontes* troopship from Larnaca to Halifax. One of these shows the former port with Mount Olympus in the back ground, and another gives a view of a fruit bazaar in Cyprus. A curious sketch is that of Capuchin Monks at Valetta, Malta. These mummies are not pickled, neither roasted, as is commonly supposed. After death the body is placed in a dry room underground for a year, then brought out, dressed in cassock and cowl, and placed in a niche. The room which they are placed in immediately after decease has some peculiar effect of drying them chemically, owing to the soil. Since 1867, we believe, this system has been discontinued, and the dead Cartusiani are buried like other Chri-tians. There is a large room, in the monastery here referred to, the walls of which are full of these niches. The bodies stand nearly knee deep in a sort of fern—why, it is not easy to understand, unless as a sort of simulation of purgatorial fires, or to hide whatever contrivance serves to make them stand upright. A wooden bar hinders their falling out. Some look well-fed and almost alive; some withered; others just as they died, their heads thrown back, and arms distorted. The scene is not disgusting, as one might suppose, but full of interest, while the room is quite clean and the air pure.

FOREST PROTECTION.

This is a subject of vital importance upon which we have often dwelt in these columns, but which, unfortunately, is altogether neglected, owing to popular ignorance and the apathy of our authorities. Timber and lumber are among the principal sources of Canadian wealth, and as such should receive at least as much attention as other branches of industry. The Americans are beginning to understand this, and their example should be a lesson for us. The recent message of the PRESIDENT of the United States seconds the recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior in regard to the preservation of trees upon the public lands. The Secretary in his report says:

"The traditions of a time are still alive when the area covered with virgin forest in this country was so great that the settler might consider the trees on the land he occupied as a mere difficulty to be overcome and to be swept out of his way. But circumstances have very materially changed. We are now rapidly approaching the day when the forests of this country will no longer be sufficient to supply our home wants, and it is high time that the old notion that the timber on the public lands belongs to anybody and everybody, to be taken off at pleasure, should give way. A provident policy having our future wants in view cannot be adopted too soon. Every year's loss inflicts upon the economical interests of this country an injury which in every part of the country will be seriously felt, but in the mountainous regions threatens to become especially disastrous and absolutely irreparable. We ought to learn something from the calamitous ex-

periences of other parts of the world. If the necessity of such a provident policy be not recognized while it is time, the neglect will be painfully appreciated when it is too late."

The Secretary urges the immediate passage of a Bill to the effect that all timber-bearing lands, chiefly valuable for the timber on them, should be withdrawn from sale and be held by the Government with a view to preventing indiscriminate destruction and waste, and to the preservation of any timber and the reproduction of the forests. At the same time, it allows settlers on the public lands and miners to procure timber and firewood to supply their wants, with or without the soil, at minimum rates; and also provides for the sale of the timber at reasonable prices for manufacturing purposes and for export. Some such Act as this should be framed suitable to Canadian forests and carried out with as little delay as possible. The Federal Government should set the example, and the Provincial Legislature should follow in its wake, as far as lies within their competence, by prohibiting and punishing the wilful or unnecessary destruction of trees. Combined Federal and Provincial action is required to avert what may be justly termed a National calamity.

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION IN CANADA.

PROGRESS FROM MONTREAL TO OTTAWA.

In our last number we gave a detailed account of the triumphant journey of the Governor-General and the Princess Louise from Halifax to Montreal. To-day, according to promise, we complete the account by publishing a record of the progress from the commercial metropolis to the political capital. Thus will our readers have a faithful and consecutive history of this memorable event, which they can preserve for reference and which they can send to their friends abroad.

IV.

TO AND IN OTTAWA.

I. 1. At a quarter to ten a.m. on Monday, Dec. 2, His Excellency and the Princess Louise, with their suite, left the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, for the Bonaventure Station. The moment the Marquis stepped out of the hotel, the Royal Standard floating from the tower was hauled down, and everything resumed its former aspect. His Excellency expressed himself highly pleased with the arrangements during his stay. The Princess was well wrapped up, and attired in a dark suite and cloak. Notwithstanding that the weather was as unpleasant as could well be imagined, it did not seem to interfere with the attendance at the station to witness the departure of the Vice-Regal party. Long before the hour all available standing room was occupied, the 5th Royal Fusiliers as a guard of honour being drawn up opposite the train. The appearance of the station, in striking contrast to the dismal outside city, was one of brilliant beauty, the gaslight mottoes shining on the satin covering of the dais, giving it a very rich appearance. A few alterations made an improvement in the general appointments, and the effect of the whole reflected credit on the Company. Before the departure, there was a presentation of Caughnawaga Indians, who read an address, to which a kind reply was made. The party then left the dais and walked to the car, the guard of honour observing the usual custom. At ten o'clock the whistle sounded, and as the train moved slowly out of the station, His Excellency and Her Royal Highness stood at the door, and viewed, as a last expression of Montreal loyalty, the presented arms of the guard, the enthusiastic waving of hats, and the wild cheers of the multitude.

2. On the route an address was presented at St. Anne's, and also at Cornwall, large crowds having assembled at both these places in spite of the unpleasant weather. At St. Anne's there was some indication of clearing up, but before that point had been left far behind, the unrelenting rain came down again in torrents.

3. At Prescott great preparations had been made for the reception, and but for the storm the presentation of the address of welcome would have been attended with very interesting ceremonies. There was no lack of enthusiasm, and their Excellencies were greeted with hearty cheers, which left no doubt as to the true loyalty of the inhabitants of the old town.

4. The remainder of the journey was accomplished without any event of importance—every station having its quota of loyal subjects who cheered as the Vice-Regal train whirled past them.

II. Everything was in readiness at Ottawa for a grand demonstration. At the City Hall square, at three o'clock, His Worship the Mayor, in robe of office, the city aldermen and officials formed a procession of carriages and drove to the St. Lawrence & Ottawa depot, to await the arrival of the train. The station platform and grounds were crowded with citizens of all classes, creeds and nationalities. Noticeable among them were Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Messrs. Tupper, Mackenzie Bowell, Aikins, and Wilmot. A number of prominent citizens, Lieut.-General Sir Edward Selby Smyth and the following staff: Adjutant-General Powell, Lieut.-Cols. Macpherson, Ross, Stuart, Wiley, Jackson, White, McDonald, Major Macpherson, Major Mattice, Captain Cotton, C. A., Major Wicksteed, Major Grant, Surgeons Mallock and Bell. There could not have been less than four thousand persons present. The rain did not appear to dampen their enthusiasm, for most of them stood out unsheltered from the rain until the arrival of the train. It was originally intended that the presentation should take place in the pavillion, but the rain came through the canvass as though it were a sieve, and rendered it useless. The decorations were seriously damaged, and the whole interior so wet that none but a few boys found shelter there. A change had therefore to be made in the programme, and it was agreed that the presentation should take place on the platform of the royal car. During the afternoon the city police force endeavoured to keep the front part of the station grounds clear, but the crowd jostled them around in such a rough way, that their efforts were in vain. A guard of honour from the Foot Guards of one hundred men, under command of Captain Lee, was drawn up in front of the station, but even their ranks were broken into by the surging crowd.

At 4.25 the royal train shot up, and with it a cheer from the crowd rent the air, and was repeated again and again, followed by the raising of the Royal Standard, and a royal salute from Nepean Point Battery. The band then struck up "The Campbells are Coming," and the cheering was renewed. In a moment His Excellency appeared on the platform of the car, closely followed by Her Royal Highness, holding in her hand the magnificent bouquet presented by His Worship the Mayor. This was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm that lasted for several minutes. Both His Excellency and Her Royal Highness acknowledged the compliment, the Marquis by removing his fur cap and the Princess by a graceful inclination of the head and a pleasant smile. Whilst this was in progress, the guard of honour had presented arms, and the band struck up "God Save the Queen," the majority of the multitude standing with uncovered heads and cheering lustily. Then the Mayor read the address of welcome, to which the Marquis returned a long and eloquent reply. His Worship then explained that the citizens had decided to postpone their torchlight procession and illuminations until Wednesday evening, and asked His Excellency if he would be pleased to accept it. His Excellency expressed his pleasure, and repaired to the platform of the Royal car, where Her Royal Highness had remained standing with the Royal staff. The members of the staff then escorted the Royal party to the carriage in waiting. As they entered the carriage the crowd made an unseemly rush to gratify their curiosity. Before moving off the Marquis and the Marchioness bowed to the crowd who filled the air with "God bless you," "Welcome to the Capital," and "Long live our noble Queen." An escort was furnished from the Dragoon Guards under Captain Stewart, and amid another storm of cheers the procession started for Rideau Hall encumbered by the crowded state of the grounds and streets. The Mayor and members of the Council joined the procession. At the firemen's arch the men had mounted the ladders, and their Excellencies appeared to be very much pleased with the sight. At the New Edinburgh Bridge a guard of honour from the Foot Guards, under Captain Tilton, presented arms. Nothing more of interest occurred until Rideau Hall was reached, where a third guard of honour was stationed under Captain Weatherby. Their Excellencies alighted and entered their new home, no doubt glad to escape from the scene of confusion they had just passed through.

III. 1. The only event of Tuesday, Dec. 3rd, was the presentation of addresses to His Excellency in the Senate Chamber. Between 60 and 70 delegates from societies and corporations were present, decked with their insignia of office, and with the galaxy of beauty which crowded the galleries, presented a strikingly grand and animated scene. At three o'clock precisely His Excellency and suite arrived, and were received with unbounded applause. Her Royal Highness was not present. Entering, the delegates rose and continued standing until all the addresses had been presented and the replies made. The presentation occupied two hours. The order of presentation was as follows: Toronto Corporation; Hamilton Corporation; Hamilton Board of Trade; St. George's Society, Ottawa; St. Andrew's Society, Ottawa; St. Patrick's Literary Association; St. Jean Baptiste Society; St. Patrick's Society; Institut Canadien; Caledonian Society, Montreal; joint address of Scotch Societies of Ontario, and the addresses of the Mohawk Indians.

2. On the same Tuesday evening a pleasant event took place which deserves to be recorded in this place. The members of the English, American and Canadian press, then in the city, were entertained at dinner at the Russell House, by Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, of the *Citizen*. The members of the press present were Messrs. J. A. O'Shea, London *Standard*; J. D. Gay, London *Telegraph*; J. B. Stillson, New York *Herald*; W. J. Maguire, Quebec press; J. W. Postgate, Chicago *Times*; W. Dennis, Halifax *Herald*; Wm. Boyd, London *Times*; Melton Prior, *Illustrated News*, London; R. S. White, Montreal *Gazette*; H. A. Ogden, Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly*; F. G. Mather, New York *Tribune*; J. Connolly, *Pall Mall Gazette*: Sidney Hall, London *Graphic*; J. Rowan, of the *Herald*; and W. Gibbens, of the *Citizen*. There were also present, Hon. Wm. Macdougall, C.B.; Messrs. Forsyth and T. H. Allan. After the cloth had been removed, a number of toasts were proposed and responded to. First was given Her Majesty the Queen, then the President of the United States, followed by the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness. The next toast was the British and American Press, which was ably responded to by Mr. O'Shea, of the London *Standard*, Mr. Stillson, of the New York *Herald*, Mr. Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. J. W. Postgate, of the Chicago *Times*, and Mr. Hall, of the London *Graphic*. Mr. Gay now in fitting terms proposed the health of Mr. Mackintosh, which was happily responded to. Mr. Boyd, of the London *Times*, proposed in complimentary terms the health of the Hon. Mr. Macdougall, to which the latter gentleman responded in an eloquent speech. Mr. Forsyth next proposed the health of Mr. O'Shea, of the London *Standard*, to which that gentleman responded in a clever speech. Nearly all the representatives of the English press named above, have won distinction in recording the events of the Ashantee, Franco-Prussian, and Russo-Turkish campaigns, and many of them at the dinner wore the decorations bestowed on them by the Sovereigns of the countries in which they have travelled.

CIVIL SERVICE ARCH.

The arch of the gentlemen of the Civil Service of Canada, a representation of which we present to-day, stands immediately within the main entrance to the Government Grounds and faces Wellington and the Rideau Club. It is the most ambitious and imposing piece of decorative architecture ever erected in Canada, or, indeed, in America—and as such naturally attracted no inconsiderable amount of attention from the many thousands of visitors who flocked to the capital to witness the festivities of the past week. The arch has four towers, each fifty feet high, surmounted by flag poles twenty feet high. The tower tops are of the mansard style in keeping with the Government Buildings, the roofs being covered with striped cloth of rich and varied colours. In the upper portion of the tower there is scroll work, in red letters with the mottoes "Welcome," "Bienvenue" and "Failthe." Immediately below the tower roofs are small arches, with bands on either side of the pilasters, with the rose, shamrock and thistle in fret work, with cloth background and monograms in the centre. Between the pilasters are trophies of flags of all nations. A band extends around each tower, with shields of blue, bearing the names of the Departments and Provinces, worked in silver. There are door-ways at the base of each tower, above which are medallions, with the double "L." and three coronets above. On every face there is an arch, over which, in rich lettering, are the mottoes: "Civil Service Greeting," "Vive la Princesse Louise," "Hail! Daughter of our Queen," "A cœur loyal sujets fidèles." Over each arch is a scroll with mottoes, and above this again shields with armorial bearings, trophies of flags and buffalo and moose heads. The Imperial, Dominion, and Provincial arms occupy prominent places, and on two of the shields are the Argyll and the Princess Louise arms, with a number of monogram and coronets. The arches are festooned with flags, two hundred of which are used in the decoration.

The arch was designed by Mr. John W. H. Watt, of the chief architect's staff of the Department of Public Works, and was erected by voluntary subscriptions from gentlemen of the Civil Service, many of whom laboured with untiring zeal at the decorations night and day. The general superintendence of the work was entrusted to Lieut. Colonel Dennis, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior, who was chairman of the committee appointed by the subscribers to erect the arch—and to this gentleman the main credit is due for the unbounded success of the undertaking. The following gentlemen composed the committee: Col. J. Stoughton Dennis, Chairman; J. Cunningham Stewart, Treasurer; Henry J. Morgan, Secretary; and Messrs. G. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Lt. Col. White, T. H. Allan, A. J. Cambie, T. S. Scott, Robert Lemoine and Lt. Col. Panet.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE latest theatrical sensation in London is the holding of tea meetings at Exeter Hall, for the spiritual welfare of ladies of the ballet, chorus ladies, and dressers employed at the London theatres and music halls. In the opinion of the promoters, the meetings have proved so successful that similar meetings are to be initiated for the scene-shifters, property men, flymen, and gasmen.

HER Majesty must have a fine collection of portraits of members of the Royal Family, for whenever any one of her sons or daughters has reached a given age, or entered the matrimonial state, the Queen has had special photographs taken and reproduced in various forms. In view of the approaching marriage of the Duke of Connaught, Her Majesty has ordered from a well-known firm who have had many previous Royal commissions, a lithographed enlargement of a cabinet portrait of his Royal Highness, and also of a photograph of the Princess Louise of Prussia.

EARLY in the present year Her Majesty the Queen commanded a performance to be given at Windsor Castle of *Diplomacy*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the chief characters. For some reason this order was subsequently countermanded; but a renewed interest has just been created in theatrical circles by the announcement that on the Duke of Connaught's marriage in February next Mr. Henry Irving has received his Sovereign's command to give a special performance before the Court at Windsor Castle. Many years have now elapsed since Mr. Charles Dickens and others appeared before the Court in similar circumstances, and since the younger Kean also had the honour of entertaining the Royal Family in the same manner.

A NOVEL question of law may possibly arise out of the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. A lady died recently, leaving no ascertainable heirs, and her property, consisting of shares in the unfortunate bank, passed to the Queen as *ultima hæres*. Had the lady died a few days earlier, the Queen would certainly have become the proprietor of the shares—for the State of course; a lawyer writes, the question may possibly now arise whether the shares passing to the Crown by inheritance, that may not be ground for subjecting either the Crown or its representative to the liabilities of a shareholder. Doubtless the lawyers are considering the matter. The answer is clear, no one need receive a bequest (say of a mad lion), without he or she pleases.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

IT is intended to erect a statue of Rabelais in the city of Tours. French sculptors are invited to compete for the commission to produce this work. It ought to be made of mud appropriate to one of the dirtiest writers that ever put pen to paper.

THE sisters of a Marseilles convent called the Trinitaries Dechaussées are prosecuted for having, contrary to law, buried nuns dying within their walls without the public declaration required by the civil code. It appears that they have gone on in this respect since 1840, and it never until now occurred to any Government to interfere with their proceedings *intra muros*.

WHAT is described as "eminently Parisian" is usually eminently exotic, says Mr. Jules Claretie, and he says that the "most Parisian *demi-mondaines* were a Neapolitan brunette and an English blonde, who appeared before a very Parisian audience, principally composed of Russians, in an extremely Parisian operetta composed by a German."

THE only new food supply to be noted comes under the head of eggs; these, instead of being sold by the dozen, are disposed of by the yard, like Neapolitan macaroni; the eggs are smashed, then by centrifugal motion—whisking by steam—the shells are expelled, and then when mixed with those of oysters, make various waters of the fizzing class; the yolks are then dried and cut into lengths, like Mexican beef, and after suspender patterns or "strips"—which is patriotic. The French name for this preparation is "American Omelette." Note the prefix "American," for anything eccentric or not coming within the ordinary calendar of nouns is certain to pay.

