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Vol. XXIII.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1881.

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AN EASTER FROLIC.
AFTER THE PICTURE BY ADRIEN LECOUVREUR.

TRMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING										
April 10th, 1881.				Corresponding week, 1880						
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THE WEER.—The Irish Land Bill—The Pope's Dimculties—Mr. Justice Hawkins on "Decent Behaviour"—A Defender of Rorke's Drift—The Wolf Fish—Lunx Captured near Peterborouhg.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Carlyle's "Reminiscences"—Amusements—Is It Plagiarism—Our Illustrations—March—The Professor's Darling—A. Picture—Hornswoggled—Literary Facility—Echoes from Paris—Humorous—Musical and Dramatic—Jeem's Kaye's Grand Dinner—Echoes from London—News of the Week—Review and Criticism——Our Chess Column.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 16, 1881.

THE WEEK

MR. GLADSTONE'S Land Bill is the most comprehensive attempt which has yet been made to deal with the difficulties of land tenure in Ireland. As we have before avowed, the ownership of land in Ireland has had its origin in peculiar circumstances which seem to warrant in some degree that interference with the ordinary rights of property which is usually so strongly to be deprecated. The present bill in effect destroys the absolute ownership of land. As however the ownership is not transferred from one party to another but distributed in a curious way between landlord, tenant and Government, it is difficult to see how such a divided proprietorship can fail to lead to fresh trouble at no very distant date. The chief feature noticeable seems to be the incapacity of landlord and tenant to contract for farms of less value than £200 per annum. The tenant of a holding of this value is presumably able to make his own terms and may be safely left to abide by the bargain, but smaller tenants are to have their rents fixed by the new land court. This provides for the first of the F's; the other two are conceded under about like restrictions. The sale of unexhausted improvements is permitted to all tenants whatever; and fixity of tenure may be obtained from the court for a period of fifteen years, during which the rent cannot be raised nor the tenant evicted save for non-payment of rent or breach of ordinary contracts. It may be taken that this is as far as any Government can possibly go in the matter, and if the introduction of the measure is to secure tranquillity we may be content to sacrifice individual interests, which in point of fact mu-t suffer in any case. The present landlords are suffering for the sius of their predecessors, but that is only after all in accordance with the law of Nature.

THE POPE is said to be placed in a somewhat difficult position with reference to the slight difference, to use no stronger term, between the Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel. If it be a hard matter to decide that he is only in much the same boat as when doctors disagree, the difference of two the Government under whom he served. church magnitices should be a harder task yet to reconcile, and between them both the patient may be the one to suffer. In the autumn of last year there was much sending of missions and countermissions to headquarters. Archbishop Croke was the first to secure the ear of the Holy Futher, and backed by a liberal offering, succeeded in partially persuading him to interfere in behalf of oppressed Ireland. Thereupon comes Archbishop McCabe upon the other side to undo the work of his confrère and the result is "Dublin first and the rest objects in natural history. The Wolf-fish nowhere." All this may give an additional force to the "elsewhere." where according to the Archbishop of Cashel his rival's as we know, the present is the first speci-

embarassed by the absence of an official, albeit informal, representation of England at the Vatican. "The Archbishop of Dublin," he complains, "comes and tells me one thing; and the Archbishop of Cashel tells me the opposite." Of course an ambassador at the Papal court would be out of the question, since the temporal power of the Papacy has passed away, but similar functions to those exercised by Lord Lyons and Lord Odo Russell might in effect be discharged by such of their successors as could be trusted in sporting language to give his Holiness "the straight tip" in matters of this kind.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS has somewhat neculiar notions as to what does and what does not constitute decent behaviour in a court of law. Morever Mr. Justice HAW-KINS though he may "come in like a lamb," is apt to "go out like a lion," and is generally a somewhat awkward person to offend. Such at least is the experience of the gentleman who recently commented upon one of his lordship's decisions. "That's a rum thing too," said he, his mouth speaking possibly out of the fulness of his heart, on hearing a successful plain-tiff deprived of costs. The noble judge apparently did not see the matter in the same light and the remark cost the incautious commentator fifty dollars. This we may presume was a "rummer thing still" in his opinion, but we may hope that he wisely refrained from giving utterance to his feelings any further, and contented himself, like Mr. Leech's cabman by "thinking a doose of a deal." The London Daily News, which tells the story. reminds us of the distinguished foreigner who listened to Sir Charles Wetherall pleading a case before Lord Brougham. After sitting for awhile absorbed in following the impassioned eloquence of the advocate, he turned towards the bench to observe the effect of his oratory upon the Lord Chancellor. Thereafter there arose upon the air the audible exclamation. wrung out of the depths of his honest amazement " Mon dieu, il dort." But so far as we know, this person, who, obviously, did not understand the decencies of court behaviour, as laid down by Mr. Justice HAWKINS, escaped without the penalty which so dire an offence against the canons of judicial criticism demanded.

