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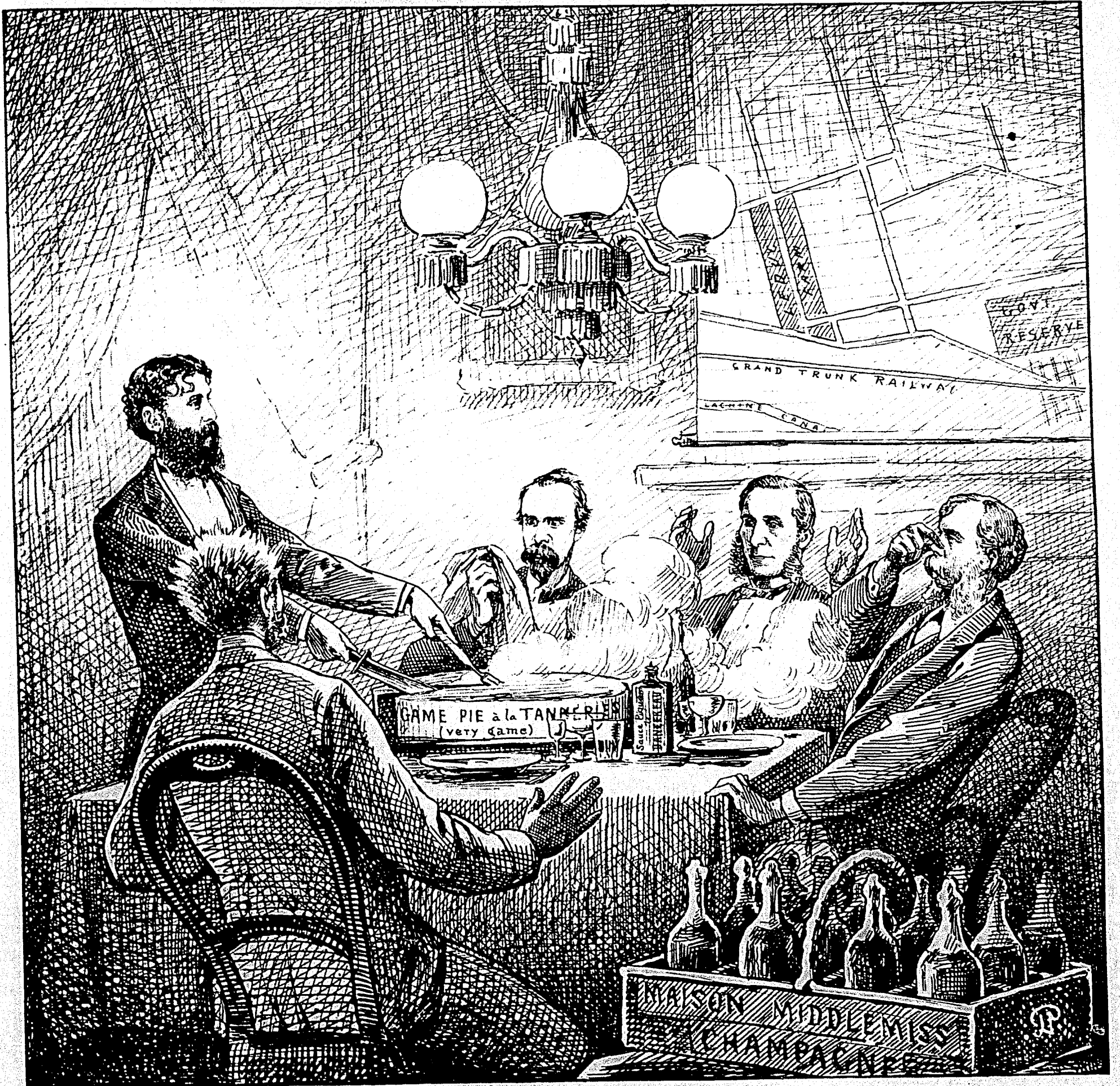
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Montreal Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874.

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THE QUEBEC CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, we shall begin the XIth Volume with a series of

HANDSOME ILLUSTRATIONS

descriptive of the festivities of New Year, and sketches representing the decorations of certain of our Churches on Christmas Day. We shall likewise give views of the late

HOCHELAGA BANK BURGLARY,

with accurate illustration of the tools used on the occasion. The usual Variety of appropriate letter press will accompany the Number.

THE NEW STORY.

In this issue we give a further liberal instalment of WILKIE COLLINS' new story,

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

This story, considered the best yet written by Mr. Collins, was begun in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of Nov. 7, (Number 19).

Back numbers can be had on application.

We beg to call the attention of News Dealers throughout the country to the fact that we have secured the sole right for Canada of publishing "The Law and the Lady" in serial form.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 19th, 1874.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

With the present number, the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS closes its tenth volume under the most favourable auspices. It has been entirely renewed in material and management, and suitable arrangements have been made to place it, where it ought to be, at the head of the literary and family journals of this country. Indeed, its aim is to rival publications of a similar character in the United States and England, and no means will be left untried in reaching that consummation. As a pictorial paper, it stands alone in the Dominion. It is therefore a national work in which all our people should take pride, and which all should encourage, in token of their appreciation of native talent, energy, and cultivation. The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is now in the hands of a strong company, whose aim and ambition it is to make it a great journal, in every sense of the word, representative in its illustrations, influential in its editorial direction, and altogether a faithful reflex of Canadian thought, sentiment, and art. On beginning a new year and a new volume, we beg to thank all our friends for their support in the past, and to solicit their renewed patronage for the future.

We respectfully request, as our Christmas gift, that each subscriber send us an additional name with his own. This every one can do, and in this simple way, our subscription list may be doubled within a month. We pledge ourselves to reciprocate the favour by improving the NEWS steadily and making it more and more acceptable to our readers. Relying on this mode of support from our patrons, we beg them to accept our heartiest greetings for the season—A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

BANK ROBBERY AND EXTRADITION.

A letter of Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, the cashier of Molson's Bank, stating that its Toronto Branch had been robbed of \$43,000, by Mr. R. J. Dallas, who had absconded, has produced a most painful sensation. Mr. Dallas was supposed to be a man of the highest character, who had received his training in the Bank of Montreal, was the manager of the Bank of Toronto in this city, and afterwards a manager in the Bank of Commerce, before the charge of the Toronto Branch of the Molson's Bank was confided to him. He had, however, it appears, the great defect of being at times liable to the weakness of over-indulgence in stimulating drinks.

The allegation of Mr. Thomas, that he had taken \$43,000 in Dominion notes of \$1000 each was specific, but later statements in the Toronto papers point to the conclusion that the defalcation has been less considerable.

Be this, however, as it may, the matter is sufficiently alarming and we understand it has excited the greatest interest among the leading officers of our Banking Institutions. They are actively endeavouring to devise means to prevent such misfortunes in the future. We believe that one of their suggestions is that there should be a special form of Dominion Note to be used exclusively for the purpose of Bank reserves. This is a measure that would undoubtedly afford a certain amount of protection.

The chief public question in connection with this unfortunate matter is the state of our Extradition laws. We are very strongly of the opinion that the Treaty ought to be extended so as to include cases of breach of trust, defalcations and larceny. Forgery and burglary are now the lowest class of offences which come within its scope. But it cannot be the interest of either the United States or Canada that their territory should be a city of refuge for our scoundrels, or that ours should be one for theirs. This is only to offer encouragement for committing offences. It is well said:

"The sight of means to do ill deeds,
"Makes ill deeds done."

As a matter of fact even in this very case, we understand that Mr. Dallas did, before he absconded, take particular legal advice as to the state of the extradition laws upon supposititious cases, fitting his own. Such being the fact, is it to be supposed that he would have ventured upon the offence with which he is charged, if he had known that he could have been as certainly arrested for it on the other side of the United States border and brought back, as on this?

The two countries have equal interest in the matter. We have known many cases of scoundrels who have fled from the United States with ill gotten gains from defalcations and breaches of trust in their pockets, living at ease and snapping their fingers at justice; and there is precisely the same state of things on the other side of the border. This, besides being a scandal, is to offer a premium to crime.

An amendment to the Extradition Treaty might be so carefully framed as to include the class of offences we have indicated and exclude political arrests; which is the only point of international jealousy.

1874.

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

It is altogether fitting at the close of every year, to pause a moment and rehearse the principal events which have distinguished it. The review has a twofold advantage. It brings back to memory the lessons which every incident of life imparts, but which we are apt to overlook in the hurry of its passage. Furthermore, it furnishes a criterion whereby to gauge the incidents of the future and foresee much that will happen in the ensuing twelve months.

THE DOMINION.

Canadians of every party, creed and origin, have reason to congratulate themselves, on the peace and prosperity which have reigned throughout the borders of the Dominion, during the year 1874. Positively nothing has happened to mar our tranquility. The Federal Government has worked smoothly. Immigration has largely increased. Commerce and manufactures have made a steady progress. Public works have been advanced. The great Province of Ontario has so far augmented, that the number of her Parliamentary seats has to be multiplied. A change of Ministry has occurred in the Province of Quebec, but without disturbing the work of its administration, or interfering with the development of its natural resources. New Brunswick has had general elections, resulting in a decided support of its local government, and let us hope, in the ultimate settlement of its rather perplexed School question. Nova Scotia has also held its elections, with a like favorable result to the government in office. Little Prince Edward has been quiescent and apparently content with its incorporation into the Dominion. British Columbia has been pacified, as the latest official intelligence from London assures us. There is only one little speck in the sky above the Prairie Province of Manitoba, but, from present indications, we have reason to believe that, before the new year is many weeks old, it will have been dispelled.

THE UNITED STATES.

Our neighbors have not been blessed with our happy lot. The year just elapsed has been a troublous one for them. The root of their difficulties was and still is the uncertain condition of their finances. The farmers of the West complained of scarcity from the very beginning of the year. Not only had they to contend against the high freight charges of the eastern railways, and thus lose much of the shipment of their grain to the seaboard, but they were constrained, in their general relations, by the prevailing scarcity of money. What the farmers suffered, the rest of the community had to suffer as well, because the origin of trade and its general course are primarily regulated by agriculture. Money continued to rule very close. The financial panic in New York spread its baneful influence throughout the entire country. To provide an efficient remedy therefor became the question of questions. Two parties arose, and they were political as all such parties are in the United States. They fought their battles on the floor of Congress, last winter and spring. The Inflationists won, and passed a Bill for an enormous issue of new greenbacks. The Contractionists brought their influence to bear upon the President, whose memorable veto killed the obnoxious Bill. The battle then passed from Congress to the hustings. All the summer it raged throughout the different States, till, finally in November, the elections came on and resulted in an overwhelming victory against Inflation. In his last message to Congress, President GRANT emphatically calls for a speedy return to specie payment. Already the beneficial results of this courageous policy are being felt. Confidence is returning. Trade is reviving everywhere. The produce of the West is beginning to flow to the Eastern markets. As a consequence, the misery of the poor during the winter, in the large American cities, will be alleviated and there is ground to hope that much of it will be altogether removed. The Southern question has also been a source of mischief and annoyance throughout the year. Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi, and, in some measure, Georgia and Alabama, have been threatened with a war of races. Blood has flowed, lawlessness has prevailed, trade has been paralyzed in those unfortunate States, and the armed intervention of the Federal Government instead of allaying, has only increased the bad feeling. The Indian war has also been continued, with varying alternations

of military success, but with no material approach towards permanent amicable relations between the Washington government and the red man.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A remarkable Ministerial change took place in England, early in the year. Notwithstanding that he had still a working majority of sixty, at his back, Mr GLADSTONE felt his waning strength, and resolved to appeal directly to the people for additional support. He dissolved Parliament and ordered new elections. To his own surprise, no less than that of his opponents, the verdict of the polls was hostile to Mr. GLADSTONE. He thereupon immediately resigned office, and Mr. DISRAELI was called upon to form an administration. This he succeeded in doing, and he has acceptably conducted the affairs of the nation up to the present. His task has not been a difficult one, for Great-Britain has enjoyed a year of prosperity and repose. The old struggle between labor and capital has gone on, of course; trade strikes and agricultural lock outs have taken place, but the result has not sensibly affected the state of the producing markets, nor disturbed the equilibrium of the exchequer. The Ashantee war, conducted in the ablest manner by Sir Garnet WOLSELEY, did wonders towards raising the prestige of England abroad, and infusing a healthy spirit of emulation in the army. Another personal event likely to strengthen the political influence of Britain is the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Russian Grand Duchess Marie.

FRANCE.

The record of France during the year 1874 is an honourable one to the nation, and a comforting one for its friends. The internal administration has been peaceful, the laws have been respected, no outbreaks have taken place, the financial burden has been lightened, the crops have been good, foreign commerce has shown an increase, and the new year opens with the probabilities of a quiet government. That the Septennate is a mere interregnum is now admitted by all parties. That Marshal MACMAHON is able and determined to maintain the peace of the country, is universally recognized. Meantime, the politics of France, with a view to future stable government, are quietly manifesting themselves. Legitimism seems more than dormant. It may be pronounced moribund. Orleans is weakening every day. The issue is clearly narrowing to a struggle between Republicanism and Bonapartism, as the late November and December municipal elections abundantly show. The Bonapartists are a trifle divided, owing to the erratic course of Prince NAPOLEON. The Republicans, on the contrary, are kept well in hand by THIERS and GAMBETTA, the latter of whom is exalting his prestige and increasing his influence by his counsels of moderation. Altogether, the present condition of France is hopeful.

GERMANY.

BISMARCK is Germany, and his sole figure may be said to have filled the annals of his country during the whole of the past year. The attempted assassination at Kissingen, and the VON ARNIM arrest, have served to bring him into particular prominence. It is satisfactory to know that KULLMANN had no accomplice in the Ultramontane party, though his dastardly and cowardly attack naturally inflamed the war at present raging between the Imperial Chancellor and the Catholics. Of this struggle we need say no more than that it is big with the fate of Germany, no matter how it will result. The case of Count VON ARNIM was more personal, and the general impression is that it was entirely overdone. The sentence of three months' imprisonment against the prisoner confirms this opinion. In other respects, Germany has enjoyed a year of security, consequent on its gigantic strength. A curious circumstance, however, is that, notwithstanding the enormous indemnity paid in by France, and the commercial im-

petus which the close of a great war always gives, there is a general complaint of high prices throughout Germany. In consequence, emigration continues in an ever-swelling tide.

SPAIN.

The Carlist cause is on its death bed. There is no doubt of the fact. The siege of Bilbao dealt the first mortal stroke. The siege of Irun completed the work of disorganization and demoralization. Not only has the vaunted line of the Ebro been abandoned, but the friendly Basque Provinces have been left to their fate, and the bulk of DON CARLOS' army is hemmed in within the narrow space, at the base of the Pyrenees, which divides the sea shore from the coast of France. Apart altogether from his merits, DON CARLOS has made a gallant stand, but the fates have been against him. It is to be hoped that he will bow to the inevitable, and spare his unfortunate country the shedding of further blood.

ITALY.

The recent elections in Italy have strengthened the hands of the Government and left the MINGHETTI-SELLA administration free to introduce or enforce their measures of financial reform. This is the one need of Italy. It is preliminary to the stability of her unity, and the harmonious union of all her population. Considering the heterogeneity of her people, with their different dynastic predilections, the work of Italian autonomy is herculean, and the friend of humanity can only hope that it will be prosecuted successfully.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Our space does not allow us to extend our review to other parts of the globe. We must close our retrospect study by an enumeration of the illustrious dead who were called to their account in the course of the year 1874. First stands the name of AGASSIZ, the chief naturalist of the century, the great successor of CUVIER, the founder of ichthyological research. Americans have to deplore the loss of ex-President FILLMORE, Judge NELSON, the poet John Edgar THOMPSON, and Chas. SUMNER, the notable but overrated statesman. England chronicles the loss of the diplomat VAN DE WEYER, the sculptor Baron TINGUETTI, and the antiquarian Howard STAUNTON. France mourns one truly great man, GUIZOT, and a prince of literateurs, Jules JANIN. Spain had a hero of the Cid order in old Marshal CONCHA, whose death on the field of battle will furnish the theme for many a future ballad and lyric.

