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# AMERICAN Wholesale News

VOL. XX.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

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THE CANADIAN NEWS BOY.

**PUBLIC NOTICE**

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in the City of Montreal, and all or every such person or persons shall or may at any time hereafter become a shareholder or shareholders in the Company have been incorporated as a body corporate and politic with perpetual succession and a common seal by the name of

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Dated at the Office of the Secretary of State of Canada this third day of November, 1879.

J. C. AIKINS,  
Secretary of State.

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

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

**TEMPERATURE,**

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

**THE WEEK ENDING**

Nov. 30th, 1879.				Corresponding week, 1878.			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 33°	39°	37°	35°	40°	35°	34°	34°
Min. 17°	20°	22°	17°	35°	32°	28°	28°
Mean 25°	29° 5'	29° 5'	26°	37° 5'	33° 5'	31°	31°
Max. 47°	45°	45°	45°	41°	40°	40°	40°
Min. 35°	24°	24°	12°	31°	30°	30°	30°
Mean 41°	34° 5'	34° 5'	19°	35° 5'	35°	35°	35° 5'

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**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**

Montreal, Saturday, December 6, 1879.

THE war spirit among the Peruvian people, which was temporarily depressed by their recent reverses, has revived, and strenuous efforts are reported to be made to regain national prestige, and so far as possible repair the loss incident upon the result of the late battles.

THE marriage of the King of Spain to the Archduchess CHRISTINE of Austria, took place at Madrid on Saturday. The event is in so far auspicious for the country that there can be no security in the conservative ranks of the people until the throne is sure of a successor.

PROFESSOR MACOUN, who has returned from his exploring tour in the North-West, lectured at Beloeville lately. The Professor is enthusiastic in reference to the country which he has explored. He declares that Earl BEACONSFIELD alone has

shown a true idea of the North-West, when he spoke of it as a land of illimitable possibilities.

Our poor Turkish friends are very unfortunate. They are fast losing their best men. Some months ago, MEHEMET ALI, an educated and civilized commander, was brutally murdered by the Albanians. Now we learn that MUKHTAR PASHA came near meeting the same fate at the hands of the Arnauts. MUKHTAR, it will be remembered, was commander in Armenia during the late war, and displayed high military qualities. His loss would have been a severe one.

A MEETING of 100,000 Irishmen in the heart of London to discuss purely local Irish grievances is in itself an event. That the meeting was orderly is still more remarkable. Perhaps nowhere else in the world could such a gathering have been held and with such a result. We are disposed to believe that this agitation will soon die out, both because the Government seem disposed to help the genuine wants of the people and because the higher clergy have set their faces against anything savouring of the revolutionary.

THE recent scandal in the Montreal Revenue Department has found a pendant in the Toronto Custom House. A defalcation covering about \$20,000, of which \$8,000 have since been made good, has just been unearthed there; and it extended over several years. The Collector and Chief Clerk have been suspended, pending investigation, and the Government have acted promptly in spite of political leanings. The Toronto public are very much excited over the sad business, as is natural, and it is to be hoped that the whole matter will be probed to the bottom, in the interest of the Civil Service.

UNLESS they look out, the English papers will have to set aside their lofty way of criticizing political journalists in France, Canada and the United States. Some of their weekly papers are getting very scurrilous; late scenes in the House of Commons were about as disreputable as ever were witnessed at Versailles, Washington or Ottawa, and some of their greatest public men are now stooping to the vocabulary of Billingsgate. The noblest Roman of them all, Mr. GLADSTONE, is the last who has made this sorry exhibition of himself. During his present Scottish tour his language is reported as very violent, and he has went so far as to call Lord BEACONSFIELD "that veteran trickster and political posturer." Mr. LOWE was equally rude in a late denunciatory speech.

WE beg to call attention to a paper in the present issue of the NEWS entitled "Our Bookkeepers." It treats of a new and important subject of great moment to hundreds of our young men and to the trade generally. It is too much the tendency among many persons to overlook the fact that bookkeeping is a profession involving many qualifications, and that much of the standing of commercial houses depends thereupon. This article will be followed by another in the next number of the NEWS, and meantime we hope that the subject will be taken up. If so, we shall carry it on further in a practical spirit, answering questions and throwing such light upon intricate points as may appear necessary. The whole is in the hands of a professional bookkeeper, who has at heart the advancement of men of his calling.

THINGS are coming to a crisis in Russia. A grand political conclave was held at St. Petersburg on Saturday. The Czar went on from Livadia to attend it. Despatches were sent to all the Russian ambassadors at the various courts and governments of Europe, to hasten home and meet the others in consultation on the political situation. It is understood that the principal question to come up for discussion

will be whether it should be Russia's policy to act upon the offensive and begin the struggle which is evidently impending, or to wait for something more definite from the other powers. Those who assume to be in the secret of the private opinions of the Emperor and his chief advisers, affirm that the preponderance of feeling is in favour of some immediate steps on the part of Russia, whereby she may gain the advantage by initiating the war. It is urged in some quarters that the excitement of war, in the present condition of the Czar's health, would be equivalent to his death-warrant, and His Majesty is said to hesitate, principally upon this ground.

WE have great pleasure in placing before our readers a favourable announcement of a very instructive and spiritual work we have just received, entitled "Life in a Look," written by Canon Baldwin, Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, in which the author treats of the great fundamental truth of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—namely, the need of Regeneration, and sets it forth in a clear, explicit and thoroughly Scriptural manner, the Rev. gentleman simply using God's own Word to convey the truth home, in accordance with our Saviour's words—"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me,"—John v., 39. The passage the author has chosen is the enquiry of Nicodemus, and Christ's answer as to the way of life in John iii., the Lord pointing the devout and learned Jew to the necessity of looking away from self and sin unto the finished work of our Redeemer ("Who His own Self bare our sins in His own body on the tree that we being dead to sins should live unto righteousness"—1 Peter. 2-24.) as the only means of salvation. The book, which is in pamphlet form, can be had at Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal, who are the publishers.

Our illustrations this week contain the study of a head which we have entitled the "Canadian Newsboy." It was taken from nature by Field, the photographer of this city, and is remarkable for a style of simple beauty which makes it a type. We have a page of purely Canadian scenery, which we have denominated Forest Clearing, and which we shall follow up with kindred pictures intended to give outsiders, and especially intending immigrants, an idea of the wealth of the Dominion in this respect. The wonderful escape of the Guion steamer "Arizona," from shipwreck, through collision with an ice-berg, has been described in all the papers, and our sketch of the vessel as she now lies undergoing repairs at St. Johns, Newfoundland, from sketches by our artist, Mr. Nichol, of that town, will be found specially interesting. The great Conservative Banquet at Ottawa will be found fully described in another column, while the important speeches delivered on the occasion are referred to in an editorial article. Our two cartoons are timely—one respecting the visits of Sir Leonard Tilley to the manufacturing centres of the Dominion, where he found the fruits of the National Policy very encouraging indeed in the main, and the other alluding to the triumph of Hon. Solicitor Lynch in the County of Brome. If there is a gentle, mild-mannered man in Canada it is Mr. Lynch, and the fun lies in depicting him as a bush-whacker on the war-path. We publish a letter of Miss Rye in connection with her Western Home for immigrant children at Niagara. Miss Rye is right in saying that we have always encouraged her good work, and she may rest assured that we shall continue to do so.

"THE pitch at the Royal Italian Opera, London," says the *Athenaeum*, "is to be lowered next season to the *diapason normal*. This alteration, which will involve an outlay of more than £1,000 for new wind instruments, has been decided upon mainly at the instance of Madame Adelina Patti, whose voice has deepened considerably of recent years at the expense of her upper register. M. Lassalle, the baritone, is also said to find the difference of pitch between the Paris Grand Opera and Covent Garden very embarrassing."

**THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY IN PARIS.**

Versailles has been dethroned and Paris is once more the legislative capital of France. The Assembly met there on the 27th inst. Contrary to expectation, the event took place without commotion and the opening was distinguished by no unusual scenes. M. GAMBETTA, the President, took occasion of these favourable symptoms to speak the language of conciliation, exhorting men of all parties to conduct the proceedings in a single spirit of patriotism. The Radical wing is quiescent and there appear no signs of impending trouble, although the lines are drawn pretty tight between the different groups of the Left, which are officially set down as follows: Extreme Left, 33 members; Republican Union, 147; Republican Left, 160, and Left Centre, 43. The subjects which will engage the attention of the present Assembly are neither very many, nor very important. The principal one is that of amnesty, about which the views of the government are not quite defined, inasmuch as there is said to have been some modification of the same during the recess. If the government oppose further amnesty a crisis will surely be precipitated, but if they allow the debate to go on a compromise may be effected with the calm interchange of ideas. The next question of moment is that of the laws on primary instruction, but this will probably give rise to no grave complication, if, as appears probable, the government do not press the famous Article VII of M. JULES FERRY. M. GAMBETTA is said to have rallied his followers to this line of conduct, in order to prevent a conflict with the Senate, which, under the leadership of such tried and influential men as M. JULES SIMON and M. DUFAURE, is opposed to that clause of the FERRY laws. There is the more reason to maintain the different sections of the Republican party in harmony, that both the Bonapartists and the Legitimists have been vigorously bestirring themselves of late. Prince NAPOLEON, although externally maintaining a role of neutral expectancy, has declared to Cardinal DE BONNECHOSE that he will issue a manifest against Article VII. If he does so, the result will be a considerable accession of strength from the clerical party to the Bonapartes. On the other hand, the Royalists have seized several recent occasions to enunciate their principles and declare their unalterable adhesion to the House of France. A few weeks ago the Bishop of Angers, in the course of a funeral oration pronounced at the inauguration of a monument to the memory of General DE LAMORICIERE, at Nantes, made use of these words: "In a great state, governed in its origin by laws of a different order, the transmission of sovereign power through the popular caprice opens the door to agitations and troubles without number or end." This language has caused much excitement, and some of the Paris papers went the length of demanding that the Bishop should be prosecuted. In the same city of Nantes a Legitimate banquet subsequently took place, at which twelve hundred people assisted, including a number of ex-mayors of La Vendée and Maine, sixty ex-Pontifical Zouaves, all under the chairmanship of the well-known General DE CHARRETTE. The COUNT DE CHAMBORD was represented by his friend the COUNT DE MONTI. The draught of an address was read and approved to be sent to "HENRY V." The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, while the oath of fealty to the king was repeated, and cries of "Vive le Roi," were heard on every side. General DE CHARRETTE declared that France had now to combat enemies in the interior, as she had formerly combatted exterior foes. There is always more or less significance in such demonstrations, and the Republicans are wise in endeavoring to preserve harmony among themselves, so as to present a solid front against the onset of the other political parties.

HEELLESS slippers with an embroidered toe decorated with a rosette are new and odd devices for dinner cards.

### THE MINISTERIAL BANQUET AT OTTAWA.

The political event of the week was the banquet tendered to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and his colleagues at Ottawa. Its importance is such that it cannot be overlooked, especially from the fact that the demonstration overflowed the limits of a local tribute and was attended by representatives of every single province of the Dominion. In its spectacular features the banquet was in the highest degree successful, the decorations of the hall, the symbolic mottoes, the floral treasures and the music being arranged in the best taste. The enthusiasm was genuine and universal. The Ministerial party found an echo for its pent-up feelings on the occasion, and it must be confessed that the outburst was a concentrated expression of confidence and fealty to its leaders. But the main feature was, of course, the speeches, and seldom has any public gathering been favored with so many substantial and authoritative discourses, the wonder of which will be less when our readers are informed that the principal orators were such men as SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, SIR LEONARD TILLEY, SIR CHARLES TUPPER, SIR ALEXANDER GALT and HON. MR. LANGEVIN. The speech of the evening was SIR JOHN'S. Seldom has the Right Honourable Knight been in happier mood. Throughout he displayed the best qualities of his oratory—humor, epigram, anecdote, genuine sentiment, and a retrospect of his long political career. Among his political announcements were two which deserve attention. The first, that his government were determined to keep strict faith with British Columbia in the matter of the Pacific Railway, and the other, that trade relations were very soon to be opened with Brazil. He took occasion to declare also, that so long as we were living under a monarchy, with Her Most Gracious Majesty as the source and fountain of honor, Canadians should take pride in accepting titles from the Imperial Government. This is sensible. Such titles are so many links that attach us to British institutions. Hardly less important was the speech of SIR LEONARD TILLEY. Coming fresh from visits to our manufacturers in Ontario and Montreal, he was enabled to give his views on the general results of the National Policy. These he pronounced satisfactory on the whole, and he publicly reiterated the promise made previously on different occasions, that he was prepared to make such alterations and modifications in the tariff as would tend to make that instrument of the greatest benefit to the greatest number. Outside of all party spirit, it must be acknowledged that such a disposition is a wise one, testifying to a genuine desire of helping the general wants of the country as much as possible. SIR LEONARD further stated, what must be a source of gratification to all without distinction of party, that the balance of revenue and expenditure for the fiscal year would come within his estimates, thus placing us beyond the peradventure of another deficit. SIR CHARLES TUPPER dealt mainly with the Pacific Railway, as was expected from his official position. He showed how much had already been done, and explained what was being attempted in the near future. He pledged the government also to the utmost economy in the running of the Intercolonial Railway. With regard to the Pembina branch, the importance of which we pointed out only last week, he declared that the Government would take that line in its own hands and work it free of monopolies in the best interests of the country. It was late in the evening when SIR ALEXANDER GALT rose to speak, but his discourse was received with the greatest interest. The burden of his remarks related to our foreign commercial relations. He stated that the British Government had kindly allowed him, last winter, to enter into direct negotiations with France and Spain, the first instance of the kind in Colonial history, and he further expressed conviction that other concessions in the

same direction would be granted. This is a very important step, leading up to commercial independence, and opening up new horizons for this young country. SIR ALEXANDER GALT goes out within a few days as Minister Resident in London, with all the prestige and authority of a Colonial Minister. He will watch all our interests at home—promoting emigration, making commercial treaties, negotiating loans when needed, and acting as general intermediary between Ottawa and the Court of St. James. We have a right to expect the best results from this mission, the importance of which is such that we shall have occasion to speak of it again. HON. MR. LANGEVIN confined himself to the constitutional question, and most of his speech was occupied with the assurance of French Canadian loyalty and adhesion to British institutions. Coming from such high authority the statement chimed in nicely with the general enthusiastic feeling of the evening. Altogether the banquet was a significant one, and whether regarded as a party demonstration or not, must do good in strengthening our faith in the destinies of the Dominion; and stimulating the energies of all toward the prosecution of whatever may tend to make those destinies more enduring and more brilliant.

### SANITARY COMMISSION.

To the Editor of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—The rapid spread of typhoid fever, and the continual outbreaks of diphtheria and small-pox in this city, naturally lead one seriously to consider whether the Sanitary Inspector and Board of Health are able, or are incompetent, to cope with the existing evil; and, if not able, or too incompetent or apathetic, is it not time the citizens themselves should take the sanitary question vigorously in hand and adopt some measures to remedy the evil and redeem us from the reproach of possessing one of the most unhealthy cities in North America?

We know that however learned and competent, in some respects, the gentlemen may be who constitute the Board of Health, the members of that Board have neither time to spare nor authority sufficient to deal with so potent a question as sanitary reform. Theory and suggestions, if practical, are excellent if properly applied, but utterly thrown away without the power to carry them into execution. It is a fact, also, that not only the public as a body, but most intelligent men show the greatest degree of apathy towards sanitary matters, and we only can account for such indifference thuswise, that it is one of those things we never actually realize the extent of the danger surrounding us until the messenger of death raps at our door in the form of some deadly zymotic disease. The apathy evinced by the mass in this city towards sanitary reform, is in striking contrast to the great interest now taken in the sanitary subject by the leading minds abroad—and also nearer home—i.e., in the United States, where it is now the all-engrossing topic in scientific papers. As we appear to make no satisfactory progress in this city from year to year under the present abortive system—in fact, without any apparent amelioration in our death-rate from zymotic diseases—is it not time, we again ask, that the sentiment of the people should be taken as to whether the sanitary affairs of Montreal should be allowed to continue in their present unsatisfactory state, or whether the whole question would not be more satisfactorily conducted if placed in the hands of a Sanitary Commission? Surely the educated and enlightened body of the community who, naturally, in such a question, are supposed to guide the less instructed, should arouse themselves from their apathy, and in deeds, and not in words, insist that the Sanitary Department of the city should be placed in future on such a footing that the health and lives of its citizens are no longer to be at the mercy of either errors in judgment, incompetency of officials, want of proper superintendence, or from bad workmanship in the laying of tile drains and bad plumbing. Let us thoroughly rectify existing evils, and there would no longer exist the necessity of a farcical inquiry into the conduct of a sanitary official, dragging day by day its weary length along.

But the object of this communication is not to discuss the subject of sanitary reform through the columns of the press, but to solicit its co-operation and powerful influence in advocating the necessity of a Commission of Enquiry being appointed to thoroughly investigate and report upon the following questions, which will set many doubts at rest:

1. The state of the drains in every part of the city; their construction, &c., &c.
2. The state of the drains inside of dwelling-houses and stores.
3. The condition of the plumbing.
4. Upon all other causes existing in this city tending to produce and spread zymotic diseases.

5. The remedy for all of our existing sanitary evils.

I would submit that the gentleman who should sit at the head of a Sanitary Commission should be a stranger. He should be a Sanitary Engineer of great experience and marked ability, in order that the public might have full confidence in his report, and feel that he was not debarred from speaking out truthfully from fear of giving offence to men in power or influenced by interested motives.

The object of the Commission should not be to throw blame upon the parties who have had to deal with the drains or sanitary matters in the past, but to adopt such measures as would lead to the avoidance of the errors committed and point out the proper course to pursue to secure a healthy city for the future, as well as to correct the many erroneous ideas held by learned but not practical men in respect to sanitary theories and their mechanical application.

The sanitary condition of Montreal can never be considered at all near to perfection until a strict superintendence is kept over the plumber's work and drains in the interior of houses. The money spent upon the sewers is but of little use so long as house drains and plumbing are imperfect—in fact the two should go hand and hand together—for as long as the plumber's work is constructed by so many imperfect workmen, as has been the case in the past, the sanitary condition of this city will always be bad. So long as the plumber's work is imperfect sickness must prevail. The germs of disease will increase more rapidly from foul traps and from the leaking joints of soil pipes and tile drains inside of houses than it will in the city sewers—for the last do occasionally get flushed out by heavy rain—but where leaking pipes exist, there corruption is bred to the foulest extent. The great cry has always been against the city drains. But I say that imperfect house drains and bad plumbing are more to blame for being the cause of so many deaths from fevers, diphtheria and small-pox, than ever could be laid at the door of the city drains, and that more fevers are engendered in foul pipes within doors than in foul drains without.

The sanitary department of any large city should be entirely under the control of a competent sanitary engineer, who should have a sub-inspector and staff of workmen. He should be entirely free from the influence of individual members of the Council, and empowered with authority to carry out rules and regulations similar to those adopted by the city of London, where a crowded population of about four million souls enjoy greater immunity from disease than perhaps any other city in the world.