A curious instance of the irony of fate comes to us in the train of the Transvaal war. Three or four weeks since Major Bromhead, the defender of Rorke's drift. presented to her Majesty the colors of the 24th regiment recovered from Isandula. On the following day another gallant defender of the Drift, named Cassidy, received from the Brighton magistratessix weeks for petty larceny! We may presume that Cassidy's ideas on the subject of property had become somewhat mixed in his recent experience amongst the Boers, and he may have looked upon the Brighton provision dealer in the light of an enemy to his country upon whose premises "foraging" was in order. Six weeks of retirement will probably render him a sadder but a wiser man, and impress him with the idea that a Boer is easier to tackle than a Brighton tradesman, while if he be of a philosophical turn he may perhaps console himself with the reflection Both tried to possess themselves of another's property (or that which the "other" so considered) and both have had to pay dearly for the attempt. Indeed in some respects Cassidy would seem the better off, since he had at least the satisfaction of making a meal off his capture, while the Government have had to give their's back again.

Amongst our illustrations this week will be found drawings of two remarkable (Anarrichas lupus) is occasionally met with in the fish markets of London, but so far recent letter is to be taken notice of, men seen in Canada. It belongs to the Meanwhile the Pope is said to be seriously family of the gobies. This strange repul.

"\*Reminiscences" by Thomas Carlyle, edited by J. A. Meanwhile the Pope is said to be seriously family of the gobies. This strange repul.

sive fish has an elongated body covered with small scales, a long dorsal fin extends down the whole of the back. There are no ventral fins, and the pectorals are comparatively small, the head short and rounded, and the markings of it together with the position of the glaring eye and the long, sharp curved front teeth give it a fierce cat-like expression. The back teeth and those of the palate are specially adapted for crushing shell-fish, being close together and tubercular or rounded. In our engraving a view of the inside of the mouth is given to show the teeth. The present again specimen measures three feet three inches, but the Wolf fish attains occasionally to the length of eight feet or more. It is a native of the Northern seas, not uncommon on the shores of Greenland and Iceland, and occasionally appears on the North coast of Scotland and amongst the Orkneys. The Wolf-fish is really as ferocious as it looks, and often shews fight when imprisoned in a net, in a manner which renders its despatch exceedingly difficult. The general color is brownish gray with darker vertical bands on the back and intermediate spots, a whitish belly, and a triangular mark upon the top of the scull.

The other specimen alluded to is described in a letter from the Rev. V. CLE-MENTI of Peterborough, as follows:

FELIS LYNX.—This lynx, whose spoor, very different from that of the Canadian lynx, had been noticed for the last five or six years, was trapped in the middle of March, about 12 or 13 miles from the town of Peterborough. It is small, fully seven or eight years old, and of the following dimensions: Length from ear to insertion of tail, 30 inches; height to shoulder, 20 inches; length of tail, 61/2 inches. Color, reddish fawn, with indistinct blotches of brown; the inside of the legs lighter in color, with black stripes; a black stripe along the back; white spots at the back of either ear and under the chin and throat. The animal was very fat and weighed 30 lbs. It is known in the North-West as the "European Lynx.'

VINCENT CLEMENTI, B.A. Peterboro, March 29, 1881.

CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

It is a trite remark that the gossip of great men about their contemporaries, is often most interesting for the glimpses which they give us incidentally of themselves; but it is a remark which applies with such unusual point to the book before us, that it must needs be made de novo. Throughout CARLYLE himself is the principal personage in these recollections of his friends or acquaintances, and his estimate of them seems for the most part based upon the position which they held in his life, and their attitude towards his life work. The sketches were apparently written at odd times, and without any more definite object in view than is suggested by their title, viz., that of preserving such records of the impression made upon him by the several persons named as seemed worthy of being preserved from oblivion. That CARLYLE contemplated at least the possibility of their being given to the world we are told in his own words, yet such a possibility seems to have influenced him little in their composition. In this we are in a measure the gainers, since the very nature of such a work has redeemed it from those excrescences of style which in all their picturesqueness are at once the charm and the defect of many of his more studied productions. Charming from their originality and rugged force, but yet in many cases tending, as it seems to me, to interfere with the outcropping of the truth which underlies them. That such garniture is not necessarily an essential of CARLYLE's style these jottings seem to prove. Original and forcible as always in his modes of expression there is here little or none of the prevalent exaggeration and redundancy of metaphor to be found in his more laboured productions.

I have said that the study of CARLTLE's own personality is the most attractive feature of the book. It is curious in this connection to note that his weaknesses and shortcomings were not unknown to him. self. Speaking of his father he says:

"The fault was that he exaggerated (which tendency I also inherit) yet only in description and for the sake of humorous effect."

which also was the manner in which his son used the dangerous weapon, often it is to be feared with less apprehension of its misuse than the father, who we are told

"was a man of rigid, even scrupulous veracity. I have often heard him turn back when he thought his strong words even misleading and correct them into mensurative accuracy."

Probably the most interesting of the sketches to admirers of the author will be those of his father and his wife, whose figures stand out necessarily in their relation to him. A wonderfully graphic picture that of the Ecclefechan mason

'a man healthy in body and mind, fearing God, and diligently working on God's earth with contentment, hope and unwearied resolution. stern and hard of comprehension, whose children "durst not freely love him," but who yet had a genuine pride and delight in his son, and loved to listen to his descriptions of notable men and places.