In a recent editorial on the Representation of Minorities, we cited instances of very slender majorities ruling a country and shaping its policy for years. The article has attracted some attention and other papers have been enumerating similar cases. The examples cited by the *Chicago Interocean* are certainly remarkable. One vote in the city of New York returned a republican member of the assembly, which made a majority in the Legislature of that State for Thomas Jefferson, and gave him the vote of New York without which he could not have been elected. The whole policy of the United States during the Jefferson and Madison administrations, a period of sixteen years, hung on that vote. One vote elected Marcus Morton governor of Massachusetts, in an aggregate popular vote of nearly 100,000. One vote elected Wm. Allan, in the Chillicothe district to congress in the year 1834, and one vote subsequently made him United States senator for six years afterward. The following case of the kind is still more remarkable: In 1830, Dan Stone of Cincinnati was a candidate for the State Legislature. Walking up Main street, on the morning of the election, he overtook an acquaintance going to the polls, who intended to vote the opposition ticket. Stone solicited his vote. "We are old friends," said he, "and I know you will show an old friend that mark of kindness." Party spirit was then comparatively

quiet. The voter replied; "Well, Dan, you are a pretty clever fellow. I don't care if I do." That one vote elected Stone, and gave a majority of one to the legislature, which made Thomas Ewing United States senator. Mr. Ewing's vote on the question of confirming the appointment of Martin Van Buren as minister plenipotentiary to great Britain enabled the vice-president to give the casting vote against it, and made Mr. Van Buren first vice-president and then president, and determined the general political policy of the country for four years.

Supplementary to a late article of ours, on Labor and Capital, we may cite the following statistics from recent works bearing on this subject:—In 1829 the Manchester spinners struck. They lost \$1,250,000 in wages before the dispute was at an end. The next year their brethren at Ashton and Staleybridge followed their example in striking and losing \$1,250,000. In 1833 the builders of Manchester forfeited \$360,000 by voluntary idleness. In 1836 the spinners of Preston threw away \$286,000. Eighteen years afterwards their successors, seventeen thousand strong, slowly starved through thirty-six weeks, and paid \$2,100,000 for the privilege. In 1853 the English iron-workers lost \$215,000 by a strike. Such losses marked, too, the strike of the London builders in 1860 and tailors in 1868, and the northern iron workers in 1865. The strike of the Belfast linen weavers, which was ended a few weeks since by the mediation of the British Association for the Advancement of Societies, cost the operatives \$1,000,000. In France, efficient and enlightened means have been used to prevent strikes and satisfy the workmen. The State long since established courts of arbitration for the settlement of labor quarrels. They are composed of six members, chosen by employers and employed, and a President and Vice President, who must belong to neither class. Mr. Thomas Brassy, in his 'Work and Wages,' says of these courts: 'The result in 95 out of 100 cases brought before these tribunals is a reconciliation between the parties; and though appeals are permitted to the superior courts of law, they are rarely made. In 1870, 28,000 disputes had been heard, of which no less than 26,800 were satisfied.'

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

I.

Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer, or, at any rate, it ought to; for at what period of the year are we more inclined to enjoy ourselves than the time when, schools having broken up for the Christmas holidays, all the youngsters come trooping home with the tales of battle, conquest, and defeat of the preceding "half," when families, the members of which, perhaps, have no opportunity of seeing one another for the rest of the year, manage by various stratagems to meet once more round the old fireside, which once saw them as they now behold their children, young, bright, rosy, and buoyant, with little or no care for the morrow? The only shadow across their path is the recollection of a certain day which is fixed for their return to "labour and to strife," or, in other words, to the series of morning lessons, play hours, and evening studies, which constitute school life. How thoroughly they enter into any scheme for amusement; what enthusiasts are they in every fresh idea; how knowingly the youngsters tell their elder brothers, just verging into "incipient moustache and stand-up collar" days, that they are regular bricks, and think themselves no muffs either. Then the expectation of the Christmas tree, that cornucopia of pleasure! But this is anticipation. We are but now beginning to make our calculations as to how much we shall be able to spare for our own and our children's amusement. The Civil Service clerk is now waxing eloquent over the distribution of "that bonus." Ah! he thinks, what a little the Ministry know of our requirements, how little they imagine the depths of anxiety into which some of us are plunged. If they did, would not the stoutest heart amongst them melt with sympathy—would they not instantly come to a settlement of the bonus—would not each of them subscribe a thousand dollars from their salaries to augment the fund, and buy up all the turkeys in the market to send to the homes of the clerks in their departments? He is quite sure they would do this, but he fancies they are afraid of hurting the feelings of their subordinates.

The forlorn bachelor bethinks himself what he will do on the eventful day, when those of his friends and acquaintances who are lucky enough (?) to possess wives and children, shut themselves up in their domiciles, and luxuriate in the bosom of their families. Any one from the Old Country who has passed a Christmas in the most delightful manner it can be passed, namely, in some country hall or "seat" in one of the shires of England, at the very mention of the word Christmas goes off at once into a long and pleasant reverie, which when it terminates leaves him a very miserable and home-sick man. Alas! Well do I remember the old house where all my Christmases were spent before I ventured "in foreign lands to stray." From the moment I drove up to the door in a vehicle resembling nothing on earth save a cross between Noah's ark and a family hearse, to the moment I drove off again six weeks afterwards in the same machine to reach the nearest railway station, some eight or nine miles distant, all was jollity, fun, and excitement. I can imagine it now. As I jump off the box, where a love of gymnastics and danger had placed me, I see my mother at the door; three bounds and I am in her arms, I am wept over, and laughed over, as though I had just returned from the antipodes, then I am free again for a moment, and I see my father waiting for me, a grasp from his hearty hand, and a loud and cheery "How are you, Charlie, old fellow,"—my father always called me old fellow when he was pleased with me. Then a rush from my sisters and little brothers, which nearly takes me off my legs, and a general and indiscriminate kissing and a dozen questions in a breath, none of which, I am sorry to say, I ever thought it necessary to answer, as I might commit myself in assertions which, perhaps, might not suit my plan of the campaign. Then off wraps and comforters, and everything that impedes my action, a race out of the door to follow my father to the stables to see my favourite "Stella," and the rest of the day spent in scampering about the old house and grounds, to see the familiar places made dear to me by many a well-remembered incident. In a day or two my elder brother comes from London, where he has been dissipating, and the house begins to fill with visitors and relations from all parts of the country.

II.

To-morrow is Christmas. We all sit round the fire after a heavy day's sport, recounting our adventures, telling proverbial ghost-stories, and working ourselves as near a fit of insanity as is possible, till at last we are all so frightened with the grisly spectres and ghastly apparitions which we have conjured up before us during the evening, that after sitting like mice for five minutes, that seem like hours, the old clock outside suddenly runs down in a most unearthly manner, and commences to strike twelve. The sudden sound elicits an involuntary yell from all the younger members of the party, and the elders seem to have forgotten something by the spasmodic way in which they bound to their feet, and then, ashamed of being so betrayed by the youngsters, sundry cuffs and scoldings are distributed promiscuously around, one accidentally falling on the ear of a younger brother, who, having been fast asleep for the last two hours, imagines himself attacked by some dream-monster, begins to kick and scream terribly, which, affecting the shins of the party, scatters them right and left, and these horrifying the ears brings him a shaking for making such a noise. This has, however, broken up the party, and we all prepare to go to bed, so as to be in good time for the next morning. It is some time before any one moves, nobody wishing to be the first to explore the long passages and echoing halls after the soul-stirring legends we have been listening to. At last, however, the lead is taken, and as every one is anxious not to be left last in the hall, there is nearly a block in the wide old staircase. So we all go to bed. Not to sleep, though, for we have most of us made up our minds to see a ghost. I know I have, and also to heroically clear up the mystery of its murder. For, of course, the original was murdered, perhaps in the very room I am sleeping in, for by this time I am in bed. What a thought! I involuntarily put my head under the bed-clothes, and break out into a cold perspiration. I can now understand why so many people get married. I wonder if there are any trap-doors or sliding panels in the room. I wish the wind would not moan down the chimney so. Perhaps the dead body was hidden up the chimney, and if the wind was much higher it may come sliding down into the room. However, after another hour of mortal agony, I think I must have gone to sleep; not that I recollect doing so; I was ready to swear I did not sleep a wink all the night, but the fact of my waking up in the morning involved the necessity of my having done so. Then out of bed I jump, rush to the window to see what sort of weather we are to have for Christmas, and finding everything white with glistening snow, at once go into ecstasies of delight.

III.

Then the breakfast. What a glorious reunion—what a happy gathering! It serves the purpose of a general parade; everybody is present, all our intended visitors have arrived, and we can now look forward to a fortnight or three weeks of complete enjoyment. After breakfast those who like make up a party for the village church some two miles distant across the fields; others, generally the young people, make up a skating party; others go for a tramp, and everybody seems to be able to find something suitable to his taste. Off we go, I with the skaters, with

many an injunction from the "venerables," who stop at home, "to be sure and make certain that the ice is strong enough," and "not to go too far away from one another," which of course we all faithfully promise, without, I am afraid, giving them another thought until our return. I make myself particularly agreeable to a pretty cousin, and what with one thing and another we all enjoy ourselves immensely until dusk, when, out of respect to the numerous sprites, hobgoblins, and fairies, who generally take their afternoon walk about that time, we all make a rush and a scramble for home. And now comes the awful period which is set aside for dinner—Christmas dinner, mind you, not an ordinary, every-day dinner—but that awful Scriptural and holy rite of Christmas dinner, with all its accessories, not forgetting the plum-pudding, which makes its appearance completely enveloped in the blue flame which proves its extraction from fairy-land. Who is there that does not tremble at this awful apparition—if not at the actual presence, still at the effects which parents know so well how to anticipate with nameless condiments? And then the dreadful and all-pervading anguish (?) which rises from the lungs of the little ones, as the pompous butler, self-important from the value of his burden, deposits it steaming and flaming on the board. Is that not enough to shake the nerves of stronger people than those who have been expending their energies on the preceding courses?

IV.

Then after dinner, when everybody has eaten as much as he could, and quite as much as was good for him, and drank, perhaps, more, then away, with a shout like a view-holloa from those most particularly interested, to strip the branches of the tree of all trees. Is not this simple act sufficient to occupy a philosopher for the entire evening? Is not one single instance of this lottery a complete picture of the failure of the best-laid plans of one in the outside world? See, yonder chubby boy of five years has drawn a silk embroidered cigar-case, which I have reason to believe was worked by a certain young lady with the intention that my brother should draw it, while the brother aforesaid has drawn a sugar cradle with twins in it. And so it goes on. The ball-room with its dancing winding up with dear old "Sir Roger" (not the Claimant, but "de Coverly"), the story-telling, and the nut-cracking, the card-playing, and the usual amusements, which, however enjoyable at other times, seem to take new features and assume new interest during the reign of jolly old "Father Christmas." There are certain sad recollections, too, combined with all this pleasure. You look amongst the crowd, and miss some well-known face, which perhaps added considerably to your enjoyment but one short year ago. In that house you had spent every Christmas that you had seen, and you had around you all whom you then held dear on earth. Your mother's loving look, your father's proud glance, the pressure of your well-loved sisters and brothers, relieved you of any and every care. But what a change is now! Will you see them all again this Christmas? Will your father once again greet you at the door? Will your mother's arms once more encircle your neck, and the joyous laugh of sisters welcome you back to the old house which you love so well? Alas, no—they are far away, some, perhaps, dead and others dying, some, perhaps, fighting the hard fight for life and existence, as you are yourself, and some, perhaps, so changed in love that they are as good as dead to you. That is the most unhappy thought of all. Perhaps by some rash act of your own you have estranged your family, and you stand out a stranger and uncared for, alone in the wide world. Or, again, you may have emigrated to a new country, to a new climate; you may have formed a new home for yourself, and created new household gods, and the scenes of your later life, although not surrounded by that mystic halo through which we view the days of our youth, may still present an aspect as dear to our hearts. And as we look back through all the long years which have flown since our last experience of an English Christmas in our father's house, our hearts gradually warm to all around us, and, with kindly remembrances of the past, and warm hopes for the future, we wish everybody "A merrie, merrie Christmas."

C. C.

HUMOUROUS.

BEN BUTLER wants to know if the newspapers have got through.

THEY don't bury coloured people in Georgia. They 'form de fun'ral ob'squies, sah.

WHAT is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

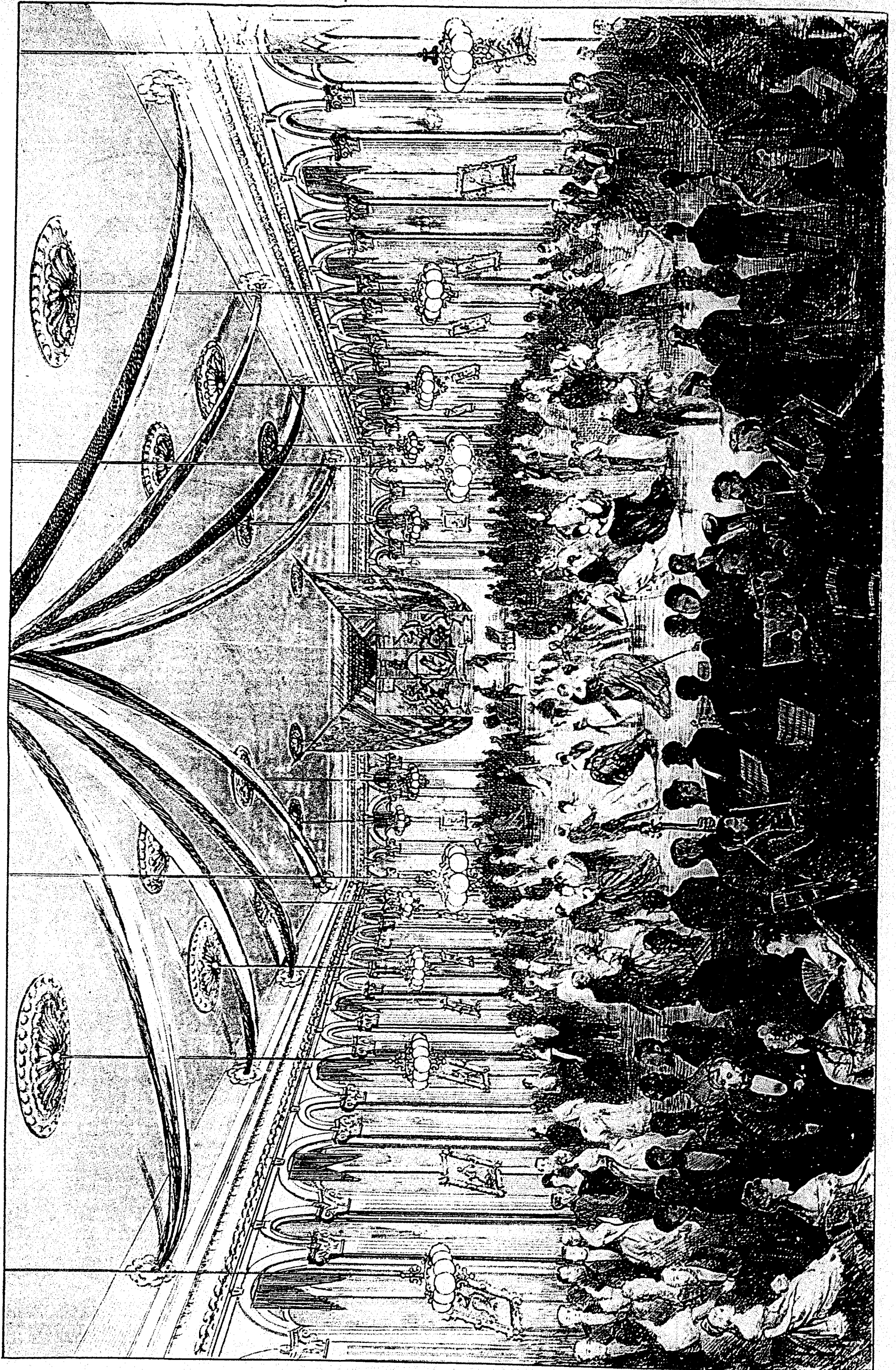
A CLIENT is never certain about a lawyer, and generally takes him on trial.

LADIES should remember to keep their mouths shut when going out of a warm room into the cool air. In fact, it wouldn't hurt anything to keep them shut most of the time.

THE Milwaukee *Sentinel* has procured a new proof-reader, and says that neatly arranged on his desk are the silver plates of fourteen of his predecessors. The new man was doing well at last accounts.

A MILESIAN having returned to his native land, was asked to give an illustration of American enterprise. Made answer the Irishman—"If a Yankee was shipwrecked on an uninhabited island, the following morning he would be selling newspapers to all the inhabitants."

THE editor of a country journal in New York thus appeals to the better nature of his delinquent subscribers—"To all those who are in arrears one year or more, who will forward and pay up, we will give them a first-class obituary notice gratis in case it kills them."



ST. JOHN'S, N. B. THE ST. ANDREW'S HALL. FROM A SKETCH BY F. J. ROSS.



JOHN HAMILTON GRAHAM
Late Grand Master.



REV. H. W. NYE, M. A.
Grand Chaplain.



JAMES O'HALLORAN, Q. C.
Deputy Grand Master.



JAMES DUNBAR, Q. C.
Grand Master.



SAMUEL JOHNSTON.
Grand Junior Warden.



DAVID THOMAS
Grand Senior Warden.