ONE of the singular characteristics of the Paris International Exhibition which has just closed was the careful manner in which some gallery or collection was prepared for the public, and then left without a catalogue of its contents to guide the visitor. This was particularly the case with the Historical Gallery at the Trocadéro and the Galleries of Retrospective Art. The former collection contained treasures of no common order. Among them may be cited a crayon portrait of Napoleon I., by Gros, executed in 1789, bearing the inscription, "Bonaparte, General of the Army in Italy;" and another of Joachim Murat, also in crayon, by David, executed in 1771.

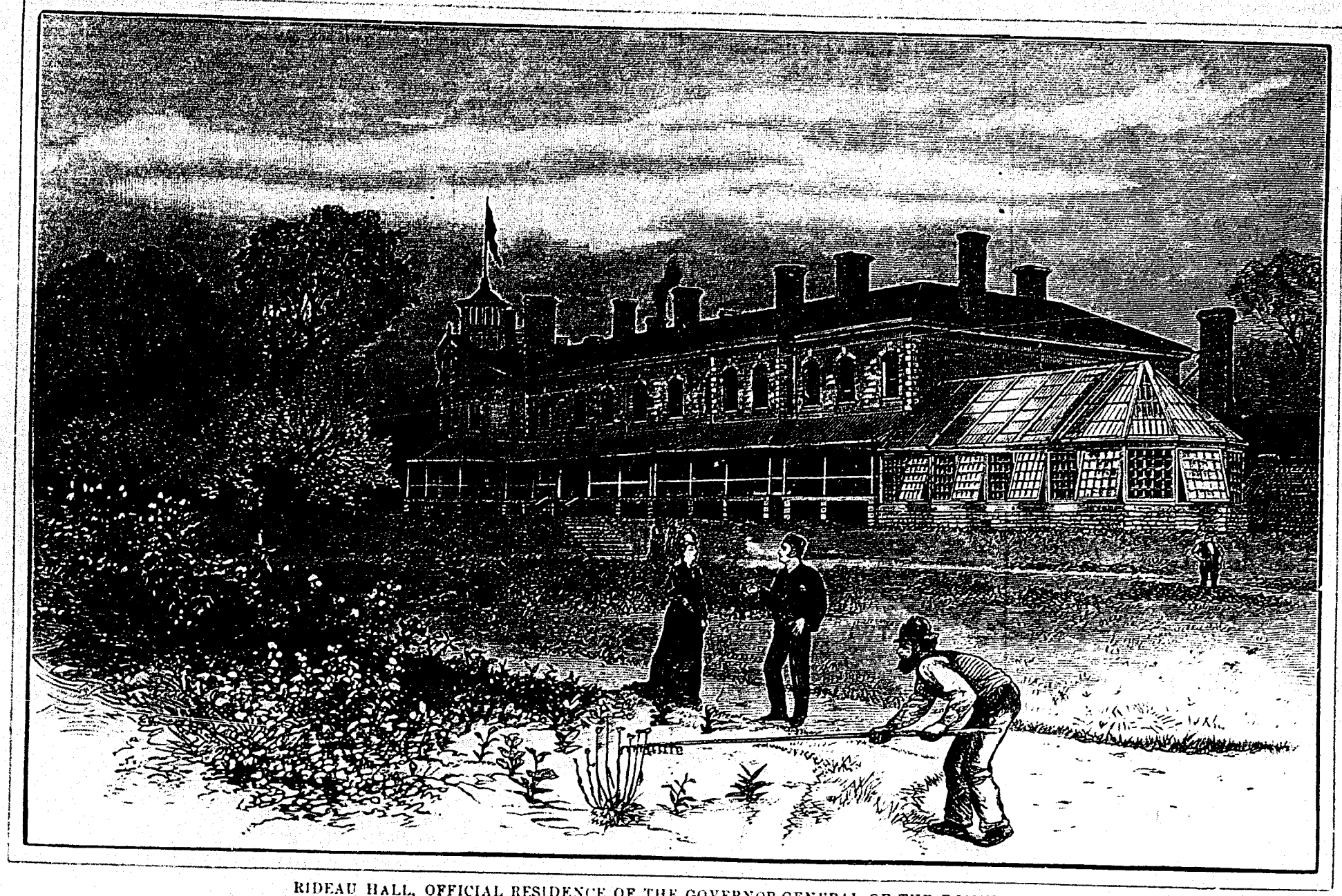
AMONG the valuable objects in the international lottery the lucky winner may, for instance, find himself possessor of are, an iron gate, a locomotive steam-engine, a tower, a smith's bellows, an anvil, a barrel of salted cod, 1,000,000 pins, a stained window, a live monkey, a fixed canon, twelve dozen false-noses, a church clock, a plough, fifty packages of mustard, a life-sized statue, a boat, a grindstone, and we are told that one of the two Hindoos brought here by the Compagnie-des-Indes is very anxious to get himself placed among the objects, in order not to return to Cashmere. If he succeeds, there is an additional chance.

I GAVE her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then, but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I had oceans of money and goods, tried to frighten her bad with a growl, but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared at the screech of an owl. I called her a baggage and everything bad, I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like the sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and all; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this fall!"

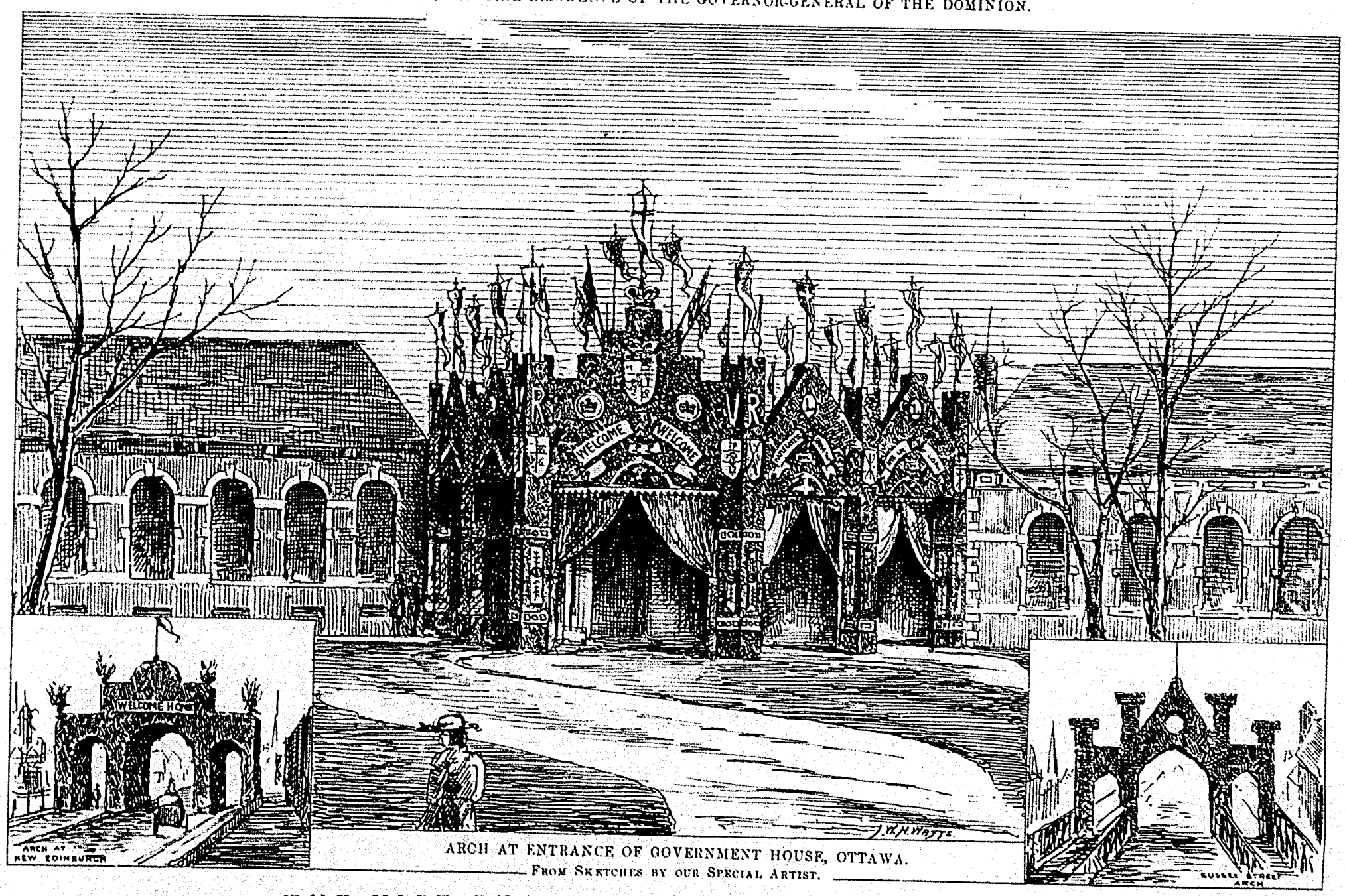
THE ARCH OF THE SCOTTISH SOCIETIES AT MONTREAL.

THE VICE REGAL RECEPTION.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



RIDEAU HALL, OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION.



ARCH AT ENTRANCE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT OTTAWA.

We reprint from the Edinburgh *Scotsman* the following very able lines referring to the late City of Glasgow Bank failure, from the pen of Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh University. The Professor's conception and language are excellent, but we opine that "Scotland Disgraced" would have been a more appropriate title.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.

BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

"They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition"—ST. PAUL.

Woe unto thee, Scotland, Scotland! curse and com
mination dire,
Thou art blazing with a torch not lighted from celes-
tial fire!
Once the angel Gabriel lent his sword into thine elect
hand,
Now from east to west thou rangest with a sulphurous
smoking brand;
Woe unto thee, Scotland, Scotland! thy soul's honour
thou hast sold
For huge greed of glittering dust and gilded lies that
look like gold!
In mine ears this woe was sounded, whence it came I
might not know,
Above me, in me, round about me, terrible, still it
sounded so:
"Woe to Scotland, once true Scotland, once a star with
stars in heaven,
Now a wandering, death-blue candle, through destruc-
tion's limbo driven!"
Thus it sounded awful, awful, and I laid my head to
rest,
And I prayed to God to smother the great terror in my
breast;
But it sounded still within me, like a shriek and like a
sigh,
Like the moaning of a tempest, like a murdered woman's
cry.
Through my heavy sleep it sounded, as I tossed my
fevered head,
Through my shrinking ears it echoed, like the gibber of
the dead,
And a vision rose before me, through my sleep and
through my pain,
And the gates of death were open, and the dead men
walked again,
And I saw a strange procession sailing slowly through
the air,
Pale, but with a noble paleness, sad and solemn floating
there;
And I heard the voice no longer, for a God was kind to
me,
And he gave a Sabbath moment, from that cursing
chorus free;
And I looked, and saw and wondered, like the kings that
Banquo saw,
Mighty names, the pride of Scotland, blazoned with
respect and awe,
Robed in sheets of Death's adornment, but with stars of
glory crowned,
Shooting streams of kindly radiance through Night's
pitchy bosom round;
And the first I knew, Columba, who from leafy oaks of
Derry
Through the troublous whirl of waters steered his Gospel-
missioned wherry,
And with might of high volition, and with wisdom from
above
Tamed the savage Celts and drew them with the gentle
cords of love;
And the second, tall and stately, with long locks of
golden hair,
Was the Wallace wight; a huge two-handed sword aloft
he bare.
Bruce, the third, the bravest King that ever hewed his
thorny way
Sheer through danger to a throne; I knew him by the
fair display
Of jewelled brooch upon his breast, and battle-axe whose
weighty stroke
Felled the proud Bohun, and free'd the land from
England's galling yoke.
In the shadowy train the fourth, a noble youth of saintly
mien,
A burning faggot in his hand, was gentle-hearted
Wishart seen.
Fifth, a mightier came than he, strong and stern, and in
the van
Of churchly keen contention planted, fronting danger
like a man,
Fearing not the threats of Princes, not the sacerdotal
ban,
Dazzled not by flickering smiles, nor melted by soft tears
of beauty,
Listening only faithful-hearted to the high command of
duty,
Knox; with him the bold Protestor, lion-hearted Ren-
wick came,
In his hand a cross and tower with Sanquhar writ in
words of flame;
Who came next I know from eye hot-flashing with
intensest fire;
On his lips the scorn of baseness, in his hand a sounding
lyre,
Burns, the ploughman-bard; behind him one of mellower
blood than he,
Healthy-hearted, and with large rich swell of various
minstrelsy;
From his eye there streamed a sweetness like the sun in
flowery May,
On his Jovian forehead thoughts of kingly range did
mildly sway,
Scott; and in his hand he held the rose and thistle twined
together,
And on his breast, and near his heart, a blooming tuft of
purple heather,
Then I saw three mighty prophets closing in the long
array,
Prophets whom mine eyes had worshipped when they
dwelt in house of clay.
Chalmers first with fervid chariot, flashing fire from
flinty stones,
Breathing blasts of quickening virtue o'er the valley of
dry bones;
Guthrie next, festooned with flowers, and picking glory
from the ground,
Flinging with redundant mirth rich sheaves of mellow
jest around,
Then Macleod, with large strong heart, from bonds of
base convention free,
Wise from life's o'erflowing wells to mingle godliness
with glee.
These I saw, like Banquo's crown'd ones, in that pale
procession slow,
And I looked and feared and listened; and again the
sound of woe
Pierced my ears; and that dire chorus cursed again, and
sounded so:
*"Woe to Scotland; woe and wailing! once the honest
and the true,*
*Cousined now with rogues and sharpers, subtle Greek and
swindling Jew!"*
And I looked and saw, and lo! on the ground a virgin
lay
With a healthy hue, well favored, clad in weeds of sober
grey,
But on her brow an ugly gash, and dimness floating in
her eye,
And her broad full bosom heaving with the frequent sob
and sigh;
In her right hand she held a tuft of heather, from whose
purple store
Gushed—O God! a bloody spout, and with red murder
drowned the floor;
From her left a thistle rose, and every prickle where it
grew
Turned to steel, and stabbed her flesh, and striped her
vest with crimson hue;
And at her foot a book there lay, soiled and rent in many
a rag,
A holy book, and near the book a fat, well nurtured
money-bag.
Dyed with blood; and o'er her head a grinning big-
mouthed demon stood,
And dogs with him, a red-haired breed, that ever licked
the streaming blood.
O God! O God!—I would have waked; but heavy
bonds held down my breast;
I stopped my ears; but still I heard the woeful cry that
would not rest.
As each shape in that procession, with sepulchral moan
sonorous,
Pointing to the bleeding maiden sharply tones the
cursing chorus—
"Woe to Scotland, woe and wailing, curse and commin-
ation dire,
Thou art fallen, fallen, fallen low with Sidon and with
Tyre."
Damned lust of gold hath bound thee, O my country,
damn'd indeed,
Thy most sacred birthright bartered basely for insatiate
greed;
All thy proud distinctions razed, and on thy brow that
brightly shone,
Sullen clouds and ugly scars, red-handed murder calls
her own;
And all the air is rent with cries, and all the sky is
raining tears,
And widows weep, and orphans wail, and old men curse
their length of years,
And all thy hymns are turned to curses, curse and com-
mination dire;
The woe of Babylon ist hine! the curse of Sidon and of
Tyre;
And the recording angel writes—"Woe to Scotland!
thou hast sold
Thy soul's loyalty for dust, and glittering lies that look
like gold."
I heard, I saw; mine eyes were coal; mine eyes were
hissing furnace; I
Leapt from my rest, and burst the bonds of painful
sleeping with a cry;
And arose, and dressed, and walked abroad, and lo! my
dreaming was no dream,
I found the curse in every street, in every talker's
common theme.

THE TWO ROBERTS.

Singing softly to himself Robert Edbury rode "over dale and over down" in the sweet stillness of the July night. Hardly a breath of air was stirring in the branches of the trees. Now and then an invisible night bird piped a solitary note to keep him company, and soft waves of light streamed over the hills as the queenly moon, well-attended by her guards, rode indolently down the broad highway of heaven. The blue dome, looking soft as velvet, was, like the fabled path of love, strewn thickly with the golden kisses of the stars.

As he gained the last hill, whose summit gazed on the little watering place which was for a few weeks to be his destination, he involuntarily drew rein and sat silent a moment enjoying the moonlight scene. On his left an old-fashioned brick house reared its twisted chimneys aloft. So close was he to it that its sharp gables seemed to cut the air over his head, and only a strip of green lawn bordered by horse-chestnut trees, separated him from the windows, gleaming in the moonlight.

"Sceptre and crown, I'd fling them down
If I might—"

Robert Edbury hushed his song when he perceived, for the first time, his very close proximity to the house and the windows.

"The substantial home of some substantial farmer," he said to himself. "I had better move on, or his daughters may think I am serenading them."

Too late! Just then a window was opened softly overhead, and a lady's face appeared at it. In the rush of bright moonlight Robert caught sight of the long ripple of gold gleaming hair, and was sure that the face was lovely. At any rate, the voice was.

"Robert, dear, is it you?"