Of Mrs. Carevee much was said in a recent article in this paper, and those who know the estimate in which her husband held her, and the perpetual sorrow with which he mourned her loss, will not be surprised that her presence is dwelt upon throughout the Reminiscences, and not alone in those pages consecrated to her memory. The notes of her early history are chiefly communicated by her friend Miss Caroline Jewsbury, with comments by her husband.

But for a sketch of CARLYLE's literary experiences, of his introduction to the Edinburgh Review, of his visit to London with "Sartor Resartus" in his pocket; its rejection by publisher after publisher, and final bringing out in "Fraser," we must turn to the article on "Francis Jeffrey," (if article it can be called). Wonderfully crowded is this with descriptions and reflections which elaborated would form the material for a respectable volume, but which read all the fresher and more striking in their nakedness. The graphic description of the "Outer House," of the articles sent to Jeffrey in fear and trembling, and which the great editor never acknowledged, of their final introduction and growing friendship, their visits and walks together, all this and more of the kind in a perfect plethora of jottings, none of which can lack interest even to the ordinary reader. Here again Mrs. Carline is a central figure, and her husband describes the way in which Jeffrey in his courtly fashion became "her openly declared friend and quasi lover."

Of the other sketches I have only space to say a few words. The close intimacy of Irving with the family of Mrs. CARLYLE and afterwards with her husband render the pages devoted to him more detailed and more directly biographical (if I may use the expression) than the unconsidered jottings concerning the other characters which have seemingly less definite purpose. For this reason, if reviewed in full, it would require a different treatment and one of opposite tendency to the present. The appendix to the work contains a few anecdotal accounts of meetings with Wordsworth and Southey, for the former of whom CARLYLE had all the lack of approciation (to use no stronger term) which might have been expected from the coutrast between their natures.

Many animadversions have been made upon the freedom taken with the names of persons who, though dead, are not so far out of remembrance as to be indifferent through friends and relatives to unkindly criticism. For this in the first place CARLYLE cannot be blamed, from the very manner in which these jottings were originally made; and published as they are now, perhaps wisely, without mutilation or revision, they stand but as the private views of one who in such matters

was no respecter of persons. As such we should take them, that the literary offence of their publication may be the less.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

#### IS IT PLAGIARISM;

Some time ago the reviews and magazines discussed at much length some very curious coincidences of thought and expression which occurred in the writings of many of the greate-t literary men. It was shown that great writers had in many instances written exactly what had been written years before by other great writers ; and that frequently the words employed to convey these ideas were so nearly alike as to leave little room for doubt that either plagiarism had been rampant, or that the proverbial kinship between great minds extended not only to ideas but to words and phrases. The instances which were presented during the course of this very interesting discussion, attracted considerable attention at the time, and though many were disposed to take a charitable view of these similarities and to ascribe them entirely to chance and accident, or at least to unconscious copying; others maintained that they were evidences of the fact that not even our greatest philosophers and poets have been free from the literary crime of plagiarism. I have lately met with an instance of this kind. I will mention it and leave it to others to form their conclusions. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is a very clever and sprightly poet, and the successor of Mr. Howells in the editorial chair of the Atlantic Monthly. A little poem of his entitled "A Comedy," has lately been going the rounds of the press and is as follows:

"They parted with clasps of hand, And kisses and burning tears; They met in a foreign land After some twenty years.

Met—as acquaintances meet— Smilingly, tranquil eyed, Not even the least little beat Of the heart upon either side.

They chatted of this and of that. The nothings that make up life: She in a Gainsborough hat— And he in black for his wife.

Ah! what a comedy this is, Neither was hurt it appears; She had forgotten his kisses, And he had forgotten her tears."

Now there is nothing particularly new in the fancy of this little poem; nothing particularly novel or striking in its story of forgotten flirta tion or unremembered embraces and tears. But it does seem to me that it bears a striking resemblance to one of Swinburne's poems "An Interlude," which tells exactly the same sad tale of faithless memory of somewhat similar performances, and to which reference must be made, for Swinburne's verses are too long to quote here. Mr. Aldrich is more concise and piquant, but the story is the same. As I have said, this alone would not warrant one in assuming that there has been any plagiarism on the part of Mr. Aldrich. More curious still, however, is the fact that the ipsissima verba of Mr. Swinburne occur in "A Comedy." Look for instance at the last stanza of "An Interlude.

"And the best and the worst of this is. That neither was most to blame; If you've forgotten my kisses, And I've forgotten your name."

It may be that I am mistaken, but I cannot help thinking that either Mr. Swinburne has copied Mr. Aldrich, or Mr. Aldrich has copied Mr. Swinburne. Perhaps it is merely a coincidence; if so, it is a curious one. R. D. M.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ADRIEN LECOUVEEUR'S beautiful picture of "An Easter Frolic" has served our artist as a model for his cartoon this week, which will find the Ministers enjoying themselves at home each after his own fashion, though possibly not exactly as the engraving represents them. That such a performance would be indeed an "Easter commend the idea to the consideration of Sir John.

THE beautiful memorial to the Emperor of Germany, which we illustrate this week, is taken from the pages of the Leipsig Illustrated Times, where it appeared in honour of the birthday of colebrated on the 22 March last.