H. M. ALEXANDER.
Grand Treasurer.



J. H. ISAACSON.
Grand Secretary.

CHIEF OFFICE-BEARERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC, A. F. & A. M.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great Night held its breath.
When Life Eternal came to reign
Over a World of Death.

The pagan at his midnight board
Let fall his brimming cup of gold:
He felt the presence of his Lord
Before His birth was told.

The temples trembled to their base,
The idols shuddered as in pain;
A priesthood in its power of place
Kneit to its gods in vain.

All Nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born Light—

Light to the shepherds! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold—
Light to the Wise Men from afar,
Bearing their gifts of gold—

Light to a realm of Sin and Grief—
Light to a world in all its needs—
The Light of life—a new belief
Rising o'er fallen creeds—

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne—
A Light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to His own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now, as then,
"Glory, glory unto God!
Peace and goodwill to men!"

Rome, Christmas, 1871.

Lippincott's for January.

OVER THE SNOW.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Before a cheerful fire, in the best kitchen of a snug west-country cottage, sat two persons, a man and a woman, both advanced in years. All around wore an air of homely comfort. Of mere ornament there was little; but the furniture, though plain as could be, and bearing the marks of long service, was good and solid; and its trim arrangement and spotless cleanliness spoke highly for the good housekeeping of its owners. A square of Dutch carpet, bound with crimson braid, was spread upon the stone floor; and a glazed oak bookcase displayed upon its shelves a goodly store of delf and ancient china. On the chimney-piece a cuckoo-clock ticked merrily, and in one corner of the room stood an old-fashioned square piano, on which were piled a considerable number of well-bound books. Two or three old line engravings, mostly of scriptural subjects, decorated the walls, and the lattice window was half hidden by a crimson curtain. The whole aspect of the cottage betokened competence and modest independence. Nor were the inmates belied by appearances, for few among the inhabitants of the village were more universally respected than David and Mary Holt. In the same cottage they had lived for thirty years, paying their way, and asking no favour of any man; and for five-and-twenty of those years David had been parish clerk and schoolmaster, and in the estimation of the younger parishioners, little, if at all, inferior in dignity to the parson himself. His wife, with no less respect, won more affection; for David Holt was a stern and hard man, always just, but seldom generous; while Mary was ever tender-hearted, with a kind word and smile for everybody. To her the school-children came in all their troubles, whether arising from blow of cricket-ball or the perplexities of the rule of three, and rarely failed to receive some measure of consolation.

Such were the couple who sat, one Christmas Eve not very long ago, by the cosy cottage fire-side. A long clay pipe, a real old-fashioned churchwarden, just put aside, lay upon the snow-white deal table, and David Holt was reading aloud from a ponderous Family Bible, while his good wife, her hands crossed upon her knees, sat reverently listening. As befitted their solemn occupation, the faces of both were grave and quiet, but that quiet gravity seemed only to throw into stronger relief the characteristic expression of each;—David, square-headed and square-chested, with massive jaw and chin, heavy over-hanging eyebrows, and deep-set keen grey eyes, hard, proud, and unforgiving, the embodiment of stern self-will and rugged pride; the old woman, gentle and quiet, with downcast eyes, soft grey hair, and pleasant smiling lips, that told of nothing but love and charity. And, yet, though the two faces were so unlike, a keen observer might have detected an element of likeness. There are some events (happy those who have known none such) which, coming into a human life, leave behind them a shadow for ever. It needed no second glance at these two persons to know that some such event (some great sin, or shame, or sorrow) had passed over their lives. But as natures differ, so the scars left by the fiery trial differ too. In David Holt's face the shadow bore the impress of humbled pride; in Mary's, that of wounded affection. The smile on the old woman's lips, the kindly smile that had rested there from youth, and that old age could not wear away, though still sweet, was sad as well; and the kind voice, that had so often spoken courage and cheer to others, had now a tone of weariness and ever-present pain. The rugged nature of David, on the other hand, seemed to have hardened under the rod. The hard features had become harder, the cold grey eye colder and sterner than ever. Even now, while reading the sweet Christmas idyll, the sweet story whose burden is the song of the angels, 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' his harsh voice lost none of its accustomed harshness, but uttered the sacred words defiantly, in tones suited rather

to some tale of battle and violence, than to the glad tidings of everlasting peace.

Slowly and steadily, never raising his eyes from the sacred page, David Holt read on; but even above his loud harsh tones could be heard the unmistakable sounds of a storm raging without. The wind howled and roared over the wild west-country moor, straining against the cottage eaves, wrestling with door and casement, and piling heaps of snow high against the lattice-windows. It was a night in which no one, with a home to go to, would willingly have been out of doors; any shelter, even the poorest and roughest, would have been preferable to exposure to that pitiless storm. And yet, out in the cottage garden, under the full fury of the bitter wind and driving snow, a woman stood, bare-headed and motionless, gazing through the lattice with wild, longing, hungry eyes at the homely scene within. After a little while she crept into the porch, but not to ask for shelter. One knock at the door, as though dealt with a feeble or timid hand was heard; and then, waiting not the result she came forth again and fled swiftly, her long hair streaming in the wild wind, towards the open moor.

After a moment or two the door opened, the light from within casting a broad bright beam into the outer darkness; and Mary Holt, shading her eyes with her hand, peered forth into the storm. She caught sight of the flying figure and calling to her husband, the two gazed after it till it disappeared altogether in the darkness. David was the first to re-enter the cottage, saying, as he did so, 'Come in, Missus, come in, will 'ee? It's some foolish prank o' one o' the village wenches. She thought to fright us, I reckon.' His wife turned to follow him, but as she did so, stumbled against a bundle lying at her feet. 'She's left some at behind her, then,' said the old woman, stooping to examine it, when a faint wailing cry was heard, and she started back an instant, then hastily snatching up the bundle, rushed into the cottage. 'Oh Davy, did 'ee ever; it's a child!' As she spoke, she laid her burden on the table, and letting fall the thick woollen cloak in which it was wrapped, disclosed a baby of three or four months old, whose wide open eyes seemed to testify the utmost astonishment as to how he got there. With motherly instinct, the good soul took the child in her arms, pressing it to her bosom with murmurs of endearment. But David's brow was black as night. 'A pretty thing, the shameless jade, to saddle honest folk wi' her love-brat; but I'll find her out, I warrant—ay, that I will, if it costs me twenty pound!' 'Nay, Davy, don't 'ee be too hard on the poor soul. There's never a sin without sorrow; and she must have had a weary sight o' pain and misery before she'd be willing to part with her child.'

'And serve her right, a baggage!' replied her husband. 'If there's law or justice in the parish, I'll have her in the stocks before another week's out.'

'Davy, Davy!' pleaded the good wife. 'Sure you've forgotten that it's Christmas Eve, and the good words you were reading but now. Oh! maister, don't be angry over much to-night.'

David was about to make a stern rejoinder, when his wife caught sight of a small locket of gold and blue enamel, which was hung about the child's neck by a ribbon. With a cry as if she had received a blow, she gasped, 'Oh, David, look at this! It's hers, it's Ally's our own child's!'

A flash of indescribable emotion passed over David Holt's face, and lip and eyelid quivered. But it was only for a moment, and the stern face hardened again, a shade paler, perhaps, but dark and stern as ever. When he spoke it was slowly and distinctly.

'I don't know of whom you speak; I had a child o' that name once, but she brought shame upon us. Take her who will, she's none of mine.'

'She is our own flesh and blood, David,' pleaded the old woman, in an agony of tears. 'The Lord made her that, and bitter words won't alter it. Oh! to think that she should have been here, close by our door, and out in the storm! Davy, won't you—won't you fetch her back?'

David sat silent, silently gazing into the fire. 'Davy, you call yourself a Christian man, you wouldn't turn a dog to door on such a night as this, and yet you'll suffer your own child to be wandering on the moor, without a place to lay her head.'

'She can ask for shelter.'

'Shelter! Likely that she who dared not face her own father and mother, 'nd seek shelter o' strangers!'

As she spoke she opened the cottage door, which the moment the latch was raised, was flung back heavily by the wind, and a torrent of snow poured in. Like the timid bird, valiant in defence of her fledglings, the mother's gentle nature rose to arms, and battled on behalf of her child.

'Oh David, shame on you! Have you the heart of a man, to sit there like a stone image, when your own flesh and blood may be perishing o' cold and wet? Lord help me, I'm but a feeble old woman, but my only child shan't die outside my door, an' me sitting by the fire within.'

With eager haste the old woman fetched a pillow, and placing it upon the hearthrug, laid the child upon it. Then, her fingers trembling with excitement, she lighted the candle in an old horn lantern, and throwing a thick shawl over her head, snatched up the cloak in which the baby had been wrapped, and rushed to the

As she reached it, David rose slowly.—'Well; missus, if you're bound to go, I reckon I'll have to go too. But mind ye this; I'll give the light o' love food and shelter this one night, but never more—never more, remember.'

'I'm her mother, David; I remember that,' said the old woman, her affection for her child overcoming even her wonted awe of her husband. 'And I remember nought else to-night.'

David made no reply. Closing the cottage-door, the old couple started on their quest. David was the first to speak.

'We're on a wild-goose chase, missus, I reckon. How are we to tell which way the wilful wench has gone?'

'The Lord guide us!' said the old woman, despairingly.

The two stood still on the wild moor, uncertain which way to turn; all around them, far as the eye could see, a broad wide sheet of snow. Their own cottage was the only dwelling near them, and the remaining houses of the village lay beyond it, quite in the opposite direction to that which the object of their pursuit had taken. They gazed around them in all directions, but the driving snow obscured their vision. Not a trace was to be seen of the object of their search, and there seemed to be no alternative but to give up the quest. But the quick woman's wit, outstripping the man's slower sense, leapt to a solution of the difficulty. With the eagerness of renewed hope, the old woman exclaimed—

'We'll find her yet, Davy; wi' God's help we'll find her yet. Back to the cot, maister, will 'ee; and gi' me the light.'

Hurriedly the pair retraced their steps. As they neared the porch, the old woman held the lantern close to the ground, carefully examining the snow. After a few minutes search, she exclaimed—

'Here 'tis, sure 'nough, the print of Ally's little feet; I'd know them in a hundred. Now, maister, we're in the right track, thanks be to the good Lord that send the snow.'

Holding the lantern low, and guided by its uncertain light, they followed the track of the small footsteps, already becoming blurred and undistinct under the still falling snow. Fearful of losing the trace before they could overtake the wanderer, they pressed on, weary and panting, but never halting, never wavering in their onward course. They had reached a considerable distance from the cottage, but still no sign, save the still advancing footmarks of her they sought.

Still pressing onward, David spoke, with a strange tremor in his voice. 'Tell 'ee what, missus, there's some at wisht about this—where can the maid be going o' this side o' the moor? There's never a house for miles.'

His wife made no reply. Still they pressed onward, onward. Each could hear the driving wind which blew in their faces, and buffeted them back, as though opposed to their errand of mercy. Suddenly a cry came from the old woman's lips, a shriek so shrill, so agonized, that, for the moment it alone was heard, and the moaning wind seemed, by contrast, hushed into stillness. She clutched into her husband's arm.

'Oh, Davy, hurry on! You're the swiftest, hurry on for dear life. Oh, God in heaven! she's making for the Black Pool!'

With a hoarse cry, like that of a wounded animal, a cry hardly less fearful, in its subdued anguish, than his wife's agonized shriek, David seized the light, and bounded forward, the old woman following as best she might, her hand pressed to her side, and her grey locks fluttering in the night wind. The feeble glimmer of the lantern became dimmer and dimmer in the distance, and Mary Holt felt her strength fast leaving her, when a shout was heard from David, and the light came to a stop. With renewed energy she pressed forward, and in a few moments was kneeling with her husband on the snow, supporting the insensible form of her lost daughter in her arms. With passionate tenderness the mother chafed the cold hands and kissed the death-white face, striving by close embraces to bring back the spark of life. But all in vain. The unhappy girl lay, as David had found her, a black heap on the snow; so still, so motionless, it seemed as though God had saved the wanderer from the last great sin—that awful sin which, shuts out mercy too—by taking to Himself the life she would have cast away.

Still the father and mother, clinging to the shadow of hope, relaxed not their loving efforts. Wrapping the warm woollen cloak about their child's lifeless form, they half dragged, half carried her along till they reached the cottage. Then, while David hastened for the village doctor, the mother essayed such simple means as her homely experience suggested, to recall the spark of life, if perchance it might not yet have aded into other darkness. After a little while, her loving pains were rewarded by perceiving the beat of a feeble pulse, and the appearance of a faint flush of colour on the white cheek; and, a little later, her ears were gladdened by the sound of the well-known voice, though uttered in the ravings of delirium.

But her happiness was of short duration. Soon the good doctor came, and, with tears standing in his eyes, spoke words of doom. The frail form had suffered more than it could bear, and the little life left was but the fire of fever, which might or might not burn through the night. For a little while the light of reason might come back; but if it should so come, it would be but to flicker for a moment, and then be quenched for ever.

And meanwhile, all unconscious of its mother's life ebbing so fast away,—of the wind and snow without, and the rain of tears within,—of life or

death,—of sin or sorrow,—the little babe lay sleeping before the fire; a dimpled arm supporting a dimpled cheek, on which the flickering firelight cast a rosy glory. And the cuckoo-clock on the mantelpiece still ticked on 'Life, death—life, death.' Each sly, each drop of time, as it fell into the ocean of eternity, bringing a stronger throb to the life that was just begun, and stealing one more pulse from the life that was passing away.

With quivering lips and streaming eyes, the father and mother sat by their daughter's pillow, listening in silent anguish to her delirious moanings. Her dying fancy seemed to hover hither and thither about her life; straying far back in the past and recalling incidents of her childish days—incidents long forgotten, but returning now with strange vividness under the influence of her broken sentences. And then a sadder page was turned, and the parents knew (too late!) how their darling had been drawn aside from duty; and the father learned, with bitter self-reproach, now his own sternness had repelled the loving confidence that had often risen to his child's lips; and which might, under heaven, have hindered that bitter ending. At one moment she fancied herself with her betrayer, and pleading, as though she had just left her home, for his permission to write to her parents. And here the listeners noticed, with a strange feeling of surprise, that no thought of shame seemed to mingle with her pleadings; she begged as though for leave to communicate joyful tidings, rather than to confess her sin, and sue for pardon.

'Oh, Robert darling, if you would let me tell father and mother, they would be so glad and proud. They will be a little vexed at first, of course, at our having kept it from them, but they will soon forgive that. And if it must be kept secret at present, on account of your uncle, why, I don't think they would mind, at least, not very, very much. And if the people did say hard things of me in the village, I could bear that, for your sake darling, you know and perhaps it would only be for a little while. And when you get your uncle's consent (and I'm sure you will, because you make everybody do just as you like, darling) why then it needn't be a secret any longer, need it? And I should be so proud of my darling soldier Robert. You will let me write, won't you, dear? to please your little pet Ally. I don't mind about anybody else, but I can't feel quite happy till father and mother know that I am your wife.'

The listeners started, and bent forward with longing eyes, to hear more. But the feeble, fluttering spirit, exhausted by even so short a flight, had sunk down again; and the sufferer's eyelids drooped, and for a while she seemed to slumber. Presently, however, she started again, with a wild cry, and sat up in the bed, gazing with fixed, dilated pupils, and pressing her thin white hands upon her forehead—'Oh, Robert! don't say that. You don't know how my heart is beating, even now, when I know it's a joke. Just put your hand against it, dear, and feel. Why don't you look at me, darling; why do you turn away? Robert, it isn't, it can't be true. A false marriage! Oh, Robert, how could you do it, when I trusted you so?'

The loud passionate sobs of the dying girl, as she sat wringing her hands and rocking to and fro in her delirious grief, disturbed the sleeping child, which awoke with a cry. The sound seemed to touch another chord. She ceased her sobs, and listened, smoothing her hair back from her forehead as though trying to recollect something. Her mother, with womanly instinct, put the baby in her arms. A look of sweet content came over the faded face, and she sunk back upon her pillow, nestling the little one to her bosom, and caressing the baby head with her wasted fingers. Then the wandering mind roved into another track.

'Baby dear! baby dear! Baby will never, never go away from his poor mamma, will he? Poor mamma! left all alone with baby in the whole wide world. Hush, dear, mustn't cry; poor mamma Alice may cry, but baby dear must not cry. Baby must be a happy baby boy, and grow up strong and handsome, like papa. Oh, baby darling, pray God you may never break anybody's heart! Hush-a-bye, dear, go to sleep on mother's bosom. Mammy will sing to him—sing him to sleep.'

At last, when the sun was high in the heavens, shedding its morning glory far and wide over the crisp white snow, the sleeper awoke. The fire of delirium had given place to the calm light of reason in her eyes, and she gazed around with an inquiring look. 'Have I been ill, mother dear? she said faintly.

'Yes, darling; very ill.'

'I don't remember falling ill,' said the dying girl; 'everything seems gone from me.'