For half a minute Robert Edbury was mute with surprise, and made no answer.

"It is you, Robert. Why don't you speak?" He spoke, then, low, and with hesitation.

"How do you know it was I?"

"Of course I knew it was you." There was a dash of petulance in the sweet voice now. "Who else but you would be riding and singing in that absurd way at this hour of the night, and halting before the house? Have you a cold, Robert? Your voice sounds different from what it usually does."

"Perhaps it is the night air," answered Robert, wickedly, and getting his wits partially together. "Or I may have cracked it with singing." But still he spoke in the most subdued of tones. "I did not expect the pleasure of speaking with you."

"The very idea of your coming up on horseback at this night hour! You know you ought not to be out. Why did you do it? Where are you going? Into Spafield?"

"To be sure."

"But what for?"

"To see a friend."

"Who is it?" came the quick response, "Not—not Nelly Cameron!"—with a shade of jealousy in the tone now. "Are the Camerons receiving this evening?"

"Not that I know of," returned Robert Edbury promptly. "I swear to you I was not going to see Nelly Cameron. I have not spoken to a single young lady to-day, except yourself."

"Poor Robert!" and a little laugh rippled lightly on the air. "But do go. You know what your health is, and that you have no business to be riding at this time of night. You will be laid up to-morrow; your voice already sounds strange and altered. Good-night."

"One moment," cried Robert Edbury, earnestly, as he leaped from his horse, fastened the bridle to the gate, and stepped inside beneath the window, where gleamed that mysterious, enchanting face; "won't you give me a flower? You can easily reach that clustering vine by your casement. Perhaps—perhaps I shall wish to ask you some time to forgive me some great offense. Won't you give me a flower for a token?"

"How strangely you talk. Of course I would give you a flower; but these are only honeysuckles, and you know we promised to give each other nothing but roses. But stay!"—the pretty voice caught itself. "I have a bunch of violets on my table. Would you like them?"

"Anything—anything that comes from your hands!" whispered Robert, more sincerely than he always spoke.

The bright face disappeared a moment from the window, and then returned—a white hand gleamed in the moonlight.

"There, take them, and now you must go! Quick! I hear some one stirring. Suppose it should be mamma! Good night, dear Robert."

The window was softly closed, and in an instant after Robert was groping for the violets in the wet grass. He found them where they fell. But as they were falling, the quick eyes of Robert Edbury had discerned something, bright as a star, falling too. The small strip of grass where he had stood was entirely in the shade, hidden from the light by the large horse-chestnut trees, and he had to grope in the dark for the glittering thing. An instant's search revealed it to be what he had suspected—a lady's bracelet. It was a slender circlet of gold, studded with crystal. The quick movement had unclasped it from her arm; and Robert, with a smile, put it side by side with the withered branch of violets in his pocket as he rode away.

"Sceptre and crown, I'd fling them down," sung Mr. Edbury as he rode swiftly on in the purple dusk of the trees. "Sceptre and crown, if I had them, I'd fling them down for the one bare chance of hearing that lovely voice again."

He was alone; there was no one to see him; and, taking the violets out of his pocket, he kissed them tenderly. It was most absurdly silly of him to do it, but who of us does not do silly things in the heyday of our youth's morning? silly things that we blush for afterwards perhaps, just as Robert Edbury blushed when putting the violets again quickly away—

"Sceptre and crown, I'd fling them down
If I might—"

But his song got no further than that; it died away in thought.

Passing arm-in-arm down the crowded dancing-room of the Spa the next evening, with his friend Norton, Robert Edbury's quick ear was caught by a note which at once arrested his attention. He had said that he should know that divine voice again, hear it wherever he might, and he was not mistaken. A certain remonstrance lay in its tone; not to say misbelief.

"But who could it have been, Robert, if it was not you? If frightens me to think of it. It—it was somebody of your height and figure. It must have been yourself, Robert."

"But I tell you it was not, Jessie. I should like to know who it was."

"He was a gentleman, I am sure"—with a stress upon the word. "You need not be put out, Robert."

Robert Edbury turned and saw close beside him, leaning on that other Robert's arm, a young girl surpassingly beautiful. Roses mingled with the bright gold of her hair, shone in the bosom of her dress, and a bunch of them somehow intertwined with the slender gold wrist-chain attached to her fan.

Mr. Edbury caught his breath, as turning her face, the girl's soft violet-blue eyes rested for a moment unrecognizingly on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend. "How lovely she is! What is her name? By heaven! I never believed in divine loveliness before; but here it is, pure and undefiled. What is her name?"

"It is Miss Chassdane," was the answer. "She and her mother live at the Grove, half a mile out of town."

"A farm house?" remarked Robert.

"No, it is not. It looks not unlike one. They are people of property. Yes, she is very pretty. I'll introduce you if you like."

Half an hour later Robert Edbury was bending over the young lady's hand in the pretty secluded gloom of a vine-wreathed window. They were as much alone as it is possible for one to be in the heart of a busy, unheeding crowd. The first notes of a Strauss waltz were beckoning the lancers, and gay couples went laughing, hurrying by.

"You are not engaged for this valse?" said Robert eagerly.

Some remembered cadence of his voice struck the young girl's memory, and forgetting to answer him, she looked at him doubtfully, while a rosy flush swept over her forehead. She half knew him and half did not.

"Will you let me look at your card?" he pursued, as with perfect courtesy in his voice and manner, he took the bit of gilt and enamelled pastboard which she had tucked away amid the roses at her waist.

"I—I half promised this dance to Robert" she stammered, flinging a quick glance over her shoulder into the swaying crowd.

"Then I shall claim it," answered the other Robert with an audacious smile. He stooped and picked up a rosebud that had fallen, and then held it triumphantly before the flushed and startled face by his side.

"See!" he said, gayly; "I saved it from being crushed under foot. Will you not give it to me?"

But she reached out her hand impulsively. "I—I never give roses to strangers," she replied, with a cold, frightened, angry air. "They are Mr. Robert Stonor's roses. Give it back to me, if you please."

"My name is Robert, too," he said, in the tame gayly tender voice, though his dark face changed a little at her frank confession. "My name is Robert, too, Miss Chassdane. Therefore may I not claim these?"

The soft blue eyes, filled with tears, flew up and met his. She knew him then. Frightened and ashamed, and trembling from head to foot, she rose impulsively to her feet. He took a step backward, and they stood so, facing each other a moment in the gay, unheeding crowd.

"I know you now," gasped Jessie. "How dare you speak to me again? You are very presuming, sir. I will not bear it. Give me back my flower and leave me."

"Nay," he said, gently, but in the tone of a master, "is there cause for anger?" And in a low, reasoning, persuasive voice he spoke to her for some moments, and the rising spirit was calmed. In spite of herself and against her will she was becoming irresistibly attracted to this man.

"Give me this one waltz, Miss Chassdane, and then I will give you back your rose. It will be a fair exchange. But mind what I tell you: as sure as there is a heaven above us, the day is coming when you will offer me a rose unasked. Come!"

The old rose-red flush drifted over the young girl's face; his words and, more than all, his manner impressed her, as he meant they should. He stood with proffered arm, courteously still beside her; and, though protesting inwardly with all her might that she would not dance, she gave him her hand, and in another moment they were floating deliciously together to the strains of the seductive music.

When it was over Robert led her to her seat near some friends; her mother had not gone to the rooms that night. She looked very pale. The pretty rose-color had all died out of the sweet round cheeks.

"Are you faint?" he asked anxiously, bending over her. "Are you tired? Shall I get you some water?"

"No, no!" she cried, shrinking away from him. "I am not faint—but look at Mr. Robert Stonor. I have offended him. He is angry because I danced with you. Oh, what shall I do? He is my cousin, and has ill-health, and he must not be excited."

Robert Edbury turned, and saw standing near him that other Robert, who threatened to be—or perhaps was—no mean rival. His ill-health was evident. One hand was pressed to his side as it to still some pain there, and on his handsome blonde face, which was marked by unmistakable traces of confirmed sickness, a cloud of jealous anger rested heavily.

The eyes of the two men met, and each knew the other for a rival.

A half smile of scorn as he looked curled Robert Edbury's lips. In a case like this a man has no pity for the ailments of another. With a grave face he took from his pocket the rosebud and laid it in Miss Chassdane's lap.

"Here is your rose," he said, quietly. "I restore it to you at your wish. But remember what I said; and, believe me, time will prove me to be no false prophet."

Without waiting for an answer, he bowed, and disappeared among the throng of dancers, seeing her no more that night.

"Is Miss Chassdane engaged to that man?" he questioned of his friend Norton.

"I believe there is no positive engagement," was the reply. "Mrs. Chassdane, it is said, objects to it."

"On what score does she object? Money?"

"Oh no, Stonor has a small compact estate close by, and is well off. On the score of his uncertain health. Also, they are cousins."

"What is it that is the matter with him?"

"Some complication, connected with both the lungs and heart, which, I conclude, renders treatment difficult."

"Do you think Miss Chassdane cares for him?"

"I don't think she loves him, Edbury—if that's what you mean. It seems to me that she likes him more as a brother. When eligible attentions are paid to girls they feel flattered, you know, and respond accordingly. Nine out of ten of them understand nothing of their own feelings, and mistake friendship for love. Robert Stonor and Miss Chassdane have grown up together—have been like brother and sister."

Frequently they met after that. It was an unusually gay season at Spafield, and entertainments abounded accordingly. In the morning drinking the water, or making believe to drink it, in the afternoon sauntering in the gardens or on the parade; in the evening at the rooms, or at private parties; two or three times did Mr. Edbury and Miss Chassdane meet, and linger together, and converse with each other; Robert Edbury's time was his own, and he staid on. He could have staid forever. The two or three weeks' sojourn he had intended had more than doubled itself. For he had learned to love her passionately; and all the world might see it for aught he cared. She too, might see it, if she chose; but whether she did or not he could not tell, judging from the grave and sweet dignity with which she met and bore back his eager attention.

At length there came an evening when he determined to put his fate to the test; to go on in this uncertainty was worse than torment. They had not been much disturbed by Robert

Stonor; a paroxysm of his old complaint had confined that gentleman to his own home.

And so Robert Edbury went up to the old gabled house, before which his horse had halted that first night, and sought an interview with Miss Chassdane. She was quite alone. The long French window by which she sat was flung wide open, and the low, red sunlight, streaming over her, lighted up her fair golden hair and the roses in her dress.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought, as he took her hand in his. "What if I should not win her after all! But I will make a hard fight for it."

Jessie looked up inquiringly into his face. "You are very silent," she said; and then catching the earnest look in his eyes, she blushed violently and drew away her hand.

"I love you," he passionately broke forth in a low, tremulous tone, breaking his emotional silence. "I have come to you this evening to risk my fate by saying this, to win or lose all. Jessie, you must know how I love you; how I have loved you all along, from that very first night that I spoke to you, neither of us knowing the other. Will you not give me some hope of love in return? Do not send me from you an utterly broken and discouraged man!"

Jessie was silent for a moment—one long cruel moment to Robert Edbury—then the small, sweet face was turned to him with gentle dignity. He knew his doom beforehand, ere she spoke the words.

"You must know how useless it was to speak to me of this," she said. "You know, surely you must have known, that I was engaged to my cousin, Robert Stonor."

"Engaged to him?"

"Yes. We are engaged."

Neither spoke for a time. The scent of the flowers, blooming in the lonely grounds on this side of the house, away from the dusty and busy highway, seemed to mock them with its sweetness; the clustering shrubs and trees waved gently in the summer evening breeze.

He could not speak at once; the sense of his bitter loss was too great. The setting sun streamed in upon him, lighting up his distressed face. It seemed to him that the great old-fashioned clock in the hall ticked out the jeering words—

"Lost! Lost!! Lost!!!"

"Engaged!" he said at length, with long drawn breath. "I did not know it. But engagements where no love is have been broken many times before now!"

"Hush!" cried Jessie. "Do not speak like that again. It would kill him! You do not know what you are saying."

"Kill him!"

"If he heard it, I mean. He says he trusts me."

"And you are sacrificing yourself for him! for a fancy! Hear the truth, Jessie. You care not for Mr. Stonor, except as a cousin or a brother. Examine your own heart and it will tell you that you do not. You care for me. You love me. Many a half word, a half look has betrayed it to me. Yes, my darling, it is Robert Edbury you have learned to love, not Robert Stonor. Your blushes, my love, are betraying it now. You"—

"What was what?" shrieked Jessie.

A low, smothered sound, half groan, half cry, had come in from the open window. It was so full of pain that a man would not care to hear it twice in a life-time. Before either could rush out, Robert Stonor stood in the opening.

It was a figure never to be forgotten. His handsome, fair face was distorted with either pain or anger; his pale lips trembled; his left hand was pressed with the old familiar gesture upon his heart.

"False, false that you are!" broke at length from his bloodless lips, as he seized Jessie with his right hand. "You told me you did not care for Robert Edbury! You told me you—"

A pause, a stagger; and with a frightful shiver he fell on the carpet. Robert Edbury broke the fall partially, but was not quick enough to quite save him from it. Jessie flew from the room for assistance.

"Robert Stonor here!" cried the bewildered Mrs. Chassdane. "I thought he was confined to his chamber at home."

He had been confined to his chamber; but alas! he had crept out of it that evening, and come up to the house to see Jessie. With the fond hope of surprising her in the usual evening room, he had gone round the shrubbery, intending to enter by the window, and had heard all.

On the floor, there as he lay, his head raised on a cushion by the hands of Robert Edbury, he died. The medical man said he could not, in any case, have lived many months, if weeks, but that the agitation had killed him.

It was many long days after that, when she had risen from the sick bed to which this shock of sudden death had brought her, that Robert Edbury came to say farewell to Miss Chassdane.

The interview was brief, studiedly brief, for with the shadow of that dead man lying between them, space was difficult to both.

"Goodbye," she cried, reaching out to him an attenuated hand. "I hope you may find happiness and peace!"

"But we shall meet again," cried Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely—some time in the future I may come to you."

"Hush!" she cried, the tears rolling piteously down her cheeks. "You must not speak of that. Robert's shadow would always come between us, as he fell there on the floor. We killed him! We killed him!" and she wrung her pale hands together in her excitement.

"Stop!" said Robert Edbury quite sternly. "You are taking an altogether mistaken view of the truth. Ask your mother; ask any one. But you are weak and ill, yet, Jessie, and the time has not come for me to insist on this. Let us think of him poor fellow, as one who must, had he lived, have suffered much, and who has mercifully found peace in the rest of death."

He stood for a moment looking with a fond longing into the small, sweet face from which the summer roses had fled with grudging haste. Then taking from his pocket a fragile gold and crystal circlet he held it out to her. It was the bracelet she lost that first night of their meeting.

"I found it under your window that night with the violets," he said. "It fell from your arm. Will you take it back now?"

A faint lovely tinge of red flickered into her cheeks once more.

"No!" she answered, looking into his dark face with tender, gentle wistfulness—"I—I don't want to recall that night, or anything connected with it. You may keep it if you like."

So he kissed her hand and said farewell. But he left a whisper behind him.

"When the roses bloom again, remember me."

A year went by, and no message came. The second year he said to himself, "Surely she will send for me now!" But May and June crept by and July came; but not one word came from Jessie Chassdane. He was growing sick with a wild and helpless despair, for he felt how worse than useless it would be to go uncalled; when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart;

"The roses are in bloom, and there is one for you."

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

PUZZLED—"NEVER YET BEAT SINCE HE LEFT OLD LONDON"—HAMILTON'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE SOUTHERN RELIEF FUND—OUR NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL AND HIS ROYAL CONSORT.

"Gentlemen's clothes cleaned like new" is the characteristic announcement we accidentally discovered in the window of a little shop, some distance away from the centre of the city. From the word go, that place of business became an object of interest to us. It was an odd sign, and we have never yet come across an odd sign that was not, in some respect, typical of its owner. Perhaps it is wrong to be too inquisitive. It may be that we have no right to make ourselves familiar with other people's eccentricities. Still, as there is a doubt about it, we have always taken the benefit of the doubt, and have never yet had occasion to regret it. Therefore, we lost no time in resolving to hunt up some kind of an excuse for visiting the "Gentlemen's clothes cleaned like new" shop which would enable us to interview its proprietor. We had looked in at the window several times, and always found him busy at his work. He was a little, old stout man, with a round, good-natured face and a pair of small, keen eyes. At length we succeeded in borrowing a cast-off garment from a friend, tied it up in an old newspaper and started out on our mission. We opened the door and walked in with a bold, business-like air. There was a most villanous smell in the place. It seemed to be a combination of burnt woollens, old shoes, coal oil, and soap suds. Our nose almost made a coward of us, but we remembered our resolution, and also that in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as "fail." The proprietor received us in a cheerful way and immediately opened the conversation by exclaiming—

"Good-day to you, sir!"

We returned the compliment in a meek and humble manner, for we felt all our affected sternness melting away in the awful atmosphere.

"Fine weather we're havin', sir," he continued. We agreed with him on that point, and, at the same time, placed the parcel on the table beside him, remarking that we understood that he was in the habit of renovating gentlemen's garments in a superior manner.

"O, yes; why bless you, sir; we makes 'em as good as new. We don't do our work as most o' renowaiters does; no, indeed. They takes a gentleman's money and just spoils—yes, sir—spoils their clothes."