It is a sad reproach upon us to say that so fine a city as Montreal, so beautifully and healthfully situated, and which could be made as salubrious as any city in the world, should bear almost a plague reputation. In my own department, as Editor of the *Scientific Canadian*, it has been my duty to point out the errors, abuses and imperfections of our present sanitary system, in which we have had a total lack of energy, too much theory and talk, and too little common sense. But as the *Scientific Canadian* does not reach all classes of the community, permit me then to hope for a hearty co-operation from the press of Montreal in endeavoring to bring about sound sanitary reform and in such a shape that it will bear good fruit for the future, and not remain, as it is at present, a dead tree in our midst.

F. N. BOXER.

### MATTHEW ARNOLD ON WORDSWORTH.

There was a certain fitness of things in Mr. Matthew Arnold taking up the poet Wordsworth, to be his witness to the English people in the name of culture, sweetness and light. There was no need for Mr. Arnold to tell us that he is a Wordsworthian himself. He reveals that in many pages of his own beautiful poems, sometimes in whole poems at once. Of course there is more of classic culture, more of Greek perfection of form in Matthew Arnold's verses than in those of Wordsworth; and the former is often animated by a questioning spirit of melancholy from which the latter is largely free. Nevertheless, there is in form and spirit, in simplicity of diction, in striking and effective homeliness of phrase, a certain family likeness between the two. No admirer of Wordsworth will probably pick a quarrel with Mr. Arnold for his preface to the selections from Wordsworth's works which he has published; but those who still continue to echo the *Edinburgh Review's* phrase, "This will never do," will probably object, and strongly to the fact which places Wordsworth for the future next to Milton, below Shakespeare the supreme, and above such names as those of Shelly, Keats, Goldsmith, Moore, Byron, Burns, Coleridge, Cooper, Dryden and Spencer.

No bolder piece of criticism has been dared in our time, and no man was likely to have dared it except Mr. Matthew Arnold, who has dared, and successfully in many cases, most of the literary dogmas of the day. Nevertheless we do not doubt at all that in the long run Mr. Arnold's defiance will be admitted to be just, in the main, however it may be immediately denied by the poets of sensation and their clique in the press. Mr. Arnold's estimate of the circumstances which contributed to the delay in the public recognition of Wordsworth, will not be found to be inaccurate. Wordsworth had critical hostility and intensely brilliant

rivalry in poetry to survive. It might have been easy to survive, as many other men did, the critical articles of the *Edinburgh Review*. But it was not so easy to survive and outshine at once Byron and Scott; nor was it easy to stem the rising tide of Tennysonianism. Yet Wordsworth has still preserved his hold upon a large section of the best minds of his time and of his after-time. And the introspective and reflective habits of our modern thought are strongly in his favor. The time is probably coming when the tide of literary opinion will turn strongly towards Wordsworth. It is a remarkable fact that such men as Newman, Faber, Pusey and Keble, not to speak of Mr. Arnold, should admit directly or indirectly the deep and active influence of Wordsworth in their fashion of writing and their tone of thought. Yet this is a fact which the most superficial acquaintance with the writings of these men must have made plain to any reader. There will come a time when there will be a revolt against the materialistic, scientific spirit of this age, just as there was a revolt against the asceticism of the early middle ages; and just as there was a revolt against the hard cynical scolding of the eighteenth century; and when that time comes the best and purest minds will turn to Wordsworth as the exemplar and witness of all that they would express themselves if the divine afflatus had been given them. Wordsworth will be popular and high placed because he "utters nothing base;" because he can be lofty without being defiant—lyrical without being licentious and simple without being (except occasionally—this is his weak spot) silly. The sudden fall from poetry to prose, from lofty thought to sentimental drivel which now and then occurs in the same poem, nay, in the very same verse, is a rock of offence always in Wordsworth. But this defect has been very greatly exaggerated by critics and by parodists, and is too readily admitted without protest by admirers. It really takes nothing from the true merit of the bulk of some of the best poetry of our time—no more than the bad puns and drivelling wit of some parts of Shakespeare takes away from the merits of the Master. It would be quite useless to stop here and criticize at length the poems of Wordsworth; but one cannot part with so pleasant a theme without turning for a moment to some of those which have long been favorites, even though they may not be all classed as high by Mr. Arnold in his more critical examination. Outside of purity of thought, and loftiness of ideas and sweetness of sentiment, Wordsworth is often a perfect master of musical rhythm; his verses run like the brook in June—

"That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singseth a quiet tune."

One need only refer the student and lover of Wordsworth to such poems as "The Fountain," "Matthew," "Two April Mornings," &c., for examples of perfectly charming verse containing beautiful, tender and true thoughts on life and human nature. For instance:—

"I looked at her and looked again  
And did not wish her mine."

Or this:—

"And many love me, but of none  
Am I enough beloved."

These dissociated from the context do not mean so much as when joined, but they are quoted for the lover of the poet, who will know whether or not to agree with the present writer that the impression made by such lines is deep, and lasting and elevating. The "Ode to Duty," and the "Grand Ode," as Mr. Arnold calls it, do not need to be specifically criticised; they reach in various passages the high-water mark of modern poetry. The three poems on "Yarrow" are simply perfection in rhyme, sentiment and language. Let us finish by quoting some verses that have lingered long, long in the ears of a great many tender-hearted readers of poetry, and have perhaps been *thought*, though not written, by millions of young people in all corners of the world and all languages that civilized men speak:—

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place,  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pierce into her soul."

And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,  
When she and I together live,  
Here in this happy dell."

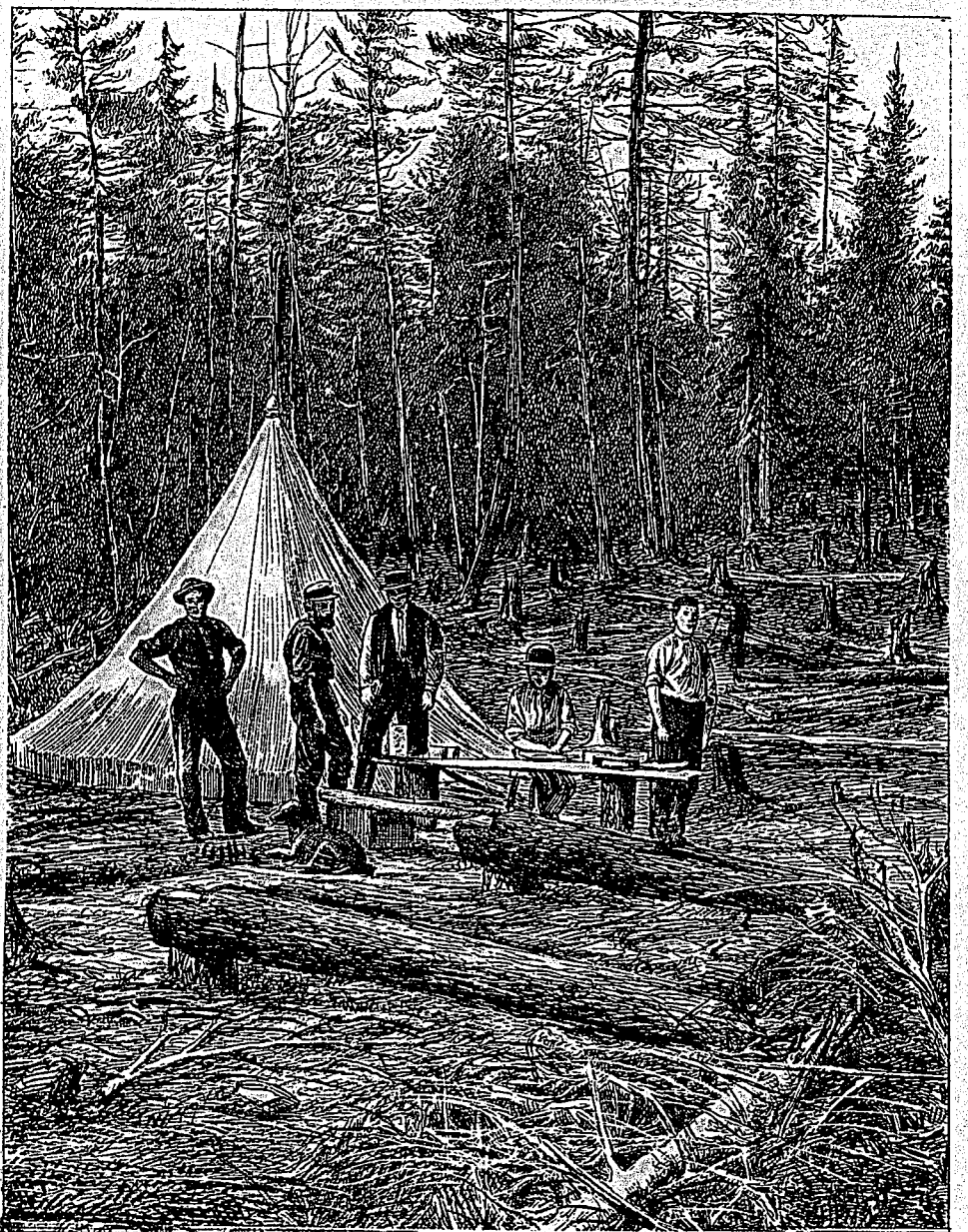
It is a matter for congratulation that Mr. Matthew Arnold has taken up the cause of Wordsworth in a skillful and practical manner. He may succeed better in this undertaking than in his new theory concerning historians. He may not be able to "organize the theatre." He may, however, re-establish a poet.  
Ottawa, Nov. 22nd. M. J. G.

### FASHION NOTES.

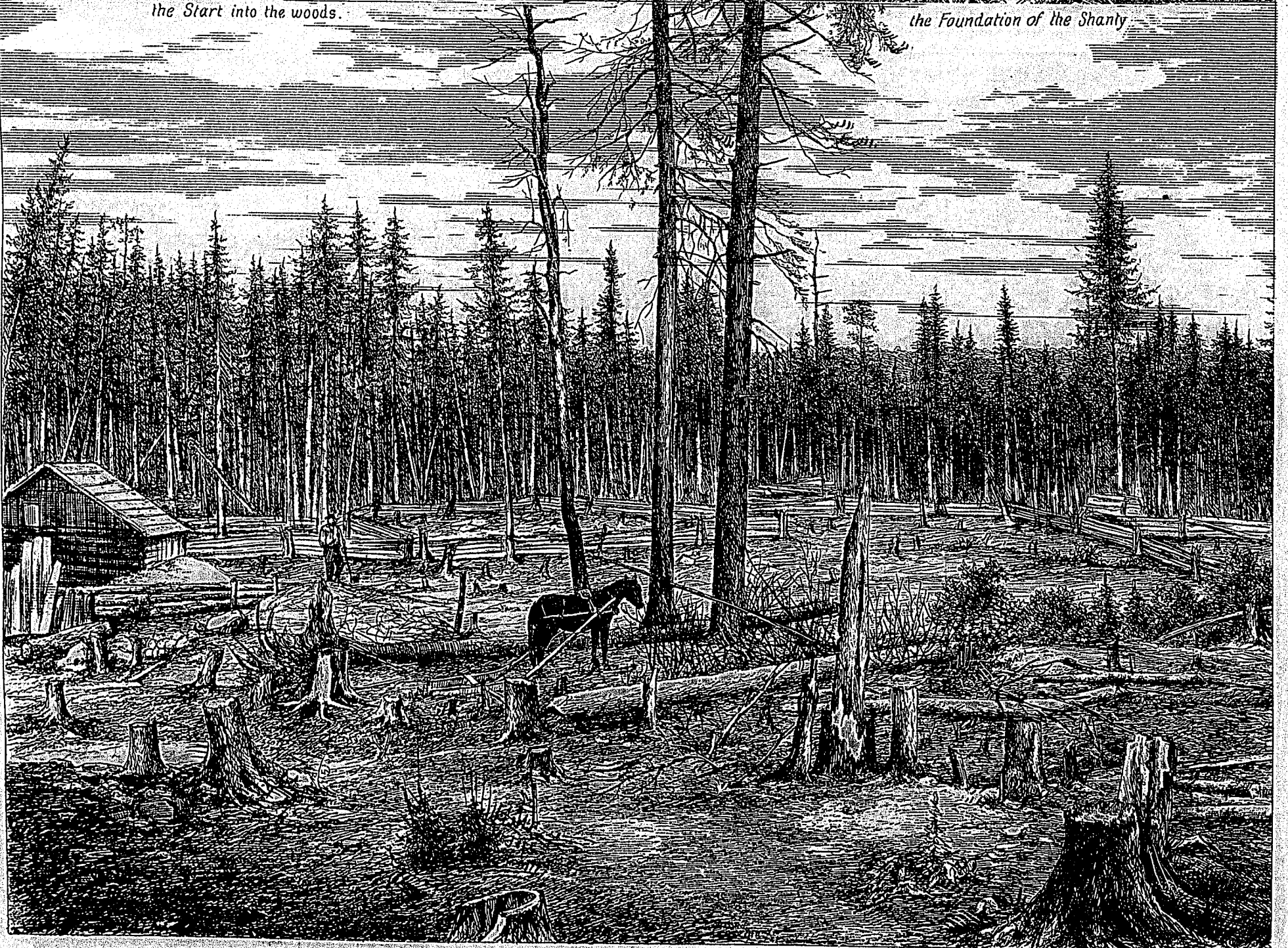
THROATLETS of pearl are now very fashionable. At first they were finished with tassels at the ends; now they are clasped round the throat. The Princess of Wales wears hers with a magnificent diamond clasp.  
DRESSY shoes are now made to match the toilet, and are embroidered to correspond with the gloves worn at the same time. Dark black kid shoes look best embroidered with gold darts, while silver threads are most effective on pale blue, pink, or white shoes. Some ladies embroider their own chausseurs.



*the Start into the woods.*

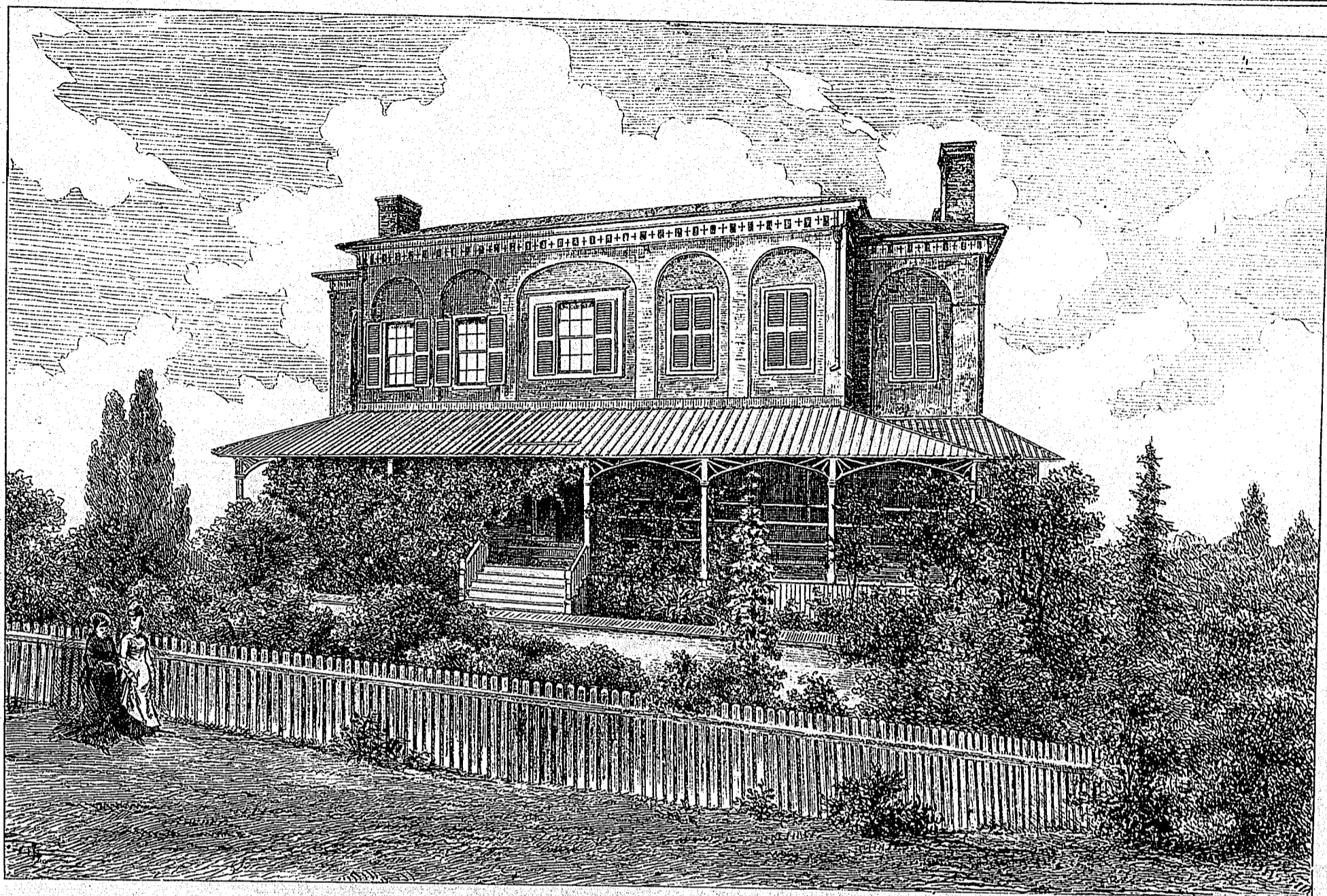


*the Foundation of the Shanty*

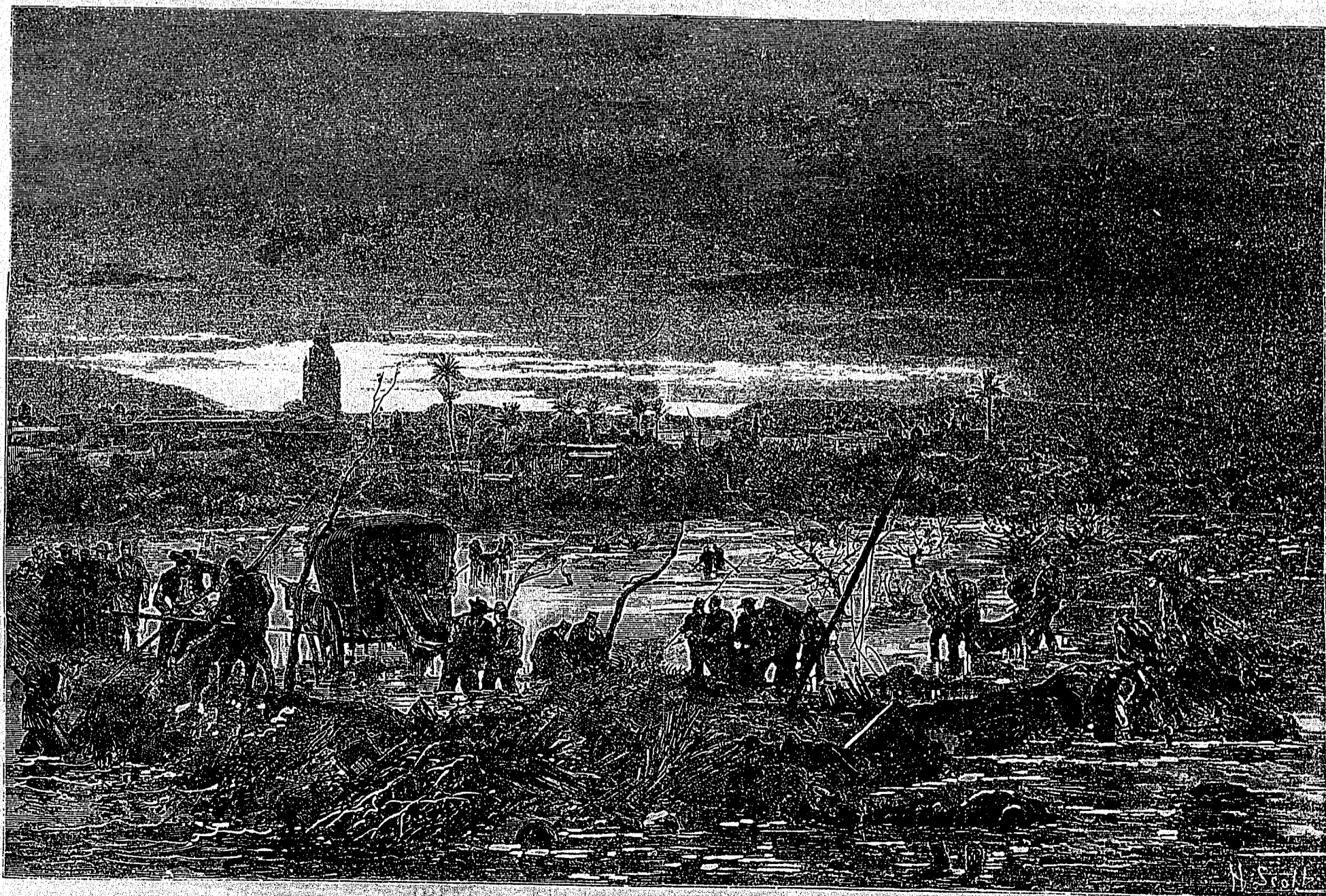


FOREST CLEARING.