A tiny cry from baby lips supplied the missing link. The white forehead crimsoned, and the blue eyes filled with tears of grief and shame. 'I remember now. Oh, mother; can you ever forgive me?'

A loving kiss was the mother's only answer. But it said enough.

'And father, does he know? Will he forgive me to too?'

David Holt rose, and stood by his daughter's bedside, looking down upon her with ineffable love and tenderness. The old love for his only child, repressed so long, not swept away all barriers; pride, self-will, resentment, all were forgotten in the deep emotion of that bitter hour.

'My darling, may God forgive me as freely as I have forgiven you all that I have to forgive!'

'If you and mother forgive me, I can feel almost happy again. Oh, how nice it is to be at

home! But how did I come here? Who brought me?

The father and mother interchanged glances. 'We found you on the moor last night, Ally, and brought you home.'

'Last night! last night! I don't remember. It's all gone from me. I seem mazed like; and oh, so weak! Mother dear, I am dying!'

The old woman tried to speak, but grief choked her. David answered for her, himself little less moved. 'My child, life and death are in the Lord's hands. His will be done!'

'Nay, David,' said his wife, with an effort; 'don't give the child a false hope now. Ally dear, we fear—indeed, we know that—that—' The mother's voice broke down, but her choking sobs told all the rest.

There was the faintest quiver of the drooping eyelids, and a single tear rolled over the wasted cheek.

'Are you afraid to die, Ally?' said her father.

'No, father dear, I don't think I am afraid; I've longed for death many and many a time lately, and prayed to be ready to meet it; and now it has come, I don't fear much. But it's hard to leave you and mother so soon after I have got you back, and my poor little baby. May I have him now, please mother? it won't be very long, I think. There is such a strange feeling of numbness coming over me.'

The babe was placed in her arms, and she kissed and fondled it with passionate tenderness. 'Oh, my baby! my baby! it's very, very hard to leave my little wee baby all alone!'

'Not alone, darling, not alone,' sobbed her mother.

'No, not alone,' said the dying girl, smiling through her tears; 'not quite alone, after all. Mother dear, I give him to you, the last gift of your poor wayward Ally.'

'My darling, I take him, not as a gift, but as a precious trust—a trust to keep for his mother in heaven.'

There was a long quiet pause, in which nothing was heard save the heavy breathing of the dying girl, and the hard tick of the clock on the mantelpiece, counting her life away.

The solemn stillness was broken at last by a voice so faint and low, the listeners had to bent forward to catch the parting words. 'Mother dear, where are you? I can't see you! How dark it is getting—Hark! they are calling to me.'

The dying arms drew the babe closer in a last embrace. 'Mother dear—baby—don't forget. God bless—' And then the soul flew away with the blessing on its lips, and sped to finish its loving prayer at the foot of the great white Throne.

A corner of the window-curtain had fallen aside, and through the opening a stray sunbeam crept in, and fell, quartered by an intersection of the lattice, upon the white coverlet. Was it an omen? Was it chance? The lifeless form, with a smile on its silent lips, lay sleeping UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

And now, as the freed soul shook the earth from its wings, and spread its pinions for its heavenward flight, the church-bells burst forth with their chime of joy and gladness, in honour of the Christmas morn. The sound of the joyous peal floated into the death-chamber, and brought sweet hope and peace to the aching hearts within. The mother's face was sad, but the look of weary longing had passed away. 'God knows best, Davy dear. Without this bitter cup, mayhap we wouldn't have had peace and good-will in our hearts to-day. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be His name!'

Amen! Amen!

A. J. L.

CHIEF OFFICE-BEARERS OF THE QUEBEC GRAND LODGE OF F. A. & A. MASONS.

JAMES DUNBAR, Q. C.,

GRAND MASTER OF MASONS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

James Dunbar, Esq., Q. C., elected at the last meeting of the Grand Lodge of Quebec in September, to the highest dignity in the Brotherhood in this Province, was received into Freemasonry at the city of Quebec on the 19th April, 1854, in the St. John's Lodge, then No. 214, English registry, of which he was Master 1862-3. He served as Grand Warden of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Quebec and Three Rivers, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England. At the Masonic Convention held in Montreal, at which were present representatives of twenty-one of the thirty-seven Lodges of all jurisdictions then working in this Province, and when the Grand Lodge of Quebec was established, he was unanimously chosen Chairman of the Convention, and for "the able and excellent manner" in which he discharged his duties as such, received a unanimous vote of thanks from the Grand Lodge immediately after its organization. He (with Brothers Isaacson and Borlase) was deputed to sign the declaration announcing to all Grand Lodges "the constitutional formation of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Quebec" on the 20th October, 1869.

In 1871 he was elected Deputy Grand Master, which office he held for three successive years, and until elevated to the still more honourable position he now fills. He was Chairman of the Committee of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, which met in conference with the Committee of the Grand Lodge of Canada at Montreal in February

last, and happily settled the difficulties between those two Grand Lodges, whereby peace and unity have been restored among the Masons of Canada. The present Grand Master is the representative of the Grand Lodge of Ohio near the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and has had the rank of a Past Grand Warden of that Grand Lodge conferred upon him. As a Royal Arch Mason he was in 1872 elected to the office of Grand Third Principal of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Canada, which he held for the usual term. The portrait is from a photograph by Ellisson & Co., Quebec.

JAMES O'HALLORAN, Q. C.,

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER.

Mr. O'Halloran was born near Fermoy, in the county of Cork, Ireland, in 1822, and is consequently fifty-two years of age. He was educated at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont, where he graduated in 1843, and received the degree of M. A. in course in 1849. He was admitted to the bar in the district of Montreal in 1852, and commenced the practice of his profession in the district of Bedford, where he still resides, and enjoys an extensive and lucrative practice. He was made a Queen's Counsel in 1864. At the general election in 1861 he was elected Member of Parliament for the County of Missisquoi, and was again re-elected by acclamation the same county in 1863, and sat in the Parliament of the late Province of Canada until Confederation in 1867, when he retired from politics, being since that time actively engaged in the promotion of the South Eastern Railway, of which he is Vice-President. He is a Past Master of the Royal Canadian Lodge, Sweetburg, and during the late difficulty between the Grand Lodge of Canada and the Grand Lodge of Quebec, Mr. O'Halloran, with his Lodge, warmly took sides with the Grand Lodge of Canada against the recognition of the Grand Lodge of Quebec. He was one of the Committee of Conference appointed by the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, for the arrangement of the basis of settlement of the differences between the two Grand Lodges; and those difficulties being honourably adjusted at the first annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, held thereafter, Mr. O'Halloran was elected Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge.

THE REV. HENRY WASON NYE, M. A.,

GRAND CHAPLAIN.

This gentleman was born in Somersetshire, England, in 1840. He came to this country in 1859, but soon afterwards removed to the United States, where he took holy orders, and remained some years. He has filled important educational positions both there and in Canada. In 1870 he was appointed by the present Bishop of Montreal to the mission of Boscobel, and, in 1872, was transferred to Iron Hill, where he now resides. He was initiated into Masonry in Clarenceville Lodge in April 1869, and became Fellow Craft, Master Mason, and Senior Warden in May, June, and December of the same year. In 1872 he was elected to the office of Grand Chaplain, and was re-elected in 1873, and again in the present year.

HENRY MATHEWSON ALEXANDER,

GRAND TREASURER,

Was born in Montreal April 8th, 1843, is son of Charles Alexander, M. P. P., of that city, was initiated into Freemasonry in the spring of 1864 in the St. Lawrence Lodge, E. R., No. 440, in the ensuing year with other brethren, was one of the Charter members of the Royal Albert Lodge under the registry of the Grand Lodge of Canada, has continued in active membership with that Lodge since, and has occupied from the lowest to the highest position attainable in a private Lodge. During the two years he presided as Worshipful Master of his Lodge, the differences (now happily settled) between the Grand Lodge of Canada and the brethren who deemed it advisable that the Province of Quebec should have a Grand Lodge of its own originated and existed. Bro. Alexander, with his Lodge, took a prominent part in the controversy. The second year after the formation of the Grand Lodge of Quebec he was elected to the position of Grand Treasurer, which position he has held with a unanimous vote for the three subsequent years. During the present year the M. W. the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick has appointed him its Grand Representative near the Grand Lodge of Quebec—an honour highly appreciated by Brother Alexander. He is also a prominent member of the Royal Arch Chapter, and has always taken an active part in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the craft in this Province.

JOHN HELDEN ISAACSON,

GRAND SECRETARY.

R. W. Bro. John Helden Isaacson, the present "venerable" Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Quebec A. F. & A. M., was born at Great Chesterford, in Essex, England, on the 9th of February, 1820, consequently he will soon have completed his fifty-fifth year. He was educated in England, at Newmarket, Cavendish and Norwich; emigrated to Canada in 1837; was initiated into Masonry, passed, and raised in 1852, in Zetland Lodge, then 731, E. R., now No. 7,

Q. R.; filled all the subordinate and principal offices of this Lodge, being Worshipful Master at various times, and, in the aggregate, for five years. He was a charter member, and for three years W. M. of the Montreal Kilwinning Lodge, No. 17, Q. R.; took chapter degrees in Caernarvon Chapter at Montreal, Knight Templar degrees in Richard Cour de Lion encampment at Montreal, and the A. O. A. rite degrees up to the 32nd degree at Norwich, Connecticut—thus, by a somewhat singular coincidence, finishing his scholastic education in Norwich, old England, and his Masonic education in Norwich, New England.

R. W. Bro. Isaacson has not been a drone in the Masonic hive. It was a favourite boast of his when a young man that for twelve years in succession he had never missed his attendance on his lodge at its monthly and emergent meetings, that he was never one month in arrears for dues, and that he had initiated, passed, and raised more Masons, as he believed, than any one brother in the Dominion.

R. W. Bro. Isaacson was one of the earnest supporters of the Grand Lodges of Canada and Quebec, is a P. D. D. G. M. and P. G. T. W. of the former, and was elected Grand Secretary of the latter-named body in the second year of its existence, which office he continues yet to hold. He is one of the oldest practitioners in Montreal in the notarial profession, is a justice of the peace, and Lieut.-Colonel of Volunteer Militia.

DANIEL THOMAS,

GRAND SENIOR WARDEN.

Mr. Daniel Thomas was born at Melbourne, Quebec Nov. 26th, 1835. He has been Deputy and acting Registrar of Sherbrooke since 1869. He was admitted to the practice of the notarial profession in 1863. He was initiated, passed, and raised in Victoria Lodge, No. 71, C. B., 1863, of which Lodge he was W. M. in 1867-68, and took chapter degrees in Golden Rule Chapter, Stanstead, in 1864, North Star Commanding, Lancaster, N. H., 1865, member of Sussex Preceptory, Dunham, Que., appointed G. J. D. of the Grand Lodge of Canada in 1867, elected Grand Junior Warden in 1869, which office he resigned at the regular communication of the Grand Lodge at Montreal in 1870. He was elected Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Lodge of Quebec in 1874.

SAMUEL JOHNSTON,

GRAND JUNIOR WARDEN.

He was born at Montreal in the year 1840, where he has ever since remained a resident, having thus had an opportunity of witnessing the many improvements undertaken and completed, which make his native city a place one may well be proud of.

At an early period our subject entered commercial life, in which he has steadily persevered, and is now a member of the firm of Empey, Johnston, & Co. Mr. Johnston's first connection with Masonry took place in 1865, by joining the Royal Albert Lodge, which was then in its infancy, and he has shared in its honour, and contributed his assistance towards placing that Lodge in the present proud position it has now attained, having filled several successive posts in it. He was last year elected as its Worshipful Master, and we understand is the Master elect for the ensuing year.

The Grand Lodge of Quebec, at its last regular communication, honoured him by electing him as its Grand Junior Warden, and receiving him as the representative of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, in this Province.

JOHN HAMILTON GRAHAM, A. M., LL.D.,

PAST GRAND MASTER,

Of Richmond, P. Q., is a native of Renfrewshire, Scotland. He was instituted into Freemasonry in the year 1855. For several years he was the Worshipful Master of the St. Francis Lodge, Richmond, and for a lengthened period he was District Deputy Grand Master of the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada. He held several offices in the Grand Lodge of Canada, is a past Z. of the Golden Rule Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, a past officer of the Sussex Encampment of Knights Templar, a past officer of the Grand Priory of Canada, and a member of the 32nd degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, &c., &c.

Most Worshipful Brother Graham was, in the year 1869, unanimously elected the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M. of the Province of Quebec, which office he has held for the past five years.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DRESS REFORM. * It is a remarkable circumstance that, spite of the steady opposition offered thereto, every subject affecting the condition of woman—whether mental, moral, social or physical—is meeting in the United States with decided recognition from the public. No other proof is needed of this fact than the number of able works recently published on these several topics. The question of female dress has been particularly ridiculed, and indeed it often de-

* Dress Reform. Abba Gould Woolson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 120 Blue Cloth, pp. 263.

served to be from the ludicrous expositions of it made by indiscreet women, but in its higher and more philosophical aspects, it has been treated with much skill and usefulness. No work on this point has pleased us more than that edited by Abba Gould Woolson, which is a series of lectures delivered in Boston, during the spring of the present year, by female physicians of recognized ability and position. We like the book and recommend it because it is honest and business like. It aims at no fanciful or sensational dress reform, it does not even prescribe any "regulation suit," but lays down common sense rules based upon well known principles of anatomy and physiology. The chapter on corsets is startling to the male reader, and we venture to refer our female patrons to its perusal.

F. GRANT & CO. † A good straight forward tale intended for boys setting up in life. It teaches young men how to be honest partners in business and how to keep to their legitimate business whatever it may be. The book is well written and its mechanical outfit has been neatly provided for by the popular firm of Roberts Brothers.

ANNUS DOMINI. ‡ This is a neat portable volume gotten up in the usual ecclesiastical style. It contains a prayer for each day of the year, founded on a text of scripture, and a short calendar assigns certain prayers to certain seasons, if such classification is wished for. The prayers are short, fervent, and in most cases a condensed interpretation of the text. The name of the author is an additional recommendation.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEBEC CHRISTMAS PIE.—This admirable cartoon will commend itself first for the fidelity of its portraits. Hon. Mr. Church, the Chairman of the Tanneries Investigation Committee, stands cutting the pie. Mr. Joly, the chief of the Quebec Opposition, sits opposite, handsome and disgusted. To the right of Mr. Joly is Mr. Bachand, of St. Hyacinthe. To the right of Mr. Church is Mr. Verreault, with hair standing on end in horror and dismay. To the left of Mr. Church is Mr. Trudel, whose napkin is going up to his nostrils in token of repugnance. These five gentlemen compose the Tanneries Investigation Committee.

ST. ANDREW'S BALL, ST. JOHN.—The extremely limited space left us in our Christmas number, prevents us giving a full description of this remarkable ball. We shall only say that there were over 250 invited guests, and that under the dais sat Lieut-Governor Tilley and members of his suite.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—We call particular attention to the artistic excellence of this pictorial satire. It is correct in drawing and refined in sentiment. Our readers of Ontario will understand the allusions to the late McKellar investigation in the Provincial Assembly, without further explanations on our part.

THE NEW DOLL.—Rosie shows her new Christmas doll to her papa. Of course, he never saw it before—he didn't buy it, he didn't bring it home in tissue paper, he didn't deposit it, in conspiracy with mama, under his darling's pillow. No wonder papa looks perfectly surprised and delighted.

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS AND HIS DARLING. The two extremes of life. Frosty old age and warm budding infancy. And yet how placidly one rests on the other, the weak upon the strong, the child upon the veteran. There is love in both their hearts, but the deepest and the tenderest is in the bosom of that pinched-featured, broken old man.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.—The immemorial pyramid of mysteries and delights. No pomifer of the Heperides was ever like it. It is a pity we neglect planting it in this country. No Christmas attraction is equal to it in variety of enjoyment.

HOMELESS ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.—The pathetic elbows the amusing in this world. We have introduced this beautiful little picture purposely to remind our readers, our young ones especially, how they should cultivate charity while they enjoy God's blessings dispensed to themselves.

CHRISTMAS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM—CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM.—This allegorical picture should be carefully studied. It is replete with episodes growing out of the Christmas season. The social aspect of the season is shown in the scenes within the lighted dining-room. The religious side of the festival is displayed in a slight sketch of the Gospel story at Bethlehem.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.—Our Ontario readers in looking at the caricature on our last page will try and remember if they see any analogy with the case of a certain member of their Legislature, whose connection with the Great Western Railway was recently the subject of a searching investigation before a Parliamentary Committee.

† F. Grant & Co., or Partnerships, &c., by George L. Chaney. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 120 Blue Cloth, pp. 281.

‡ Annus Domini, &c., by Christina G. Rossetti. Jas Parker, Oxford & London, for Roberts Brothers, Boston. Dawson Bros. Montreal, 320 cloth, pp. 366.