THE WAR IN PERU .- We present our readers with a series of interesting views from the seat of war in Peru. The victorious Chilians, who were represented as being eager to sack the beautiful city of Lima, and reduce it to ashes, have behaved exactly as a brave and chivalrous people would be expected to treat an unfortunate and prostrate enemy. They have, it is true, imposed hard terms upon the Peruvians, and propose to occupy their principal cities until the utmost penalty is paid; but the moment Lima surren-dered, all hostilities coased. There was no pil-lage, no destruction of buildings. Good order was at once established in Lima and Callao, and life and property were as secure as before the invading army took possession. It is to be hoped that the destructive war that has just ceased will lead to the establishment of a union among the

useless wars, the several states could unite in developing their vast natural resources and educating their people.

LOBSTER SPEARING IN CANADA .- This sport is pursued in the Indian fashion by torchlight. A dark calm night and a falling tide are the first requisites, and the crew of the canoe must consist of three—one to row; one to hold the torch so that its light will fell through the shallow water and light up the bottom to show the lobsters cronched among the scaweed; and last, but not least, the spearer, armed with a long wooden spear, which it requires considerable skill and practice to drive down, so that the two prongs will close over the lobster's back, capturing him firmly, while leaving his body uninjured. It is a sport both exciting and picturesque, as the beat creeps along under the shadow of the bank, and the torch casts a Rembrandtish light on the occupants and on the overhanging trees. The captive lobsters sometimes make very unpleasant occupants of a boat, and it requires great equanimity to feel them crawling about one's feet.

Our illustrations of Victoria, B.C., we owe to the kindness of Mr. Nelson of the British Consulate, Panama. The photographs were taken when the volunteers were in camp last summer, and although perhaps a little unseasonable will have a personal interest, we believe, for many of our readers. Others of the same series are in hand and will appear in our columns from time to time.

MR. SWAN'S ELECTRIC LIGHT. - The largest and most complete application of Swan's electric light has been the lighting of Sir William Armstrong's mansion at Cragside, which is depicted in our illustration. The electric current is in our illustration. The electric current is generated by one of Siemen's dynamo-electric machines, to which the motive power is supplied by a turbine of six-horse-power worked by the overflow of a lake three quarters of a mile distant from the house. The dynamo machine is placed close to the turbine, and the electricity is conducted by a double line of copper wires to

Mr. Swan's lamp is exceedingly simple, as it consists of a bulb of glass about two inches in diameter, containing a thin carbon conductor supported by two platinum wires, which, where they pass out of the bulb, are hermetically sealed into its wall by fusion of the glass around the wires. The air contained in the bulb is thoroughly exhausted, and the consequence is a degree of durability in the carbon and an absence of sooty deposit on the glass.

The chief peculiarity of this lamp is the wonderfully thin and elastic filament of carbon, as thin as a hair, and almost as hard and springy as a steel wire. When the electric current traverses this filament it becomes white-hot, and emits a soft and perfectly steady light. As the bulb contains no air or other gas capable of combining with carbon, the filament does not burn away, but lasts without change for many months.

### THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.

The third annual meeting of this, the fourth club in point of seniority of formation on the Continent of America, was held last Friday, (1st April, 1881), at head quarters, Montreal Gymnasium on Mansfield St. The following are the officers for 1881 then elected :

Captain-Chas. J. Sidey, Consul L. A. W. for Montreal, (re-elected unanimously.) Hon. Sec.-Horace S. Tibbs, Director L. A. W. for Canada, (re-elected unanimously.) 1st Lieutenant-Albert T. Lane, Consul L. A. W. for Montreal; 2nd do-Jas. D. Millar; 3rd do-G. Maitland Smith; 4th do-Chas. A. Whitham; 5th do-G. De Sola.

The whole active membership of the Club joined the League of American wheelmen in September last and will be largely represented at the Annual League Meeting on 31st May in

The first Annual races will be held in September, when good prizes and a fine track will draw the Best Yankee performers as well as the brethren in the West. A club picture is now in the hands of Mr. Raphael, the well known artist, in which "Dizzy" the cent dawg who is game for his forty miles any day, will occupy a prominent position.

The opening meeting will most likely be held on Good Friday. There is a good deal of ice on the country roads which wants a warm rain to wash it away.

### AMUSEMENTS.

Lent has certainly not stayed the course of amusements whatever other effect it has had upon society, and this week there has been rather a plethora of good things. To begin with the music. Tuesday was the first of Mrs. Otis Rockwood's chamber concerts. I was sorry not to see a better attendance at what proved to be most enjoyable to lovers of classical music. This may I fancy beattributed in part at least, to the effect of counter attractions, and partly to the prevailing tendency to wait and hear the result of the first of a series and be guided by the report of one's friends as to future attendance. If this be the case we are sure the subsequent recitals will be well patronised as the audience was of the best class and testified heartily to their enjoyment of the programme. The D minor trio Mendelssohn was entrusted to Messrs. Reich-South American republics under one general ling, Heard and Wills, and was wisely enough government. This would make a powerful divided in two, as its length is apt to pall upon matien, and instead of wasting their strength in an ordinary audience. Mrs. Rockwood was