*the Clearance of a year.*



NIAGARA.—“OUR WESTERN HOME.” MISS RYE'S DISTRIBUTING HOME FOR IMMIGRANT CHILDREN.



MURCIA.—SCENE OF THE RECENT GREAT FLOODS IN SPAIN.

## THE PORTRAIT OF LADY MAHON.

BY B. DISHAELI, M.P.

Fair lady! these pencil of Vandyke  
Might well have painted, thine the English air,  
Graceful yet earnest, that his portraits bear  
In that far troubled time, when sword and pike  
Glenned round the ancient halls and castles fair  
That shrouded Albion's beauty; though, when need,  
They too, the soft withal, could boldly dare,  
Defend the leagured breach, or charging speed  
Mount in their trampled parks. Far different scene  
The bowers present before thee: yet serene  
Though now our days, if coming time impart  
Our ancient troubles, well I ween thy life  
Would not reproach thy lot, and what thou art:  
A warrior's daughter, and a statesman's wife!

THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE  
BANQUET AT OTTAWA.

This memorable event, which took place on Thursday the 27th ult. was held at the Skating Rink, magnificently transformed for the occasion. The decorations were admirably designed, and when the hall was lit up with a thousand gas jets, the effect was extremely good.

The rink has a row of circular windows on either side, about twenty feet from the floor. These windows not being required for the banquet were made use of to display shields bearing the coat of arms of Halifax, Fredericton, London, Quebec, Ottawa, Charlottetown, Montreal, St. Catharines and Toronto. These shields were supported by a beautiful scroll work of evergreens, extending the entire length of the room. Bright coloured bannerets floated from the pillars at intervals, giving it a very pleasing effect. Beneath the scroll work the wall was panelled off in alcove style, with union jacks and tri-colors, each alcove containing such mottoes as "The great Nor'-West, the future granary of the world;" "Sir E. P. Taché's patriotic remark respecting the loyalty of his fellow-countrymen:—"The last shot in defence of British supremacy on this continent will be fired by a French Canadian;" "Canada our home," etc.

The decorations on the west side of the hall were a counterpart of those on the east, so far as the general arrangement was concerned, but the shields in the windows bore different devices, such as the coat of arms of the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia and the Dominion of Canada. The mottoes were "George E. Cartier, patriot, statesman, friend;" "the Pacific Railway, the iron band that binds together our great confederation;" "the Lesser Britain will afford happy homes to the coiling millions of the Greater Britain." The newly painted ceiling looked gray with streamers of red, white and blue, radiating from two centres, and heightening the effect of the decorations below. The wall decorations culminate at the south end in the rear of the dais, the ornamentation of which is richly coloured and profuse. The lower portion of the wall is shrouded in British flags interspersed with the French tricolor, festoons relieving the bareness of the entrance on each side of the platform. The centre piece of decoration was a gilt crown surrounded with flags, surmounting the arms of the Provinces with V. R. on each side. Immediately below the motto, "By the Party, with the Party, but for the country," stood out in bold letters on the face of an extemporized bracket, which supported a statue of the First Minister. The greeting "Welcome" was conveyed to the guests by a gas jet decoration in a central position. Above the whole of this central piece were mottoes inscribed in bold red letters, "British Connection," "National Policy." To the right were shields bearing the Dominion arms and those of Ottawa, and the motto, "Milk for babes, meat for strong men." On the left side were heraldic shields bearing the royal arms and the arms of Sir John Macdonald. The truism, "And now the hum is heard again in the land," found a place on the scrolls. The gallery was neatly trimmed and looked gay with a brilliant throng. Accommodation was there provided for two hundred and fifty ladies, while along the sides of the hall were grouped Ottawa's youth and beauty. The face of the gallery was inscribed with the words picked out in bright colours, "Encouragement to home industry," and the French phrase "Avant tout soyons Canadiens," and "Protection à nos industries." Five tables, each eighty feet in length, occupied the floor, while at the south end an elevated platform was erected, where the distinguished guests were seated. This principal table, which faced the gallery, was profusely decorated with silver and flowers.

Amongst the many persons who are well known as public men, there were present: Sir A. T. Galt, M. H. Gault, M.P., M. P. Ryan, M.P., Thos. White, M.P., Hon. T. N. Gibbs, J. McLennan, M.P., Hon. A. Morris, J. J. Baker, M.P.P., Metcalfe, M.P.P., and W. Lees, M.P.P., Perth, Dr. Ferguson, M.P., Kemptville; Hon. J. J. Fraser, Hon. P. A. Landry, and Hon. Wm. Wedderburn, New Brunswick; Alonzo Wright, M.P., A. P. Caron, M.P., Quebec; Hon. L. O. Loranger, Quebec; P. White, M.P., Pamlroque; Hon. Mr. Trutch, British Columbia; D. D. Calvin, M.P.P., Kingston; Thomas Deason, ex-M.P.P., F. J. French, M.P.P., Mr. Girouard, M.P., Montreal; George Taylor, Warden of Grenville and Leeds; B. Rosamond, Almonte; S. S. Blodgett, U. S. Consul, Prescott; F. Houde, M.P., Col. A. A. Stevenson, A. W. Ogilvie, and Andrew

Robertson, Montreal; E. H. Smyth, Kingston; Bishop Lewis, Archdeacon Lauder, Rev. Father Dawson, Rev. D. M. Gordon, Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Rev. Mr. Huntington, Hon. Mr. Sullivan, Premier of P.E.I.; Hon. Mr. De Brasse, Dr. Schultz, M.P., Dr. Beatty, Warden of Ottawa county; Hon. R. L. Church, J. G. Haggart, M.P., James Domville, M.P., W. Hesson, M.P., Dr. Bergin, M.P., Rufus Stevenson, M.P., Mr. Bulmer, Montreal; W. W. Ogilvie, D. McMaster, M.P.P., Samuel Jeffery, J. J. Hawkins, and Henry Lemon, Brantford; J. G. H. Bergeron, M.P., Dr. Grant, Hon. Peter Mitchell, Dr. Whiteford, Rev. A. A. Cameron, G. W. Monk, M.P.P., Col. Tisdale, W. D. Lesueur, Sheriff Powell, C. McGee, F. Clenow, etc. The following were vice chairmen:—J. M. Currier, M.P., J. Tassé, M.P., P. Baskerville, M.P.P., Alonzo Wright, M.P., John Rochester, M.P. The Workingmen's Liberal-Conservative Union was represented by Mr. J. Ick Evans, delegate of the Grand Lodge, Toronto; Ottawa Central Lodge, No. 19, was represented by F. R. Byrse, President; W. A. Gibson, Vice-President; C. Burgess, Secretary; J. Burrill, Treasurer; J. Currie, Tyler; G. J. O'Doherty, Solicitor; Wm. Coulther, Chairman of Committee; B. S. Beswick, J. C. Winters, and H. J. Guppy; J. S. Ross, M.P., Dundas; Andrew Broder, M.P.P.; S. J. Dawson, M.P.

The guests of the evening arrived at 7.30, and were escorted to the head of the banquet hall by a piper and trumpeter Lambkin, of the Dragon Guards. At the head table there were Senator Skeau, Chairman of the Ottawa Liberal-Conservative Association who presided, Sir John Macdonald, Bishop Lewis, Sir A. T. Galt, Hon. Mr. Aikens, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Leonard Tilley, Hon. John O'Connor, Hon. Mr. Baby, Hon. Mr. Bowell, Hon. Jas. Macdonald, Hon. Attorney-General Loranger of Quebec, Hon. T. N. Gibbs, Hon. Mr. Morris, Hon. Wm. McDougall, M.P., Ex-Governor, Trutch, of British Columbia; Hon. Mr. Sullivan, Prince Edward Island; Hon. Mr. Landry, New Brunswick; Hon. Mr. Fraser, New Brunswick; and Hon. Mr. McLeod, Prince Edward Island. Hon. Mr. Langevin, who entered the room somewhat late, received a perfect ovation when he walked up the hall, escorted by Mr. Currier, M.P. The band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards played during the dinner. The portrait in oils of Mr. Langevin was presented to that gentleman during the dinner, amid enthusiastic applause. The banquet, in all its appointments, was one of the most magnificent ever seen in Canada, reflecting the highest credit on the Committee, and on Mr. Gouin, of the Russell House, who had charge of all the details of the table. Mr. Gouin, by his affability, energy and enterprise, is known all over the country not only for the excellent manner in which he conducts his Hotel, but also by the attention which he bestows upon all his guests.

## OUR WESTERN HOME.

Miss Rye writes to us, a few days ago:—"You have always been a friend of mine, perhaps you may like the enclosed view I had taken this autumn. It is 10 years almost to a day since I came here with my first 60 children. Misses Billborough, McPherson and W. Midmore have followed in the path I showed, and now over 4,000 children are in Canada as the result of our joint, if disjointed efforts, and as far as I can see, we may place another 4,000, and people and children be all the better for the transplanting."

Yours faithfully,  
MARIA I. RYE.

## MAPLESON OPERA COMPANY.

The question is can Her Majesty's Colonel be induced to visit Montreal with his magnificent Opera Company. We almost fear not as we know of no manager brave enough to assume so heavy a responsibility. The scheme is prepared, however, to open subscription lists at the Windsor, the St. James Club and at DeZouche Music Store. If the public respond heartily it can be done but not otherwise.

## MISNAMED ARTICLES.

An exchange says: Why should trade not have a Johnson or a Webster to classify and correct the mass of inconsistencies that go to make up its nomenclature? We not only tax our brains to invent "fantastic" names for every new fabric, varied perhaps only by a thread or a shade from what our grandparents wore a century ago, but there are in use positive misnomers for many staple articles of merchandise. The following imperfect list, culled from sources readily at hand, will give a faint idea of them:

Acid (sour), applied in chemistry to a class of bodies to which sourness is only accidental, and by no means a universal characteristic. Thus rock, crystal, quartz, flint, etc., are chemical acids, though no particle of acidity belongs to them.

Black lead does not contain a single particle of lead, being composed of carbon and iron.

Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, or even grow there; nor is it grass at all. It consists of strips of palm leaf (*Chamerops argentea*) and is imported chiefly from Cuba.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, nor is it manufactured in or exported from Burgundy. The best is a resinous substance prepared from common frankincense and brought from Hamburg;

but by far the greater quantity is a mixture of resin and palm oil.

China, as a name for porcelain, gives rise to the contradictory expressions, British china, Dutch china, Chelsea china, etc., like wooden milestones, iron milestones, brass shoe-horns, iron pens, steel pens.

Cuttle bone is not bone at all, but a structure of pure chalk, once embodied loosely in the substance of certain extinct species of cuttlefish. It is inclosed in a membranous sac, within the body of the fish, and drops out when the sac is opened, but it has no connection whatever with the sac or the cuttlefish.

Galvanized iron is not galvanized. It is simply iron coated with zinc; and this is done by dipping it in a zinc bath containing muriatic acid.

German silver is not silver at all, nor was the metallic alloy called by that name invented by a German, but has been in use in China time out of mind.

Honey soap contains no honey, nor is honey any way employed in its manufacture. It is a mixture of palm-oil soap and olive-oil soap, each one part, with three parts of curd soap or yellow soap scented.

Japan lacquer contains no lac at all, but is made from a kind of nut tree called *anacardiaceæ*.

Kid gloves are not made from kid skin, but of lamb or sheep skins. At present many of them are made of rat skins.

Meerschaum is not petrified "sea foam," as its name implies, but is a composition of silica, magnesia and water.

Mosaic gold has no connection with Moses or the metal gold. It is an alloy of copper and zinc, used in the ancient musivum or tessalated work.

Mother of pearl is the inner layer of several coats of shells. It is not the mother of pearl, as the name indicates, but in some cases the matrix of pearl.

Pen means a feather (Latin penna, a-wing). A steel pen is not a very choice expression.

Salad oil is not oil for salad, but oil for cleaning saddles, *i.e.*, helmets.

Whalebone is not bone at all, nor does it possess any of the properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the upper jaw of the whale, and serves to strain the water which the creature takes up in large mouthfuls.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

MARRIAGE PLEDGES.—A girl should hesitate to give her promise to any man for whom she is constantly making mental apologies. The manners which annoy her will not be altered by marriage; and, if she is ashamed of them, be the poor fellow ever so good, ever so rich, ever so commendable as an honest man, she will not be able to fulfil her vow of honouring him; and in the end she will not love him—for shame kills love, while pride in any one awakens it.

PURPOSES.—Purposes, however wise, without plans, cannot be relied on for good results. Random or spasmodic efforts, like aimless shots, are usually no better than wasted time and strength. The purposes of shrewd men in the business of life are always followed with carefully-formed plans. Whether the object is learning, honour, or wealth, the ways and means are all laid out according to the best methods. The mariner has his chart, the architect his plans, and the sculptor his model—and all as a means and condition of success.

NECESSITY.—Necessity is the great master, and it operates on all classes of society—it gives the power of concentration to the lawyer, teaches the physician to be self-contained and studious, gives efficiency to the pen of the writer, drills the book-keeper and the clerk, and trains the hand of the artisan. It is an ever-present and most exacting schoolmaster; and, as, with an immense majority, this schoolmaster begins his lessons in youth by means of the struggles and burdens of life, and continues them without relaxation to the end, the discipline within certain limits is complete—the self-control being general, but the proficiency lying in each case solely along the line of experience.

THE WORST FORM OF SELFISHNESS.—One is often inclined to think that selfishness, not money, is the root of all evil. We are each endowed from birth with an instinct of individuality which makes every soul seem and be the centre of its own universe, from which all other influences radiate, and to which they all converge. This is a natural and proper feeling when not allowed to "get beyond itself," and by means of it much of the work of the world and the progress of humanity has been achieved. So strong is this instinct that it is always liable to abuse; but the moment that abuse begins the instinct ceases to be honourable, and becomes a huge and monstrous selfishness of the baser sort; and from such selfishness spring most of the crimes that we know—murder, theft, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

CONVERSATION.—He alone can become a truly accomplished conversationalist who is gifted with a kind heart; and such a person will always take pleasure in conquering the painful diffidence of others, and in breaking through the limits which separate them from "life." Many persons suffer most unjustly under the imputation of having nothing to say, when the truth is that few comparative strangers have ever conversed much with them. It will be found that in most cases these silent persons are far better worth knowing than the majority of chatteringers of commonplace trifles. If you are

so unfortunate as to feel a tremor at the thought of encountering strangers in society, remember that they form a collection of persons with whom you have no difficulty in conversing singly. If you are conscious of possessing general information equal to that of those whom you expect to meet, venture confidently and calmly on the ordeal. You will soon find it is like learning to swim—that there is no difficulty which is not imaginary.

REST.—There are moments of deep and mental repose, and intellectual quiet, in which the vivacity of intellect seems to droop, her sensibility to grow supine; and this is falsely deemed exhaustion, when it is not even lethargy. The giant is never so much to be feared as when refreshed by the coolness of the shade; the eagle never more ready for flight than when she has trimmed her siney wing. Like the vernal showers, these seasons of mental quiescence nourish the germs of future fruit. At such moments it is that Reason, the empress, holds her grand council in the palace of the soul, gives audience to her ministers, and receives the reports. Conscience investigates and condemns or ratifies the mental returns. What though at this time, as in the stillness of the night, the camp of the heart appears silent in slumber; yet, the senses and faculties, like watchful sentinels, are at their posts, preparatory to the dawn of active life, which is to summon the whole host to deeds of prowess. Reason, then, in such moments, is tacit, but not dumb; she conceals her outward beams, to condense their lory with vividness within. Like a mighty vessel becalmed, she still possesses innate capacity of motion; and though the sail flaps idly, and the hull raises no ripple, yet so soon as the breath of circumstances, or the reaction of inherent energy arise, she once more proudly bends her prow to the power she uses, yet appears to obey, and careers in majesty and strength through the shoals of error, bearing the virtues to the haven of truth.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CAPOUL uses falsetto notes to excess in his singing.

MME. MODJESKA has just translated Ruskin's *Modern Painters* into Polish.

M. CHABRILLAT has accepted a drama from the pen of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, the scene being laid in Alsace.

THE desire to see the "Merchant of Venice" at the Lyceum is incredible. Every night hundreds are turned away from the doors.

M. TAILLADE, a well-known French actor, is going to London to represent Shakespearean characters in English.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL says they used to have sensational plays in Shakespeare's time. Now they call them legitimate.

MR. TENNYSON has found time to write a little comedy in one act; it is said to be full of the most delicate humour and pathos.

THERE has been discovered in the French army a tenor singer such as has never before been heard. His voice is said to be more wonderful than any voice yet known in France.

EMMA ABBOTT does not think that getting married spoils good singers. Neither does Max Strakosch, who even goes so far as to say that married prima donnas are the best singers.

A DRAMATIC version of Mrs. Burnett's new and strong novel, "Haworth's," made by Mr. Joseph Hutton and Mr. Arthur Mathison, has been produced in Manchester. It is called "Loved and Lost."