He undid the parcel, spread the dilapidated old coat out before him and proceeded to give it a most searching examination at the same time, imparting to us a vast amount of information about his fellow workmen, bad tailoring, woollen products of various nations, the superiority of certain kind of sheep, buttons, sewing machines, who he thought would make the best mayor, the rapid growth of his business, the part of old London he came from, etc., etc. In due course of time we gently hinted that we were prepared to hear his verdict on the state and condition of the old coat which we had brought to him.

"O, yes, sir; yes; we can make a job of it, but it's almost a pity you didn't bring it before it got so—so—kind of much worn like."

He chatted away in a cheerful and voluble manner. We noticed that he kept eyeing us, from time to time, in a kind of investigating way. He would look at the coat and then at us, and then he would pause and reflect. We began to think that he was trying to remember where he had seen us before. We noticed his perplexity and kindly offered our assistance to help him out of it.

"Well, sir; I *am* puzzled," he began, as he braced his back against the wall, and looked steadily at us.

"The fact is, sir, I'm beat, I'm completely beat, and it's the first time since I left old London."

It flashed across our mind in an instant that we had, in some unconscious manner, sprung the trap that was to catch his eccentricity. Our ecstacy was unbounded, but we knew the most careful treatment would be necessary. We questioned in the most cautious way, and, after a little coaxing, he told us, confidentially, how that he was always able to tell a gentleman's occupation by the soils and worn spots of his garments.

"Why, bless you, sir, nothin' is simpler. There is grocers, when they ever sends any clothes here, I don't never have to ask their occupation. These clothes speaks it very plainly. Same way with confectioners and printers, and fish mongers, and bakers, and brush makers and broom makers—although it is hard to know these two apart—still, I hardly ever makes a mistake. And then there is lawyers and doctors, and clerks, and book keepers,—all pretty much same kind of goods,—but, sir, I can always tell 'em apart just as easy as you could tell hay from straw. Every kind of occupation leaves its own marks on the clothes."

Then he enumerated the various marks peculiar to each and by which he knew one from the other, and, indeed, it seemed to us the simplest thing in the world.

We further questioned him as to whether he could gain any information as to one's particular social habits, from the same source.

"O, bless you; yes, sir. I can almost always tell a gentleman's weakness by the stains and soils on his clothes. But, of course, this is a good deal harder than to tell the occupation. Why, there's the man that takes his beer, I can always tell whether he is in the habit of standing up at the bar or sits down at a table. If he sits down at a table and places his glass there, there's always some beer sure to be spilt and he wipes it up with his sleeve and don't know it. In time the sleeve gets hard; there is never any mistake about it, because beer has a peculiar effect on cloth."

"But suppose he always *stands* at the bar, while partaking of refreshments, what mark will be left on his garments then?"

"You will be sure to find some mark or stain, somewhere about the breast of his coat, or vest, that has been made by drops of beer always dropping in the same place."

We questioned this philosophical old clothes cleaner further, and were astonished to find to what extent he had developed his strange theory. He had made old clothes a study, and long experience and observation had made him thoroughly proficient in the art of "knowing a horse by his harness," if we will be excused for using the term.

"Yes, indeed, sir; this here coat puzzles me more than a little. It don't harmonize with you at all, sir. You don't look no more like a lawyer than I looks like the Prince of Wales, and yet, I could almost swear that this coat has been worn out in the law business."

We were cruel enough to let him wiggle in the meshes of his perplexity for a period of three days. At the expiration of that time, we called for the last time, and, when we informed him that the coat was not ours at all, but a borrowed one—and that we never had it upon our back—the old man was fairly wild with delight, and triumphantly shouted that he "had never yet been beat since he left old London."

The appalling reports of the terrible suffering of the people in the fever stricken South awoke heartfelt sympathy in Hamilton. The call for help has been responded to by a subscription to to the amount of $5,349.75 which has been forwarded for the relief of the sufferers. The sum was made up by contributions from every denomination—all classes of people—and is an offering from cheerful givers. It is a new and shining link in the evidence that human sympathy is not bounded by international lines.

The announcement, although unofficial, that the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise will visit Hamilton early in the coming summer, is very gratifying to the citizens. Their Excellencies will certainly receive a most generous welcome whenever it may be convenient for them to accept the invitation conveyed in the address from the Mayor and Corporation. Since the moment of the arrival of the Marquis and his Royal Consort at Halifax, our enterprising newspapers have supplied us daily with columns of particulars, description of their reception, and proceedings. The replies of His Excellency to the numerous addresses presented by the various bodies at Halifax, Montreal and Ottawa, have been read with interest, and the conviction is that he certainly must be a gentleman of considerable resources—a qualification which, considering the mixed population of the Dominion, must be a great value to a Governor-General. The many graces of Her Royal Highness have frequently been referred to, and the confidential announcement made by a Halifax correspondent that "she smiles sweetly" has already endeared her to the ladies of this city.

Thanksgiving-Day was generally observed as a holiday, all places of business being closed. Thanksgiving services were held in nearly all of the churches and were well attended.

Au revoir

Hamilton. W. F. McMAHON.

A WASHINGTON street store advertises "Girls wanted for curtain-work." Great heavens! and has it come to this, that future Mrs. Caudles are thus apstematically trained during their tender, maiden years.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WOMEN do not talk more than men; they are listened to more, that's all.

THE right kind of a man will always have his life insured. It gives his wife's second husband a start.

THERE is a $700,000 heiress in the Ohio insane asylum. Young man!——well, do just as you like about it.

THE new snake-skin shoes that the Paris women are wearing realize the bruising of woman's heel by the serpent.

ANY wife who puts her heart into the work can have those slippers and that dressing-gown ready for Christmas with a week to spare.

THERE are ten shades of red this season in women's toggery and 347 shades of blue about the husband and father who foots the dry goods and millinery bills.

THE Boston *Post* wants some one to tell it how earthquakes are started. Well, the wife says yes, and the husband says no; and then the earth begins to quake.

"Madam, you never confess yourself in the wrong." "No, sir; but if I had ever been in the wrong, I am sure I should have taken great pleasure in acknowledging it."

NOW that a baby has been choked by the rubber tube of a nursing bottle, mothers will believe the primeval system of feeding offspring the best by a large majority.

THE Duke of Connaught is setting a bad fashion to young ladies. He has taught his German fiancée to roll and smoke the seductive cigarette.

THE latest London beauty is a young lady from Peru. She has long and beautiful hair, and her body is covered with crystals. Several centuries ago her age was about fourteen years.

One of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries, is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon hired girl.

DEACON SPINACH, when told that an antiquated spinster of his acquaintance was going to be married, whistled a stave and then piously quoted: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

HE was getting a certificate from the clerk, and in reply to the usual question, "First or second marriage?" he said: "It's my second marriage, I am sorry to say; but my first wife requested me to marry again, and I'm going to do it."

IT is when a dry goods clerk of ninety-seven pounds weight attempts to help from a farm wagon a farmer's wife of 230 pounds weight that the reporter seats himself contentedly on the curbstone and waits for the catastrophe.

Max Strakosh's six-months-old baby — his only son and a prospective successor—has a new tooth. The consequence is immense enthusiasm in the camp, led by the overjoyed paternal himself. P. S.—There are two more coming—we mean teeth.

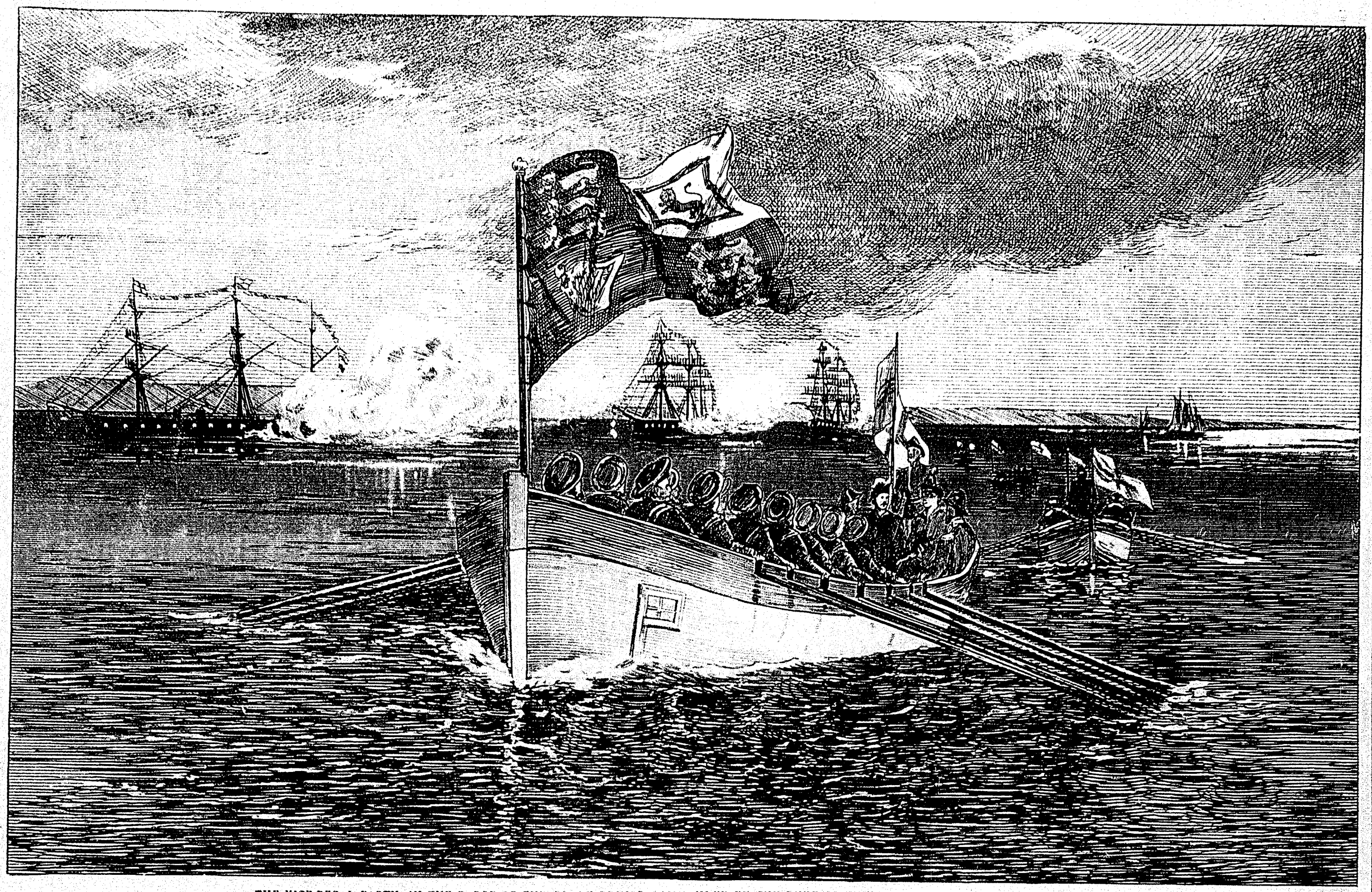
NINE women of Burlington banded themselves together last week, by a solemn vow, never to speak of other women at all, if they could not speak well of them. And their tongues have grown so rusty from disuse that they have to lubricate them with machine-oil before they can swallow.

AT a wedding recently, when the officiating priest put to the lady the question: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace replied, "If you please."

IT is reported that a man went home about three o'clock one morning, and using his umbrella for a billiard-cue, smote his sleeping wife in the short rib, crying, "Pool!" and sank into a sweet slumber. He has since explained to his wife that women can have no idea how the cares of business will sometimes affect a man's brain.

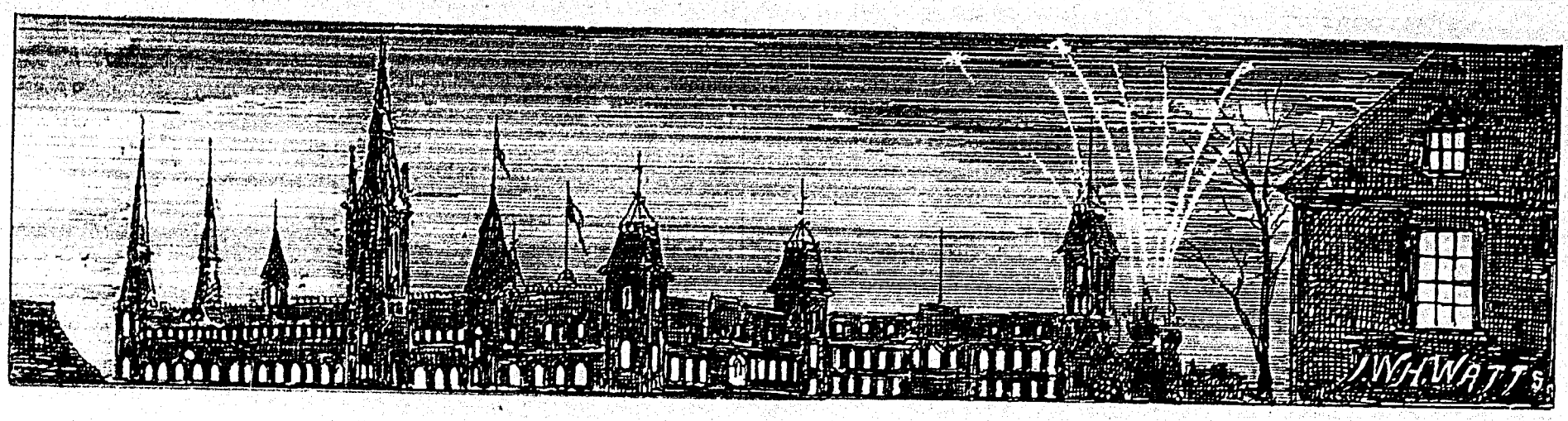
A NIGHT-CAP is all very well in its place, says a New York editor, speaking of the cottage bonnet, but not on a woman's head in the street. This is supposed to be the same man who, for the last five years, has ostentatiously taken a dictionary to the theatre and perched himself on it to look over the crown of the hat worn by the lady in front of him.

A YOUNG man who sent a manuscript play to a theatrical manager had it returned to him, with the remark that if he would only work it over so as to make the heroine rob the bank instead of defend it, and afterwards climb up a cataract on a slack rope, with a safe on her back, while the detectives paused frightened on the brink, it might do.

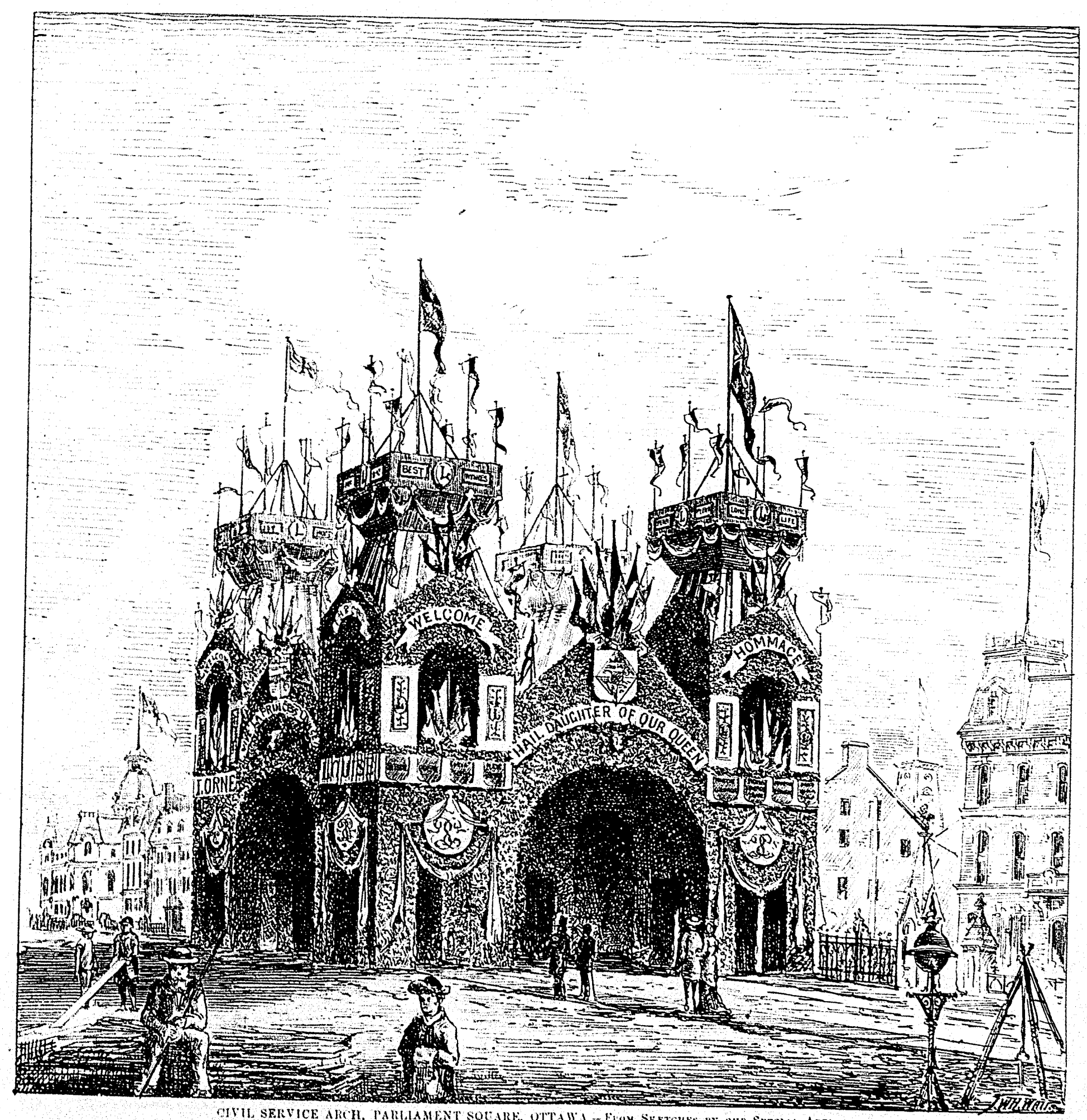


THE VICE-REGAL PARTY, IN THE BARGE OF THE *BLACK PRINCE*, COMMANDED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ON THEIR WAY TO THE LANDING.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT HALIFAX.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS ILLUMINATED.