apparently suffering from a cold but had a decided success in spite of it; especially in her rendering of the scene and aria from "Der Frey-Signor Bogdanoff is possessed of a melodious voice of unusual compass and showed to great advantage in "Sognai" and Mattei's popular "Non e ver." The programme also included a duett by Mrs. Rockwood and Signor Bogdanoff the delightful "Guarda che bian-ca luna," which was in my mind the gem of the evening; and closed with a double trio by some of Mrs. Rockwood's pupils. I have had occasion before to allude to the

dramatic and musical criticism of the local papers, and this concert gave an amusing in-stance of what it is worth in the majority of cases. The programme as printed included two numbers by Mr. Arthur Graham, who was unable to appear in consequence of a severe cold, nevertheless the Gazette gave him full credit for his imaginary share in the performance, a compliment for which Mr. Graham was less grateful than might have been expected. Thursday night was to have been the last concert of the Mendelssohn choir and as Litta was announced for the same night at the Queen's Hall, I was contemplating the disagreeable necessity of endeavoring to be in two places at once, when the difficulty was solved by the postponement of the former concert on account of the illness of Mr. Warren of Grace Church, New York, who was to have taken part in it. Litta was in good voice and sang the aria from the Puritani "Qui la voce," in her best style. She has a pure fresh voice and her method of vocalization is very good, but her singing lacks refinement, erhaps in part due to her pronunciation, which both in English and Italian is very faulty. Surely this is not ineradicable. Miss McLain who accompanied her has I think one of the most remarkable contralto voices I have ever heard entirely spoilt by a dreadful style. It is an astonishing pity that she should not do more with such a wonderful organ than she seems likely to at present. Mr. Cleveland the tenor, has his voice well under control and in the duett with Litta in which he first appeared, promised unusually well. Perhaps the intense dislike which I have for "Alice where art thou" prejudiced me against his rendering of it, and surely, oh surely the Chicago Tribune must have been making fun of the poor man when it credited him with an "excellent stage presence." By the way, the press has a good deal to answer for in the matter of criticisms of this troupe. It was a little hard of the programmist (that is right is it not?) to quote that remarkable article of the New Orleans Times about Litta's voice being "exactly suited for floriture music," and about her "decorating" the polacca (or polonaise)
"Io son Titania" "with high staccato notes and
chromatic trills, etc., etc." What is floriture
music? I have looked it out in the dictionary without any success. And I want to know who is responsible for the somewhat remarkable statement that "Mile. Litta reached the zenith of dramatic and musical art and set all Europe in a blaze." No wonder the writer put it in italics, which are his not mine. If I were not afraid of shocking your cultivated readers, I would say "Draw it mild." To return to our muttons, I must say a word in praise of Miss Zeline Mantey's violin playing which was very delicate and graceful and the treat of the evening to me. Mr. John Skelton is a very clever young performer on the cornet who was however unfortunate in instituting a comparison with Levy who was so recently here. THE concert of the Mendelssohn choir is an-

tions, but on the whole is a little devoid of consistency of purpose, and much of the disagreement and suffering is brought about by inadequate causes, or so at least it seemed to me The hero and heroine are engaged to be married in France, do actually go through the form of civil marriage, and are then separated by the reluctance of the husband, who is a Voltairean, to undergo the religious ceremony which the lady considers indispensible. So far so good, but when the husband does consent, the wife requires witnesses, and when he admits her claim to them too, she makes fresh trouble about unhappy futures, etc., protesting the while that she loves him better than life; the end, perhaps the most satisfactory that could be devised under the circumstances, being reached by the

During the week the Theatre Royal has been

well filled to witness the representation of "Daniel Rochat" by one of Collier's combina-

tions. The play has some fine dramatic situa-

nounced for the 28th instant.

divorce of the parties without the consummation of their marriage. The shortcomings of the play however were redeemed by the excellent acting of Miss Carey as the heroine. She reminded me very forcibly at times of Miss Neilson, and will, I fancy, do well in a similar line of parts, though she may never be what Neilson was. Mr. Lemoyne was excellent as the un-believing doctor, the bridegroom's friend, and Miss Ida Vernon as Mrs. Powers was quite a match for him. Mr. Ramsay, too, made a de-

cided hit as the susceptible young gentleman, Casimir Fargis, in love with the heroine's sis-The acting on the whole was in excellent taste and the play, which in parts is a little what we are accustomed to call French, was saved from anything offensive by the entire absence of anything like salacity in the perform-

Suppe's comic opera "Boccaccio" is on this week at the Theatre Royal, but I have not as yet been able to see it.

Musicus.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LORD Beaconsfield's condition is but little hanged.

TRICKETT has challenged Boyd to a single

scull race. THE Roman Catholic College at Rimouski was

burned down. REv. Henry Varley is to contest Northampton against Mr. Bradlaugh.

An ancient Indian battlefield has been ununearthed by recent floods in Georgia.

THE flood in the south of Spain is said to be the most serious inundation of the century. THE striking west side car conductors in Chicago have succeeded in bringing the car com-

pany to terms. THE British Government has notified Greece that in case of war she is not to expect any help

from England. THE Rev. Mr. Mackonochie's appeal against his sentence of deprivation has been dismissed

by the Court of Appeal. LORD Carlingford (Mr. Fortugue) Jun Dest. appointed Lord Privy Seal in place of the Duke of Argyll.