TORONTO.—THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—SERVANT *sq.*: "FROM MR. CAMERON, PLEASE, SIR, WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS."



THE NEW DOLL.



OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS AND HIS DARLING.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



HOMELESS ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

THE BLESSED DAY.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

What shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
What shall little children bring
On Christmas Day in the morning!

This shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
Love and joy for Christ, their king,
On Christmas Day in the morning!

What shall little children sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas day!
What shall little children sing
On Christmas day in the morning!

This grand old carol shall they sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
With all their hearts, their offering bring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

For Christ was born in Bethlehem
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
For Christ was born in Bethlehem
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Scribner's for January.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

A REMINISCENCE OF CHRISTMAS AT THE SOUTH.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

I.

Hartley has a beautiful residence on the heights beyond Kirkwood. It lies about a couple of miles from the railway, hidden among trees, and though invisible itself, commands a fine view of the surrounding country. It is a favorite resort of mine. Two or three times a month, as often as I can tear myself away from the cares and the occupations of the city, I step around to the news dealer's for a supply of the latest magazines, weeklies and pictorial papers, or take up the most recent popular work from the nearest bookseller's on my way, and hurry down to catch the afternoon accommodation train. I am always well received at Hartley's. Indeed, my visit has come to be regarded there as the event of the week. The host and hostess like me for the literary treasures which I bring along, and the children somehow always crowd around "Cousin John," as they call me, for other reasons, as I flatter myself, than that my pockets are invariably filled with cornets of *bonbons*. I love those children dearly—they are so pretty and so clever. As to the beautiful country mansion itself, I have many reasons for liking it—prominent among which (though not chief,) I must humbly mention the grand Virginia seedling which my friend always keeps on hand. He has capital Bourbon, too, but it is not to be compared to his wine. I don't know where he gets it so good.

We spend our evenings in the most agreeable manner. I first open the *séance* by giving all the news of the week. Then we retire to supper. After supper, Hartley's wife, who is a rare artist, treats us to some music; then for nearly the rest of the night, my friend and I read to one another from our favorite authors, or discuss various literary or scientific topics.

O noctes coenaeque Deum! My perpetual dream is to have, one day, just such a rural retreat as Hartley's, and just such company as his, to make it a Tusculum.

My friendship for Hartley began at College, and has continued uninterrupted till now, through many changes and vicissitudes. It is chiefly founded on our identity of intellectual habits, and singular similitude of character. He knows my whole soul-history.

Chapter by chapter I too have sounded the inmost depths of his nature. Our intercourse has been all along a series of confidences. Some day I may weave our mutual experience into a consecutive work. To-night as I recall my visit to Kirkwood, I feel inclined to detach a Christmas episode relating to my friend's marriage. He related it to me one night on the back gallery of his mansion, while we were discussing the psychological curiosities of love, especially among the young and inexperienced.

I remember that I had objected to the expression, *Love at first sight*, as not conveying the notion of any remarkable phenomenon.

"How so?" asked Hartley.

"Because, nearly all love is kindled at first sight of the good or beautiful object."

"True," he replied, "a feeling of love, an act of love is thus evoked, but not the state or habit of love."

"Your distinction is a good one," I rejoined; "but I doubt whether it is generally made in popular speech."

"I should say it was; and what is more, I believe that when people advert to a case of love at first sight, they usually refer to the love which ends in marriage."

"Then I believe the case to be so uncommon as to be phenomenal."

"Mine was a case of that kind."

I looked at my friend incredulously.

"Let us light another cigar," said he, "and I will tell you all about it."

II.

A party of us had been camping out for a week some miles down the river on the Illinois side. We had been very successful in our duck hunting, and when at last Christmas came round we determined on enjoying ourselves in the best way we could. Some remained stretched in their tents in unbroken slumber; others made a rollicking feast around the central kettle, while three of us, proposed to drive down in the afternoon to the village of Kaskaskia, some ten miles away. Kaskaskia was still a Creole village in those days, precisely similar in all its fashions to Videpoche, Portage, Florissant, St. Charles, Ste. Genevieve, Cape Girardeau. Like them, too, it was renowned for its pretty girls—of the genuine, unalloyed Creole type.

Well, we reached Kaskaskia early in the afternoon, and after roaming about a little we repaired to a large inn where we amused ourselves with several other young men whose acquaintance we made. As the tavern was on the corner of the plank road leading to the church, we youngsters watched the people going to and from the house of prayer. On issuing from afternoon service, every girl that passed was closely examined and her merits were discussed by us. And the girls themselves seemed to be aware of this examination, for it was comical to see the airs which they put on, and the efforts they made to secure the regard of their critics.

"You will agree with me, John, that it is simply an impertinence to be thus ogling the female world wherever we meet it, but, on the other hand, it is no less out of place for women to be continually obtruding themselves before us, purposely to catch our eye. Don't you think so?"

"The homeliest and even the ugliest are the most incorrigible in this respect," I replied.

"Yes," resumed Hartley, "they try everything to hide their defects or to counteract them by the splendor of their exterior show, while, if they only knew it, the richness of their toilet brings only into greater relief their native uncomeliness. It is useless, however, to homilize on this subject."

"Very true," I exclaimed. "Men are men, women are women, and there is an end."

We both laughed heartily at this *boutade* of ours, and Hartley continued:

I sat a long time apart from the others, gazing out on the open area in front of the church. The multitude had already poured out of the temple after even-song, and the stragglers had gone one by one. The infirm blind man had struck his staff along the pavement and disappeared into the little by-way where he resided. The aged widow, who always lingered after the rest of the congregation, had recited her last prayer and was returning home with drooping eyes. The open space before the church was quite deserted. Hardly knowing why, and without saying a word to any one, I left the room where my friends were enjoying themselves, and went out for a walk into the village. Slowly and unconsciously my feet bore me to the church door, when I stopped a moment on hearing the sound of music within. Under ordinary circumstance I should have made nothing of this, but on the present occasion I was somehow impelled to listen and to attach a mysterious importance to the music. Pushing the church door gently before me, I stepped into the vestibule and suddenly a full volume of sound burst upon my ear.

III.

I paused a moment, wrapped in attention, then noiselessly penetrated into the sacred edifice. There was a lull in the music for a few seconds, and I looked around me. Everything tended to inspire awe. Darkness was already gathering in the side aisles and lateral chapels, though the nave was still illumined by the setting sun whose golden light was mellowed and divided into picturesque fragments by the high lancet windows. The freshness of evening streamed in from openings in the dome and roof and the smell of incense still lingered in the holy atmosphere of the house of God. There was no one in the body of the church, but in the chancel I saw the kneeling form of the village pastor. He was greatly esteemed in those days for saintliness. His venerable white head was sharply defined by the yellow and crimson light that fell from the wheel window behind the high altar. It was such a head, John, as Domenichino would have liked to study and reproduce on his monastic canvasses. The old man held his breviary in his hand, but his mind was evidently absorbed in meditation, for the book was half-closed and his eyes fixed intently on a fine crucifixion that hung in the chancel before him. Suddenly the sound of music called my attention to the organ loft, and there, to my surprise, I noticed the slender form of a young girl sitting before the keys. The huge pipe of the instrument rose up like a forest before her, hiding their heads in the gloom that had already collected on the ceiling. The girl seemed like a little child who had heedlessly adventured into a region of immensity and superincumbent force where she would be overwhelmed. She was quite alone in the choir. Fearful lest I should be observed by the priest or the organist, I softly glided behind a pillar of the nave, in whose shadow I was hidden from view, while I could see everything that took place in the church. Perhaps there is no spot on earth, John, (and here the speaker's voice vibrated like a harp,) which so impresses an imaginative mind as an empty church, especially

at the time of sunset, and when the stillness of the eternal world only deepens the silence that reigns in its long-drawn aisles. The spirit of peace then falls on one like a sensible presence, refreshing the utmost recesses of the soul. Prayer is also felt as a real thing, a necessity of the hour, and the lips long unused to supplication instinctively repeat the holy words learned at the mother's knee. On occasions like these, wild, worldly men, whose thoughts are all fleshly, and who habitually recoil from the self-reproach of meditation with a feeling of actual dread, can sit in the consecrated gloom and brood over their sins with a soothing contrition and the sweet assurance of pardon. To their altered eyes there is then nothing grim or forbidding in the immovable fixtures of the altar, nothing harsh in the agonized face of the crucified. The gentle madonna and the old grotesque saints in the niches are invested with a loveliness that recalls the ancient church days. Everything breathes calm, contentment and peace. Blessed moments in which man's better nature rises to its highest level and catches glimpses of its spiritual destiny!

IV.

Being a youth of rather serious temperament I felt all the influences of the hour and holy place. In my case the impression was even deepened by the singularly beautiful music which I heard. Instead of breaking in on my meditations, it served as a connecting link between them, blending them together as in a maze. My eyes, however, were fixed on the player. It was Victoria, my future wife. But the sight of her, instead of producing worldly or sensuous thoughts, only heightened my feelings of reverential awe. The time, the place, the occupation, served to idealize her in some sort, and to my bewildered fancy she seemed not a fleshly maiden, fingering cold ivory keys, but a being of the spiritual world whose soul was transfusing itself into sacred melody. Vic, however, (as I learned afterwards from herself,) was not conscious that she was playing so well. She did not even feel that she was at her best. Having consented, at the pastor's solicitation, to be the organist of the parish, in default of any professional performer, she had the habit of practising on Sunday afternoons, after the congregation had departed, and even on week days when she found it convenient to come to the village. On this Christmas afternoon, she had fallen on a selection of musical pieces which accorded with the strange circumstance of my presence in the church. The abstruse and almost painfully pathetic creations of Beethoven are not appreciated, because not comprehended by the majority of the lovers of music, but many of his disciples have popularized the mysticism of his school and thus rendered it generally enjoyable. Chief among these is Mendelssohn. He was, and is still, a great favorite of Vic's, and to-day she was practising his delightful *Lieder ohne Worte*. Songs Without Words! The performance was all the more appropriate that it coincided with Victoria's artistic character. She has uncommon talents for instrumental, but none whatever for vocal music. She cannot sing at all. Her voice has neither tonality nor compass of any kind. Hence she never attempts to sing, as you are aware. She throws all her soul, all the pure passionateness of her nature into her instrument. And right well do the silver chords of the piano or the tubes of the organ supply the deficiencies of her voice. To-day, that she had made a selection of her own, and was probably more disposed for music than usual, she rendered the pensive melodies of Mendelssohn with marvelous effect. The instrument became vocal under her touch. It seemed transformed into one grand multiple voice. It filled the whole temple with a presence and a power. The light summer air of the darkened aisle palpitated with its infinite echoes. Now there was a sound of thunder like the rush of high winds, then a lull like the murmurs of the breeze. Every passion and emotion was articulated—grief and joy, triumph and despair, fear and calm contentment. And throughout the whole performance not a jingle was heard, not a harsh note, nothing that could recall the material; all was spiritualized—the instrument and the performer. The creative thought of the author was seized, and in that gush of inspiration the listener was wafted out into the ideal.

I stood leaning against the pillar, completely absorbed by the wonderful music. For a long time my eyes were fixed on the groined ceiling, while my thoughts were far away in the limitless spaces of fancy, or fixed in the contemplation of the feelings that swelled up unbidden within me responsive to the touches of the master's harmony. Gradually, however, I awoke out of my stupor and looked around. Darkness had now filled the vast area, but there was sufficient light to enable me to see the aged priest in the chancel. He had risen from his knees and taken his seat in an arm-chair near the altar. His missal was closed on his lap, his hands were tightly clasped upon the book, and his serene white face was upturned towards the choir with a rapt expression of intense thought. It was evident that the music had proved a prayer for the holy man, and had wafted his soul on its wings beyond the narrowness of this temple built with hands. I then turned to Victoria and saw that she remained immovable before the instrument, as though overwhelmed by the language which she had made it speak. Her fingers still lay on the edge of the keys and her head was bent down. A last ray of sunshine broke into the organ loft, shot down along the great pipes, and rested like a halo on her abundant brown hair.

"Beautiful Love!" was the exclamation that I could scarcely suppress. Yes, she was beauti-

ful up there in the effulgence of her artistic glory, more beautiful than she could ever hope to be in the costly toilets of fashion or amid the hollow vanities of society.

V.

Just then, a low vibration as if the tall spire were rocking on its base was felt inside the church, and the bells pealed out the *Angelus*. The old priest fell upon his knees, and Vic started from her seat. It was all over now. The spell was broken, and the young girl timidly hurried down the dark staircase. On reaching the front of the church she paused a moment as if hesitating on what she should do. She had evidently delayed longer than was her wont, regretting that the day was so far advanced.

I who had noiselessly followed her to the vestibule, now ventured to step up and address her. In a few brief words I told her who I was, how I came to be there, and I offered to accompany her home. I gathered from her confused reply that she lived at some little distance from the village, and I modestly repeated my offer. Vic felt a little shy about giving her consent, but somehow she could not well refuse. It was better after all to have an attendant than to go alone, and, besides, our route lay along the highway.

At first, the conversation between us was somewhat forced. I resolved to bring it around by complimenting the young lady on her rare musical execution.

"And you really heard me this afternoon?" said she, with a slight smile.

"I did, Miss, and give me credit for sincerity when I assure you I never in my life heard music that so affected me."

"You are too kind," she murmured.

"I am only just."

"Ah! music is an infinite art. When I attempt such compositions as those I tried to perform this evening, it is not only their profound beauties which affect me, but their vast suggestiveness which always leaves me unsatisfied and hungering for more."

"Satiety is unhappiness. The fulcrum of happiness is hope and expectation, and that is why high art is the very life of gifted natures like yours, Mademoiselle."

Victoria looked at me with serious eyes. "You can sympathize with me, Sir," said she, with a slightly faltering voice.

"Sympathy is a cold word when warm admiration goes before," I answered, with a low bow.

Vic's cheek was on fire.

This little outburst was followed by a long string of common places, as is generally the case in love talk, when the groundwork is not yet sufficiently secure. I was, however, highly delighted with myself for having brought on the opportunity of thus making my first declaration. It enabled me at once to obtain a clear insight into the real character of the young girl. I understood that approaches to her were not to be made by the usual chit-chat and frivolity. Her's was a deep, recondite nature, in which the aesthetic elements largely predominated, and the probabilities were that her heart was to be won, if won at all, through her imagination and artistic sensibilities.

We reached her home at last. It does not enter into the scope of the argument which this narrative was intended to elucidate, to detail the further progress of our wooing. Suffice it to say that, having hastily abandoned my hunting companions, I ran back to my native city for a few days, and then returned to Kaskaskia. On my very second visit to Victoria, I won her hand, and this is what I call a case of love and marriage at first sight.

"Not at first sight only, Hartley," I exclaimed. "It was not merely the eye but the ear, and the mysterious emotional influence of music that won your heart and made you win hers."

"Very true, but the case is none the less striking for all that."

"It is all the more striking, my friend, and I thank you for the deep lesson which it teaches me."

VI.

We flung our cigars into the grass and entered Hartley's cabinet. His beautiful wife was sitting there, rocking her last born. My friend laid his hand on her shoulder, and pointing to the sleeping babe, said to me in a low voice:

"Here is at least one pledge, John, that our love is as enduring as it was sudden."

I made no answer, but bowed in acquiescence; then my look wandering on the mother, I met her large, lustrous brown eyes beaming with a glorious expression of matrimonial and maternal love. I understood, for once, what domestic happiness is.

A moment after, Mrs. Hartley put the baby in its cradle and returned to join us.

"You must give us one piece of music, dear, before we retire to rest," said her husband.

"What shall it be?"

He stepped up to the piano and spread out some sheets of the *Leider ohne Worte*.

On taking her seat, she looked at both of us, as though she understood what we meant by asking that particular music.

No need to add that she played admirably. When she finished, she remained weeping over the keys. Hartley was hidden in his arm-chair, bathed in tears. He looked over to me, and I murmured:

"Yes, yes, I understand it all. I see the organ loft and the fair organist playing this wonderful music, at sunset. I comprehend the power of these songs without words, and I realize, too, that one may love and marry at first sight and be happy!"

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

[ENTERED according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1874, by WILKIE COLLINS, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XXI.

I SEE MY WAY.

Let me own, then, to begin with, that I closed the record of the Trial actually agreeing, in one important particular, with the opinion of my enemy and my husband's enemy—the Lord Advocate. He had characterised the explanation of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death, offered by the defence, as "a clumsy subterfuge, in which no reasonable being could discern the smallest fragment of possibility." Without going so far as this, I, too, could see no reason whatever in the evidence for assuming that the poor woman had taken an overdose of the poison by mistake. I believed that she had the arsenic secretly in her possession, and that she had tried, or intended to try, the use of it internally, for the purpose of improving her complexion. But farther than this I could not advance. The more I thought of it, the more plainly justified the lawyers for the prosecution seemed to me to be, in declaring that Mrs. Eustace Macallan had died by the hand of a poisoner—although they were entirely and certainly mistaken in charging my husband with the crime.