GILBERT never goes in front to see his own plays. All he knows of them is what he catches from the wings. Sullivan, too, is never present at a production of one of his works, unless he conducts.

A CINCINNATI paper remarks that when a new dramatic company "take the road" they should see that the road is kept in good repair, for the chances are they will need it to walk home on.

M. SARDOU read his new piece, "Daniel Rochat," to the Comédie Française on Friday week, and it will shortly be produced. The plot is understood to turn on the conflicting feelings of a Protestant young lady for a lover who is an Atheist.

MADAME PATTI, after appearing for the second time at the Paris Opera as "Lucia," has gone to Breslau, whence she intends proceeding to Dresden, returning to Paris on the 22nd inst. to give her third and final performance.

THE rehearsals of *La Noce Juive*, a one-act comic opera, the poem by M. A. Silvestre, the music by M. Serpette, have begun at the Salle Favart, where its first representation will be given in the course of this month.

SAYS the *Parisian*:—"Mr. Saint-Saens has declared war against the Italian School of Music; he has demolished Verdi, not only as a composer but as a politician. 'Aida' is unworthy of the name of opera—for particulars, see Mr. Saint-Saens' article."

VERDI is setting to music Dante's "Padre Nostro" and "Ave Maria." The first will be a chorus of five voices, without accompaniment, the second a melody for one mezzo-soprano, with an accompaniment of six stringed instruments.

MME. ARDINI, the wife of one of Mapleson's tenors and a member of the Colonel's company, is said to be very handsome, and nearly six feet, or thereabouts: "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall And most divinely fair."

ARTHUR SULLIVAN will conduct the orchestra on the opening night of his opera at the Fifth Avenue, December 1, and possibly one or two nights following, as a little sensation; but he does not go elsewhere with the party, and is in no way interested or identified with them.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH is reported by the *Cleveland Leader* as saying that he has been trying to forget what he has seen in other actors, and is learning to draw his inspiration from the book of nature. "I believe," he says:—"I am beginning to understand better than ever before the humanity and the many sides of Shakespeare. It is my intention to devote my time assiduously to the study of this great master, and if I am spared ten years longer, I hope to make greater progress than I have made in the last twenty years."

IN COELO QUIES.

Now more than twenty years ago— How thought flies swiftly back again To days with pleasure all a glow, When hope seemed never born to wane, As hand in hand, with one still dear, Life's vista opened bright and clear.

And then came childhood's prattle, such As sounds like music to the ear, And tiny velvet hands, whose touch To parents, seemed like angel near, And pattering feet, whose gentle tread, From memory has never fled.

Time passed apace—the child was girl, The joy of home—as stars to-night Disclosing, like some lovely pearl, Fresh beauties with each change of light, And where her merry laugh thrilled by Warm grew the heart and bright the eye.

High-cultured, first among her peers, Accomplished, genial and fair, She lived like some sweet flower that rears Its fragrance on the grateful air, While fancy for her future drew A picture, Hope believed was true.

At length become the parents' friend, And arbitress of Home's delights, The daughter and companion blend As purity with truth unites. A sweet, sage counsellor was she, To her still dear, and also me.

And yet we saw the pale king strike, And win her from us day by day, Then bear her from our midst, as like A shadow that declined away; One other charm in bliss unfurled To lure us to the brighter world.

Her pencilled sketch unfinished lies— The half-writ tale remains untold— The brain no more its vigor plies; The skillful fingers now are cold; The tuneful harp in silence stands Nor wakes to sound by other hands.

And now, a blank alone is left, Her presence comes not any more, Keenly we feel ourselves bereft, And start, as hands approach each door, Almost expecting, it may be, A form we never more shall see.

Time may, indeed, be wisely meant To mitigate the soul's regret, And life's stern duties may prevent The mind from tendency to fret; But memory, from out the heart, Will never let a love depart.

And though no earthly skill can bring To life again the cherished dead, This truth we know—we, too, shall wing Our way to those before us fled, Where never shall again be torn The parents from their eldest-born.

Montreal. JOHN BARRY.

MR. SPENCER ON THE GENESIS OF ETHICS.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has at last come to that portion of his system of philosophy which has been looked forward to with the greatest interest,—that is to say the "Principles of Morality." To be sure, two volumes of the "Principles of Sociology" remain to be published; but these have been intentionally laid aside for the present in order that what the eminent author himself regards as the most valuable result of his life-labours may be rescued from the dangers which always wait on delay. If when the "Principles of Morality" have been safely given to the world, time and strength remain for the omitted volumes on Sociology, Mr. Spencer will then apply himself to that portion of his task, and thus complete a work which, in the opinion of many, will be the greatest philosophical achievement of the age.

In perusing the "Data of Ethics"—the instalment of the "Principles of Morality" just put forth—one is struck anew with amazement at the writer's extraordinary breadth of view. He tells us at the outset that it is impossible to judge aright of human conduct unless we consider it as a part of conduct in general, that is, as he explains, of purposive action, as manifested throughout the different orders of the animate creation down to the very lowest. We are accordingly introduced to an infusorium, "swimming randomly about," and quite unable to take any measures for the preservation of its life. Here conduct is at the vanishing point; but, as we ascend to higher structures, we begin to see the adjustment of actions to ends, with an ultimate view to the one great end of the preservation and furtherance of life. The further such adjustment is carried the less the individual is subject to the mere accidents of the "environment"—a favorite expression with evolutionists. Side by side with the development of the power of self-protection do we find the development of the power of providing for the safety of offspring. We observe this among insects and fish, but, when we ascend to the birds, we see a very marked development of parental care and sometimes even self-sacrifice.

Now, in the actions which have for their object the satisfaction of the individual's own wants, Mr. Spencer sees the origin and type of all those actions which, in human beings, are called egoistic. In the actions which have the welfare of offspring for their object, he sees the origin and type of all those actions to which the name "altruistic" (Lat. alter, another; Fr. altru, other people) has been applied. In social life, however, altruism takes a wider range; it is no longer confined to a regard for the interests of offspring, but extends itself more or less to the interests of the whole social body. Men live in society because they find themselves stronger and more secure by doing so. United they can cope with enemies human and non-human to whom singly they would fall victims. From the

moment therefore that society, even in its rudest shape, is formed, the egoistic propensities, which would impel a man to grasp everything for himself, or at best for himself and his family (if such his dependent women and children may be called) undergo a certain restraint. The social bond is valued and therefore aggression on neighbours must not be carried to the point of endangering it. From this point onwards indefinite progress is possible, though but limited progress has in general been realized. Rights begin to be recognized; sacrifices for the society or tribe entitle a man to honour and reward; social penalties for wrong doing are established; social satisfactions of various kinds accompany right actions and dispositions. Little by little men become "moulded," to use a favorite expression of Mr. Spencer's, to the social state. The process is not that described by Tennyson where he says: "And the individual withers, and the world is more and more," for the individual does not wither, though the world becomes from age to age more and more. Individual life becomes richer from all that other lives contribute to it. Interests multiply, labour is subdivided, arts spring up, knowledge becomes organized, until at last, in the civilized state (as compared with the savage), a hundred lives are crowded into one. Family life undergoes a similar enlargement. In savage communities offspring are often treated with great cruelty, and so in the lower ranks of civilized life, where barbarism may be said to linger. But where the individual life has been enriched by confluent streams of thought and emotion from associated lives, what tender feelings gather round the rising generation! And why? Partly because in them we see, or seem to see, such boundless possibilities of good and happiness. Who does not remember Emerson's passionate outburst in the "Threnody"?

"O child of Paradise, Boy who made dear his father's home, In whose deep eyes Were read the welfare of the times to come."

O trusted broken prophecy! O richest fortune sourly crossed! Born for the future to the future lost!

Here is the voice of parental feeling enlarged and impassioned by social sympathy. Once given a developed condition of society, and every individual utterance requires to be interpreted in the light of social experiences. The time, Mr. Spencer anticipates, will come when each man's happiness will be largely made up of the reflected happiness of his neighbours, and when therefore the difference between egoistic and altruistic satisfactions will be much less sharply defined than it is at present. The fact that the happiness of each is more or less dependent on the happiness of all, and, conversely, that if one suffers all must suffer, will then have been worked into the general consciousness; and society, assuming an approximately perfect organization, and being served by its units as our material bodies are served by the molecules that make them up, will exhibit powers of which we now but faintly and confusedly dream. In that day war will be no more, for war while not unfavorable to social organization and discipline in early stages of human development is, in later periods, one of the most serious obstacles to the assumption by society of its perfect industrial and co-operative form.

Such being a rapid sketch of the development of conduct, we may now ask how Mr. Spencer distinguishes between actions that are right and actions that are wrong. Right actions, he tells us, are the outcome of relatively advanced and complete structure. Where a primitive instinct prompts to a certain act or movement, and a more complex and lately developed impulse or sentiment counsels a different course, the latter is in nearly every case the better guide to follow. Right actions show comparatively perfect adaptation to ends; wrong actions inferior adaptation. Right actions tend to carry life higher, to make it fuller, to help forward the great process of evolution; and wrong actions work in a contrary direction; they are unfavorable to life, and where they do not destroy it they degrade it. They express the tendency of nature to revert to the simpler forms and lower levels characteristic of the beginnings of life. That there is much in this view that is satisfactory and suggestive few will be so prejudiced as to deny; but we can conceive of possible criticisms which would not be without their merit. We may return to the subject at a future day.

Ottawa, Nov., 1879.

RAINY DAY AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

We have all as children experienced the misery of a wet day, when going out of doors is an impossibility, and all toys have become wearisome and have lost all their charms. At these times the elders suffer as well as the children, for the little ones are fractious, and the elder ones inclined for mischief and for teasing the juniors. One excellent plan of wiling away a wet day is by setting the children to work cutting out pictures and sticking them into scrap-books. Capital scrap-books might be made of good thick catalogues, old guide-books, or even old bound books; or they may be carefully cut out of old newspapers, according to whatever is most convenient. These books, when finished, if not required by the little makers themselves, will be gratefully accepted by their poor little sick brothers and sisters in the hospitals. Many children show great skill

cutting out little figures and sticking them down in various comical groups and combinations. The outside sheets of Punch, Judy and Fun will be found to furnish a large number of little personages suitable for this purpose. I recently saw a very funny group made by a child. It was the picture from the advertisement sheet of some newspaper of a large, open trunk. Over the top and round the corners of the trunk peeped other imps who were laughing heartily but scornfully at the misfortunes of their comrades. All these figures had been carefully and patiently cut out of a title page of Punch, and the general effect was excellent. Of course, one happy combination will suggest another in the progress of the work. Another capital occupation for children is to cut out pictures and cover a screen with them. The pictures may either be fastened on whole, or the principal figures cut out and formed into groups in the same way as in the scrap-books.

A RELIC OF TRAFALGAR.

Lt.-Colonel Macpherson, of the Militia Department, has hanging in his office at Ottawa a map of the world which was hung in the ward-room of Nelson's flagship the "Victory" during the battle of Trafalgar, and which, several bullet-holes having made it valueless for reference, passed into the possession of Mr. J. C. W. Daly (of Stratford, Ontario), who served as a midshipman at the battle. It bears the following title, surmounted by a winged figure of Fame crowning a medallion picture of Captain Cook:

MAP OF THE WORLD ON GLOBULAR PROJECTION, EXHIBITING PARTICULARLY THE NAUTICAL RESEARCHES OF CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, F.R.S., WITH ALL THE RECENT DISCOVERIES TO THE PRESENT TIME CAREFULLY DRAWN BY A. ARROWSMITH.

The map is "dedicated" to Alex. Dalrymple, Esq., F.R.S., and bears date January 1st, 1794. Having been at some time remounted on canvas and varnished, it is in a tolerable state of preservation, though blackened and discolored, and the paper having chipped off in patches, while the four ragged holes in the map of the Eastern Hemisphere show the hotness of the great sea-fight through which it passed. Needless to add that the Canadian officer who now possesses this interesting relic of "the King's navy" prizes it very highly. C. C.

OUR BOOKKEEPERS.

Probably there is no other place on the whole globe where scientific bookkeeping meets with as much imposition as in this country, and where that profession is considered by many as secondary to the position of a cashier.

How these facts have impressed themselves so strongly upon many persons' minds is owing to the average bookkeeper, who falls short of the requirements which a thorough competent and practical man must possess in order to fill the position properly. And thus, while those incompetent men harm themselves and deceive the employers by accepting such a position, the duties of which they cannot discharge, they are creating trouble everywhere and deprive a worthy man of a respectable subsistence. So much so, that many good feelings and harmony which existed between employer and employee have been sacrificed, and

"Like rocks that are rent asunder, A dreary sea now rolls between."

They expose the best man in a counting-room to insults whenever the rose-coloured humour of the employer strikes the chord of "Cheap Bookkeepers," and which insults would, perhaps too often, meet with a prompt retaliation in a rather severe manner, if the conduct of a gentleman would warrant it. Those impostors have led many an honest business man to ruin, and to face catastrophes which forced destitution upon his family! while the dishonest merchant gladly accepts the services of this kind of a bookkeeper in order to meet his purposes; pleads ignorant of anything; blames his bookkeeper for everything, and rejoices over his frequent success in having, under such a plea, obtained a settlement for a few cents on the dollar.

From these facts we learn at once that an incompetent bookkeeper, of whom we have many, is neither any good to the honest merchant, nor will the creditors thank him for his services rendered to the dishonest insolvent. Let us, therefore, put a bookkeeper's position upon such a basis as will command respect as well as make it worthy of aspiration, than a place of refuge, the more, when it is widely known that in this country men hold the office of a cashier while they do not know even the fundamental principles of bookkeeping, and require the aid of the bookkeeper in the discharge of the duties which this office may devolve upon them.

This dress of foreign feathers is rather a relocation upon the profession; and especially, when we find that in little corner groceries, the fledgling herring dealer, with his pencil and pen behind his ears, counts himself among the large army of bookkeepers. But when men who have for many a year done nothing but chalked down the number of loads of mud carted from

our streets, call themselves bookkeepers, then it is high time that the professional men should assert their rights and root out every imposter of scientific bookkeeping.

By perusing our City Directory we will be astonished to find how many style themselves bookkeepers, among whom there is a large number who understand by "Double Entry," that a man is to be charged twice for a purchase, as many a housekeeper can prove by her pass-book, &c. And yet, those very men find employment far easier than a thorough accountant. Why? because employers look too much to the salary question, seek for these so-called bookkeepers, and those who had an accurate, trustworthy and diligent man, frequently employ an inexperienced one and trust to copying from previous entries, even though a transaction may have taken a different shape. By this method many a business man has suffered, and to this fact our Guarantee Companies can testify.

But while we have pointed out facts which argue strongly against the above mentioned class of impostors, let us act justly towards them and not put all the blame upon their shoulders, for the cause of the trouble can be brought directly home to the very merchants who fondly dream of and employ such help, and thus encourage the imposition, while they clamour over these wonderful cheap helps use all their oratorical powers to talk on this subject, and remind the competent and more experienced man of the great expense whenever opportunity offers itself, though these very enthusiasts may have been taught a lesson by a loss sufficient to pay for two or three first-class bookkeepers. Is it right then on their part, to talk much about dishonest, careless and fraudulent bookkeepers? No, decidedly not, for as long as a bad article finds a good market, so long will it be manufactured. And so it is with worthless bookkeepers. As long as they find employment our business men will have large numbers to select from and must put up with the consequences. Let our merchants put a stop to this kind of encouragement and the result will be beneficial to both the employer and the competent chiefs of counting-rooms.

Besides this practical course of ridding our commercial world of these impostors, I will make a proposition to the professional bookkeepers in the next issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS under the title of "A Match of Minds," the subject of which, I hope, will be taken up by them, as it is of vital interest to the merchants, to the profession and for the benefit of the whole commerce, which, with now returning prosperity, should also be put upon a rock in this respect.

Montreal, Dec. 2nd, 1879. E. W. B.

LADY DUFFERIN'S MISTAKE.

The following comes from St. Petersburg. Lady Dufferin, wife of the British Envoy, went to court to be presented to the Czarina. On arriving at the Winter Palace she was shown into an ante-room, as she thought, where an aged lady, whom she took to be mistress of the ceremonies, was seated on an ottoman. The lady motioned her to a place beside her, and entered into conversation, but in a frigid Russian style. Lady Dufferin has a little pride of her own, and thinking the Muscovite waiting woman was rather patronizing to the wife of an Ambassador assumed a "stand-off" air on her side. The ceremonious dame became more ceremonious and almost haughty. At length she asked, "Have you seen my daughter lately?" "Pardon me, madame," said Lady Dufferin. "I fancy we do not move in the same circle. Pray, who may your daughter be?" "The Duchess of Edinburgh," said the stately old female, who was no other than the Empress of Russia.

HUMOROUS.

SHEET MUSIC—Children crying in bed.

BALDHEADED men are like kind words, because kind words never dye.

THE time is approaching when the small boy would like to exchange his base ball for a pair of skates.

How quietly flows the river to the sea, yet it always gets there. This is a good point to remember when you are trying to rush things.

THE man who steps on a deposit of soft soap and glides swiftly down the front stairs is not dead but slipping.

WHEN a lead pencil drops from behind a man's ear it always lands on the point and the latter breaks off. If the pencil has no point, the pencil does not drop.

An unknown man killed by the cars in Connecticut on Saturday had in his pockets 60 cents and a pair of scissors, indicating that he was connected with journalism.

HE told me that he was now regularly engaged as a writer for one of the leading dailies. His honest old mother said "writing wrappers at \$3 a week."