THE marriage of the Crown Prince of Austria and the Princess Stephanie is fixed for the 10th

A COLLISION took place in Ireland recently between the police and populace near Ballag-hadrin. Two persons were killed and several wounded.

Some seven thousand looms are idle in Belfast, owing to a partial strike in the linen trade against a ten per cent. reduction in wages.

OXFORD won the 'Varsity boat race easily, finishing four lengths ahead in 21 minutes 56 seconds. The Cambridge crew were fagged out at the end of the race, while the Dark Blues finished quite fresh.

#### VARIETIES.

CAVAGNARI'S PLUCK .- A Peshawur correscondent of the Civil and Military Gazette tells the following anecdote about the late Sir Louis Cavagnari: Many, many years ago, young Cavagnari was a shockingly bad rider; but, in spite of a naturally bad seat, and regardless of constant falls, he would attempt to ride any animal. One evening at mess, having been chaffed about his frequent "pips," he undertook to ride any one there a steeplechase. The challenge was accepted, and the next day the race came off. The conditions were, that whoever got first over the last jump was to be the winner. Young Cavagnari, riding all legs and arms, led nearly the whole way, and on arriving at the last jump put his horse at it. The animal did not quite clear it, and came down, giving his rider a most awful cropper, on the right side, however, of the jump. Cavagnari's cap flew off in one direction, his spectacles in another, and he himself was, to all appearance, badly stunned. He recovered himself, however, in a couple of seconds, and standing up, whip in hand, ashy pale, exclaimed, "I've won, anyhow."

TRIBULATIONS OF AMATEUR POETS. -Several amateur poets are in trouble. Rodney McGellan has been compelled to pay a verdict of \$300 in a breach of promise case at Barie, Canada, the evidence of his promise being the following verse which he wrote to the plaintiff:

Long have I loved, but some strange spell Forbade my heart its tale to tell. Here, take this card, and simply feel The love my lips dare not reveal.

Henry Horace Dade, of San Francisco, sent an enemy a postal card on which was written an original and highly personal song, with this refrain:

Everybody, everybody knows, knows knows, You're the very biggest beat that grows.

Dade's effort has cost him a fine of \$50. W. R. Newhouse, of Philadelphia, wrote some rhymes about the fickleness of William John and circulated them in printed slips. Here is a sample verse:

If you centre your affections on a youth like William John, You'll be likely to discover the foundation they are on,

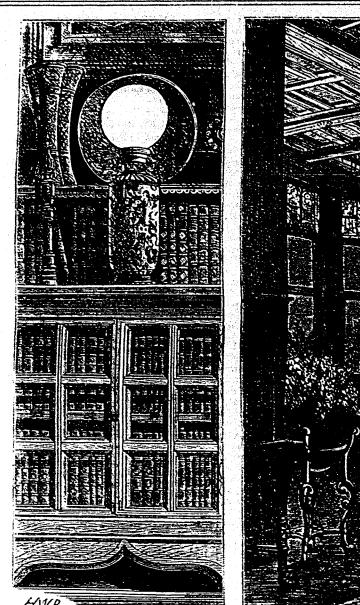
For a fascinating cruiser like this individ-u-a Isn't apt to be contented with a solitary gal.

A threat of lawsuit induced Newhouse to sign an apology, and collect and destroy all the copies he could find.

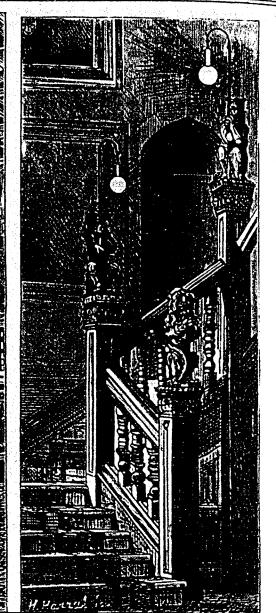
# ORGAN FOR SALE.

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

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Nor-man, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.