My husband being innocent, somebody else, on my own showing, must be guilty. Who among the persons inhabiting the house at the time had poisoned Mrs. Eustace Macallan? My suspicion, in answering that question, pointed straight to a woman. And the name of that woman was Mrs. Beaulieu!

Yes; to that startling conclusion I had arrived. It was, to my mind, the inevitable result of reading the evidence.

Look back for a moment at the letter produced in Court, signed "Helena," and addressed to Mr. Macallan. No reasonable person can doubt (though the judges excused her from answering the question) that Mrs. Beaulieu was the writer. Very well. The letter offers, as I think, trustworthy evidence to show the state of the woman's mind when she paid her visit to Gleninch.

Writing to Mr. Macallan at a time when she was married to another man—a man to whom she had engaged herself before she met with Mr. Macallan—what does she say? She says, "When I think of your life sacrificed to that wretched woman, my heart bleeds for you." Add again, she says, "If it had been my unutterable happiness to love and cherish the best, the dearest of men, what a paradise of our own we might have lived in, what delicious hours we might have known!"

If this is not the language of a woman shamelessly and furiously in love with a man—not her husband—what is it? She is so full of him, that even her idea of another world (see the letter) is the idea of "embracing" Mr. Macallan's "soul." In this condition of mind and morals the lady one day finds herself and her embraces free, through the death of her husband. As soon as she can decently visit, she goes visiting; and, in due course of time, she becomes the guest of the man whom she adores. His wife is ill in her bed. The one other visitor at Gleninch is a cripple, who can only move in his chair on wheels. The lady has the house and the one beloved object in it all to herself. No obstacle stands between her and "the unutterable happiness of loving and cherishing the best, the dearest of men," but a poor sick, ugly wife, for whom Mr. Macallan never has felt, and never can feel, the smallest particle of love.

Is it perfectly absurd to believe that such a woman as this, impelled by these motives and surrounded by these circumstances, would be capable of committing a crime, if the safe opportunity offered itself?

What does her evidence say? She admits that she had a conversation with Mrs. Eustace Macallan, in which that lady "questioned her on the subject of cosmetic applications to the complexion." Did nothing else take place at that interview? Did Mrs. Beaulieu make no discoveries—afterwards turned to fatal account—of the dangerous experiment which her hostess was then trying to improve her ugly complexion? All we know is, that Mrs. Beaulieu said nothing about it.

What does the under-gardener say? He heard a conversation between Mr. Macallan and Mrs. Beaulieu, which shows the possibility of Mrs. Beaulieu becoming Mrs. Eustace Macallan had certainly presented itself to that lady's mind, and was certainly considered by her to be too dangerous a topic of discourse to be pursued. Innocent Mr. Macallan would have gone on talking. Mrs. Beaulieu is discreet, and stops him.

And what does the nurse—Christina Ormsay—tell us?

On the day of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death the nurse is dismissed from attendance, and is sent downstairs. She leaves the sick woman, recovered from her first attack of illness, and able to amuse herself with writing. The nurse remains away for half an hour, and then gets uneasy at not hearing the invalid's bell. She goes to the Morning Room to consult Mr. Mac-

allan, and there she hears that Mrs. Beaulieu is missing. Mr. Macallan doesn't know where she is, and asks Mr. Dexter if he has seen her. Mr. Dexter has not set eyes on her. At what time does the disappearance of Mrs. Beaulieu take place? At the very time when Christina Ormsay had left Mrs. Eustace Macallan alone in her room!

Meanwhile the bell rings at last, rings violently. The nurse goes back to the sick room at five minutes to eleven, or thereabouts, and finds that the bad symptoms of the morning have returned in a gravely aggravated form. A second dose of poison—larger than the dose administered in the early morning—has been given, during the absence of the nurse, and, observe, during the disappearance also of Mrs. Beaulieu. The nurse, looking out into the corridor for help, encounters Mrs. Beaulieu herself, innocently on her way from her own room—just up, we are to suppose, at eleven in the morning!—to enquire after the sick woman.

A little later, Mrs. Beaulieu accompanies Mr. Macallan to visit the invalid. The dying woman casts a strange look at both of them, and tells them to leave her. Mr. Macallan understands this as the fretful outbreak of a person in pain, and waits in the room to tell the nurse that the doctor is sent for. What does Mrs. Beaulieu do? She runs out panic-stricken, the instant Mrs. Eustace Macallan looks at her. Even Mrs. Beaulieu, it seems, has a conscience!

Is there nothing to justify suspicion in such circumstances as these—circumstances sworn to, on the oaths of the witnesses?

To me, the conclusion is plain. Mrs. Beaulieu's hand gave that second dose of poison. Admitt this; and the inference follows that she also gave the first dose in the early morning. How could she do it? Look again at the evidence. The nurse admits that she was asleep, from past two in the morning to six. She also speaks of a locked door of communication with the sick room, the key of which had been removed, nobody knew by whom. Some person must have stolen that key. Why not Mrs. Beaulieu?

One word more, and all that I had in my mind at that time will be honestly revealed.

Miserrimus Dexter, under cross-examination, had indirectly admitted that he had ideas of his own on the subject of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death. At the same time, he had spoken of Mrs. Beaulieu in a tone which plainly betrayed that he was no friend to that lady. Did he suspect her, too? My chief motive in deciding to ask his advice, before I applied to any one else, was to find an opportunity of putting that question to him. If he really thought of her as I did, my course was clear before me. The next step to take would be carefully to conceal my identity—and then to present myself, in the character of a harmless stranger, to Mrs. Beaulieu.

There were difficulties of course in my way. The first and greatest difficulty was to obtain an introduction to Miserrimus Dexter.

The composing influence of the fresh air in the garden had, by this time, made me readier to lie down and rest than to occupy my mind in reflecting on my difficulties. Little by little, I grew too drowsy to think—then too lazy to go on walking. My bed looked wonderfully inviting, as I passed by the open window of my room.

In five minutes more I had accepted the invitation of the bed, and had said farewell to my anxieties and my troubles. In five minutes more, I was fast asleep.

A discreetly gentle knock at my door was the first sound that roused me. I heard the voice of my good old Benjamin speaking outside.

"My dear! I am afraid you will be starved if I let you sleep any longer. It is half past one o'clock; and a friend of your's has come to lunch with us."

A friend of mine? What friends had I? My husband was far away; and my uncle Starkweather had given me up in despair.

"Who is it?" I cried out from my bed, through the door.

"Major Fitz-David," Benjamin answered—by the same medium.

I sprang out of bed. The very man I wanted was waiting to see me! Major Fitz-David, as the phrase is, knew everybody. Intimate with my husband, he would certainly know my husband's old friend—Miserrimus Dexter.

Shall I confess that I look particular pains with my toilet, and that I kept the luncheon waiting? The woman doesn't live who would have done otherwise—when she had a particular favour to ask of Major Fitz-David.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MAJOR MAKES DIFFICULTIES.

As I opened the dining-room door, the Major hastened to meet me. He looked the brightest and the youngest of living elderly gentlemen—with his smart blue frock coat, his winning smile, his ruby ring, and his ready compliment. It was quite cheering to meet the modern Don Juan once more.

"I don't ask after your health," said the old gentlemen; "your eyes answer me, my dear lady, before I can put the question. At your age a long sleep is the true beauty-draught. Plenty of bed—there is the simple secret of keeping your good looks and living a long life—plenty of bed!"

"I have not been so long in my bed, Major, as you suppose. To tell the truth, I have been up all night, reading."

Major Fitz-David lifted his well-painted eyebrows, in polite surprise.

"What is the happy book which has interested you so deeply?" he asked.

"The book," I answered, "is the Trial of my husband for the murder of his first wife."

The Major's smile vanished. He drew back a step, with a look of dismay.

"Don't mention that horrid book!" he exclaimed. "Don't speak of that dreadful subject! What have beauty and grace to do with Trials, Poisonings, Horrors? Why, my charming friend profane your lips by talking of such things? Why frighten the Loves and the Graces that lie hid in your smile? Humour and old fellow who adores the Loves and the Graces, and who asks nothing better than to sun himself in your smile. Luncheon is ready. Let us be cheerful. Let us laugh, and lunch."

He led me to the table and filled my plate and my glass, with the air of a man who considered himself to be engaged in one of the most important occupations of his life. Benjamin kept the conversation going in the interval.

"Major Fitz-David brings you some news, my dear," he said. "Your mother-in-law, Mrs. Macallan, is coming here to see you to day."

My mother-in-law coming to see me! I turned eagerly to the Major for further information.

"Has Mrs. Macallan heard anything of my husband?" I asked. "Is she coming here to tell me about him?"

"She has heard from him, I believe," said the Major; "and she has also heard from your uncle the Vicar. Our excellent Starkweather has written to her—to what purpose I have not been informed. I only know that on receipt of his letter, she has decided on paying you a visit. I met the old lady last night at a party; and I tried hard to discover whether she was coming to you as your friend or your enemy. My powers of persuasion were completely thrown away on her. The fact is," said the Major, speaking in the character of a youth of five-and-twenty, making a modest confession, "I don't get on well with old women. Take the will for the deed, my sweet friend. I have tried to be of some use to you—and I have failed."

These words offered me the opportunity for which I was waiting. I determined not to lose it.

"You can be of the greatest use to me," I said, "if you will allow me to presume, Major, on your past kindness. I want to ask you a question; and I may have a favour to beg when you have answered me."

Major Fitz-David set down his wine glass on its way to his lips, and looked at me with an appearance of breathless interest.

"Command me, my dear lady—I am your's and your's only," said the gallant old gentleman.

"What do you wish to ask me?"

"I wish to ask if you know Miserrimus Dexter?"

"Good Heavens!" cried the Major; "that is an unexpected question! Know Miserrimus Dexter? I have known him for more years than I like to reckon up. What can be your object—?"

"I can tell you what my object is in two words," I interposed. "I want you to give me an introduction to Miserrimus Dexter."

My impression is that the Major turned pale under his paint. This, at any rate, is certain: his sparkling little grey eyes looked at me in undisguised bewilderment and alarm.

"You want to know Miserrimus Dexter?" he repeated, with the air of a man who doubted the evidence of his own senses. "Mr. Benjamin! have I taken too much of your excellent wine? Am I the victim of a delusion—or did our fair friend really ask me to give her an introduction to Miserrimus Dexter?"

Benjamin looked at me in some bewilderment on his side, and answered quite seriously.

"I think you said so, my dear."

"I certainly said so," I rejoined. "What is there so very surprising in my request?"

"The man is mad!" cried the Major. "In all England you could not have picked out a person more essentially unfit to be introduced to a lady—to a young lady especially—than Dexter. Have you heard of his horrible deformity?"

"I have heard of it—and it doesn't daunt me."

"Doesn't daunt you? My dear lady, the man's mind is as deformed as his body. What Voltaire said satirically of the character of his countrymen in general, is literally true of Miserrimus Dexter. He is a mixture of the tiger and the monkey. At one moment he would frighten you; and at the next, he would set you screaming with laughter. I don't deny that he is clever in some respects—brilliantly clever, I admit. And I don't say that he is ever committed any acts of violence, or ever willingly injured anybody. But, for all that, he is mad, if ever a man was mad yet. Forgive me if the inquiry is impertinent. What can your motive possibly be for wanting an introduction to Miserrimus Dexter?"

"I want to consult him."

"May I ask on what subject?"

"On the subject of my husband's Trial."

Major Fitz-David groaned, and sought a momentary consolation in his friend Benjamin's claret.

"That dreadful subject again!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Benjamin, why does she persist in dwelling on that dreadful subject?"

"I must dwell on what is now the one em-

ployment and the one hope of my life," I said. "I have reason to hope that Miserrimus Dexter can help me to clear my husband's character of the stain which the Scotch Verdict has left on it. Tiger and monkey as he may be, I am ready to run the risk of being introduced to him. And I ask you again—rashly and obstinately as I fear you will think—to give me the introduction. It will put you to no inconvenience. I won't trouble you to escort me; a letter to Mr. Dexter will do."

The Major looked piteously at Benjamin, and shook his head. Benjamin looked piteously at the Major, and shook his head.

"She appears to insist on it," said the Major. "Yes," said Benjamin. "She appears to insist on it."

"I won't take the responsibility, Mr. Benjamin, of sending her alone to Miserrimus Dexter."

"Shall I go with her, sir?"

The Major reflected. Benjamin, in the capacity of protector, did not appear to inspire our military friend with confidence. After a moment's consideration, a new idea seemed to strike him. He turned to me.

"My charming friend," he said, "be more charming than ever—consent to a compromise. Let us treat this difficulty about Dexter from a social point of view. What do you say to a little dinner?"

"A little dinner," the Major reiterated. "At my house. You insist on my introducing you to Dexter; and I refuse to trust you alone with that cracked-brained personage. The only alternative under the circumstances is to invite him to meet you, and to let you form your own opinion of him—under the protection of my roof. Who shall we have to meet you, besides?"

perused the Major, brightening with hospitable intentions. "We want a perfect galaxy of beauty round the table, as a species of compensation, when we have got Miserrimus Dexter as one of the guests. Madame Mirrillmore is still in London. You would be sure to like her—she is charming; she possesses your firmness, your extraordinary tenacity of purpose. Yes, we will have Madame Mirrillmore. Who else? Shall we say Lady Clarinda? Another charming person, Mr. Benjamin! You would be sure to admire her—she is so sympathetic, she resembles in so many respects our fair friend here. Yes, Lady Clarinda shall be one of us; and you shall sit next to her, Mr. Benjamin, as a proof of my sincere regard for you. Shall we have my young prima donna to sing to us in the evening? I think so. She is pretty; she will assist in obscuring the deformity of Dexter. Very well; there is our party completed. I will set myself up this evening and approach the question of dinner with my cook. Shall we say this day week," asked the Major, taking out his pocket-book—"at eight o'clock?"

I consented to the proposed compromise—but not very willingly. With a letter of introduction I might have seen Miserrimus Dexter that afternoon. As it was, the "little dinner" compelled me to wait in absolute inaction, through a whole week. However, there was no help for it but to submit. Major Fitz-David, in his polite way, could be as obstinate as I was. He had evidently made up his mind; and further opposition on my part would be of no service to me.

"Punctually at eight, Mr. Benjamin," reiterated the Major. "Put it down in your book."

Benjamin obeyed—with a side look at me, which I was at no loss to interpret. My good old friend did not relish meeting a man at dinner, who was described as "half tiger, half monkey;" and the privilege of sitting next to Lady Clarinda rather daunted than delighted him. It was all my doing, and he too had no choice but to submit. "Punctually at eight, sir," said poor old Benjamin, obediently recording his formidable engagement. "Please to take another glass of wine."

The Major looked at his watch, and rose—with fluent apologies for abruptly leaving the table.