CIVIL SERVICE ARCH, PARLIAMENT SQUARE, OTTAWA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT OTTAWA.

AFTER BOBBY BURNS.

AN IMAGINARY POEM BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

During a recent fair in Portland, Me., a paper was published called the *Carnival Reporter*. To it John G. Whittier wrote:

To the Editor of the *Carnival Reporter*:

Many years ago I amused myself, while reading the poems and letters of Burns, with imagining what temperance lyrics the greatest poet of his century would have written had the pledge been known in Scotland in his day, and had he had the courage and strength to take it. The result was a poor imitation of the style and dialect of the poet. I scarcely think the verses improved by age, but I find nothing more available among my manuscripts, and I place them at thy service with all good wishes for the good cause. J. G. W.

"Oak Knoll, Danvers, 11th mo. 16, 1878."

THE DRUNKARD TO HIS BOTTLE.

Hoot!—daur ye shaw ye're face again,
Ye auld black thief o' purse an' brain?
For foul disgrace, for dool an' pain
An' shame I ban ye:
Wae's me, that e'er my lips have ta'en
Your kiss uncanny!

Nae mair, auld knave, without a shillin'
To keep a starvin' wight frae stealin',
Ye'll sen' me hameward, blin' and reelin'
Frae nightly swagger,
By wall an' post my pathway feelin',
Wi' mony a stagger.

Nae mair o' fights that bruise an' mangle,
Nae mair o' nets my feet to tangle,
Nae mair o' senseless brawl an' wrangle,
Wi' fren' an' wife too,
Nae mair o' deavin din an' jangle
My feckless life through.

Ye thievin' cheatin' auld Cheap Jack,
Peddlin' your poison brose, I crack
Your banes against my ingle back,
Wi' mickle pleasure.
Deil mend ye i' his workshop black,
E'en at his leisure.

I'll brak ye'er neck, ye foul auld sinner,
I'll spill ye er bluid, ye vile beginner
O' a' the ills an' aches that winna
Quat saul an' body!
Gie me hale breeks an' weel spread dinner,
Deil tak ye're toddy!

Nae mair wi' witches' broo gane gyte,
Gies me ance mair the auld delight
O' sittin' wi' my bairns in sight,
The gude wife near,
The weel spent day, the peacefu' night,
The morning cheer.

Cock a' ye're heads, my bairns fu' gleg,
My winsome Robin, Jean an' Meg,
For food an' claes ye shall na beg
A doited daddie.
Dance, auld wife, on your guid day leg,
Ye've foun' your laddie.

BENEATH THE WAVE,

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

CHAPTER XI.

THE FEATHERSTONES.

Thus the first morning that she spent at Massam Park proved a momentous one for Hilda Marston. The proposal that she had received was her first proposal, and Mr. Trevor was her first declared lover, though she had had several admirers during the old days when she had lived at her father's parsonage.

It was a mementous day also for Isabel Trevor. She had not wasted her time during her long walk through the autumnal woods. Sir George came in from that walk excited, if not happy. His eyes involuntarily followed Isabel's tall figure wherever she went, and she, conscious of that surveillance, looked even more bright and beautiful than usual.

Hilda, on the contrary, was embarrassed and silent during lunch after this eventful morning. She had not made up her mind, and she felt as if she could scarcely look the Squire in the face. Mr. Trevor, on the other hand, was full of complacency. All seemed to be going on rightly between Isabel and Sir George, he thought, and Hilda now understood his intentions. His mind was also perfectly at ease about her answer. She was a sensible girl, he believed, and she would make a sensible wife. We can imagine, therefore, the Squire's satisfaction. He scarcely remembered the long years which really lay between himself and the girl he contemplated marrying. He was the Squire of Sanda, he remembered, a man of wealth and position, and he was in his own estimation an excellent match for Hilda. Indeed, he thought that he was acting in a most noble and honourable manner.

"I have chosen her neither for wealth nor even for high birth," reflected the Squire during lunch, looking at the sweet, blushing, embarrassed face opposite to him. "She will, no doubt, appreciate the generosity with which I have acted."

His complacent reflections and Isabel's lively conversation were, however, alike presently interrupted by the arrival of visitors. These consisted of the Misses Featherstone (Isabel's school companions) and their father, Mr. Antony Featherstone, of Featherstone. When their cards were brought in, Isabel asked if they might be ushered into the small dining-room where Isabel, her father, Hilda, and their host were having lunch. To this proposal Sir George courteously agreed, and presently two fine, tall, ruddy-haired girls made their appearance, followed by jovial, easy Antony Featherstone.

The girls hurried up to Isabel, and embraced and kissed her ardently; embraces and kisses which Isabel returned both scantily and coldly. Then Mr Featherstone was presented to Isabel, who received his bold looks of admiration graciously, and condescended to smile on the free-spoken Yorkshireman's not over refined remarks.

"My girls have often told me about you," he said, looking at Isabel with his once handsome eyes, "but I'm accustomed to hear them exaggerate, so I didn't believe all they said."

"And what did they tell you about me, Mr. Featherstone?" asked Isabel, not without a shade of coquetry in her manner.

"What your glass tells you every time you look in it," answered this good-for-nothing Antony Featherstone, and a frown crossed Sir George's brow both when he heard the question and answer.

"Well, Sir George," went on Mr. Featherstone, turning to their host, "I hope you've come to settle among us, now that you've really got home. I did myself the honour of leaving a card at the West Lodge a day or two ago, but they said you were from home. And I must heartily congratulate you also, Sir George," continued the voluble Mr. Featherstone, "on the wonderful escape you had a short time ago. Hannaway told me the particulars of your rather unpleasant dip in the sea."

To this speech Sir George made no reply; only gravely bowing his head at its conclusion.

"But he was a lucky fellow, wasn't he, Miss Trevor?" went on the unabashed Antony, "to be fished out at *your* hall door. By Jove! I'd run the risk—shipwreck and all—if I'd such a chance." And Mr. Featherstone laughed loudly, and pulled his brown whiskers, in which a shade of grey was now just beginning to appear.

He was a fine specimen this, of a reckless, good-natured, worthless man. Sometimes, indeed, he took a fit of repentance in the morning, when he had a very bad headache, but usually he forgot lost opportunities, lost honour, and reputation alike. He was hopelessly in debt; so hopelessly that he never tried to get out of it. Instead of doing so, he spent the mornings in playing billiards and drinking brandy and soda-water, and his afternoons generally in doing nothing at all.

When the day of reckoning comes to such men as this, they generally consider themselves unfortunate. They say, "Look how so-and-so has got on; how lucky he has been," or some such envying words. They forget that "so-and-so" never wasted his mornings or his afternoons. When they were playing, "so-and-so" was at work; and thus it comes to pass that when the player drifts into dishonoured age, the worker sits down to rest in peace.

Sir George, who knew from Hannaway all about Mr. Featherstone's embarrassments, felt especially disgusted when the jovial, hospitable Antony began pressing him, Mr. Trevor, and Miss Trevor to go over and dine at Featherstone on the following Thursday.

"I never dine out, Mr. Featherstone. I go into no society," said Sir George, coldly.

"But it's a bad plan, my dear fellow," was the careless answer. "One gets into the sulks and mopes if he doesn't see a friend now and then, to cheer one up. Come, surely you will follow where such bright eyes lead you?" And Mr. Featherstone bowed low to Isabel, who laughed a little laugh at these words.

"I, of course, do not wish to interfere with any engagement that Mr. or Miss Trevor may form," replied Sir George, yet more coldly.

"Oh dear, Isabel must come!" cried the Misses Featherstone, almost together. "We have lots of things to talk about, haven't we, Isabel? But when are you coming to us for good? When are you coming to stay at Featherstone?"

Isabel looked at Sir George before she answered these questions, but Sir George turned away his head. He was, indeed, exceedingly annoyed that Isabel should smile on a man like Mr. Featherstone. Isabel, the practiced coquette, now blushed, and cast down her eyes.

"Sir George——I suppose, is already tired of us," she said, hesitatingly, "so perhaps——"

"Nay," said Sir George, quickly, a sudden flush dying his usually pale face, as Isabel paused. "You know that is not so, Miss Trevor. As long as you will honour my dull house with your presence, need I say how heartily welcome you are? And need I say also," he added, with a courteous bow to the Misses Featherstone, "that all your friends also are equally welcome?"

"And yet you won't come to us?" said Lucinda Featherstone (the second girl), with her good-natured smile.

"I go nowhere," answered Sir George. "I am, as you know, a complete wanderer, and have lived too long out of civilized society to care now to go into it. But do not allow me," he went on, "to interfere in any way with your arrangements. I trust that you will come here as often as you wish during Miss Trevor's visit."

"Well, we'll take you at your word," said Lucinda, smiling again, "and when you are tired of us you must turn us out."

"Very well," said Sir George, also smiling. Then presently the girls, at Isabel's proposal, retired into the small drawing-room; the Featherstones going into raptures over the treasures it contained.

"I remember poor mamma talking about the china," said Lucinda. "But for years and years no one has ever seen it. Lady Hamilton, Sir George's mother, received no one after the first year or two that Sir George remained abroad."

"How strange that he should remain abroad so long!" said Isabel, inquiringly, looking at Lucinda, who laughed and nodded her head.

"People say there was a reason," answered Lucinda. "So mind," she added the next minute, half in fun, and yet with a touch of warning in her voice, "don't fall in love with Sir George, for he is known not to be a marrying man."

"People always know such wonderful things," said Isabel, coldly. "Why, may I ask, Lucinda, is Sir George supposed not to be a marrying man?

"Because people say he is married already," answered Lucinda, promptly. "Ever since I was grown up, and able to understand things, there has been a mystery about Sir George Hamton. It was said, you know, that it broke his mother's heart, whatever it was. At all events, he never returned home during her lifetime."

"It is a strange story," said Isabel, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and he is a strange man. Handsome, isn't he though, and it's such a jolly place! I know of no place to be compared to Massam."

"It's a fine place," answered Isabel, and she went to the window and looked out. Yes, it was a fine place she was thinking, and perhaps she was trying to be its mistress when Sir George had no power to offer to make her so. "He admires me, I am certain," went on Isabel's reflections. "Ah! well, we shall see ——."

The visit of the Featherstones ended in Isabel, Mr. Trevor, and Hilda Marston promising to dine at Featherstone on the following day. Sir George again declined to avail himself of Mr. Featherstone's hospitality, and the Misses Featherstone during their drive home declared that they were heartily glad that he had done so.

"We'll be much jollier without him," said Lucinda.

"It makes one dull to look at him," declared Patty, the eldest daughter.

"And with all his money!" sighed Mr. Featherstone. "Why, if I'd a third of it I'd be the jolliest dog alive!"

"I gave Isabel Trevor a hint," said Lucinda, with a little nod.

"You don't think she has any idea of him?" asked Mr. Featherstone.

"I don't *think*," answered Lucinda, with another nod. "I'm sure."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Featherstone, "she needn't then. But," he added, "there's one thing I tell you, she's the handsomest woman I ever saw!"

"Indeed, papa!" said Patty. "Have you lost your heart, then?"

"As for heart, my dear, at my age," answered the reckless Antony, "it doesn't trouble me much. But take her altogether, figure and face, she's the finest woman I ever saw, and if old Trevor would come down handsomely I'd marry her to-morrow."

Both the girls laughed at this. In their way they were fond of this reckless good-for-nothing. They laughed when he came home, "screwed," as they called it; laughed at him, and with him, but they would have clung to him whatever had befallen him. They were not bad girls, in fact, but had been brought up in a bad atmosphere. "We can always be stable boys, whatever happens," Lucinda used to say, and they were no doubt not unfitted for that capacity, for they knew as much about horses and stables as most men of their age. Men called them jolly, and kind women pitied them for their motherless and unprotected condition, and unkind women called them "fast." The truth was, they were both "fast" and "jolly," but there was something left in them for kind women to love still. One of these good qualities was their real affection for their reckless, good-looking father.

"Dear old boy," Patty said, in answer to her father's proposal to marry Isabel (if Mr. Trevor would come down handsomely), "don't you think of her. Lu told you once before, didn't she, that Isabel Trevor was the vainest and handsomest girl she ever saw? Well, nothing truer was ever said. When she marries, or I'm much mistaken, she'll marry for ambition."

"Pooh! How can one girl tell what another will do?" said the once handsome Antony. He was a good-looking fellow still, he was thinking at that moment—and why shouldn't he "go in" for an heiress as well as another?

Patty and Lu, you see, were wiser. They saw the "dear old man's" face was red, and his hair grizzled, and that generally an odour of brandy lingered about him. If it had been for his good they would not have minded his marrying, but they were vexed to think of him making a fool of himself about Isabel Trevor.

Yet they did everything in their power to entertain her handsomely on the following day. There were frequent unpleasantnesses with the village butcher at Featherstone Hall, and he did not call for orders as regularly as such good customers as they seemed to be might have expected, but on this occasion Patty and Lu exerted themselves, and everything necessary appeared. It was astonishing with how little ready money these girls got on. True, there was nearly always plenty of game in the larder, and ducks and chickens and pigs about the premises. Spiteful people said that Patty and Lu Featherstone reared chickens and ducks, and sold them in private to a carrier, who re-sold them to the poultry dealers, and that thus their dress and entertainments might be accounted for. If it were so it was no disgrace to Patty and Lu, who could not help their reckless father having involved them in such difficulties as they found themselves placed in.

They did their best also in inviting guests to meet Isabel and her father. On such a short invitation this was very difficult, and spite of all their exertions, the party dwindled down to the Vicar of the parish and his wife, and his wife's half-brother, Captain Warrington.

The Vicar of the Parish, the Rev. James Woodford, is easily described. He was a meek little man, with weak hair, eyes, and voice. His opinions on all religious subjects were influenced by his Bishop, and on all domestic subjects by his wife.

His wife was a tall, slender young woman, with slight hair, and insignificant features, who evidently thought herself a beauty. She was the daughter of a colonel in the army, and had lived much in garrison towns, and now found the vicarage at Featherstone almost intolerably dull. Yet, the vicarage was the prettiest old house imaginable, covered with ivy, and standing amid its old-fashioned fertile garden and grounds. Any sensible woman might have made herself happy there, with her husband and children, but Mrs. Woodford was not sensible. She had married poor Mr. Woodford because she could get nobody else, and it was, therefore, plainly her duty to have made the best of him, and of his surroundings. But she did not do this. She grumbled at the want of society, and grumbled at the society when she was asked into it. Thus she was not popular, and happened as usual to be disengaged when the Featherstone's invitation to meet the Trevors and Hilda Marston arrived.

Capt. Warrington, her brother, deserves a paragraph to himself. He was only Mrs. Woodford's half-brother, and his mother had been very rich, and her mother very poor. This, of course, made a great social difference between them. In fact, Miss Selina Warrington married a country parson, and Hugh Warrington went into the Life Guards. He was a remarkably handsome man. Tall and straight, and wonderfully well-made, while his features were singularly regular, and his expression good.

"But I have freckles," he once said, pathetically, to a lady on her telling him that he ought to make a splendid photograph. These freckles, however, of which he complained, were not visible on the clear, brown skin to any eyes but his own. But this speech may serve to describe what he was. He affected, in fact, to be languid and conceited, but a good judge of character saw through the affectation; marking the good-tempered satire that lurked in the handsome eyes, and stole round the corners of the full, handsome lips. He was between twenty-eight and thirty when Isabel Trevor first met him, and she was instantly struck when he entered the Featherstones' drawing-room by his great personal attractions.

The drawing-room, and everything about Featherstone Hall was shabby. The poor girls had no money to buy new curtains and covers with. Their own dress was procured with difficulty, and so they could not afford to adorn the old house. Yet they were as hospitable and jolly as if their purse were as full as their hearts were light. They made the best of their situation, if Mrs. Woodford did not. They were charmed, too, to have got Captain Warrington to dine with them. Captain Warrington, indeed, was a rare visitor to his brother-in-law's Vicarage, and had only run down for a couple of days at the earnest and even pathetic entreaties of his sister, to act as godfather to her little new-born son. Indeed, such pathetic terms had Mrs. Woodford used when entreating her brother to come, that the good-natured soldier felt he could not resist them and, armed with a silver goblet and various presents, he had arrived at the Vicarage on the day previous to the one on which the Featherstones gave their entertainment. Thus the guardsman was a most lucky and unhoped for addition to the party. Isabel Trevor, who had gone unwillingly, expecting to be bored, brightened up at the sight of him, and felt annoyed when her elderly red-faced host offered his arm to conduct her to the dining-room. Mr. Trevor was requested to take in Mrs. Woodford; Capt. Warrington, Patty Featherstone; and the poor little Vicar had to offer an arm to both Lucinda Featherstone and Hilda Marston.