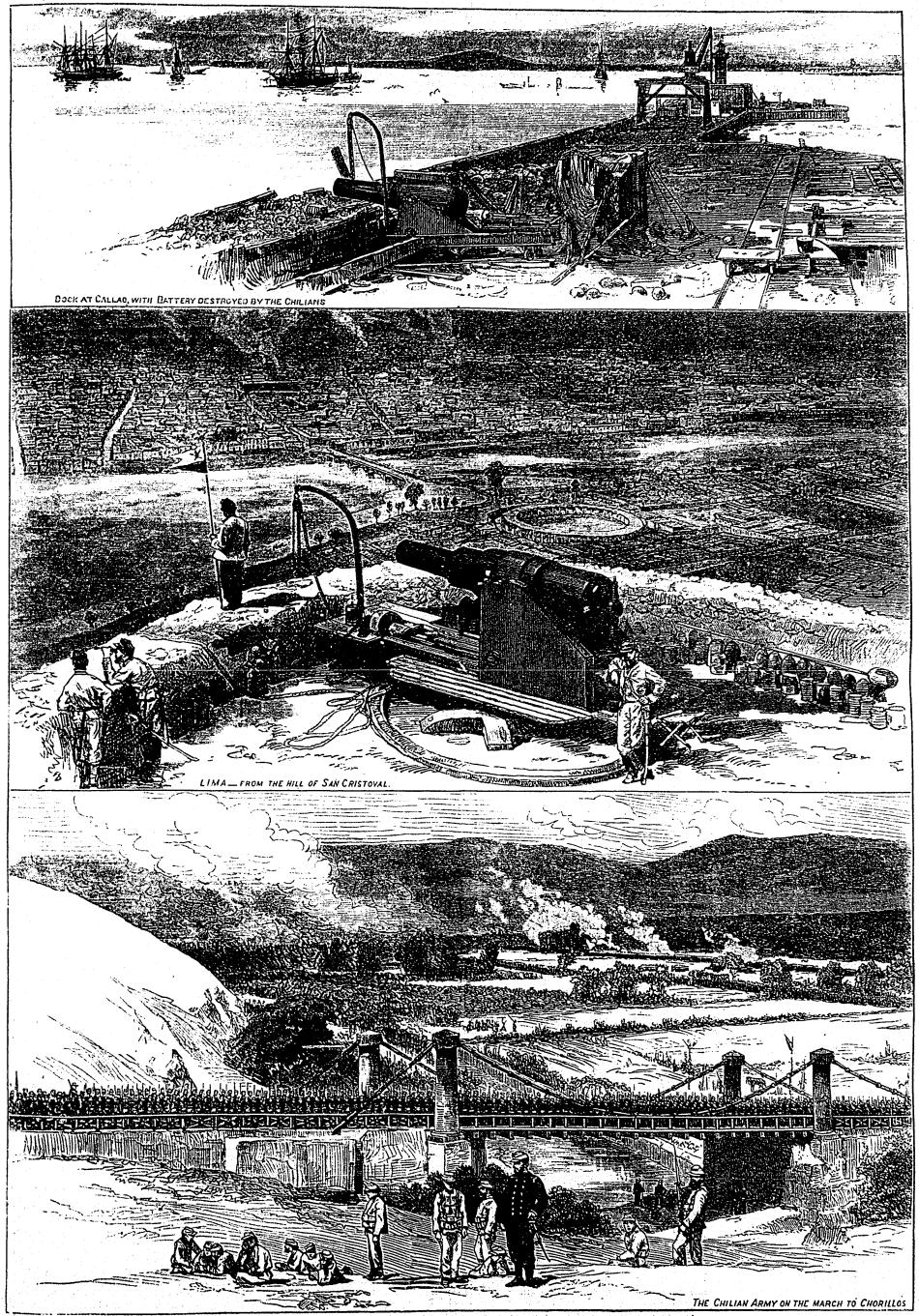
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STAIRCASE.



NEW YORK.—ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FISH-CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.



THE WAR IN PERU .- (SEE PAGE 243.)

#### MARCH.

(From "The Harp and Ploue," by the Peasant Bard.)

Since Bryant touched his harp for thee, And sang thee in his tuneful strains. How feeble the attempt in me To sing thy winds and chequered plains!

But still, thy airs so freely blown Awake an answering chord; to me There's music in thy piping tone, Thy march is full of melody.

Thou call'st the rabbit from her lair, And wonder beams in pussy's eyes, er the flecked hill-side, wearing bare, With thy mad winds a race she tries.

Yonder the smoky column gray
Is wreathing from the leadess wood;
There the swart rustic boils away
The sugar-maple's limpid blood.

There in his lovely camp he stays And keeps his bermit fire aglow; And feels relieved when o'er him strays The bailing, reconnoitering crow.

I mark you early bird, and lone,
That plumes herself with idle bill,
Or tries a would-be merry tone
To soothe thy wild and wayward will.

The squirrel peeps from out his cell When haply Phœbus warms the sky, And hastes his moody mate to tell Glad days are coming by and by.

And they will come; e'en at thy heels The lengthened hours of April tread; be earth her bubbling spring unseals, And verdure viviles the dead.

Wild month! thy storm-encircled ways Mind me how good men's lives are pass'd; Clonds may begirt them all their days, But sunshine glorifies at last.

# Professor's

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER IV.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

Although she had never crossed the threshold of a school, few children were so well grounded in the first principles of a high class education

Following out a self-invented plan, the Professor was leading her young mind gently to the gates of the classic land in which he himself revelled. While the young Mactavishes and Mac-phersons learned English, Stannie learnt Latin, and her lesson books were the Professor's own well-worn college volumes.

He did not force her education on; it was a gradual thing—a letter one day, a word the next—perhaps only a story culled and simplified from the olden mythology the day following.

Never was instruction so pleasant to a child before as it was now made to poor Charlie Ross's little daughter.

And so the years rolled on in their natural

order till she was seventeen. Nothing unusual had ever happened to break

their somewhat monotonous tenour. The Professor was ageing prematurely, as most hard students do. The hair above his temples was thinning, and turning silver

St. Breeds had accepted it as a fact that he would never marry, and decided that it was posi-tively wicked in a well-to-do man like him never to give a woman the chance of loving

him. Though stationary in St. Breeda so long, Alan Neil had not been idle. The world had learnt his name, and he had made the old college more famous than ever. Strangers came from afar-not students only, to sit humbly at his feet and there learn their later lessons-but white-haired men of letters, who deemed it a

privilege to shake his hand. Other universities had tried repeatedly to lure him away by baits of higher salary and tangible bonours, but he had turned a deaf ear to their

His life and very being had taken such deep root in the little northern town that nothing

would ever have power to tempt him from it.
One part of Stannie's education he had given into Mr. Graem's hands at an early period.