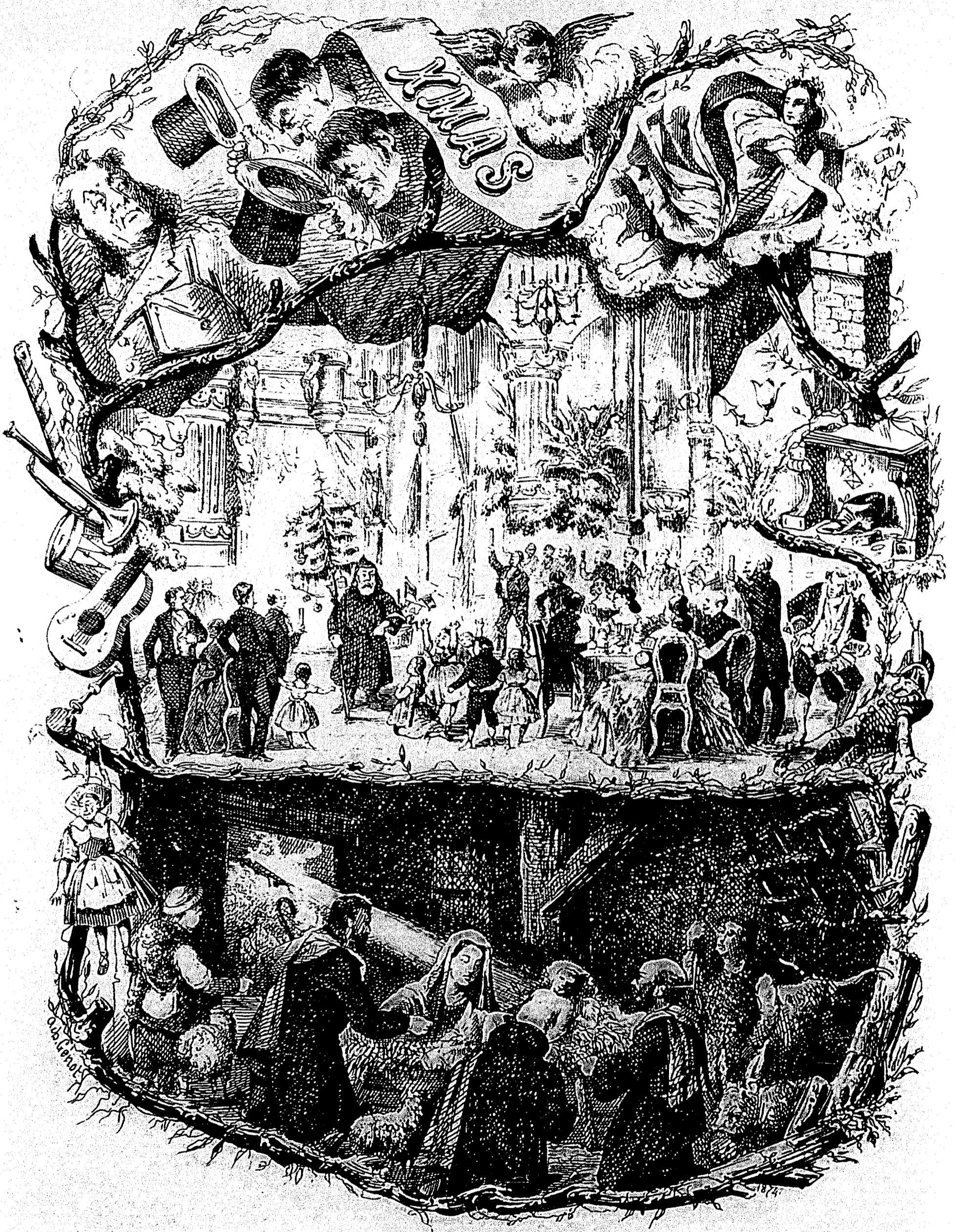
"It is later than I thought," he said. "I have an appointment with a friend—a female friend; a most attractive person. You a little remind me of her, my dear lady—you resemble her in complexion; the same creamy paleness. I adore creamy paleness. As I was saying, I have an appointment with my friend; she does me the honour to ask my opinion on some very remarkable specimens of old lace. I have studied old lace. I study everything that can make me useful or agreeable to your enchanting sex. You won't forget our little dinner? I will send Dexter his invitation the moment I get home." He took my hand, and looked at it critically, with his head a little on one side. "A delicious hand," he said, "you don't mind my looking at it, you don't mind my kissing it—do you? A delicious hand is one of my weaknesses. I promise to repent and amend, one of these days."

"At your age, Major, do you think you have much time to lose?" asked a strange voice, speaking behind us.

We all three looked round towards the door. There stood my husband's mother, smiling satirically—with Benjamin's shy little maid-servant waiting to announce her.

Major Fitz-David was ready with his answer. The old soldier was not easily taken by surprise.

"Age, my dear Mrs. Macallan, is a purely relative expression," he said. "There are some people who are never young; and there are



CHRISTMAS IN THE DRAWING ROOM.—CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM.—By A. GENOT.

GRANDPAPA AND GRAND-
MAMMA'S HEALTH.

Upon the threshold of the past
We linger o'er its joys and a sea;
And when the year is waning fast
We love to watch it as it goes.

With some the time has sped away
With care and sadness o'ercoat,
But many a sorrow laden day
Has ripened into joy at last.

And some look back with longing eyes
Adorn the misty track of time,
Where visions of the past arise
Of ardent youth and happy prime.

But yet, unbidden tears will start;—
On all a touch of sadness falls,
And from the fountains of the heart
A voice mysterious ever calls.

But let us bless the dying year,
And all the years that we have seen
The future is not dark with fear,
Whatever the past to us has been.

And let us drink a modest cup
With loving friends whom time has tried
Come, fill the glasses! fill them up!
And bless this happy Christmas-tide.

Our Queen and country shall not need
To seek within our hearts a place;
To commerce give its proper meed,
To valour yield a fitting grace.

And laws and learning, science, art,
Shall each with due respect be heard;
They all shall have an equal part,
And all shall share a kindly word.

To all such themes our thoughts may roam,
But there is yet a dearer toast,
And one that comes much nearer home
We drink our hostess and our host!

He gave his love, he gave his life
To her when they were bright and young,
Together they have shared the strife
That fortune on their path has flung.

She cheered him when his heart was low,
She helped him when his hand was weak,
And tears of sorrow ceased to flow
Before the words that she would speak.

Together they have climbed the hill,
They gaze together down the vale,
And, hand in hand, through good and ill,
They bide the blush of the tale.

They reap the harvest they have sown,
And look to life's eternal goal,
While all the pleasures they have known
Return, like echoes, to the soul.

The memory of a well-spent life
Is theirs to cheer declining days,
And father, mother, husband, wife,
Applied to them, are words of praise.

Come, fill the glasses! fill them up!
With trusty friends whom time has tried
We'll drink a last and loving cup,
And bless the happy Christmas-tide.



GRAND PAPA & GRAND MAMMA'S HEALTH.

CHRISTMAS IN BRIT-
TANY

Brittany is the country of mysteries. In the barn of the richest farmer of the village, the inhabitants of Finistere represent the nativity and the adoration of the Magi. Nothing is wanting to the completeness, not even the angels who come to announce the glad tidings. It is true that the wings of the latter are of paste-board, and the cloth which covers the ladder whereon one of them is suspended, hardly conceals the fact, but the spectacle is none the less interesting and none the less the object of pious enthusiasm. The spirit of evil, or, in other words, the devil, comes to disturb the festival, hidden in a sheep's skin, but the exterminating angel, with his sword of genuine iron, drives him away ignominiously.

In the environs of Amboise there is another ceremony for Christmas. The third stroke of the midnight mass sounds from the village church. After an evening spent in singing the popular *noels* of the country, the father of the family goes to the barn and takes therefrom a huge log kept in reserve for the *terfeu*, or three fires, because it must last three days, and places it on the hearth. The mother, detaching from the head of the bed the cedar branch placed there on Palm Sunday, proceeds therewith to bless the fireside, that it may be preserved from getting cold. Meantime, the young girls carefully sweep the hearthstone, in order, according to the tradition, that the Madonna may come down at midnight without soiling her garments. The neighbours drop in, lantern in hand, and the silhouettes of the pious group are soon visible in the snow which covers the road to the church, while the joyous flame of the *terfeu* illumines the house and prepares a warm, pleasant return to the simple inhabitants.



CHRISTMAS IN BRITTANY

other people who are never old. I am one of the other people. *Au revoir!*"

With that answer, the incorrigible Major kissed the tips of his fingers to us and walked out. Benjamin, bowing with his old-fashioned courtesy, threw open the door of his little library, and, inviting Mrs. Macallan and myself to pass in, left us together in the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW SURPRISES ME.

I took a chair at a respectful distance from the sofa on which Mrs. Macallan seated herself. The old lady smiled, and beckoned to me to take my place by her side. Judging by appearances she had certainly not come to see me in the character of an enemy. It remained to be discovered whether she was really disposed to be my friend.

"I have received a letter from your uncle the Vicar," she began. "He asks me to visit you; and I am happy—for reasons you shall presently hear—to comply with his request. Under other circumstances, I doubt very much, my dear child—strange as the confession may appear—whether I should have ventured into your presence. My son has behaved to you so weakly, and (in my opinion) so inexcusably; that I am really, speaking as his mother, almost ashamed to face you."

Was she in earnest? I listened to her, and looked at her, in amazement.

"Your uncle's letter," pursued Mrs. Macallan, "tells me how you have behaved under your hard trial, and what you propose to do now Eustace has left you. Doctor Starkweather, poor man, seems to be inexpressibly shocked by what you said to him when he was in London. He begs me to use my influence to induce you to abandon your present ideas, and to make you return to your old home at the Vicarage. I don't in the least agree with your uncle, my dear! Wild as I believe your plans to be—you have not the slightest chance of succeeding in carrying them out—I admire your courage; your fidelity; your unshaken faith in my unhappy son, after his unpardonable behaviour to you. You are a fine creature, Valeria! And I have come here to tell you so in plain words. Give me a kiss, child. You deserve to be the wife of a hero—and you have married one of the weakest of living mortals. God forgive me for speaking so of my own son! But it's in my mind and it must come out!"

This way of speaking of Eustace was more than I could suffer—even from his mother. I recovered the use of my tongue, in my husband's defence.

"I am scarcely proud of your good opinion, dear Mrs. Macallan," I said. "But you distress—forgive me if I own it plainly—when I hear you speak so disparagingly of Eustace. I cannot agree with you that my husband is the weakest of living mortals."

"Of course not!" retorted the lady. "You are like all good women—you make a hero of the man you love, whether he deserves it or not. Your husband has hoets of good qualities, child—and perhaps I know them better than you do. But his whole conduct, from the moment the first entered your uncle's house to the present time, has been (I say again) the conduct of an essentially weak man. What do you think he has done now by way of climax? He has joined a charitable brotherhood; and he is off to the war in Spain with a red cross on his arm, when he ought to be here on his knees asking his wife to forgive him. I say that is the conduct of a weak man. Some people might call it by harder name."

This news startled and distressed me. I might be resigned to his leaving me (for a time); but all my instincts as a woman revolted at his placing himself in a position of danger, during his separation from his wife. He had now deliberately added to my anxieties. I thought it cruel of him—but I would not confess what I thought to his mother. I affected to be as cool as she was; and I disputed her conclusions with all the firmness that I could summon to help me. The terrible old woman only went on abusing him more vehemently than ever.

"What I complain of in my son," proceeded Mrs. Macallan, "is that he has entirely failed to understand you. If he had married a fool, his conduct would be intelligible enough. He would have done wisely to conceal from a fool that he had been married already, and that he had suffered the horrid public exposure of a Trial for the murder of his wife. Then, again, he would have been quite right, when this same fool had discovered the truth, to take himself off out of her way, before she could suspect him of poisoning her—for the sake of the peace and quiet of both parties. But you are not a fool. I can see that, after only a short experience of you. Why can't he see it too? Why didn't he trust you with his secret from the first, instead of stealing his way into your affections under an assumed name? By did he plan (as he confessed to me) to take you away to the Mediterranean, and to keep you abroad, for fear of some officious friends at home betraying him to you as the prisoner of the famous Trial? What is the plain answer to all these questions? What is the one possible explanation of this otherwise unaccountable conduct? There is only one answer, and one explanation. My poor wretched son—he takes after his father; he isn't the least like me!—is weak; weak in his way of judging, weak in his way of acting; and, like all weak people, headstrong and unreasonable to the last degree. There is the truth! Don't get red and angry. I am as fond of him as you are. I can see his merits, too. And one of them is, that he has married a woman of spirit and resolution—so faithful, and so fond of him, that she won't even let his own mother tell her of his faults. Good child! I like you for hating me!"

"Dear madam, don't say that I hate you!" I exclaimed (feeling very much as if I did hate her, though, for all that!) "I only presume to

think that you are confusing a delicate-minded man with a weak-minded man. Our dear unhappy Eustace—"

"Is a delicate-minded man," said the impenetrable Mrs. Macallan, finishing my sentence for me. "We will leave it there, my dear, and get on to another subject. I wonder whether we shall disagree about that, too?"

"What is the subject, madam?"

"I won't tell you, if you call me madam. Call me mother. Say, 'What is the subject, mother.'"

"What is the subject, mother?"

"Your notion of turning yourself into a Court of Appeal for a new Trial of Eustace, and forcing the world to pronounce a just verdict on him. Do you really mean to try it?"

"I do!"

Mrs. Macallan considered for a moment grimly with herself.

"You know how heartily I admire your courage, and your devotion to my unfortunate son," she said. "You know, by this time, that I don't cant. But I cannot see you attempt to perform impossibilities; I cannot let you uselessly risk your reputation and your happiness without warning you before it is too late. My child! the thing you have got it in your head to do, is not to be done by you or by anybody. Give it up."

"I am deeply obliged to you, Mrs. Macallan,"

"Mother!"

"I am deeply obliged to you, mother, for the interest that you take in me—but I cannot give it up. Right or wrong, risk or no risk, I must, and I will, try it!"

Mrs. Macallan looked at me very attentively, and sighed to herself.

"Oh, youth, youth!" she said to herself sadly. "What a grand thing it is to be young!" She controlled the rising regret, and turned on me suddenly, almost fiercely, with these words: "What, in God's name, do you mean to do?"

At the instant when she put the question, the idea crossed my mind that Mrs. Macallan could introduce me, if she pleased, to Miserrimus Dexter. She must know him, and know him well, as a guest at Gleninch and an old friend of her son.

"I mean to consult Miserrimus Dexter," I answered boldly.

Mrs. Macallan started back from me, with a loud exclamation of surprise.

"Are you out of your senses?" she asked.

I told her, as I had told Major Fitz-David, that I had reason to think Mr. Dexter's advice might be of real assistance to me at starting.

"And I," rejoined Mrs. Macallan, "have reason to think that your whole project is a mad one, and that in asking Dexter's advice on it you appropriately consult a madman. You needn't start, child! There is no harm in the creature. I don't mean that he will attack you, or be rude to you. I only say that the last person whom a young woman, placed in your painful and delicate position, ought to associate herself with, is Miserrimus Dexter."

Strange! Here was the Major's warning repeated by Mrs. Macallan, almost in the Major's own words. Well! It shared the fate of most warnings. It only made me more and more eager to have my own way.

"You surprise me very much," I said. "Mr. Dexter's evidence, given at the Trial, seems as clear and reasonable as evidence can be."

"Of course it is!" answered Mrs. Macallan. "The short-hand writers and reporters put his evidence into presentable language before they printed it. If you had heard what he really said, as I did, you would have been either very much disgusted with him, or very much amused by him, according to your way of looking at things. He began, fairly enough, with a modest explanation of his absurd Christian name, which at once checked the merriment of the audience. But as he went on, the mad side of him showed itself. He mixed up sense and nonsense in the strangest confusion; he was called to order over and over again; he was even threatened with fine and imprisonment for contempt of court. In short, he was just like himself—a mixture of the strangest and the most opposite qualities; at one time, perfectly clear and reasonable, as you said just now; at another, breaking out into rhapsodies of the most outrageous kind, like a man in a state of delirium. A more entirely unfit person to advise anybody, I will tell you again, never lived. You don't expect Me to introduce you to him, I hope?"

"I did think of such a thing," I answered. "But, after what you have said, dear Mrs. Macallan, I give up the idea, of course. It is not a great sacrifice—it only obliges me to wait a week for Major Fitz-David's dinner party. He has promised to ask Miserrimus Dexter to meet me."

"There is the Major all over!" cried the old lady. "If you pin your faith on that man, I pity you. He is as slippery as an eel. I suppose you asked him to introduce you to Dexter?"

"Yes."

"Exactly! Dexter despises him, my dear. He knows as well as I do that Dexter won't go to his dinner. And he takes that roundabout way of keeping you apart, instead of saying No to you plainly, like an honest man."

This was bad news. But I was, as usual, too obstinate to own myself defeated.

"If the worst comes to the worst," I said, "I can but write to Mr. Dexter, and beg him to grant me an interview."

"And go to him by yourself, if he doesn't grant it?" inquired Mrs. Macallan.

"Certainly. By myself."

"You really mean it?"

"I do indeed."

"I won't allow you to go by yourself."

"May I venture to ask, madam, how you propose to prevent me?"

"By going with you, to be sure, you obstinate hussy! Yes, yes—I can be as headstrong as you are, when I like. Mind! I don't want to know what your plans are. I don't want to be

mixed up with your plans. My son is resigned to the Scotch Verdict. And I am resigned to the Scotch Verdict. It is you who won't let matters rest as they are. You are a vain and foolhardy young person. But, somehow, I have taken a liking to you; and I won't let you go to Miserrimus Dexter by yourself. Put on your bonnet!"

"Now?" I asked.

"Certainly! My carriage is at the door. And the sooner it's over, the better I shall be pleased. Get ready, and be quick about it!"

I required no second bidding. In ten minutes more we were on our way to Miserrimus Dexter.

Such was the result of my mother-in-law's visit!

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISERRIMUS DEXTER—FIRST VIEW.

We had dawdled over our luncheon, before Mrs. Macallan arrived at Benjamin's cottage. The ensuing conversation between the old lady and myself (of which I have only presented a brief abstract) lasted until quite late in the afternoon. The sun was setting in heavy clouds, when we got into the carriage; and the autumn twilight began to fall round us while we were still on the road.

The direction in which we drove took us (as well as I could judge) towards the great northern suburb of London.