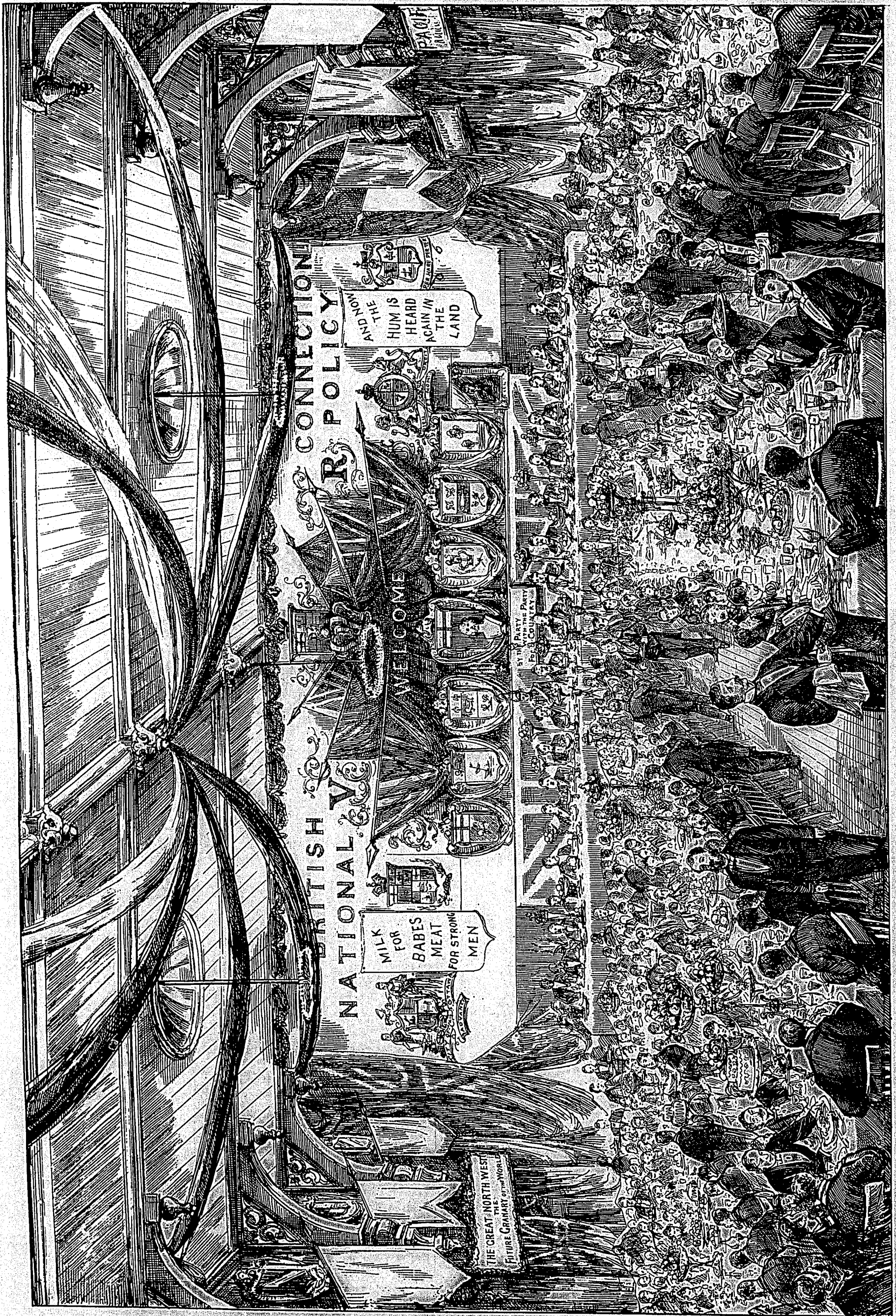
MUSIC teacher to scholar: "You see that note with an open space; that's a whole note. Can you remember that?" Scholar: "Yes'm. A whole note is a note that has a hole in it."

A LITTLE girl of five years was recently called as a witness in a police court, and in answer to the question what became of little girls who told lies, innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

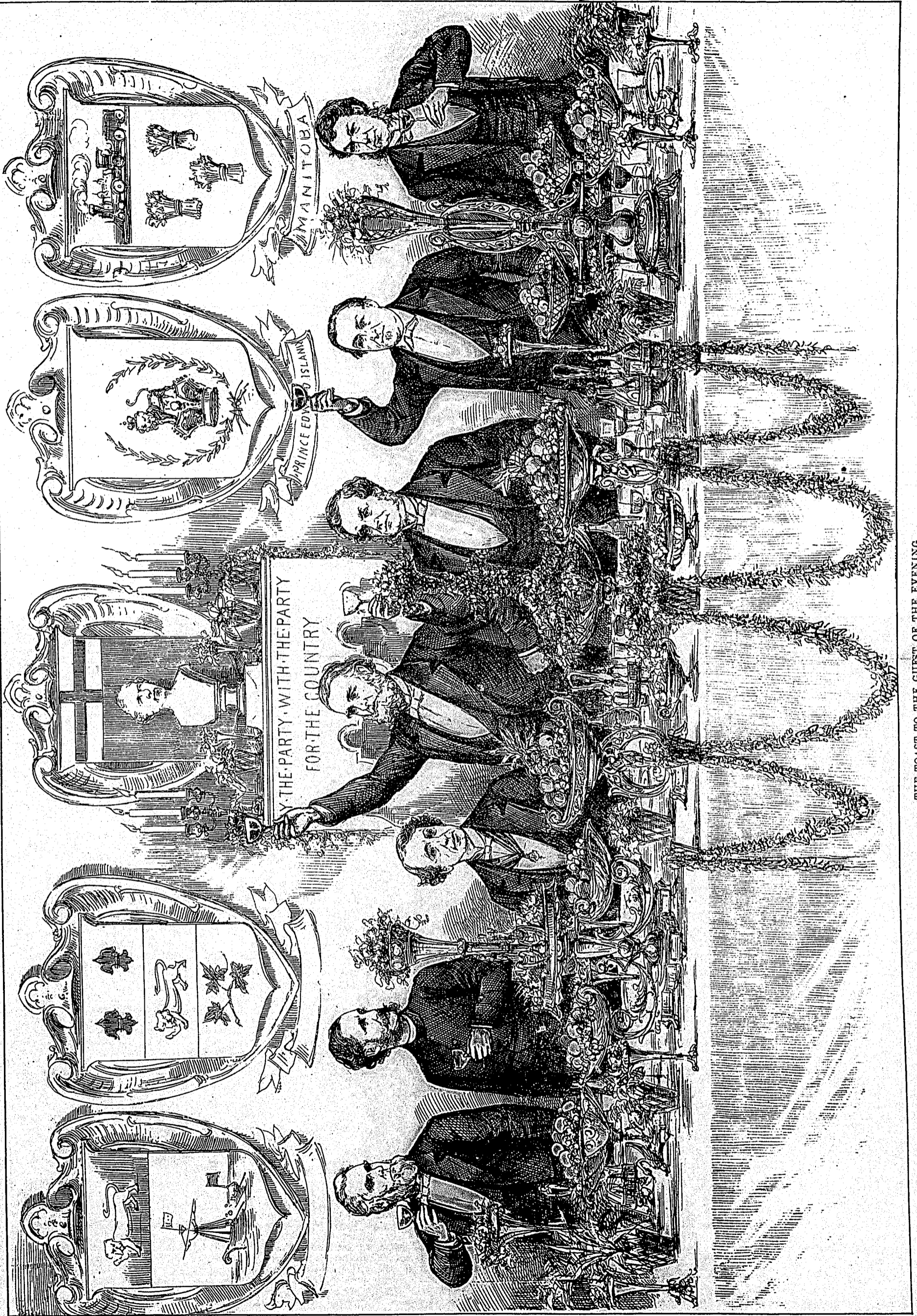
IF boys' boots were made of cast-iron, covered with tar and gravel, and then painted four coats and varnished, mothers would still have cause to wonder how on earth that boy got his feet soaping wet.

THE boy who doesn't leap over seven hitting-posts; kick a lame dog, snatch a handful of navy beans in front of every grocery store, knock over a box or two and work the handle of every pot up on the sidewalk on his way home from school, is either lazy or doesn't feel well.





THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE BANQUET AT OTTAWA.



THE TOAST TO THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.  
THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE BANQUET AT OTTAWA.

## THE TEST OF LOVE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Be what you may—young, old, or rich, or wise—  
If you have never watched with eager eyes  
An airy footfall on a summer's eve,  
Or a white veil, perchance, that glimmers by,  
And, like a meteor in a sombre sky,  
Seems a bright furrow in your heart to leave;

If it be only from the amorous lay  
Of some fond bard, who sigs his soul away,  
You know the summit of all human bliss,  
To feel one heart be yours, and yours alone,  
And, for your sun and moon and stars, to own  
Two loving eyes that close beneath your kiss;

If you have never waited, sunk in gloom,  
Beside the windows of a festal room,  
When the gay guests were streaming from the ball,  
To see your idol, brilliant as a star,  
Blue-eyed and golden-haired, the fairest far,  
Pass, decked with roses, from the lamp-lit hall;

If you have never felt a wild distress  
When hands, not yours, your darling's fingers press,  
And her heart throbs upon another's breast;  
If you have never watched with jealous gaze  
The wanton licence of the dance's maze,  
And loathed to see her flattered and caressed;

Entranced with ecstasy before unknown  
If you have never strayed—but not alone—  
O'er silent hills, beneath the lime-trees' shade,  
While countless stars were glowing in the sky,  
And, save the birds, no living thing was nigh  
To hear the vows you murmured to a maid;

If some soft hand your hand has never thrilled,  
If the three words, "I love you," have not filled  
Your heart with floods of rapture for a day;  
If you have never compassionated king  
Who deem the crowns and sceptres precious things,  
While you have love that cannot pass away;

If you have never when daylight's hours are fled,  
And dreams are floating round your dear one's head,  
Wept like a child from feeling's fond excess,  
And called so often on her cherished name,  
That you would scarcely marvel if she came,  
Like some kind angel, your despair to bless;

If you have never known a woman's glance  
Stir your dull spirit from its soulless trance,  
Till earth seemed changed to Paradise above;  
If you have never felt 'twere sweet to die  
For the fair child who mocks each pleading sigh,  
You have not drunk the bitter wine of love!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## A POOR DEVIL.

## I.

"No, I never played Romeo; Mercutio was my part. I was always at my best where a certain humour or mockery was required—a something sardonic, a knowledge of the world. I played the lover, too, in my day, and with some success—on the stage, on the stage, of course—ha, ha! not without success." Here the old gentleman pushed out his chest and inhaled the fragrance of his glass. Tom Bolivar winked as if he would call the attention of the company to the consummate art with which he had drawn out the old gentleman. To me it seemed that this task was as easy as to draw the cork of a soda-water bottle in the sun; and furthermore, that if any power had drawn the old gentleman out, it was whisky. He certainly paid more attention to the whisky than to the rest of the company. He was very sociable, and liked to have friends about him; but he always seemed to me to take us collectively, and barely to recognize individuals. I suspect that he was very shy in his youth. Even at this time he was very silent until the labours of the day were done and he had had a glass or two. When he did begin to speak, he was apt to speak a good deal; but he seemed to address himself to his tumbler, and we might listen if we chose. I always chose. I was a young man still, and a shy man—probably the shyest man in that festive club. Therefore I was glad when the old gentleman began to talk, for I could listen as well as anybody—probably better than any other member, for most of us were wits. Sometimes I fancied that the old gentleman looked at me out of the corner of his eye, that he came nearer to talking to me than to the others. I was almost sure that we understood each other a little—that there was an uneasy fluttering sympathy between us. I used to suspect that some day, or rather some night, he would ask me to lend him money. Luckily I had not got any. I had often given him cigars. He offered me a pinch of snuff once rather shakily. I did not take it, because I don't like snuff. He was not offended; indeed I am not sure that he meant to offer it to me; perhaps he was only pushing the box about; he had a trick of pushing things about on the table. If he was naturally shy he must have suffered much, for he was an actor all his life, and had been thrown with all sorts of people. He had had some good engagements, but, if Tom Bolivar were right, they were not due to his own merits. Tom always declared that he never could act. The old gentleman thought that he not only had been, but was still, an uncommonly good actor. I am no judge of acting.

"No," continued the old gentleman after a pause, "oddly enough I never did play Romeo and I daresay that I never shall." Here Tom laughed; and the old gentleman flushed a little as he said, "I have a good log still."

"There's no deficiency at that end," remarked Tom to his neighbour, in that hoarse tone which he always means for a whisper. It was held in the club that the old gentleman was deaf; I hoped that he was. He was silent for a while; but when the waiter unbidden had brought a fresh tumbler, the stream began to flow again.

"Did you ever see my poor dear wife's

Juliet?" He appeared to ask the question of the whisky, and he certainly expected no answer, for he continued without a pause: "She was the best Juliet I ever saw;" "there was a romance, a something poetical if I may say so. One does not see such acting nowadays." Tom winked at us furiously, as if we did not all know as well as he that, when the old gentleman began to talk about his late wife, he was likely to talk about her at some length. I sometimes think that Tom was meant for a showman. Tom had often pointed out to us that it was strange in the old gentleman to be so fond of this subject of conversation, because the deceased lady had been very eccentric in her conduct, and more monotonous on the stage than off it. Now, when the old gentleman paused in his praises of this lady, Tom with a very sly look asked if he never played Romeo to her Juliet.

"Never," said the old gentleman, and after that he became silent. He went away early; and then somebody raised the question whether Tom had not hurt his feelings. Tom was vastly indignant, and maintained that it was impossible that the old gentleman could have understood his innuendo. Tom regards himself as a master of delicate innuendo, and thinks that there are few people of intellect fine enough to understand his allusions. On this occasion he got rather warm, and hinted that we were unworthy of subtle humour. He spoke most disrespectfully of the old gentleman, and declared that no hint was plain enough for his comprehension. "Hurt his feelings!" cried Tom, scornfully. "You might talk of him under his nose for an hour, and he would not find out that you were not talking of Herr von Bismarck. He went about singing his wife's praises like a bird with one note; and all the time everybody knew"—and Tom finished his sentence with a toss of the head and a contemptuous shrug of his big shoulders. "And since his wife died, is the tedious old man any better? Doesn't he come here night after night and tell us of the points she made as Juliet or Beatrice, or Julia in the 'Hunchback'? And if we are spared the mother for one night, we have a double dose of her daughter. The old dotard bleats over that girl, as if—" Tom did not finish the sentence save with a contemptuous cloud of smoke; and I thought I might ask a question.

"He did teach her to act, didn't he?" I said.

"He never learned to act himself," said Tom, and he laughed as if he had launched an epigram. We all laughed; we were very kind to each other's jokes.

"Perhaps you admire the old gent's acting," Tom said to me. "If so, now's your chance; he plays Mephistopheles next week. He fancies himself in the part. He has done it a great many times in the provinces. You had better go and see him. I daresay there will be room in the theatre."

We all laughed again, but I did not laugh well, for I did not like having the talk directed at me.

"You know that he is at his best where a certain humour or mockery is required, a something weird and sardonic." We all laughed at the imitation of the old gentleman's voice and manner. We always laughed at Tom's imitations, which were wonderfully clever; and yet I never could see the resemblance of the old gentleman to Tom's imitation of him.

"And the girl does Margaret," said Tom, when we had done laughing; "there will be lots of people to go and see her—always lots of shirt-fronts where she plays. We all know her great talents—a plump figure and an eye. She has the deuce of an eye." He looked very knowing, and so did most of us.

"I don't wish you to suppose for a moment," began Tom again, "that I would say anything against the old gent. Nobody is fonder of the old gent than I am; and, by George! his trust in women would be beautiful if it weren't so idiotic."

Then we all declared, or muttered, or asserted by a nod, that we were fond of the old gentleman.

## II.

I have said that I was a young man ten years ago, when that festive club was in full swing, and the old gentleman came there every night after the theatre. I went very often to the play at that time; but I doubt if I should have gone to a revival of an old stage version of Goethe's "Faust," had I not been curious to see the old gentleman as Mephistopheles. I was young then, and was pleased by the knowledge that the actor playing before me was my personal friend. I felt that I enjoyed a certain superiority over the other young men, who did not know Mephistopheles at home. However, on the night on which I went to see the old gentleman act, there was at least one young man over whom I could claim no superiority. Unluckily he sat in the next stall, and made me feel uncouth. And yet there was nothing remarkable about him, except a self-possession almost insulting to sensitive people. Everything about him was exactly right. He made me feel as if my hair was rough and my dress-boots shapeless. Mephistopheles did not look powerful physically. When he stood still, he generally crossed his right foot over his left, placed his left hand on his hip, and turned his head over his right shoulder. There was something tremulous about the old gentleman in this attitude, which diminished the impression of supernatural power in repose. Something tremulous also about the

lips interfered with the clear-cut sardonic smile which they were meant to wear. Yet the old actor spoke firmly enough, and with good discretion; and the scene of his first meeting with Faust was well received. I fancied that he gave me a kindly glance out of the corner of his diabolical eye. Encouraged by this, and perhaps desiring to assert myself against my well-groomed neighbour in the stalls, I left my seat at the end of the first act, and went behind the scenes that I might pay my respects to Mephistopheles. His profession seemed to give him courage. Dressed in red and under his tall stiff plume he looked about him more freely. He shook me by the hand, and thanked me for my presence with a flourish of the arm, and a somewhat old-fashioned courtesy.

"I think you do not know my daughter," he said, with a slighter flourish of the other arm towards a young lady who stood a few yards off. I bowed simply; she nodded, glanced at me for a moment, and then turned her eyes away again as if she were looking for something or somebody. Her glance was peculiar; she did not favour me with a second; so, while her father talked to me of the part and the points, I was able to look at his daughter. Her body was beautifully proportioned, but the curves were a little too full, or seemed so to me. Her hair was plentiful and fair, but I fancied that even in the sunlight it would have but little warmth or brilliancy. The most striking features were the eyes, which were large, but very deeply set under dark brows and lashes. As I studied those eyes, and paid but slight attention to the critical remarks of the old gentleman, I became by degrees aware that the eyes from out of their strange shadow were looking at me. They were sulky, provoking, and amused. When I was sure that they were fixed upon me, and that my face betrayed my discovery, I expected that they would be turned aside. They continued to regard me with their half-sullen, half-humorous look, until I turned away rather sharply and interrupted the flow of the old gentleman's discourse. He stopped short, supposing that I had some luminous remark to make. I stammered out an apology, and was turning again to seek the front of the house, when I found myself face to face with my neighbour of the stalls. Though I had almost trodden on his shining boot, he regarded me with a face carefully divested of expression. Then he looked beyond me, and I saw that the girl greeted him with a curt nod.

"How d'ye do, my lord?" said the old gentleman, with his most nervous manner. He seemed to have lost his short-lived self-possession. "I hope you like the performance?" he added.

"Uncommon," said the young man briefly, but with more civility than I expected. "How are you?" he asked, as he stepped forward to the side of the girl.

She said nothing, but made a mocking face and rapped the hand which he was holding out to her, with her fan.

There was something strange in her laugh, something which made me glance at her father. He was fidgety. There was a flush under his eyes, a flush too rosy for Mephistopheles, and the actor pulled a powder-puff from his wallet.

"We are going to begin, my lord," he said quickly.

"Then I must clear out," said the other, and I followed him back to the stalls.

It seemed to me that a change came over the old gentleman's acting. He was at once more natural and less self-possessed. I thought that he was determined to lose himself in his part—to be for a short time the very devil. There was more life in the creature; and yet I felt the effort—the purposed abandonment of himself. Anybody could see that he was more vigorous, that his favourite Mephistophelian attitude was less shaky; the pit became more attentive, the gallery more excited; there was some applause. At the sound of approval Mephistopheles pricked his ear like a war-horse. He was warmed by that unusual fire; he felt that he was acting with unwonted force. As he opened the jewel-case, and temptation's paste flashed brilliant in the stage gaslight, his mocking laughter rang with startling effect. Even my neighbour in the stalls gave a slight movement. What chance had the paper roses of a cotton-velvet Siebel against that magnificent display?

"Perchance," said Faustus, "she will choose the flowers?"

"Not if she be Eve's daughter," cried the old gentleman with almost hysterical passion.

There was a round of applause, and much laughter of jocular husbands and fathers in the gallery; but it struck me that the devil showed too much emotion. His mockery was surely too fierce. However, it is certain that the old gentleman had never before appeared so strong. He swept Faust into concealment behind a tree with an appearance of power, and he peered forth with terrible malignity to study the working of curiosity. Who could have brought those jewels? When Margaret entering had found the casket, she raised her eyes. I thought that she was looking at me. The shadows under the dark brows were turned in my direction; I felt rather than saw the half-closed eyes in the shadows. In a moment I knew that I was mistaken—that I had been thrilled in vain; and I laughed at my vanity. She was looking at my neighbour with a look both defiant and bored, which was quite out of keeping with the character which she played. When that sensible woman Martha found the girl with diamonds in her ears, and discerned the situation in an instant, Margaret betrayed but little astonishment.