"I've got more than my share of good things," he said, nervously, as he endeavoured to hold his thin arm at the same level, with the tall Lu on one side, and the middle-heighted Hilda on the other.

"The Church always does," laughed jovial Antony Featherstone, and the poor Vicar gave a meek little giggle in reply.

The Featherstones had the art of making things go off pleasantly. They were lively, talkative, and rather noisy, and they therefore overpowered Mrs. Woodford's complaints; made to Mr. Trevor in her thin high pitched voice, of the want of society at Featherstone, and drew out Captain Warrington, who, in his affected drawl, told some good stories with a considerable amount of spirit and humour.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Featherstone was making, or rather attempting to make, love to Isabel. Poor Mr. Featherstone! The compliments he paid were very coarse compliments, and the love he made was not suited to such a woman as Isabel. She might have been amused with him for a few minutes, if she had had nothing else to do, but she was not amused at him leering at her with his bloodshot eyes before Captain Hugh Warrington. She therefore snubbed him unmercifully. Captain Hugh saw

this, and appreciated it, and when the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, he sank at once languidly down on the couch by Isabel's side.

"I may talk to you, may I not?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Isabel, smiling, and opening her large fan with a jerk.

"Thank you," said Captain Hugh.

"Do you mean to stay long in this part of the country?" asked Isabel.

"I came for two days," answered the handsome guardsman, "but if I find it agreeable, I can remain longer."

"Perhaps you will find it agreeable," said Isabel, smiling again.

"Perhaps I shall," said Captain Warrington, "and perhaps—as I understand we are neighbours—we may sometimes see each other during the next few days?"

In such common-place words did Isabel begin her acquaintance with Capt. Hugh Warrington. But then it must be admitted that most of our acquaintances begin in common-place and uninteresting language. But she admired him. He was young and handsome; and instead of Sir George's cloudy brow and moody manner, he was lively, easily amused, and apparently as well pleased with Isabel's society as she was with his.

Mr. Trevor fidgeted and frowned, when he heard Isabel's low laugh ring again and again through the shabbily-furnished drawing-room.

Good Heavens! he thought, was this foolish girl going to upset all his calculations, and throw away such a fine position as she now had the chance of, by her vain tolly? He looked uneasily at Hilda, but Hilda's eyes were cast down, and gave no answering glance. Then he crossed the room and went to her side.

"Who is that person," he said, "with whom Isabel appears to be carrying on such an animated conversation?"

"He is the Vicar's brother-in-law, I believe," answered Hilda.

"She is extremely injudicious," said Mr. Trevor, in a tone that Hilda well understood. Mr. Trevor expected she would become his wife, Hilda knew from that tone, and her face flushed and her heart beat quickly when she heard it.

After this there was music; Lucinda Featherstone playing one of the old pieces she had learnt at school, and which Isabel Trevor remembered so well, as she informed Captain Warrington in a half whisper. Then there was conversation again, more or less animated, and by and by, Mr. Trevor rose, and after looking at his watch, proposed to Isabel to order the carriage.

"Is it time to go?" replied Isabel, glancing up at her father. "The evening seems to have passed very quickly."

"It is a quarter to eleven," said the Squire stiffly.

"Pray stay the quarter," said Capt. Warrington, addressing the Squire. "The evening has seemed so short."

"It is quite time to go," answered the Squire, yet more stiffly, and Isabel gave a little shrug of her fine shoulders.

"You see what a tyrant I have to deal with," she said, smiling at Captain Warrington. "How do you return to the Vicarage?" she went on.

"As my worthy brother-in-law has not been amongst the lucky servants of the Church, I suppose we must walk," answered Capt. Hugh Warrington, also shrugging his shoulders.

"But is it a fine evening?" said Isabel. "If it rains, or if Mrs. Woodford and you will accept a seat in the Massam carriage, there is plenty of room for us all."

"Scarcely, I think, my dear Isabel," said Mr. Trevor, repressively.

"See if it rains," said Isabel to Capt. Warrington, ignoring her father's remark.

"It rains," said Captain Hugh, solemnly, after he had inspected the weather through the window, and then returned to Isabel's side.

Upon which Isabel went to the parson's wife.

"Mrs. Woodford," she said, addressing this lady, who was fanning herself disconsolately, "your brother tells me it rains, so I trust you will accept a seat in the Massam carriage."

"I'm sure, if it will not inconvenience you, I shall feel exceedingly obliged. I am so unaccustomed to this kind of thing. I feel it so much." And Mrs. Woodford sighed.

"But, my dear," said poor little Woodford, advancing towards his wife, and rubbing his hands together, "there are so many of us——"

"You can walk," said Mrs. Woodford, and so it was finally arranged. The parson, with the Massam footman behind him, walked to the vicarage, which was only a quarter of a mile distant from the Featherstone Hall, and the three ladies went inside the carriage, and Capt. Hugh Warrington sat beside the coachman.

It was a miserable drive for Hilda Marston. She sat next to Mr. Trevor, on the back seat of the carriage, and Mr. Trevor had the audacity to take hold of her hand! The poor girl turned red, and then pale. She dared not take away her hand—the poor little hand that was not by any means at home in the rich man's clasp. "Oh, what shall I do?" Hilda was thinking, "what shall I do?" She knew what she ought to do, but that meant giving up home and help for little Ned. She sat still, while Mrs. Woodford kept complaining, in her thin, high-pitched voice, of the society which, as a clergyman's wife, she was forced to endure, complaints of which, however, Isabel took but scant notice.

At last the carriage stopped at the gate of the Vicarage, and Captain Hugh Warrington descended from his seat by the coachman and opened the carriage door to assist his sister out of it.

"Good-bye, Miss Trevor," he said, after he had performed this duty, holding out his hand to Isabel.

"Good-bye," she answered, and that was all; but something in the way they both spoke made Mr. Trevor more uneasy even than he had been in the drawing-room.

In the meanwhile, at Massam, Sir George was restlessly awaiting their arrival. The great house had felt doubly desolate to him during their absence. Isabel's presence there for the last few days had filled his life with a new excitement at least, and as he wandered up and down the library, he was beginning to shape into form the vague feelings with which, in spite of himself, she had inspired him.

"If she only loved me," he was thinking. He know enough of women to know that when they love they will forgive much, and Isabel had done her best during the last few days to make Sir George think he was anything but indifferent to her.

"But perhaps it is Massam she thinks of," presently thought Sir George with some bitterness. Massam, the splendid home, that now seemed no home for him. "But I have no right to marry," he reflected the next minute, "none, none,—and yet she is so beautiful."

Yes, there it was. It was her beauty, and but her beauty, that bewitched him. Sir George felt distrust in her, even now. The subtle, God-given instinct, with which we recognize truth, warned him already, but another instinct carried him on. She fascinated him, in fact, just as she fascinated Philip Hayward, and almost every other man she had tried to win.

When Sir George heard the sound of the carriage wheels announce the return of the party from Featherstone, he went down at once to the hall to recive his guests. For his amusement, Isabel by and by gave a satirical account of their entertainment, to which Sir George listened with a smile.

"And who is Captain Warrington?" he asked.

"A very handsome young man," replied Isabel, smiling.

"A forward person, I thought," said Mr. Trevor, so testily that Sir George remarked it.

"Well, you shall judge for yourself," said Isabel still smiling and looking at Sir George, "for Captain Warrington is coming here to call upon me. He complained so piteously of the dullness of his life at his sister's house that I took compassion on him—so I hope you won't turn him out, Sir George?"

"Any friend of yours will always be welcome here," said Sir George, gravely. But he was displeased. He scarcely admitted it to himself, but he was jealous always of Isabel Trevor.

CHAPTER XII.

HUGH WARRINGTON.

But he felt yet more displeased, and more jealous the next day. In passing the door of the billiard-room, about twelve o'clock, he heard the crack of the balls and, on looking in to see who were the players, saw Isabel, cue in hand, with her fair face flushed, while leaning on the table by her side was a tall, handsome stranger.

Isabel looked up as Sir George opened the room door, and at once beckoned to her host to come in.

"Come and see me play," she said. "I have got a splendid adversary. Captain Warrington ——Sir George Hamilton."

As Isabel introduced them, the two men looked at each other and bowed, Sir George coldly and stiffly, Capt. Warrington courteously and good-temperedly. Sir George, in fact, was jealous, but Captain Warrington was not. Sir George avoided women in general, and Captain Warrington sought them. Thus a man accustomed to associate with the belles of London society saw nothing so wonderful in Isabel's beauty as the cold proud man did, who shrank from all communion with his equals. Captain Warrington admired Isabel, but that was all, while Sir George was gradually permitting himself to feel for her a deep and absorbing passion.

"I am considered a good player," went on Isabel. "Why don't you play with me, sometimes, Sir George?"

"You have got an efficient substitute apparently," answered Sir George. "I will not spoil your game." And, with a slight bow, he turned and left the room.

"So that is Sir George Hamilton!" said Captain Warrington, after he had done so. "Not a bad-looking fellow, eh? There are queer stories about him, aren't there?"

"What stories?" asked Isabel, quickly.

"Don't know. About some lady or other, I believe. But it's your turn to play. Hadn't we better go on with the game?"

Isabel did go on with the game, and she also went on coquetting with Capt. Hugh Warrington. Was Sir George making a fool of her? she was thinking all the time. There must be some truth in these reports that she was continually hearing about him. She was an excellent player at billiards in general, but she did not play well that morning. "I will not trouble about Sir George any more," she decided, and so when they met at lunch, she addressed her host with studied coldness. Sir George instantly noticed the change in her manner, and his restlessness and impatience under it soon grew painful. He thought that he had offended her in the billiard room, and tried to conciliate her, but Isabel's manner continued carelessly indifferent.

"I am going to ride over to Featherstone this afternoon, papa," she said to Mr. Trevor during the meal, "the girls there have got up a riding party. We are going to see some Abbey or other in the neighbourhood."

"Are you going, Sir George?" psked Mr. Trevor, with some discomfort in his tone, addressing their host.

"I have not even been asked to go," replied Sir George with a forced smile.

"Oh, it is only the Featherstone girls and myself and—Captain Warrington, I believe," said Isabel.

Upon this, Sir George bit his lips nervously and his face flushed.

"Oh—" said Mr. Trevor disapprovingly.

"May I ride Monaco?" asked Isabel, turning to Sir George with something more like her old manner to him.

"Certainly," answered Sir George, rising and ringing the bell, and when a servant appeared, he ordered Monaco (his favourite horse) to be saddled for Miss Trevor's use, and having done this, with a word of apology to Mr. Trevor, he left his guests to themselves.

"My dear Isabel," said Mr. Trevor in his severest tone, as the door closed behind their host, "do you think you are acting courteously to Sir George, in making arrangements in which he is in no way consulted?"

Isabel shrugged her shoulders as her father spoke.

"I am getting a little weary of Sir George," she said, "and feel inclined for a little more likely conversation than he favoured me with."

"I think you are extremely injudicious," said Mr. Trevor, turning extremely red, and stammering with indignation.

"Why?" asked Isabel, coolly, helping herself to a bunch of grapes.

"I— I— repeat what I have said," replied the Squire, rising indignantly from the table. "I repeat,—you are highly injudicious." And, having said this, Mr. Trevor quitted the room, leaving Isabel and Hilda Marston alone.

"What a rage papa is in," said Isabel, with a light laugh, going on with her grapes.

Hilda moved uncomfortably—in fact, she did not know what to say.

"Why should I never speak to any one but Sir George, I wonder?" went on Isabel, still eating her grapes. "Captain Warrington amuses me, and I like being amused."

"Perhaps Mr. Trevor thinks——" hesitated Hilda.

"That I am losing a chance of Massam," laughed Isabel, rising also. "Ah, well, it can't be helped." And with another laugh she turned away.

She had, in fact, arranged this riding party, as she called it, with Captain Hugh Warrington alone. They had agreed in the morning over the billiard table, that Captain Hugh was to borrow a horse of Mr. Featherstone, as his brother-in-law, Mr. Woodford, was not possessed of one, and that he was to meet Isabel on such and such a spot, on the road between Featherstone and Massam.

"If the girls would like to come you can bring them," said Isabel, in her careless, coquettish way, to Captain Hugh, as she was making these arrangements.

"Needn't be very pressing about their coming, I suppose?" said Captain Hugh, looking at Isabel with his handsome eyes and smiling, as he spoke.

"I leave it in your hands," replied Isabel, and so Captain Hugh never said anything about this meeting to the girls at all.

Thus, when Isabel, mounted on Monaco, and with one of the Massam grooms behind her (splendidly mounted also), rode up to the appointed spot, though somewhat past the appointed hour, they found Captain Hugh gazing disconsolately at the partridges over the hedge of an adjoining field mounted on a "screw" (as Isabel would have called it) from the Featherstone stables.

"I am weary with waiting," he said, affectedly, as Isabel, bright and beautiful as usual, approached him.

"Are you?" she lauged. "Well, you see, I have come at last."

"I was just going away in despair," said Captain Hugh. "And after mounting this animal" (and he touched the poor horse which he was riding) "for your sake, I think it was cruel of you to keep me so long."

"I must try to console you," answered Isabel, smiling. "So—that was all they could give you?" she went on critically inspecting Captain Hugh's horse.

"Unforeseen and unexpected misfortunes had happened to the whole of the rest of Mr. Featherstone's stud," replied Captain Hugh, "which he and I equally regretted."

"Perhaps they are in the hands of the bailiffs," said Isabel, with a laugh, who had heard something of the Featherstones' embarrassments, since she had been at Massam.

"Perhaps," replied Captain Hugh, "and the bailiffs have been too knowing to lay hands on this one." And he once more slightly touched the poor animal on which he was mounted.

But presently they forgot all about their horses. Isabel intended to be charming, and she perfectly succeeded. You see ordinary and common-place words sometimes sound charming from lovely lips, and speeche that would be called harsh and cutting coming from the plain or old, do not seem so when the voice is fresh and young. Isabel, tired of having made love to Sir George, with seemingly so little result, now amused herself by making love to a younger and apparently a more susceptible man. But it is curious how these outer shells in which we are enveloped will sometimes deceive. Captain Hugh Warrington, with his large pensive grey eyes, which looked so full of feeling, was by no means an impulsive person. He, in fact, never dreamed of falling in love with Isabel Trevor as they rode in the misty October evening through the Yorkshire lanes. He admired her, but she was not the kind of woman he would have given his heart to, if he had had any thought of giving it away.

Sir George Hamilton, on the contrary, with all his gloom and reticence, was really both impulsive and passionate. He had left the luncheon table feeling angry and jealous almost beyond control, because Isabel was going to ride with Captain Warrington—so angry and jealous that he did not even condescend to tell her his own news. This news that he had just received by telegram was that Philip Hayward, the tutor, was then on his road to Massam.

Thus, when Isabel, flushed and smiling, with Captain Warrington by her side, was returning in the gathering twilight towards the Park, a wagonette passed them—a wagonette in which two gentlemen were seated, and whom Isabel instantly recognised, even before they took off their hats in token of her presence.

These were Hayward and Sir George; Sir George having gone to the statien to meet the tutor, and with a start Hayward also recognised Isabel as they passed the riders.

"That is Miss Trevor, is it not?" he said a moment later with quivering lips.

"Yes," answered Sir George with sudden reserve and coldness, for before this meeting with Isabel he had been exerting himself to be kind and attentive to Hayward.

"And the gentleman?" asked Hayward.

"I do not know," replied Sir George. "Some officer I think that she met the other day at Featherstone." And as he spoke the tutor suppressed a restless sigh.

Living down at Sanda; living in a lonely and secluded spot where the great social differences which divide men were almost forgotton, Philip Hayward the tutor had lately been nursing a sweet dream of love. There was something almost pathetic in its simplicity. He had read and dreamed of men and women loving each other too well to part, in spite of all obstacles and laws, and he had told himself that his love was as strong and great as any man or woman's who had ever lived. He had believed in Isabel's sweet glances, in her few sugared words, in the rosebud that she had given him in jest, but which he treasured now as most men treasure gold. It came upon him, therefore, as a kind of shock when he saw her riding with another man—a shock that made his lips quiver and his heart beat with a dull, cold pain.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

WHISKEY is about the only enemy man has succeeded in really loving.

THE following classical poser is submitted for college boating clubs: Did Leander swim the Hellespout, or did Hero?

ROBERT EMMET asked that his epitaph should not be written. He has seen too much queer spelling and bad yoetry on tombstones..

THE borrowing fiend, who is always a little short of change, is an enemy to whom no quarter should be shown.

"GENTLEMEN, there's no use talking," remarked the man to a crowd on the corner, and then he talked away for about half an hour without a pause.