For more than an hour, the carriage threaded its way through a dingy brick labyrinth of streets, growing smaller and smaller, and dirtier and dirtier, the farther we went. Emerging from the labyrinth, I noticed in the gathering darkness dreary patches of waste ground which seemed to be neither town nor country. Crossing these, we passed some forlorn outlying groups of houses with dim little scattered shops among them, looking like lost country villages wandering on the way to London; disfigured and smoke-dried already by their journey! Darker and darker, and drearier and drearier the prospect grew—until the carriage stopped at last, and Mrs. Macallan announced, in her sharply-satirical way, that we had reached the end of our journey. "Prince Dexter's Palace, my dear," she said. "What do you think of it?"

I looked round me—not knowing what to think of it, if the truth must be told.

We had got out of the carriage, and we were standing on a rough half-made gravel path. Right and left of me, in the dim light, I saw the half-completed foundations of new houses in their first stage of existence. Boards and bricks were scattered about us. At places, gaunt scaffolding-poles rose like the branchless tress of the brick-desert. Behind us, on the other side of the high road, stretched another plot of wasteland, as yet not built on. Over the surface of this second desert, the ghostly white figures of vagrant ducks gleamed at intervals in the mystic light. In front of us, at a distance of two hundred yards or so, as well as I could calculate, rose a black mass which gradually resolved itself, as my eyes became accustomed to the twilight, into a long, low, and ancient house, with a hedge of evergreens and a pitch-black paling in front of it. The footman led the way towards the paling, through the boards and the bricks, the oyster-shells and the broken crockery, that strewed the ground. And this was "Prince Dexter's Palace!"

There was a gate in the pitch-black paling, and a bell-handle—discovered with great difficulty. Pulling at the handle, the footman set in motion, to judge by the sound produced, a bell of prodigious size, fitter for a church than a house.

While we were waiting for admission, Mrs. Macallan pointed to the low dark line of the old building.

"There is one of his madneses!" she said. "The speculators in this new neighbourhood have offered him, I don't know how many thousand pounds for the ground that house stands on. It was originally the manor-house of the district. Dexter purchased it, many years since, in one of his freaks of fancy. He has no old family associations with the place; the walls are all but tumbling about his ears; and the money offered would really be of use to him."

(To be continued.)

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS, valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 245 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 10-26-52-71

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET, Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

BROWN & CLAGGETT

WILL OFFER THIS HOLIDAY SEASON THEIR ENTIRE STOCK FOR SALE, COMPRISING GOODS SECURED FROM EVERY POSSIBLE SOURCE OF MANUFACTURE, AMOUNTING TO

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THE WIDE-SPREAD REPUTATION gained throughout the Dominion by BROWN & CLAGGETT, as the only FIRST-CLASS DRESS HOUSE where Goods of the Best Quality can be got at reasonable prices, will be found applicable to every Branch of their Warehouse.

THE REASON WHY THIS IS SO:

Our affairs are conducted with the strictest economy. Our purchases are made for Cash. Our Stock, although not the largest, is cheap, and better selected than any other in the City.

PRICES ARE NO REAL GUIDE TO VALUE.

THEREFORE PLEASE MAKE ONE VISIT AND JUDGE.

RECOLLET HOUSE,

Corner Notre-Dame and St. Helen Streets.

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JOHN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT

prescribed by the leading physicians throughout the world and used in the principal Royal Courts in Europe, is beneficial in cases of
WEAKENED DIGESTION,
OBSTINATE COUGHS,
ASTHMATIC COMPLAINTS
and GENERAL DEBILITY of any nature.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

10-26-1-74

BARNJUM'S
GYMNASIUM

No. 19 University Street.

The Special Classes for Children and Young Ladies will re-commence on

THURSDAY, 7th JANUARY,

These classes have been gradually gaining popularity on account of the benefit derived by the pupils from the course of exercise; and if anything more is needed to impress their value upon those having the care of children, it will be found in the fact that at least two-thirds of the pupils, have been sent by their MEDICAL ADVISERS,

FRED. S. BARNJUM,

10-26-2-72

Principal.

LAND O' CAKES.

CHARLES ALEXANDER & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1842.)

Have on hand a full supply of all descriptions of

CONFECTIONERY,

Suitable for the

HOLIDAY SEASON.

CRYSTALIZED FRUITS,

BON BONS,

HORNS OF PLENTY,

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS,

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE WREATHS,

HANGING BASKETS,

&c., &c., &c.

C. A. & Sons respectfully request that orders may be left or sent in as early as possible.

SHOW ROOMS NOW OPEN.

387 & 389 Notre Dame St.

10-26-2-73

Amusement.

THEATRE ROYAL.

BEGINNING ON THURSDAY, 24th INST., AND THROUGH THE HOLIDAYS.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

IN ITS MOST ATTRACTIVE FORM

OR

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

NOTICE.—Seats can be secured at Prince's Music Store. 10-30-26-52.



FIRST PREMIUM
Fur Establishment
 249 CORNER 249
 Notre Dame and St. Lambert Streets,
 MONTREAL.
 10-25-2-67

Sight is the Greatest Gem of Nature.

SAVE YOUR EYES!
 RESTORE YOUR SIGHT!

Ede Patent American Eye Liquid.

worth 20 guineas per bottle, has been proved by thousands to be the best ever afforded to the public. Dimness, aged, weak, watery, sore, blood-shot, kells, specks, coids, inflamed, near-sighted, over-worked, and every disease of the eyes, cured in a few dressings. Thousands of testimonials can be seen. Send a stamped envelope for testimonials, and judge for yourself. Some of the most wonderful cures ever witnessed in men, women, and children, all well known in Birmingham and district; some who had been in hospitals, and under the best medical men of the day. Not the slightest pain in using it. Sold in bottles at 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 9d. Prepared only by John Ede, Snowball Villa, Birchfield Road, Birmingham. Sent free by post for 15 and 33 stamps.
 10-15-52-15.

DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE

Was re-opened for the Winter on 12th Inst. with Day and Night Classes. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to qualify themselves as Telegraph Operators will please apply personally or by letter, to 75 St. James Street, Montreal. In consequence of so many New Lines of Railway being opened there will be a large demand for Operators in the Spring.
 10 21 8-34.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, &c., will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.
 For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer,
 W. D. MCLAREN, Union Mills,
 10-14-30-5. 55 College Street.

THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE

Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world.
 10-25-52-68

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER

MONEY SAVED. NONE EQUAL TO THE "CINGALESE."
 PRICE, ONLY 75 CENTS, OR THREE BOTTLES FOR \$2.
 For sale by druggists everywhere.
 Sole Proprietor, J. GARDNER, Chemist,
 457 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.
Ask for CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER
 10-25-52-62

PARLOR BOOT & SHOE STORE,
 375 Notre-Dame Street,
 One door East of John Aitken & Co.

Have always on hand a choice selection of LADIES WHITE GOODS, in Satin, Kid and Jean.
 10-25-52-61 E. & A. FERRY.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS 1874.

FANCY INKSTANDS, in Cutglass, Bronze, Walnut, &c., &c.
 Writing Cases, Writing Desks, Portfolios, in Morocco, Russia and Calf Leathers.
 Gold Pen and Pencil Cases. Penholders, Gold Pens, &c., &c.
 Card Cases, in fine Russia and Calf Leathers.
 Fancy Stationery, in Boxes, Portmonnaies, Pocket-books, Wallets, &c., in great variety.
 Cabinet and Stationery Cases, and Desks, in Oak and Walnut.

MORTON PHILLIPS & BULMER,
 (Successors to Robt. Graham, Established 1829.)
STATIONERS, &c.,
 375 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.
 10-24-57

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE WELLS, OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL, TRADER, AN INSOLVENT.

I, the undersigned, David J. Craig, of the City of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are notified to meet at my office, No. 11 Hospital Street, on Wednesday the 20th day of January, at THREE o'clock afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is notified to attend.

DAVID J. CRAIG,
 Official Assignee.
 Montreal, 14 December, 1874. 10-25-2-69

NEW ATTRACTIONS

FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE are attracted all through the day to the Window of 299 NOTRE DAME ST., in which is to be seen an entire New Stock of Novelties, consisting of Magic Lanterns and Slides, (a very fine assorted importation,) Mechanical Toys, Children's Toys, and Fancy Goods of every description. Also, a Choice Selection of Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, and Gold and Silver Spectacles to suit all Sights.

A variety of New, Elegant Photographs just received from LONDON, PARIS and NEW YORK.

G. J. HUBBARD,
 299 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 N. B.—Every article suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Presents can be found here.
 Montreal, December 15, 1874. 10-23-13-52

Merchants' Bank of Canada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of this Institution for the current half-year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after SATURDAY, the SECOND day of JANUARY next.
 The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.
 By order of the Board,
 JACKSON RAE,
 General Manager.
 Montreal, 25th November, 1874. 10-23-5-53.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The Limited Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the name of BURLAND, LAFRICAINE & CO., has been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said Partnership are to be paid to G. B. Burland, and all claims against the said Partnership are to be presented to the said G. B. Burland, by whom the same will be settled.

G. B. BURLAND,
 G. LAFRICAINE,
 W. C. SMILLIE,
 H. EARLE,
 W. S. GILLELAN.
 Montreal, 3rd December, 1874.

With reference to the above announcement the customers of the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRICAINE & CO., are requested hereafter to favor, with their orders, the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC CO., into which the business of the late firm has been merged.
 10-24-3-5

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF LONDON, Established 1803.

Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.
 GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA:
RINTOUL BROS.,
 No. 24 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.
CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector.
 10-22-52-49

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000.
 HEAD OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION:
 No. 9 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.
 H. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent.
 ISAAC G. GILMOUR, Agent, Toronto.
 MCKENZIE & OSBORN, Agents, Hamilton.
 10-21-52-41.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.
 10-21-52-52.

DOMINION METAL WORKS, (ESTABLISHED 1828.)

CHARLES GARTH & CO.
 MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Plumbers, Engineers, Steamfitters, Brass, Copper & Iron Work, Gasfittings, &c.
 OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY:
 536 to 542 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.
 10-19-13-26.

GRAVEL ROOFING. R. ALEXANDER,
 505 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.
 08-10-21-52-38.

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND \$5 for Agents, outfit which will sell for \$10 or money refunded.
 A. D. CABLE,
 568 Craig Street, Montreal,
 10-21-52-39.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
McIVER & CO.,
First Prize Furriers,
 New Warerooms:
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JOSEPH LUCKWELL,
BUILDER & JOINER
 35 1/2 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
 MONTREAL. 10-20-52-32.

The Royal Canadian Insurance Company.

FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$6,000,000,
 Having Over Two Thousand Stockholders.

Available Funds to meet Claims exceed Seven Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Insure all Classes of Risks against Fire at moderate rates, which will be paid immediately on the Loss being established.

MARINE BRANCH

This Company issue Policies on Inland Hulls and Inland Cargoes on terms as favorable as any First-Class Company. Open Policies issued on Special Terms. Losses adjusted equitably and Paid Promptly.

DIRECTORS:—HON. JOHN YOUNG, PRESIDENT. J. F. SINCENNES, VICE-PRESIDENT.
 ANDREW ROBERTSON. J. R. THIBAUDEAU L. A. BOYER, M.P., JOHN OSTELL,
 W. F. KAY, M. C. MULLARKY, ANDREW WILSON,
 GENERAL MANAGER, ALFRED PERRY. SECRETARY, ARTHUR GAGNON.
 MANAGER MARINE DEPARTMENT, CHAS. G. FORTIER.

BANKERS:—BANK OF MONTREAL. LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.
 Montreal, December 14th, 1873. 10-25-1-66

THE OTTAWA IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTURING CO.

(Limited)—CAPITAL: \$500,000, in 20,000 Shares of \$25 each.
 PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS:—HON. JAMES SKEAD, Vice-President of the Dominion Board of Trade, and President of the Ottawa Board of Trade.

J. M. CURRIER, Esq., M.P. for City of Ottawa. EDWARD MCGILLIVRAY, Esq., Ex-Chairman Board of Trade.
 R. S. CASSELS, Esq., President Union Forwarding Co.
 H. V. NOEL, Esq., Manager Quebec Bank, Ottawa. EDWARD HAYCOCK, Esq., Ottawa.

BANKERS:—THE ONTARIO BANK.
SOLICITORS, pro tem:—MESSRS. COCKBURN, WRIGHT, and CLEWOW
SECRETARY, pro tem:—R. W. CRUCE, Esq.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing and working the valuable Iron Mines situate in the Townships of Templeton and Hull, in the County of Ottawa, and Province of Quebec, called the Haycock Iron Location. The Company holding the power under the Act to "carry on the business of exploring for, mining, smelting, manufacturing, dealing in and disposing of iron and other ores and metals, and the manufacturing, selling, dealing in, and disposing of steel workings, or the products of iron and steel."

The property to be acquired has been carefully examined on two different occasions by the eminent Mining Engineer, Dr. E. J. Chapman, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, in the University College, Toronto, who in the course of his full detailed report, says: "The Haycock Iron Location comprises a compact area of 300 acres of Ottawa; together with an additional piece of land of 10 acres near the head of navigation on the River Gatineau. This latter area has been secured partly as a storing place and loading ground for, but chiefly as a convenient site for the erection of Furnaces. The area is connected with the mineral or iron area proper by a tramway of 6 1/2 miles in length, and of three feet gauge. The assets of the property also include a Steam Saw Mill, of 20 horse power, Blacksmith's Shop. Also a Derrick and other mining plant, tools, &c., together with about 5,000 tons of raised ore, and 30 tramway cars.

"The 300 acres of mineral lands are traversed in a general north-east and south-west direction by numerous bands of iron ore, favorably situated for mining, and for the greater part, if not entirely of workable thickness—the beds at present opened widening rapidly on descending." Prof. Chapman considers that these united beds "in the more central portion of the property alone, cannot carry less than from six to six-and-a-half millions of tons of ore, and they probably contain a much larger amount"—and further says, "I have been anxious to keep free from all suspicion of exaggeration. My estimate might, therefore, be greatly increased, and still be within the truth as it takes the bands of ore merely at their surface strength, and most of these bands, if not all, will probably be found to widen more or less in descending.

"The ore is of very remarkable purity, and it holds on an average 64 per centum of metal, equivalent to a furnace yield of about 60 per cent. A practical test made upon several cwts. of the ore, in a Stemen's furnace, produced at one heat a steel of very superior quality. The cost of producing first quality pigmetal from the ore at the furnace site on the Gatineau would not exceed \$20 per ton.

"These statements and estimates, which I have sought to keep scrupulously within the truth and which are confirmed, I may observe, by independent and thoroughly trustworthy testimony, prove the value of the Haycock Location as an iron property."

Trials and experiments made at some of the largest iron and steel works in England, the United States and Canada, have in every case proved the suitability of the ore for the manufacture of steel. The reports on the property particulars of analysis, and trials and samples of the ore, of steel pigots made in one heat from the ore, and rolled in one heat from the ingot, can be seen at the office in Ottawa, and of the Agents in Montreal.

It is intended to immediately erect bloomeries for reducing the ores.
 The price to be paid for the purchase of the property is \$250,000, one-half in cash, and the balance in fully paid-up shares of the Company, in consideration of which the proprietor will make over the freehold of the estate free from all incumbrances whatsoever.

And further, as a proof of his bona fides, and his entire confidence in the prospects of the undertaking. He will guarantee to the Shareholders a minimum dividend of not less than

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

on the paid up capital for three years from the date of the allotment of shares and as security for the due payment thereof, he will deposit in the hands of the Company the whole of his paid up shares, and give such further security in cash as may be thought necessary for the carrying out of his guarantee.

The Capital will be called up as follows: On Application \$2 per share; on Allotment, \$3 per share; 15th January, 1875, \$5 per share, and \$2 on the 15th day of each month thereafter as the Directors may require. Shares will be allotted according to priority of application. Applications for Stock must be made on the printed form, which, with any further information relative to the Company can be had at the Head Office in Ottawa, or from the Agents at Montreal, Messrs. DRUMMOND, CASSELS & CO.
 Montreal, December 5th, 1874. 10-23-4-54.

E. G. MELLOR,
JEWELLER,
 285 NOTRE-DAME STREET,
 Has constantly on hand one of the finest stocks of
FINE JEWELLERY,
 WATCHES AND DIAMONDS
 TO BE FOUND IN THE DOMINION.
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 Eating his Christmas pie;
 He put in his thumb and he pulled out a plum,
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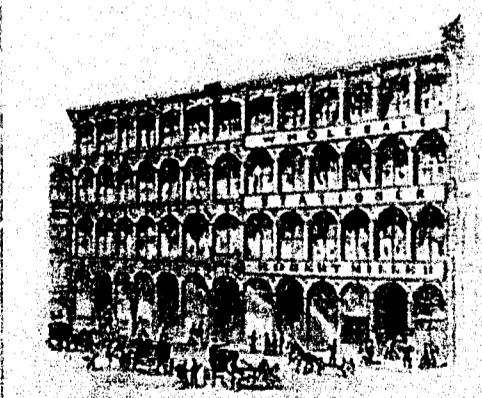
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