"'Tis a present from a lover—perhaps from a rich lord who has fallen in love with you," cried the fat little housewife. "A lover! O heavens!" said the girl, and made a motion, which lacked impulse, as if she would take the jewels from her ears. Indeed this was a phlegmatic Gretchen. I turned my eyes from her to her father, who was sneaking from the stage. The old gentleman had some elaborate stage business here, which occupied much time. He moved from covert to covert, and paused in divers attitudes that he might watch the working of the charm. Now he seemed to be doing the business mechanically. His unusual force had deserted him. His elaborate progress was in slightly wavy lines. His expression was peculiar. Never before on the face of fiend was a look so pathetically human. I passed my hand over my eyes that I might trust my own impression. It was the face of a wan old ghost drawn backward by invisible forces into the shades—a ghost with dim longing eyes fixed on his dearest, who abode in the upper gaslight already forgetful of him. It seemed impossible that the whole household should not discover this unparalleled phenomenon—this impossible devil. I glanced at my next neighbour in the stalls: he was holding his opera-hat against his lips; it was harder than ever to read his expression. I was uncomfortable, as if I were at a double performance—as if two familiar dramas were interwoven in a night-mare. "Sure, 'tis the prince of Trebizond, who is travelling incognito," cried judicious Martha, and Margaret bit her under lip and frowned. She cared not a jot for the character nor the audience. At the end of the second act my neighbour again left his seat, but I did not follow him. I was at once listless and restless.

In the last act the old gentleman played splendidly. I could still detect in him unusual excitement; but I fancied that he was aware of his excitement, and was using it for artistic ends. It filled the lines of his conception with bounding life; instead of a meagre sketch here was a glowing picture; instead of a tremulous but careful player a vivid mocking devil. Within the vast cathedral, where Margaret tries to pray, stands the fiend in shadow, more and less than human, angelic and batlike. The old gentleman was positively appalling. "Close in upon her, spirits of darkness; take your own." Then the demons are heard lowly chanting through the heavenly music, and Margaret falls senseless. This swoon was admirably managed by the girl, who for the rest had played the part poorly enough. The remainder of the great story was disposed of with amazing speed. The butchery of Valentine, the madness of Margaret, rushed by to the throb of violins; and there was the old gentleman in the supreme moment. Baffled, he glared at his lost prey, but could still mock all things and himself. "'Tis enough to make the very devil swear to be robbed of such a dainty." There was such scorn and spite in his words that I turned cold and shuddered. Even the audience were moved; and as the curtain fell there was loud and general applause. The old gentleman stepped out snirking and jaunty, and turned up his weary eyes with the conventional respect for the gallery.

## III.

For a long time I saw nothing of the old gentleman. His name vanished from the advertisements of the theatre, where "Faust" had been only a stop-gap. The winter season passed away, and spring was passing—the season in which the fancy of the young man turns so easily love-sick. But to what love? In those days I had little to do, save to observe the tricks and oddities of my neighbours. I was an amateur of unconsidered gestures, a delicate discriminator of the tendencies and twists of noses. I was quick in the recognition of people even in a crowd. For such a student, there is no field so delightful as the Park. To the Park at noon in early summer flock lazily the fashionable, the beautiful, the eccentric. Suddenly, after a month of east wind the folk of London awoke with amazement to the fact that the chimney-cowls had been turned completely round. They rubbed their dull eyes, but could not rub out the marvel. With what creaking and groaning must those monotonous and depressing monsters, which had stared all one way until mankind had forgotten that there were four quarters of the heavens—with what jerking and metallic wailing must they have accomplished that momentous revolution under the silent and astonished stars! Morning saw them turned towards the north-east; a soft air blew from the south-west, lipping of Africa, wafting swallows homeward, fragrant of violet banks; all colours were straightway deepened and softened; men forgot the sky's hard blue, infrequent amid hail-storms, and looked up gratefully at a soft, deep bright heaven, where little fleeces were a-drying after storm. They saw, too, with newly-awakened eyes that the horse-chestnuts and thorn-bushes were lightly clad in fresh raiment, and that the olms were touched with green. There is nothing more beautiful under heaven than the first green on smoke-begrimed London trees when the west wind is blowing. It is like the singing of Ophelia amid murder and murderous thoughts, or the smile of Victor Hugo for a child. But these are of those wayward fancies, against which I am warned by more rational persons. They belong to that idle period of my life in which I was no better than a fanciful observer of human quaintness, and before I obtained that post of Inspector of Infant Samplers, which I

am assured will be the making of me. But enough of myself. I was but one of those who floated westward to the Park and felt the new sweet wind caress my eyes. The day was delightful, and even the most elevated persons seemed pleased to see each other. Very exquisitely-dressed men almost smiled as they nodded. As I looked up the Row, it seemed full of dark masses of cavalry, while hither and thither, between the slow-moving stately squadrons flitted a light horseman, or a girl on a bright chestnut came bounding. All the chairs beside the way were filled, and before them a crowd were moving, pausing, staring. They were so busy looking at each other, and holding themselves for inspection; so occupied with recurring thoughts, one of the sit of her bonnet, another of the hanging of his coat-tails; so fearful of missing a celebrated personage or being missed by a desirable acquaintance; so eager to see the last new beauty,—that the sky need not have made haste to be so softly blue, nor the trees to put on their new livery. Yet nature fulfilled her modest task of breathing everywhere and through all shrivelled hearts bountiful peace and the stirring of vivid joy. As for me, I walked on air, pleased with the gay throng and with my observation of their manners, and the little lines on passing faces. I was walking slowly when my eye was caught by a peculiar motion of a figure beside me. I was on the left of the Row, and close to the ponies of the beautiful Lady Manuel, who had stopped her little carriage that she might speak to Captain Milvane. I was respectfully interested in the droop of the lady's head, as she bent towards the gallant gentleman, when my eye was diverted by the movement, half jauntily, half nervous, of which I had spoken. I stopped, and instantly recognised the back of the old gentleman. The back was very tightly buttoned into a smart coat, and had a stiff, almost boarded, appearance about the waist. The glossy hat above it was set a little on one side; the trousers showed a sharp line descending straight to the bright heel and eloquent of early days. It was a well-made-up and a prosperous back, a back which would increase the hopelessness of the unfortunate. As I was noting its characteristics, the glossy hat came off with a flourish. A handsome phaeton was passing quickly up the Park. I instantly recognised the driver, who was sitting up with an expression of profound indifference, and allowing his beasts to travel as they would. It was my neighbour of the playhouse. He seemed unconscious of the old gentleman's salute; but beyond him a bonnet was visible for a moment; I inferred that a woman had nodded. The old gentleman looked after the carriage as if he were not unwilling to advertise his connection with so irreproachable a vehicle. He had replaced his hat at an angle a little more jauntily; he patted his collar, touched his cravat with his finger-tips, and swung round to continue his stroll. As he moved he caught sight of me. I was sure that he saw me, for the colour came with a suddenness most unusual in an old cheek, and there was an unnatural stiffness about the head and neck as he stared intently far away towards the Knightsbridge Barracks. I had moved towards him, but I stopped abruptly. It was clear that my study of the old gentleman was to be strictly confined to that smart but unsympathetic back, rigidly artistic, but lamentably deficient in human nature. I was hurt. I crossed the Row and inserted myself into the denser crowd on the other side. I had not moved far when, glancing across the green on my right, I saw the phaeton coming down by the Serpentine. The speed had sunk almost to a walk; the driver seemed equally well pleased. An idle curiosity induced me to turn back, and I reached the end of the Row before the carriage. It was clear that the placid charioteer had no intention of stopping where some great ladies had pulled up their ponies by the way. He dropped his whip across his animals; they sprang forward, and as they sprang I saw for a moment the face of the lady. It was the face of whom Margaret, the daughter of the old gentleman. I was tired, out of humour with the unrecognised loveliness of the day; I found that one of my boots hurt me; I remembered a stupid ail which I was bound to make. I held up my stick to a hansom, got myself into a corner for fear of draughts (after all, this early summer weather is treacherous—perhaps all weather is treacherous—perhaps all things are treacherous, and all people), and so went home.

IV.

For some years past the duties of that office which is to be the making of me, and which necessitate some travel, have taken up so much of my time that I have made little use of my power and nice observation. Noses have passed me unobserved. Perhaps for that reason the images of traits noted in my idle period remain no jot less clear in my memory. I often conjured up the figure of the old gentleman with his tricks of hand, his stiff but tremulous aversion of the head and eyes, the conflicting lines of his face. Of the man I saw nothing for years. I was busy with my new duties, went but little to any club, and never to the Park at a fashionable hour, lest I should be still writ in the list of the unemployed. I once asked Tom Bolivar if he knew anything of our common friend. Tom instantly became denunciatory but mysterious. He exploded into hot and angry words, which quickly descended into mutterings. I am never sure how much Tom knows. He seems to know everything—he seems never to admit the possibility of incomplete knowledge of any-

thing—and yet at times I find myself doubting if he be anything better than a blatant and buffle-headed fellow. I could not tell how much he knew about the old gentleman; if he knew anything about him, it was clearly something to his disadvantage.

Much occupied with the duties of my office, launched on so desirable a stream of the political irrigation-system, ambitious of further successes, I was slowly losing the habit of recalling the old gentleman to mind, when I saw him again. I shall see him no more. Only a few weeks have passed since our meeting. It was in the morning, for I had taken a holiday. I rarely indulge myself with a holiday; but it was a slack time with us, and the supply of samplers at the central office, where I was working at the moment, was unusually small. Let me confess my weakness; I treated myself to a walk in the Park. It was late in May; summer had stolen upon us, capricious, in short-lived beauty; fresh green was everywhere, and the grass where it was allowed to grow was rich and yellow with buttercups. After noon it was almost too hot; my pace fell to a crawl; my mind, relieved from the cares of office, began to resume its old habits; I noted little turns of the head, nervous laughs and coughs, tricks which a philosophical friend ascribes to our insular shyness. Tom Bolivar is not shy. While I was musing, he came and seized me by the arm. I should have liked to shake myself free of him, but I have not enough of strength of mind to hurt anybody's feelings. Tom is not nice in the Park. He is a little rough in dress and manner, rather loud of voice, and fond of being looked at. I suppose that he is a fine-looking fellow; he is certainly big. He is burly, and heavy for a young man; I suppose that he is young. He has a broad nose and a rough reddish skin, in which the colour is fixed, and suggestive of the regular but moderate consumption of alcohol; the bloom of youth has been succeeded by the blossom. People look at him askance, and he takes it for admiration. I do not like to walk with him in the Park.

"I say, look there!" cried Tom, with unnecessary noise, and grasping my arm as if it were a pin-pot—"look at that old brazer." I looked, and started. There was something familiar in the extraordinary figure. It was certainly extraordinary. There were a pair of Hessian boots, which were so old, and had been so rubbed and polished, and I should have thought them but polish and tassels if boots could stand without leather. Was it possible that vanity prompted the display of those shrunken limbs? As my eye passed upward I noted an old, old coat, which stirred faint memories of gentlemen with long whips in unsuccessful circuses. It was magnificently frogged, but obviously thin. It had been blue all over, but was now very white in parts. It was so tight that methought the poor old buttons were one and all frenzied in the struggle for existence; each life hung on a thread. Could it be that the cause of this display of the board-like form was vanity? The hat was not in harmony with the remainder of the costume. The garments were the garments of the romantic Stranger of Kotzebue. The hat was the reckless, mysterious sombrero of the Mexican of Captain Mayne Reid. Redolent of the prairie was the handkerchief, loosely knotted about the white shandkerchief. I looked earnestly at the face, but it was not familiar. "He does this every day," said Tom, showing me towards this eccentric cavalier. "Did you ever see such a gay old guy?" Tom spoke in his hoarse whisper, which seems to have the effect of a telephone. I was uncomfortable, and pushed on without a second look. Yes I saw nothing else. The figure haunted me. I paid no attention to Tom's remarks on fashionable folks, nor even to his emphatic nudges. My memory was flitting from place to place, from epoch to epoch of my career. On a sudden it lit upon the old gentleman. Why should I think of him? This cavalier of the Park, for all his shrunken limbs, was evidently younger than that venerable artist. Moreover, nobody knew better than I that the old gentleman, off the boards and with no glass before him, was shy. I had long ago decided that the quality which lay beneath his many tricks and oddities—the soil from which they drew their vitality—was shyness. It was in the highest degree improbable that a shy man would attire himself as if he ran a circus in the boundless prairie, and thus conspicuous, would tread the Park at its most fashionable hour. The idea was intolerable. I whistled it down the wind, and turned my attention to the minute peculiarities of persons less highly coloured. I wished that I could whistle Tom Bolivar down the wind; it would have required a May hurricane. With Tom still dragging at my arm I turned and again encountered the Mexican stranger. As I met him he glanced at me from the corner of his eye, and quickly averted his head. I knew the movement; my vague fancies leapt together and were certainty: it was the old gentleman. It was impossible, but true. Tom gave a hoarse laugh to show his appreciation of the unusual costume. I shook him off and started in pursuit of my friend. Tom said "Holloa!" and followed me. Pushing somewhat roughly through the sauntering crowd I came to the side of the old gentleman. The old colour came up into the thin lined cheek, but with a strange difference; it was no wonder that he looked younger, for he was elaborately made up. I took his arm; as I did so, I heard a kind of roar of astonishment behind me. I turned my

head and saw Tom Bolivar standing open-mouthed. For a moment he stood like a beast in a slaughter-house, then he fled; I was rid of Tom. The arm which I took was trembling; the colour had ebbed from his cheek and left it ghastly, for all its decoration. The old gentleman muttered something, and interpreting his speech to suit my wishes, I hurried him out of the crowd. There were people all about us staring; a cad laughed; a policeman made a witty remark; afterwards I remembered these trifles. At the time I thought of nothing but the old gentleman, who seemed about to faint. I helped him into a cab, and followed him, though he made a feeble gesture of expostulation. I asked for his address. He fumbled in his old coat, and with a poor imitation of his ancient flourish gave me a card grown dirty and limp about the corners; on it was written in pencil an address: his dwelling was in the dreariest street in Soho. He had a bedroom in a mean house—a bedroom to the corners of which the brush of the slattern paid angel visits; whence, when the faded stair and blind had gone up crooked, one could discern a smudged back-window, two irregular chimney-pots, some defective slates, probably a cat. In his room in Soho I saw the last of the old gentleman. He liked my visits: I used to send out for a moderate supply of whisky. Under that influence he made a few remarks. He said that he could not understand why managers had suddenly ceased to offer him engagements. "Soon after my daughter left me," he said, "I fell out of employment. I have never been able to understand the reason. I feel that I have it in me now to act as well as ever." He had just finished his first tumbler. On another occasion he begged me not to suppose that his daughter had been unkind. I asked if she had not been able to help him. He pushed his tremulous right hand into the breast of his coat, and in an attitude of pride said, "Under the circumstances, I did not feel that I could accept pecuniary assistance." Then his hand came out from his chest; he seemed to shrink in his chair; he bowed his head almost to his knees, and I heard him muttering, "God forgive me!" he said (I felt that he had forgotten my presence); "I could not take her money. I tried—God forgive me!—but I couldn't." When I last visited him, he was wandering a little; he was nervous and fidgety. He muttered fragments of prayers and plays, and broke off again and again to ask if it were not time to go to the Park. "I mustn't miss the Park," he said; "everybody'll be there—the public—I can't do without the public." Afterwards he began to prattle as if he were talking to a child. I could not hear much; but at last he spoke out very clearly and said, "Baby must clap her hands to pretty mamma when the big curtain goes up." After that he said nothing. He would not touch his whisky; and I knew that the end was near.

THE GLEANER.

THE White House at Washington is seventy-nine years old.  
THE Prince of Wales has sold his celebrated schooner yacht "Hildegarde."  
VESUVIUS is again active, and a great eruption seems probable.  
THE Paris Exhibition medals will shortly be ready for distribution.  
IT has been arranged that a great international fishery exhibition shall be held in Berlin in 1880.  
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is called by London Truth "the first after-dinner speaker in England."  
KOSSUTH has made arrangements for the publication of his essays, memoirs, and letters since 1850.  
THE Prince of Wales visits the Continent at least ten times a year, and is almost as well known in Paris as in London.  
DEAN STANLEY was lately a worshipper at Father Hyacinthe's Old Catholic Church in Paris. He did not assist as a clergyman.  
THERE is not a case of a single Ameer of Afghanistan who has not been compelled to defend by the sword the crown he has inherited.  
SIR GARRET WOISELEY has received special instructions to make every effort to find the late Prince Imperial's watch.  
DURING the Irish famine years, 1847-9 nearly all the packs of hounds were put down, but this year hunting is as brisk as ever.  
A CAVE just discovered near Quero, in the Province of Treviso, Italy, contains a large number of bears' teeth and bones, as also a quantity of stone implements.  
THE lottery mania at Mandalay is said to have so possessed the people that Burmese parents are selling their daughters to procure money to purchase tickets.  
THE weather has been so favourable in Oglethorpe County, Ga., that the third crop of figs for 1879 is nearly ripe.  
THE Bishop of Natal says that the Zulu war has cost not less than eight millions, instead of four and a half, as estimated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.  
IT is announced in the Indian papers that the Government will make ample provision for the families of the native officers and Sepoys killed with Sir Louis Cavagnari.  
THE railway to Mount Vesuvius, the last new project in mountain climbing, is now finished. It is 900 metres in length, and will enable tourists to ascend by it to the very edge of the crater.  
THE minimum height of British infantry recruits has been raised from five feet five inches to five feet six inches—which means that the supply is now in excess of the demand.  
THE comic element of Mme. Tussaud's in London has been re-inforced by a policeman, who stands among the people in the chief thoroughfare, apparently to answer questions, and who, being addressed, proves to be made of wax.

FIVE and twenty years ago, says the London World, Mr. Disraeli was not tolerated at court; both Prince Albert and Her Majesty signified to Lord Derby the dissatisfaction with which his lieutenant would be received as minister in attendance.

A MONSTER festival is in contemplation at the Trocadero, where will be invited the fifteen amateur symphonists of Paris, each of which, on an average, is composed of forty instrumentalists, wind and stringed instruments, who do not usually appear in public.

THE King of Italy has bestowed the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus and a handsome donation on Professor Angelo Motta, of Cremona, the inventor of a chemical process for preserving human bodies, flowers, or other objects, styled by him metallization.

THERE are signs that a knowledge of English is spreading among the tradesmen of Paris. A pastry-cook in the Champs Elysees has the following inscription on his window: "Diners sent heat!" When questioned he said that an American wrote the sentence.

STANMORE Priory, near Harrow, formerly the residence of the Marquis of Abercorn, and the house in which Queen Adelaide breathed her last, is likely to be secured by the Governors of Christ's Hospital, and before long we shall see that school transplanted thither—very much to its advantage.