"WHAT's jography, Bill?" "It's a tellin' of forrin lands that we know nothin' about by 'cute chaps that's never seen 'em." Bill got a government situation.

WHAT is more aggravating than, when starting out in a heavy rainstorm, to attempt to button your overcoat up to the neck and ascertain that the only button on the coat is located down at its equator!

WHO can explain why a collar button and a shirt always sever their connections when a man is away from home? As long as a man stays in the house he might wear a shirt ten years and never lose a button.

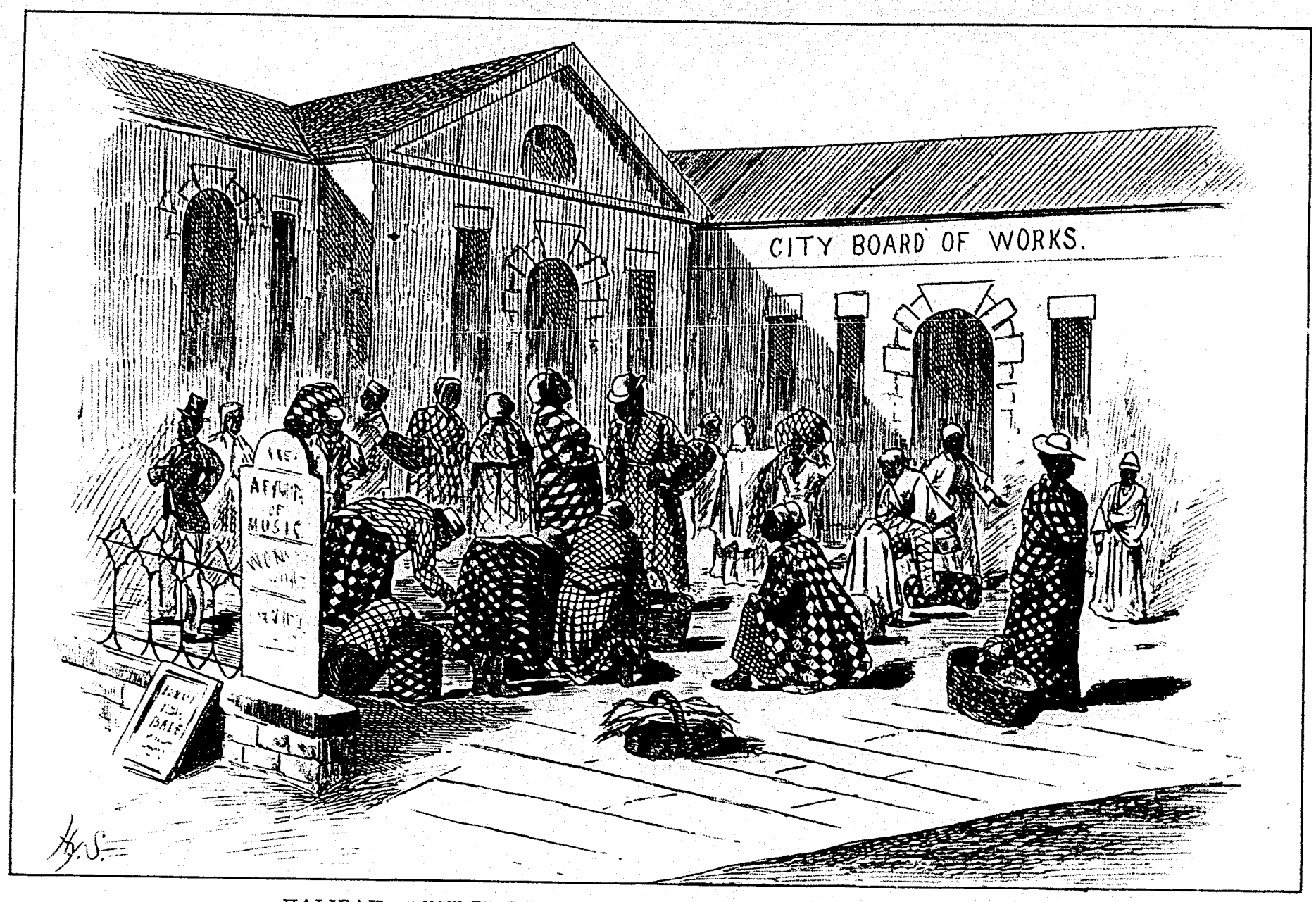
VICTOR NOIR, who was afterward shot down by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, challenged M. Paul de Cassagnac, who, having the choice of weapons, selected orthography, in which his opponent was deficient.

THE cactus plant will take root on a stone window sill, and be nourished with the promise of rain. Men who make a living by writing consequently have a sympathetic interest in the cactus.

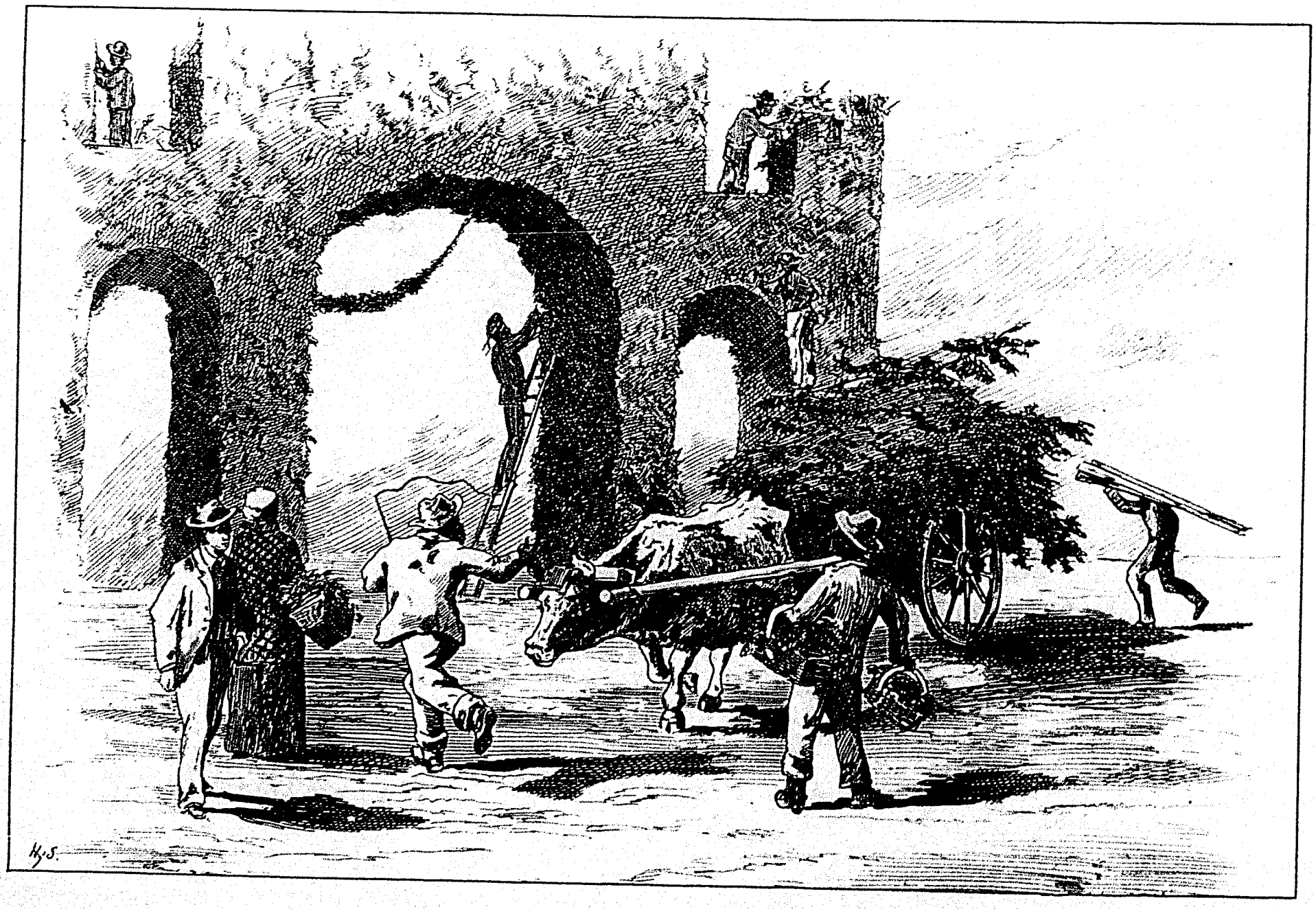
When a man is hanging by his toes from the cornice of a high building, and expects momentarily to drop, nothing so completely reassures and so thoroughly satisfies him as the sudden discovery that he is safely at home in bed.

A KENTUCKY paper remarks that the look of intelligence assumed by the young lawyer as he sits in court should be put a stop to. It is calculated to cause the presiding judge to lose confidence in himself—to make him believe he doesn't know anything.

A WORTHY but poor minister requested a loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of a bank, and in the note requesting the favour he said he would "pay in ten days on the faith of Abraham." The cashier returned word that by the rules of the bank the endorser must reside in the State.

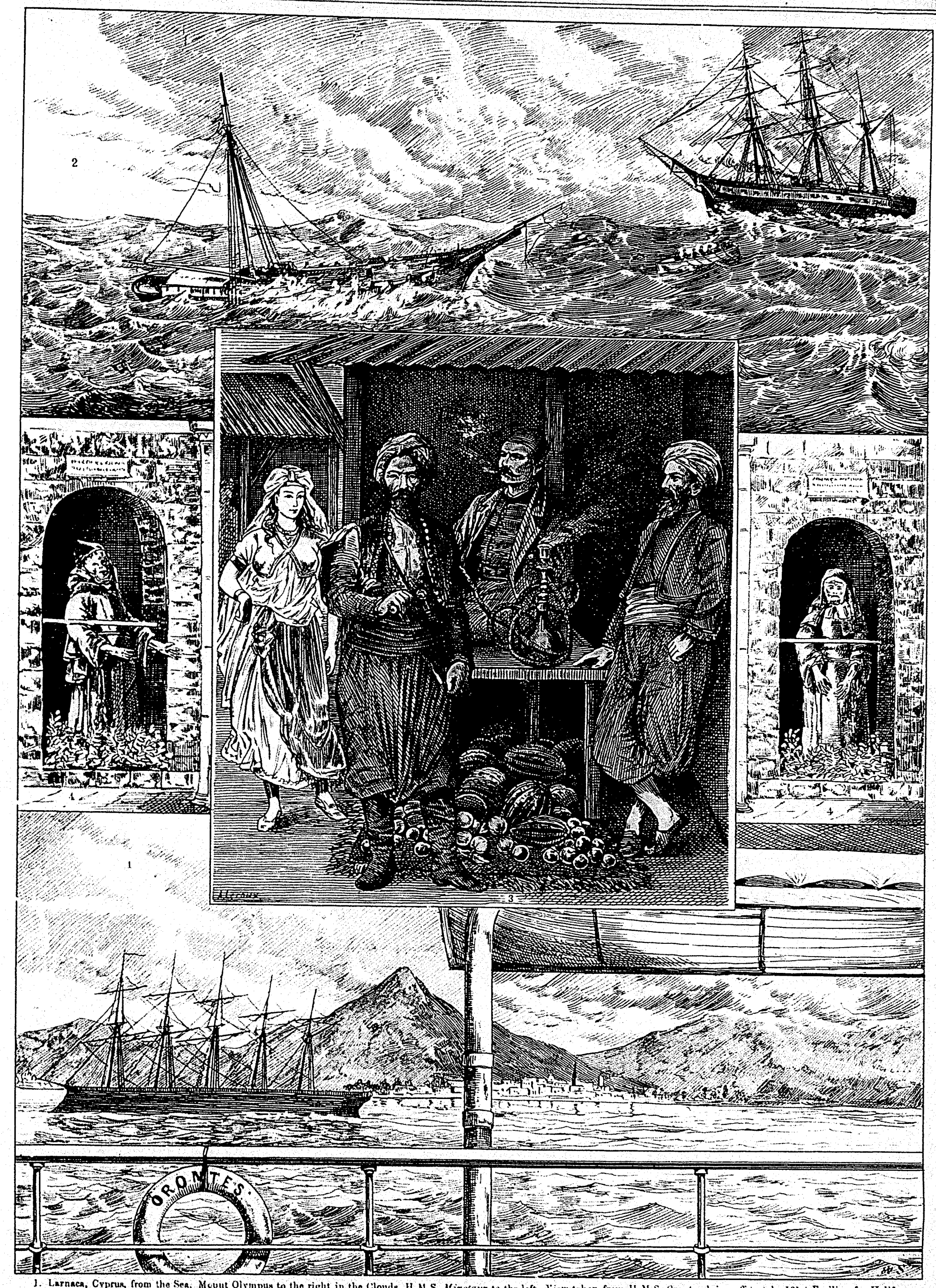


HALIFAX.—"NOW THAT THE MARQUIS'S COME, PLAIDS ARE ALL THE FASHION."



HALIFAX.—NEGROES BRINGING IN EVERGREENS FOR THE ARCHES.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



1. Larnaca, Cyprus, from the Sea. Mount Olympus to the right in the Clouds. H.M.S. *Minotaur* to the left. View taken from H.M.S. *Orontes*, lying off to take 101st Fusiliers for Halifax.
2. H.M.S. Troopship *Orontes* falling in with the derelict *Fix*, a Norwegian schooner, in the Atlantic, 3rd November, 1878. 3. Fruit Shop in Bazaar, Larnaca, Cyprus.
4. Monks in the Capuchin Monastery, Valetta, Malta.

VIEWS IN CYPRUS AND MALTA.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. NORCOTT, CAPTAIN 101ST FUSILIERS.

CHATEAUGUAY.

But four hundred men they mustered
In the early gray of morn,
In response to the sharp music
Of the martial bugle-horn,
That, with wild and warning clangor,
Sent its echoes wide and far
Over forest, field, and fenland,
Calling out the brave to war.
But four hundred men they mustered—
Little force the foe to meet,
That with overwhelming thousands
Thought to crush them 'neath their feet—
Yet each man of that four hundred
Was a hero, staunch and bold,
A descendant, too, of heroes
Famous in the fights of old,
And the war-blood in each bosom
Beat as fiery, fierce, and strong,
As within the breasts of giants,
Sung of in chivalric song.
"There, my boys," their leader shouted,
Pointing down a gloomy glen,
"Is the road that Hampton's coming—
Coming with five thousand men!
Fell the great trees in his pathway,
Work with all your main and might,
And we'll show those vile invaders
How Canadians can fight!"
In obedience to this order
Went the woodmen to their work,
There the wild beasts of the forest
In their dusky lairs did lurk,
And the wolves and bears in terror
From their murky coverts sped,
As the axes pealed the death-knell
Of the tall trees overhead,
Lofty pines and lovely maples
Headlong fell with fearful clang,
And the chorus of the axes
Far throughout the forest rang,
Till the sharp crack of a rifle
Came up from a rough ravine,
And the foremost of the foemen
Down its dusky depths were seen.
Then a fierce cry of defiance
From the brave Canadians came,
And their rifles belched destruction
With a true, unerring aim,
While, responsive to their greeting,
Flashed five thousand jets of fire,
And the forest flamed and glittered
Like a vast and awful pyre.
But four hundred men they mustered,
Yet they fought like heroes then,
And they held in check the thousands
That came rushing up the glen,
While the wounded and the dying
Fell in heaps among the dead;
And the glorious flag of England
Floated grandly overhead
Vain were Hampton's wild endeavours
To withstand this little band—
They were fighting for their loved ones,
Fighting for their native land,
And they fiercely forced before them
Over hill and over plain,
What was left of the invaders,
Till they chased them home again.
Never in chivalric annals
Of the old historic days,
Was a braver fight recorded,
One more worthy of our praise,
Than the fight within the forest
By the River Chateaugnay,
Where four hundred from five thousand
Bore the laurel crown away.

C. E. JAKEWAY, M.D.

Stayner, Ont.

FASHION NOTES.

THE hair should be worn low in the neck.

WALKING shoes have small round box toes.

VERY high, narrow back combs are worn.

GENTLEMEN'S overcoats are given velvet collars.

DINNER and evening dresses are cut square-necked.

THE waistcoat is adopted with all garments this winter.

THE coachman's coat is a novelty in ladies' street wraps.

THE fashionable bridemaid's toilet is white satin and tulle.

FANCY, basket woven ribbons are shown for ladies' neck wear.

THE favourite button is the Japanese, in metals of three colours.

EVENING shoes and house slippers have peaked, turned-up toes.

BLACK satin bows are worn at the top of the boots of little girls.

VELVETS of every description are extensively used for trimming.

FASHIONABLE walking boots have cloth tops to match the costume.

ROUND and flat topped, mannish Derbys are worn by young ladies.

METAL buttons for trimming waistcoats of all kinds are very fashionable.

UNCUT velvet is a stylish material for ladies' waistcoats, collars and cuffs.

PANIERS for making full dress toilets bouffant on the hips are in the market.

DOLMAN visites and fur-lined circulars are the fashionable wraps this season.

PLAIN black silk socks are *de rigueur* for wear with patent leather pumps.

THE fashionable fancy work at present is making Honiton and duchesse laces.

ENGLISH velvet, with long pile, is the fashionable material for morning jackets.