THOUGH not yet officially announced, it is expected that Mr. Evans, Secretary of State at Washington, is to be the United States Minister to England. Upon his arrival, the Fishery Question, it is understood, is to be re-opened between the Cabinets of London and Washington.

THE Government of India has recommended the Queen to permit all regiments—European and Native—which served in the late campaign to inscribe the word "Afghanistan" on their colours and appointments, in recognition of the gallantry and devotion displayed by officers and men.

IT is no secret that the Prince of Wales is retrenching. Like so many other gentlemen, he has felt the pinch of the agricultural depression, and the reduction of the rents upon his various estates will necessarily diminish his income. The Prince has just sold his yacht, thus effecting a considerable saving.

LORD DUFFERIN is about to return to St. Petersburg, whence he came quite unexpectedly, and at some urgent political prompting. To know what that is creates the greatest curiosity. He has frequently been closeted with Lord Salisbury and the Premier, and that he brought a secret which could not be trusted, or had better be verbally related, is clear.

IT is said that an underground railway is to be established between the Place de l'Etoile and the Bois de Boulogne. The Parisian will be situated in the Rue de Presbourg, on the south side of the Avenue de la Grande-Armée, and the extra-muros terminus in the Carrefour du Sablon, on the Boulevard de Maitlot, Neuilly. Atmospheric pressure will be the motive power.

ON the recommendation of General Roberts, a commission as Second Lieutenant is to be conferred upon Colour-Sergeant Hector Macdonald, 92nd Gordon Highlanders, for distinguished gallantry in action. This is the second instance of a commission won and conferred for valor in the Afghan War, the first case being that of Colour-Sergeant Green, 72nd Highlanders.

MAXIMILIAN VON HEINE, the poet's youngest brother and beloved companion, died on the sixth of November, his seventy-fourth birthday. He published eleven years ago a disappointing book about his brother; just before his death he destroyed a great quantity of his papers, and it is said that he was engaged in writing to the poet. He awaited his death calmly and prepared his own death notice for the papers, leaving the date of decease blank.

Mlle SARAH BERNHARDT is having a villa built at Sainte-Adresse. It is an agglomeration of pavilions and angles of the most coquettish description. The walls of the rooms are to be decorated by some of our master painters, and in the garden there will be the ruins of an ivy-clad temple, dedicated to Vesta, Plutus, Eros, or Apollo, the god of the arts. We shall know next year when the charming tragedienne takes possession of her new abode.

ONE of the most trenchant art-criticisms was made in reference to a portrait recently painted by Mr. Sydney Hodges, of Fitzroy square. The picture was the counterfeit presentation of Major-General Bullen, R. E., and is about to be presented to him by the committee of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, of which the gallant General has been for seventeen years the active chairman. The picture was on view at the artist's residence, and was generally pronounced to be a capital likeness. General Bullen asked one of his friends and admirers whether he thought it good, and the reply was, "General, if he'd cut off your head and stuck it on the canvas he could not have succeeded better." The original of the portrait looked horrified at the bare idea of having his head thus literally "taken off."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

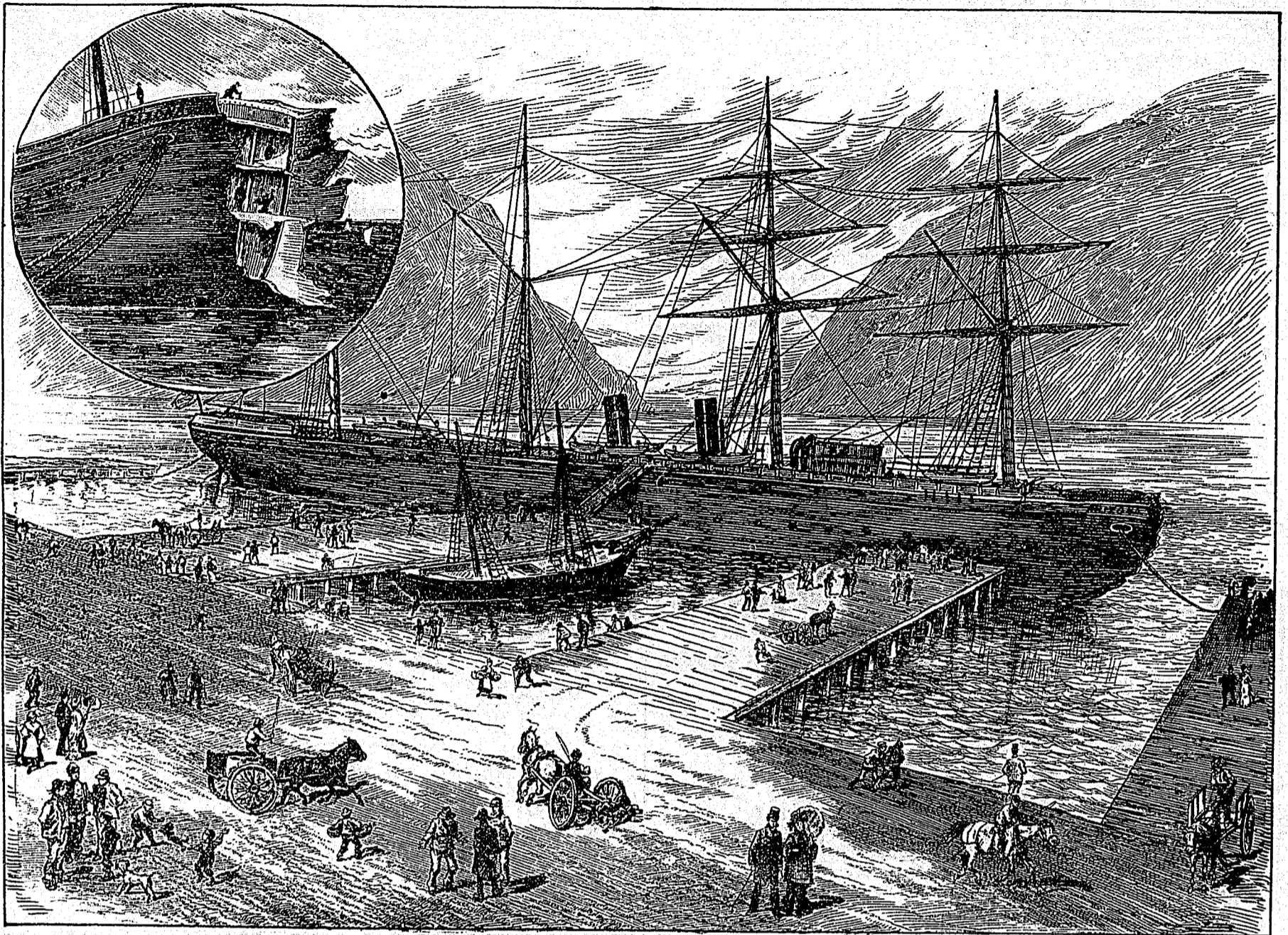
Pimply eruptions on the face so annoying to the young and difficult to cure, can be entirely eradicated from the system by using ACNE MILLS. They contain nothing injurious nor, apart from the disease, do they in any way affect the constitution, save as a healthy tonic and an aid to digestion. Box with full directions for treatment and cure mailed to any part of Canada for \$1. Sample packets 12 cents in stamps. Address, W. Hearn Chemist, Ottawa. e-2-w

CONSUMPTION CURED.

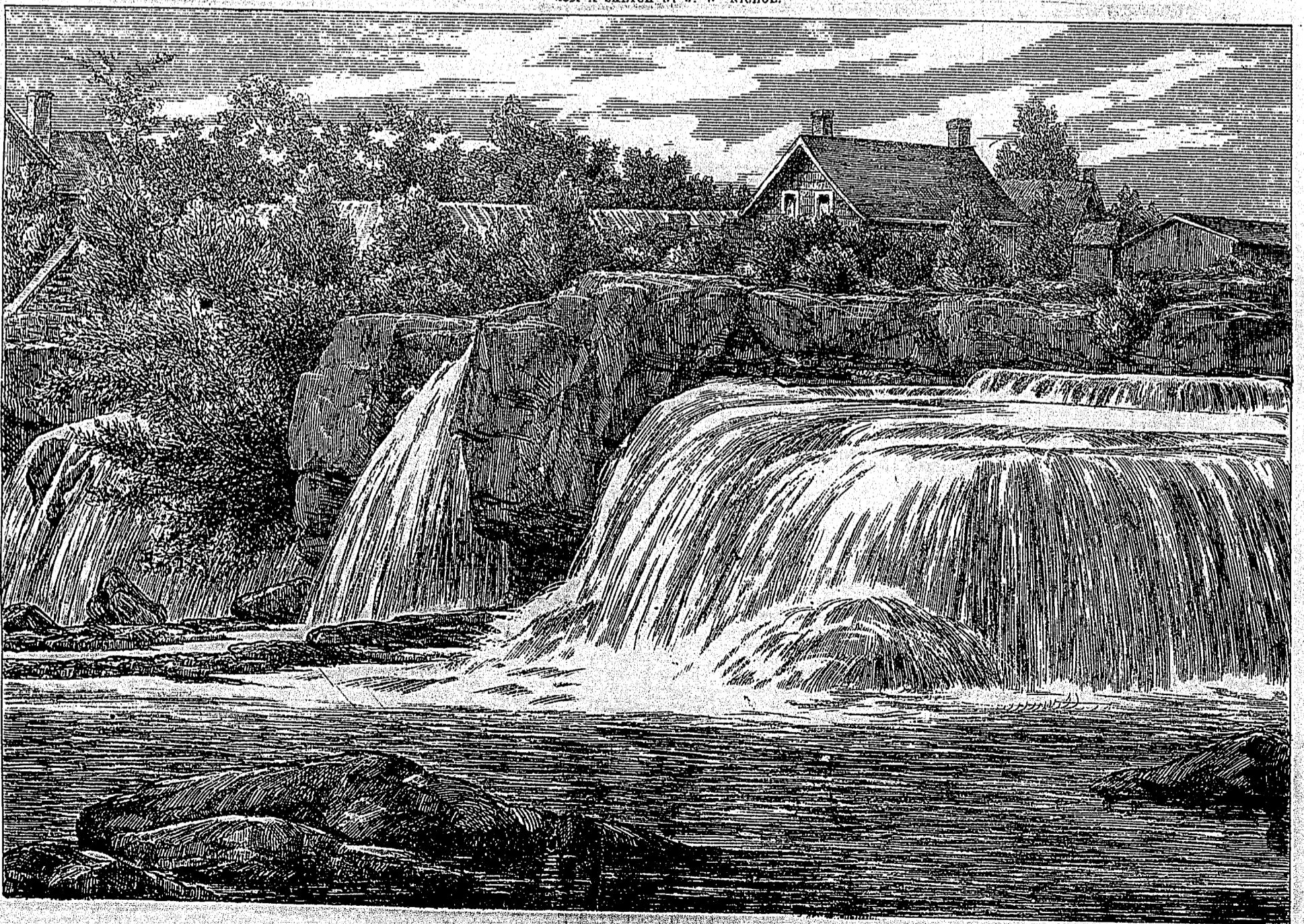
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous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

A CARD.

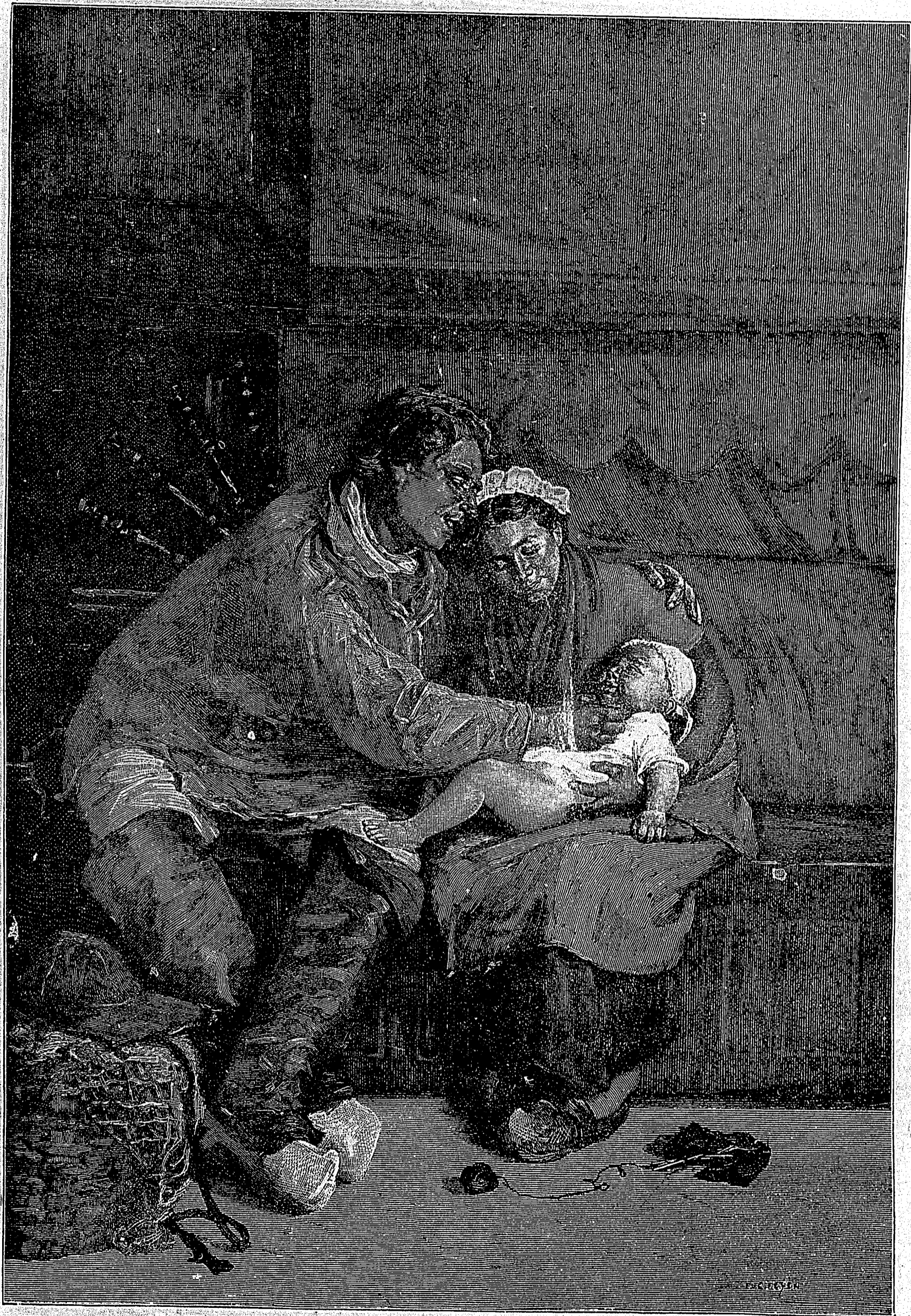
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. ISMAN,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



ST. JOHN, N. B.—THE SS. ARIZONA LYING AT SHEA'S WHARF UNDERGOING REPAIRS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. NICHOL.



VIEW AT BEAUHARNOIS.



THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

I CANNA GANG WI YE, JOCK!

BY HELEN LYNNE.

Dimu ask me, Jock, I canna—
Canna leave the auld hame now.

Lang, lang syne in life's bright spring-tide,
When my heart frae care was free.

Years o' storm and years o' sunshine,
Hand in hand we met, my lad.

But the fairest, sweet, wee Elsie,
Claimed the angels, for their ain.

Aft I sit an' at the glowering,
Hear the little pattering feet

WITH A SILVER LINING.

III.

"My life turned to bitterness—my love to
hate long since; ask no more.

"Who is that one?" she asked, flushing hotly
beneath his keen glance.

"I should have said, his mother was my wife.
She married me for my gold—hence its curse;

"Oh, hush! hush!" sobbed the girl. "In-
deed, you are wrong; she was maligned, slan-
dered, and you believed too easily.

"What do you know?" he said. "How
dare you champion one whose very name I ab-
hor—whose mother's memory has poisoned all

"I know him," the girl said very gently. "I
heard this story from his own lips."

"You know him? Are you mad?"
"He was here but a short time ago—surely
you knew. The stranger whom you saw with

"My son!"
He fell back on his pillow, the damp dew
standing bead-like on his brow; his face gray

"The daughter—quick," he gasped.
Vera seized the bottle to which he pointed,

Suddenly he looked up at her.
"A good girl!" he muttered. "A good girl!

"Heaven sent you, son," the girl answered
gently. "How have you played a father's part

"Peace!" he shouted fiercely, as he raised
himself again with sudden strength. "Peace,

"I told her neither she nor her child should touch
it. Ha! ha! it is mine still—mine."

Vera shrank from him with sudden horror.
"Can you not turn your thoughts to softer

"You are a good girl—yes," he muttered in
the old rambling way. "But is what you say

"That man—that man," he went on mutter-
ing, "with the bright, handsome eyes, the

"Will you not see him—hear his story your-
self?" asked Vera desceehingly. "I pray it now

"No—a thousand times, no!" he shouted
fiercely, raising himself on the pillows with the

"I will not take it—not one shilling of it
all," said the girl haughtily. "It is your son's

"You plead for him with rare eloquence,"
said the old man, with that strange, sarcastic

"Are you a man and can talk thus?" cried
the girl, flushing and quivering with the shame

For she knew her undeclared lover well
enough to be only too certain that her riches

With sudden tenderness she passed to the
old man's side and bent over him. "Listen!"

As her voice fell hushed and solemn across
the silence of the dreary room, as the hot tears

Down his furrowed cheeks the slow, salt
tears of age was silently coursing; into his

"God forgive me!" he murmured in sorrow-
ful, broken words. "Perhaps I have wronged

When morning dawned it saw a great wrong
rectified, a great sorrow healed. It saw father

"The match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Del-
mar has been terminated in favour of the former by

We have been informed that the following officers
have been appointed for the present season in connection

Mr. Blackburne exhibited his blindfold powers, on
the 6th inst., at the Royal Oak Hotel, Chendle, Stafford-

The following prospectus has just come to hand, but
not in time to allow of our making any remarks on it.

HAMILTON CHESS CLUB CORRESPONDENCE
TOURNEY.

Open to players residing in North America Rules and
regulations for the play.

1. The Tourney to consist of 25 players at an entrance
fee of \$5 each.

1st. A Silver Cup value..... \$60.00
2nd. A Silver Medal, value..... 30.00

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fee of \$5 each.