SCOTH plaid ribbons are very fashionable either for hat trimmings or neck wear.

BONNETS faced with fur and trimmed with ostrich feathers are worn in Paris.

BLACK velvet bands around the neck are revived for evening full dress occasions.

THE coachman's overcoat is the nobby rough-weather garment for fashionable girls.

JET passementeries and jet and silk fringes are much used in trimming black silk toilets.

FINE batiste handkerchiefs have richly embroidered borders, two and three inches in depth.

THE Turkish fez is worn by children in dark red, blue, green, brown, and black cloth and velvet.

BLACK silk dresses are still the favourite toilets for all occasions with American women of all ages.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several valuable communications; also for correct solution of Problem No. 203.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 203 received.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Problems received. Many thanks.

G. A., Montreal.—It is not likely that Mr. Mackenzie will be here before the end of the month. Timely notice will be given.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 200 received. Correct.

F. A. K., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 201 received. Correct. This is, as you say, a good problem. The variations are very pretty.

CHESS IN CANADA.

The following extracts from our American contemporaries, having reference to the progress of Chess in the Dominion, will be read with pleasure by many Canadian amateurs. Much credit is due to those gentlemen who have taken part in measures which have brought us so prominently before the notice of our neighbours, at the same time, we trust that we shall not be thought selfish if we claim for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS some consideration in the matter, as we have made it a practice to give publicity to all particulars connected with our Chess doings which were deemed of sufficient interest to be acceptable to our readers.

(From Turf, Field, and Farm.)

Canadian Chess of late has engrossed a large share of the attention of the Chess world; our exchanges from all quarters of the globe teem with games, gossip and gatherings from the Dominion. Nor is this to be wondered at. From the close of the Paris Tournament the entire Chess world outside of Canada has seemed to be under a deep lethargy; it is only very recently that signs of awakening have been visible in the clubs of London and New York; but such has been the spirit and enthusiasm of our neighbours during the whole year just closing that it is surprising that some of it has not overflowed the border and aroused our own players to make some attempt to emulate the activity of the Canadians.

In March last J. W. Shaw, Esquier, a prominent member of the Montreal Chess Club, suggested the inauguration of a grand Correspondence Tourney among the chief players of the Dominion. The suggestion was cordially indorsed by the principal players, and Mr. Shaw accordingly organized the affair, and play began under his direction between fifteen contestants on the 27th of that month. An entrance fee of five dollars was paid by each; out of the fund thus secured, a handsome silver cup is to be procured for the first prize winner and three other prizes of minor value. In addition, Thomas Workman, Esq., M.P., of Montreal, has offered a special prize of twenty dollars. This gentleman, who, by the way, has invited Capt. Mackenzie to become his guest during the latter's proposed visit to Montreal, is one of the most liberal and distinguished patrons of the game, and, of course, an enthusiastic player.

The rules of the Tourney require each player to conduct four games simultaneously, and each is to play one game with every other. There is a time limit also, 48 hours only being allowed between the receipt of a move and the dispatching a reply.

The progress of the play has been very satisfactory and the Tourney is exciting great interest among our neighbours, and is serving to stimulate and keep alive among them an *esprit* which we hope may never die out, and which we should very much like to have become epidemic and spread southward.

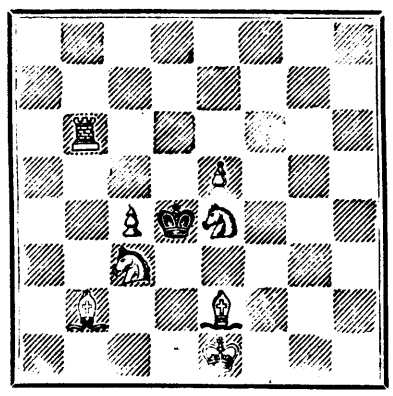
(From the Hartford (Conn.) Times.)

According to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, there is quite a chess revival in the Dominion. The "Greeks" and "Trojans" in Quebec—nineteen warriors on a side—recently had a pitched battle, and the "Trojans" were victorious.

PROBLEM No. 204.

By Mr. M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves

CHESS IN ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.

VISIT OF CAPTAIN MACKENZIE.

(From the St. Louis Democrat.)

The most interesting event at the Chess Department of the Vienna Café yesterday was the match which Mr. Mackenzie played simultaneously against the members of the St Louis Chess Club. Only eleven of them were inclined to enter. They were: Mr. C. A. MacFair, R. R. Hutchinson, F. P. Merrill, Ben. R Foster, J. E. Nelson, W. C. Alexander, Francis Heyer, James W. Warden, A. H. Robbins, C. D. Moody, and Ben. S. Wash.

The players succumbed in the following order: 1. Robbins, on the 16th move; Heyer, 18th move; Wash, 19th move; Hutchinson, 19th move; Nelson, 29th move; Foster, 33rd move; Alexander, 40th move; MacNair, 45th move; Warden, 53rd move. Messrs. Merrill and Moody were the fortunate ones; the former won on 21st move and the latter on the 49th. The game occupied two hours and a half.

Two games were played between Mr. Mackenzie and Max Judd, each scoring one. The Captain made an oversight similar to the one Mr. Judd made on the preceding day. The score between these experts now stands two won and two lost for each player. The champion will rest to-day and view the city.

The following is the game in which Mr. Mackenzie yesterday suffered defeat at the hands of the local expert:

GAME 321ST.

BLACK.—(Judd.)	WHITE.—(Mackenzie.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. P to Q 4	3. P takes P
4. Kt takes P	4. B to Q B 4
5. B to K 3	5. Q to K B 3
6. P to Q B 3	6. K Kt to K 2
7. B to Q B 4	7. Q to Kt 3
8. Castles	8. P to Q 4
9. Kt takes Kt	9. P takes B
10. Q to Q 8 mates	

Below is given the *partie* in which the New Yorker sat down upon local talent.

GAME 322ND.

(Evans' Gambit declined.)

WHITE. (Mackenzie.)	BLACK. (Judd.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	3. B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B to Kt 3
5. P to Kt 5	5. Kt to K 2
6. Kt takes P	6. Kt to R 3
7. P to Q 4	7. P to Q 3
8. B takes Kt	8. P takes Kt
9. B takes Kt P	9. Q takes P
10. Q takes Q	10. B takes Q
11. B takes R	11. B takes R
12. P to Q B 3	12. Kt to Kt 3
13. B to B 6	13. P to Q R 3
14. P to Kt 6	14. P takes P
15. K to Q 2	15. P to Kt 4
16. B to Q 5	16. P to Kt 5
17. P takes P	17. B to Q 5
18. R to Q B sq	18. B to Kt 3
19. Kt to R 3	19. Kt to B 5
20. B takes P	20. Kt takes B
21. P takes Kt	21. B takes P
22. Kt to B 4	22. B to Q 2
23. R to B sq	23. P to B 3
24. B takes P	24. B to R 2
25. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	25. K to B sq
26. B to K 5 (dis. ch)	26. K to Kt sq
27. R to B 7	27. B to R 6
28. R to Kt 7 (ch)	28. K to B sq
29. R takes K R P	29. R to Q sq
30. R to R 8 (ch)	30. K to K 2
31. Kt to B 5 (ch)	31. K to Q 2
32. R to R 7 (ch)	32. K to K sq
33. Kt to Kt 7 (ch) and wins.	

GAME 323RD.

CHESS IN CLEVELAND, U. S.

Game played at the Cleveland Chess Club, Nov. 15, 1878 by Captain Mackenzie, playing against Messrs. McKim, Yates, Whyte, and others consulting.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Capt. M.)	BLACK.—(The Allies.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	3. B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes P
5. P to B 3	5. B to R 4
6. P to Q 4	6. P takes P
7. Castles	7. P to Q 3
8. P takes P	8. B to Kt 3
9. Kt to Q B 3	9. Kt to R 4
10. B to K Kt 5	10. Kt to K 2
11. Kt to Q 5	11. Kt takes B
12. B takes Kt	12. Q to Q 2
13. B to K B 6	13. Castles A
14. Q to B sq	14. Q to K Kt 5
15. Kt to K 7 (ch)	15. K to R sq
16. Q to R 6	16. B to K B 4
17. Kt takes B	Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) This moves gives them a lost game at once.

The position here is quite peculiar, at the game is brought to a speedy end in a very interesting manner.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 202.

WHITE	BLACK.
1. Q to B 2	1. B to Kt 7 (a)
2. P to Q 4 (ch)	2. P takes P (*en pas*)
3. Q to Kt 2 mate	

(a) If 1 B to Kt 5 then 2 Q takes Kt (ch) etc

The other variations are obvious.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 200.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to Q 5 (ch)	1. K to Kt sq
2. P to Q R 7 (ch)	2. Kt takes P
3. P takes Kt mate	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 201.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K R 7	K at K 5
Kt at K 8	Kt at Q 4
Kt at K 6	Kt at K B 4
Pawn at K 2	Pawns at K 4 and K 6

White to play and mate in two moves.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

TENDERS FOR GRADING, TRACK-LAYING, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to NOON of

WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of January next,

for the Grading, Tracklaying and other works of construction required to be executed on following sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway:

1. From the westerly end of the 26th contract at English River to Raleigh, a distance of about 50 miles.

2. From Raleigh to Eagle River, a distance of about 68 miles.

3. From Eagle River to the easterly end of the 15th contract at Keewatin, a distance of about 67 miles.

4. From Yale to Kamloops Lake, in British Columbia, a distance of about 125 miles.

Plans, &c., may be seen, and Specifications, approximate quantities, forms of tender, and other information obtained at the office of the Engineer-in Chief at Ottawa.

A bill of quantities will be ready on or before December 1st, at the Department of Public Works.

No tender will be entertained unless on printed form, and unless the conditions are complied with.

The general Tender for construction of whole line under Railway Act of 1874, covers above sections; but separate tenders are asked under the ordinary conditions of the Department.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 24th, 1878.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

To CAPITALISTS and CONTRACTORS.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA will receive proposals for constructing and working a line of Railway extending from the Province of Ontario to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, the distance being about 2,000 miles.

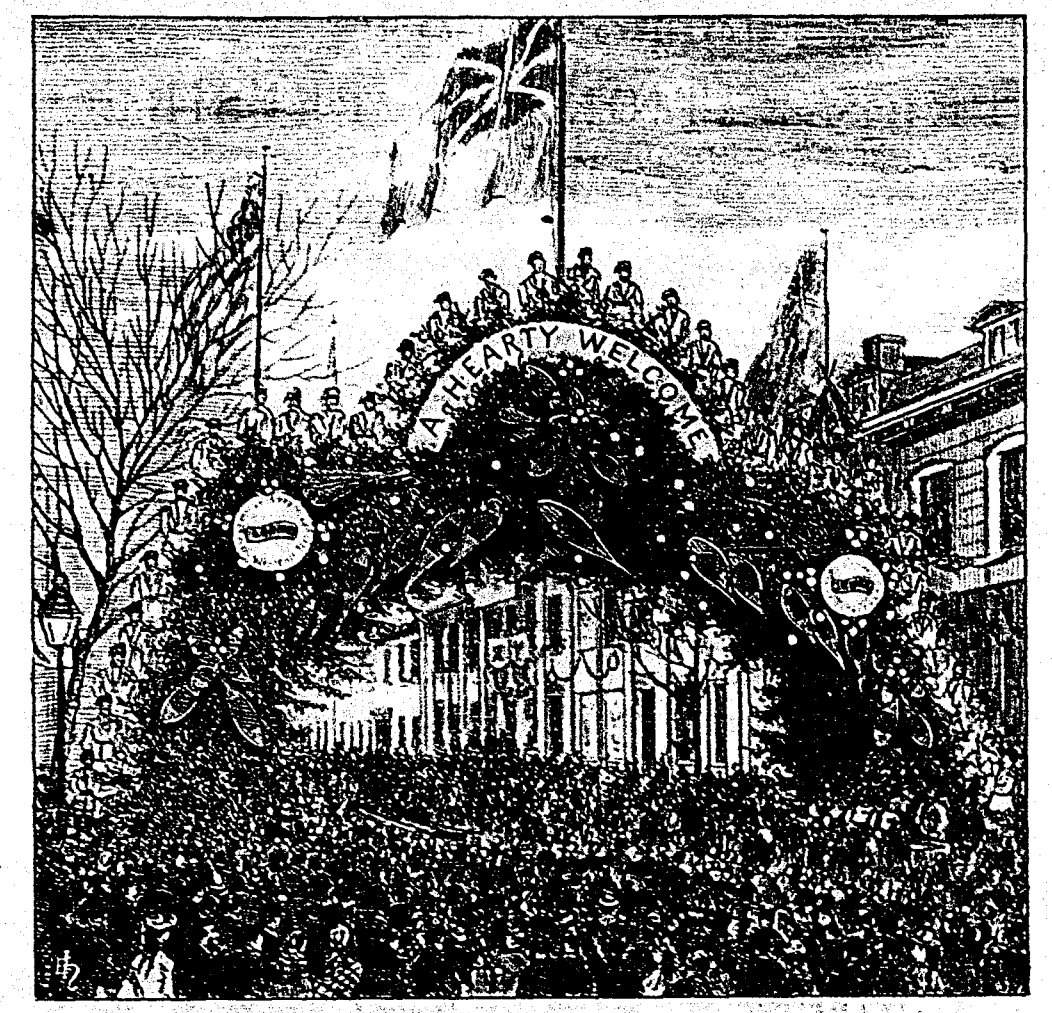
Memorandum of information for parties proposing to tender will be forwarded on application as underneath. Engineers' reports, maps of the country to be traversed, profiles of the surveyed line, specifications of preliminary works, copies of the Act of Parliament of Canada under which it is proposed the Railway is to be constructed, descriptions of the natural features of the country and its agricultural and mineral resources, and other information, may be seen on application to this Department, or to the Engineer-in-Chief at the Canadian Government Offices, 31 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., London.

Sealed Tenders, marked "Tenders for Pacific Railway," will be received, addressed to the undersigned, until the

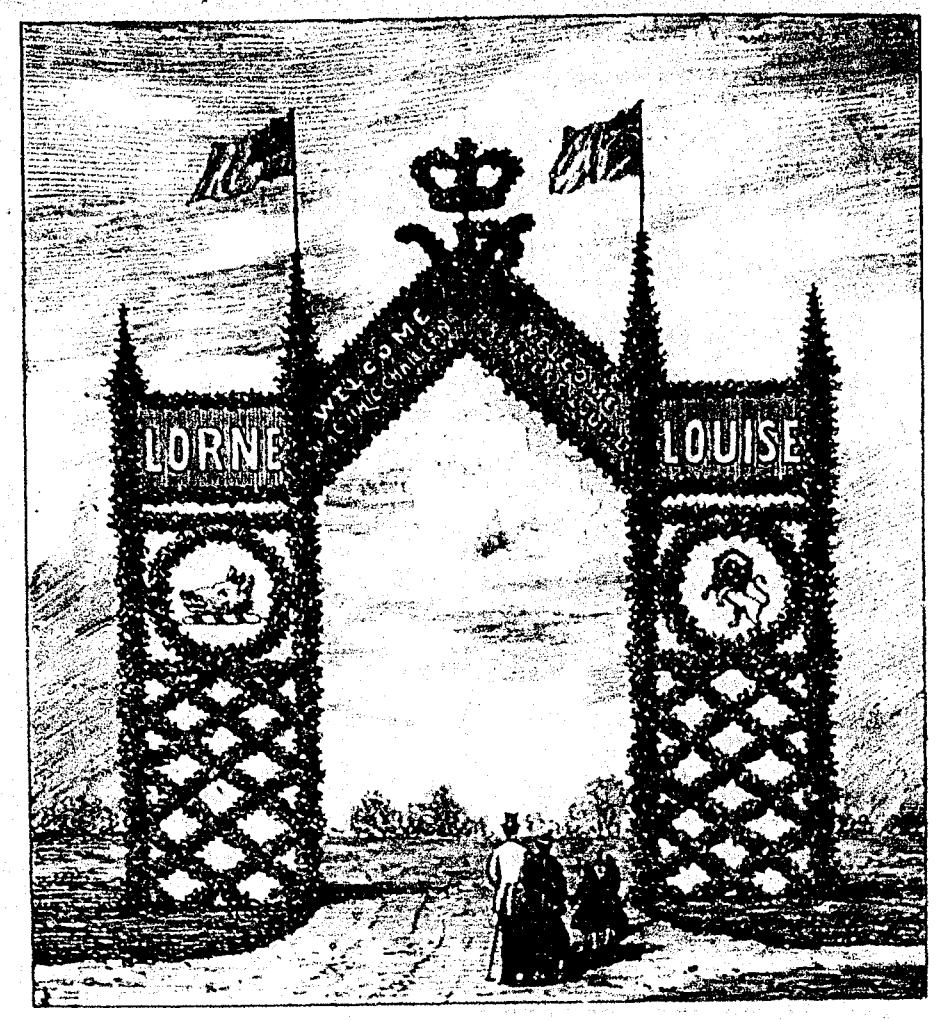
First Day of January next.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Public Works Department, Ottawa, 24th October, 1878.



ARCH OF THE MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE AND LACROSSE CLUBS, MONTREAL.



ARCH AT AMHERST, N.S.

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION.

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