1st. A Silver Cup value..... \$60.00
2nd. A Silver Medal, value..... 30.00

3. Each player to play one game with every other,
and to conduct from 6 to 8 games simultaneously, (drawn

4. A time limit of 48 hours between the receipt and
posting of moves (Sunday not being counted) to be

5. Any player withdrawing from the Tourney after
commencement of the same, all his games shall be ad-

6. Every written move sent which cannot be made on
the board (in accordance with the laws of chess) must be

7. All moves are to be numbered, and written legibly
in letters, according to the English notation. Each

8. The President of the H. C. C. will act as arbiter in
case of any dispute which might arise, and which can-

9. The winner of any game and the first player in any
drawn game, to send a copy of such game, immediately

10. The player making the best score, to win 1st prize;
second best score, second prize, and so on. The prizes

11. All rules (other than those mentioned above) shall
be carried out in accordance with Staunton's Chess

12. The entrance fees (P. O. order, or cheque) to be
sent to H. N. Kittson, Hamilton, Ont., (who will act as

1. The Tournament will be free and open to all the
world.

2. Entries from composers residing in America will
be received up to February 1, 1880; from those residing

3. Each competitor will be allowed to enter one set of
four original and unpublished problems, consisting of one

4. Each set must have a distinguishing motto; the
problems to be on diagrams and accompanied by full

5. The following prizes will be given, viz:
First prize for the best set..... \$ 100.00

6. Competing sets must be sent to Mr. F. M. Teed,
No. 62 Liberty street, New York City, so as to be re-

7. The match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Del-
mar has been terminated in favour of the former by

8. The match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Del-
mar has been terminated in favour of the former by

9. The match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Del-
mar has been terminated in favour of the former by

10. The match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Del-
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11. The match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Del-
mar has been terminated in favour of the former by

12. The match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Del-
mar has been terminated in favour of the former by

13. The match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Del-
mar has been terminated in favour of the former by

14. The match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Del-
mar has been terminated in favour of the former by

GAME 380TH.
CHESS IN NEW YORK.
First game in the match between Messrs. Mackenzie
and Delmar.

WHITE.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) BLACK.—(Mr. Delmar.)
1. P to K 4 1. P to K 3

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

4. B to K Kt 5 4. P takes P (a)
5. B takes Kt 5. Q takes B

6. Kt takes P 6. Q to Q sq
7. Kt to K B 3 7. P to K R 3

8. B to Q 3 8. B to Q 3
9. Castles 9. Castles
10. P to Q B 3 10. P to Q Kt 3

11. Q to K 2 11. B to Q Kt 2
12. Kt to K 5 12. P to K B 4

13. Kt to K Kt 3 (b) 13. B takes Kt
14. Q takes B 14. Q to Q 4

15. Q takes Q 15. B takes Q
16. P to K B 4 16. Kt to Q 2

17. K R to K sq 17. Q R to K sq
18. R to K 2 18. P to K Kt 4

19. P takes P 19. P takes P
20. P to Q B 4 20. B to Q Kt 2

21. Q R to K sq 21. P to K B 5
22. Kt to K B sq 22. R to K B 3

23. Kt to Q 2 23. Kt to B 2
24. P to Q 5 24. Kt to Q B 4

25. B to Q B 2 25. P to K Kt 5
26. P to Q Kt 4 26. P to K B 6 (c)

27. R to K B 2 27. Kt to Q R 3
28. Kt to K 4 28. R to K B 4

29. Kt to K Kt 3 29. R to K B 5
30. K Kt P takes P 30. Kt takes Q Kt P

31. B to K 4 31. K P takes P
32. B to Kt 6 (ch) 32. K takes B

33. R takes R 33. P takes Q B P (d)
34. P takes K Kt P 34. R takes R

35. K takes R 35. P to Q B 6
36. Kt to K 2 36. Kt takes R P

37. R to K 7 37. B to Q R 3
38. R takes Q B P 38. B takes Kt

39. K takes B 39. P to Q R 4
40. R to Q B 6 (ch) 40. K to Kt 4 (e)

41. Kt to K B 3 (f) 41. Kt to Q Kt 5
42. R takes Q Kt P 42. Kt to Q 4

43. R to Q Kt 5 and wins.
(a) The usual continuation is:
4. B to K 2

5. P to K 5 5. K Kt to Q 2
6. B takes B 6. Q takes B
7. Q to Q 2, etc.

NOTES.
(a) We are inclined to think that White would have
done better in taking B with Kt, as Black's unde-

(c) All this is very well managed by Black, for by
compelling White to undouble the Rooks he is enabled

(d) P takes K B P looks like a very troublesome move
for White.

(e) Immediately fatal; but in this position White
seems to have a won game, whatever Black may do.

(f) Threatening K to Kt 3 and P to R 4 mate.

GAME 381st.
CHESS IN ENGLAND.
Games played recently at the Liverpool Chess Club
between Messrs. Burn and Rehall.

(Siilian Opening.)
WHITE.—(Mr. Schull.) BLACK.—(Mr. Burn.)

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

3. Kt to B 3 3. P to K 3
4. P to Q 4 4. P takes P

5. Kt takes P 5. B to B 4
This is certainly not so good as 5. P to Q R 3, a move
that prevents the adverse Kt being played to K 5.

6. K Kt to Kt 5 6. Kt to K B 3
7. Kt to Q 6 (ch) 7. K to K 2

8. Kt to B 4 8. P to Q 4
9. P to K 5 9. P takes Kt

10. P takes Kt (ch) 10. P takes P
11. Q to R 5 11. Q to R 4

12. Q to R 4 12. Kt to Kt 5
13. B to Q 2 13. P to Q Kt 4

14. Castles 14. Kt takes R P (ch)
15. Kt to Kt sq 15. Kt to Kt 5

16. B to Kt 5 16. P takes B
17. Q takes P (ch) 17. K to K sq

18. Q takes B 18. B to Q 2
19. Q to K 5 19. K R to Kt sq

20. B takes P 20. R to Q B sq
21. Kt to K 4 21. R takes B

22. Kt to B 6 (ch) 22. K to K 2
23. R takes B (ch) 23. K to B sq

24. Q to Kt 8 (ch) 24. Kt to Kt 2
25. Q takes R (ch) 25. K takes Kt

26. Q takes B P (ch) 26. K to K 4
27. P to R 4 (ch) 27. K to Kt 5

28. Q mates.
—Illustrated London News.

SOLUTIONS
We omitted to state last week that a B P was left out
of Problem No. 250, at Black's K R 4, which allowed of
a double solution.

Solution of Problem No. 251.
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q 8 2. Anything
2. Mates acc.

There are other defences.
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 249
White. Black.
1. P to Q 3 1. Kt takes P
2. Q mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 250
WHITE. BLACK.
K at Kt 4 K at Q sq
Q at Q Kt sq R at Q 5
B at K R 4 B at K R 5
Kt at Q 6 Pawns at K 2
Pawns at K B 3 and 5 and K B 5
Q B 6 and Q Kt 5 & 6
White to play and mate in three moves.
White to play and mate in two moves.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers received.
Thanks.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke.—Correct solution received of
Problem for Young Players No. 248.

T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution re-
ceived of Problem No. 240. Your solution of Problem

R., Hamilton.—Letter received. Thanks.

The following prospectus has just come to hand, but
not in time to allow of our making any remarks on it.

HAMILTON CHESS CLUB CORRESPONDENCE
TOURNEY.

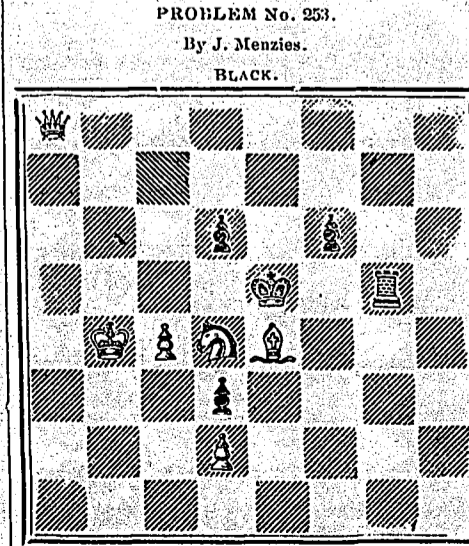
Open to players residing in North America Rules and
regulations for the play.

1. The Tourney to consist of 25 players at an entrance
fee of \$5 each.

2. The prizes to consist of—
1st. A Silver Cup value..... \$60.00

2nd. A Silver Medal, value..... 30.00
3rd. A Set of Chessmen and Board, value..... 20.00

4th. A Chess Table (hulid squares) value..... 10.00
5th. Works on Chess, value..... 5.00



PROBLEM No. 253.
By J. Menzies.
BLACK.
WHITE
White to play and mate in three moves.

**HEALTH FOOD.**  
**RECEIVED THE**  
**Highest Award & Diploma**  
 AT THE  
**INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO,**  
 AND  
**HIGHEST AWARD AND DIPLOMA**  
 AT THE  
**DOMINION EXHIBITION, OTTAWA.**  
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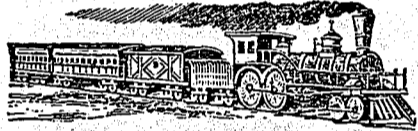
TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster-General of Canada, will be received at Ottawa until NOON, on TUESDAY, the 3rd of FEBRUARY next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails three times a month by steamships of not less than 1,000 tons, nor of less speed than 10 knots an hour, between Victoria, British Columbia and San Francisco for a term of five years, commencing on and from the 1st August next.

Tenders to state the price asked for the double voyage from Victoria to San Francisco and back, or vice versa, and payment will be made at Victoria quarterly.

Stipulations of proposed contracts may be had at the Post Offices of Victoria, British Columbia and Montreal, and at the Offices of Messrs Allan Brothers, Liverpool, and at the Agent General for Canada, 31 Queen Victoria Street, City of London.

WILLIAM WHITE, Secretary.

Post Office Department, Canada, }  
 Ottawa, 13th November, 1879. }



**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**  
**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,**  
**Commencing 14th July, 1879.**

THROUGH EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY (except Sundays) as follows:—

Leave Point Levi.....	7.30 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	1.15 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner).....	2.25 "
" Rimouski.....	3.44 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	8.05 "
" Dalhousie.....	8.22 "
" Bathurst.....	10.12 "
" Newcastle.....	11.40 "
" Moncton.....	2.00 A.M.
" St. John.....	6.00 "
" Halifax.....	10.35 "

These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.00 o'clock p.m., and at Campbellton with the Steamer City of St. John, sailing Wednesday and Saturday mornings for Gaspé, Percé, Paspébiac, &c. &c.

The trains to Halifax and St. John run through to their destination on Sunday.

The Pullman Car leaving Montreal on Monday, Wednesday and Friday runs through to Halifax, and that leaving on Tuesday and Thursday, to St. John.

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 (Old Post Office Building.)  
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D. POTTINGER,  
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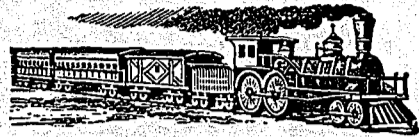
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Arrive at Hull at.....	1.30 p.m.	8.50 "
" Aylmer at.....	2.00 p.m.	9.20 "
Express Trains from Aylmer at.....	8.15 A.M.	3.35 P.M.
" Hull at.....	9.10 "	4.30 "
Arrive at Hochelaga at.....	1.20 p.m.	8.40 "
Train for St. Jerome at.....	5.15 p.m.	
Train from St. Jerome at.....	7.00 a.m.	

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

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 C. A. SCOTT,  
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 Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent.

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**BAKING POWDER**

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(Signed) GEO. A. PAYNE.

State of New York,  
 City and County of New York, } ss.  
 Sworn before me this 22nd September, 1879.

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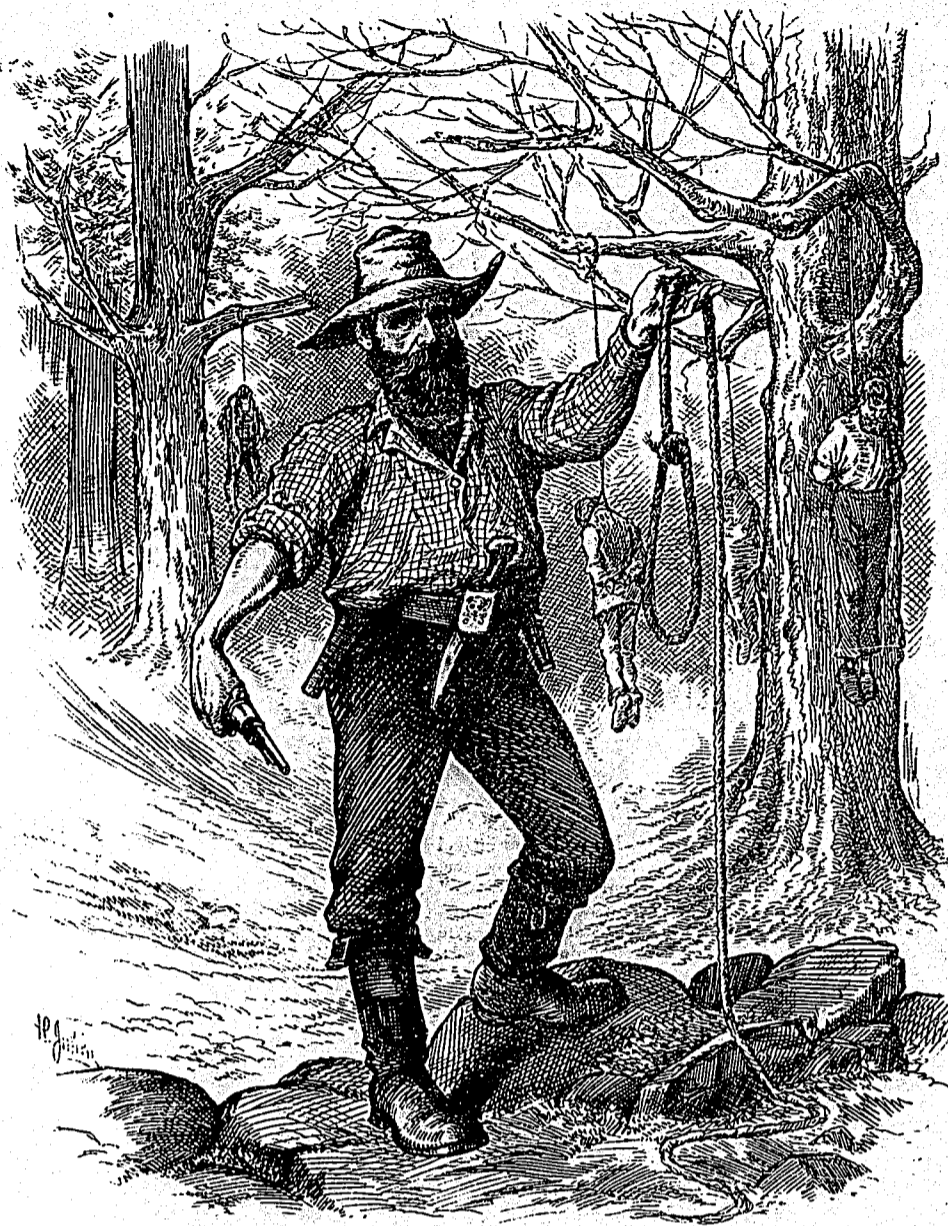
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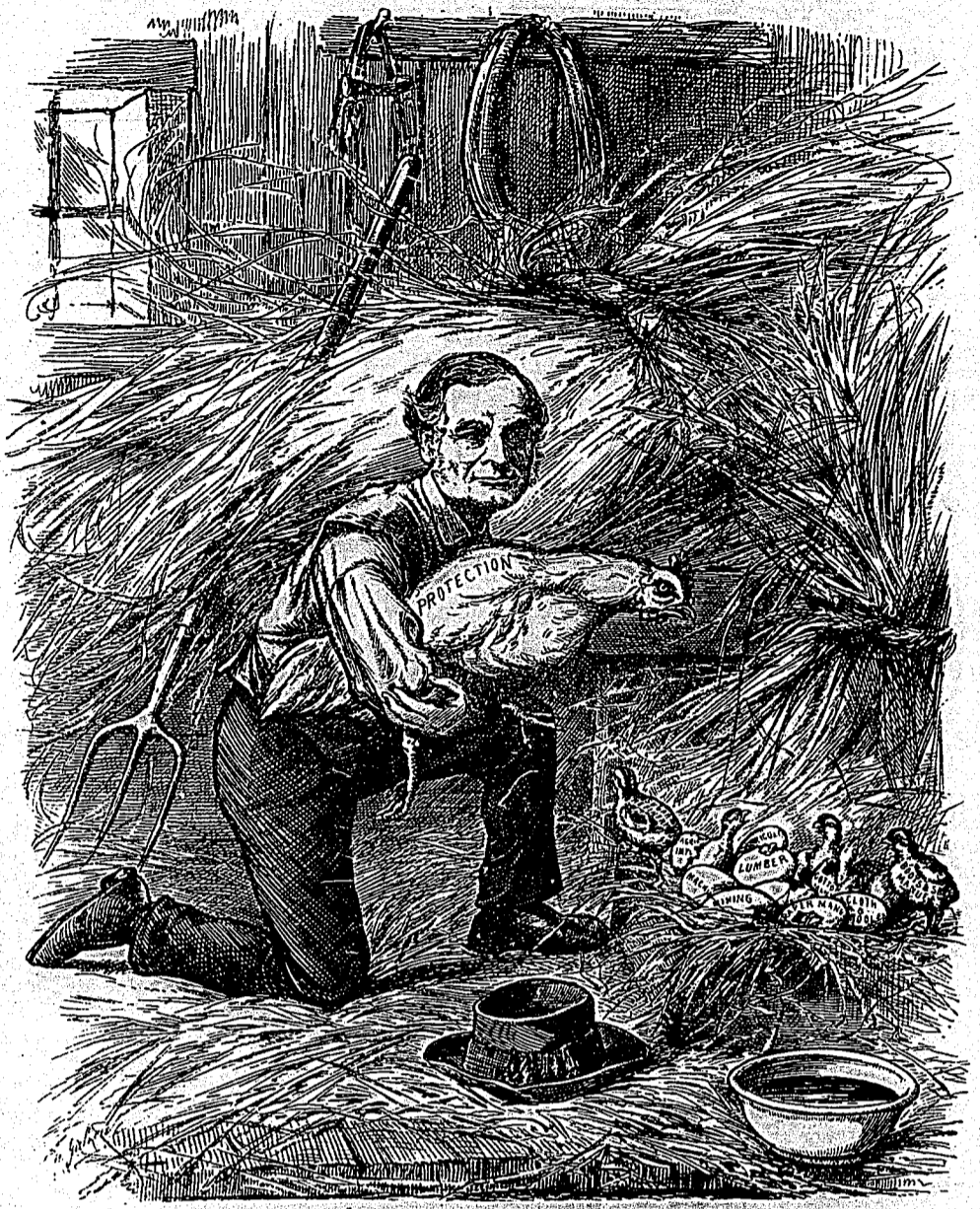






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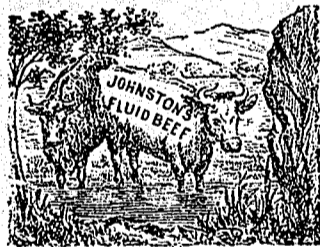
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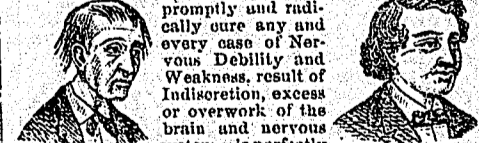
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Department of Railways and Canals,  
 Ottawa, November 20th, 1879.