Strange to chronicle, but all the same true, Mr. Graem was one of the finest musicians who ever walked in the never-to-be-obliterated tracks of the grand old masters, and thereby hung a short and pathetic tale which no one in St. Breeda ever heard till on a certain evening in the twilight he told it softly to Alan Neil.

His father had been a music master in Edinburgh. "Professor of music" he would have called himself to-day, and so was to have been the son. But his vocal talents were of so high an order that he aspired to shine as an operatic

Certainly he was plain-featured to a degree which might with truth be called ugliness; but he could sing, and who cares when the nightingale pours out her flood of silvery notes that her foliage is dull and lustreless !

So he went away in his early youth to Italy to perfect the training begun in Edinburgh, and would have been a success in time—no doubt of that-but he fell in love with a beautiful Tuscan girl, who, like himself, was studying for the stage. She fell ill, and, in her delirium, turned away from him. He was cut to the heart.

She died, however, with a clear brain, and her little brown hand clasped in his.

In her lonely grave, among the oleanders, he buried his heart and his ambition, too.

He left Italy at once, and returning to Edinburgh, commenced the study of theology. His new life was a startling contrast to the

brilliant career which he had planned for him-

Sitting in his quiet rooms mouth after month, poring over great tomes collected by defunct doctors of divinity, and mastering their dry orthodoxies, visions of the footlights and the gaudy trappings of the stage, and himself, the hero of the night, standing among trophies of flowers and laurels, would rise up before him, till he felt that he must return to it all, or else go mad.

But the strong, resolute will, inborn in so many Scotchmen, crushed out "the flowers which might have bloomed," and "quenched the lights which might have blazed "one day for him, and a happiness, subdued but real, gradually filled the void which death and buried aspirations had created.

He plodded on through college and the divinity hall, and in course of time was licensed, and, later, ordained minister of St. Breeda.

No one there dreamt what a page of romance was folded away in his bygone life. To his parishioners he was cold and reserved, except in time of trouble or sickness, when he was tender and sympathetic as a woman; and his old associates would never have recognized in the hard-working parish minister the brilliant young tenor whose voice had moved them all to tears long ago when they stood around the Tuscan girl's grave and raised a simple little funeral hymn. Emotion soon checked their voices; but his rang out clear and strong to the close. He never sang again.

"Mr. Graem going to teach Stannie Ross music!" cries Mrs. Mactavish, in amazement, when she heard the intelligence. "He might as well teach her to kuit a stocking or make a haggis. Is it the bagpipes or the Jew's harp he plays! I don't believe he knows a piano from a

"I think he does," answered Mrs. Macpherson, sighing softly, as usual. "At any rate, he has got a very grand one. I forget if it's a Broadwood or some other kind of wood from London. There's no room in Alan Neil's house for it, so it stands in the manse drawing-room; but it's a birthday present for Stannie, all the

"And he teaches her the scales and five-finger

exercises! Are you sure!"
"Quite. I happened to go in one afternoon last week to speak about the Mother Dorcas meeting—it's falling off dreadfully this winter—and he was giving her a lesson. I was quite taken aback, and said that I had no idea that he was a player."
"And what did he say!"

He laughed, and said that he had learnt a little music when he was young, and remembered

enough to begin Stannie. "Well, Alan Neil grows queerer every day.
As if Miss Duncan, who teaches my girls, couldn't have taught Stannie! These clever men are all very fine; but for common, practical sense give me a man with just an average amount of brains."

### CHAPTER V.

I NEVER CAN FORGIVE YOU

Nothing in this world can go on long the very same.

Even to the Professor changes had to come. That Stannie was a child no longer was a visible fact. She had donned the badge of womanhood, a trailing skirt, and her long hair was gathered up in a shining mass upon her

She still nestled like a bird in his arms, and sought or cared for no society but his and Mr. Graem's; but he began to see a change in his darling.

Something troubled her; something had come to dull her winsome smile. but what it could be was beyond his power of divination.

She would go by herself, and wander for hours in the woods, or sit in the deserted college chapel with the marble effigies of by-gone knights and dames.

Her cheeks were often tear-stained, and her

bright eyes dull with frequent weeping.

He questioned her softly, even tenderly, as to He questioned her softly, even tenderly, as to happened one day to mention casually that she the cause, but she never answered him, and might be famous if she cared to be so. She would say that he was growing fanciful, and asked how, and I told her that a voice like hers would change the subject with a laugh.

She took to going more frequently than ever to the house, oftener even than the fact of her piano being there warranted.

And after these visits she appeared more de-

jected than ever. The Professor was at his wit's end what to make of this new phase of matters. So one evening, putting on his broad felt hat, he walked across the meadow-field which separated his house from the Manse glebe, and asked Mr. Graem if he could see him quite alone for an

The minister was always delighted when the Professor stepped over to have a quiet chat with him, but now there was something in his manner which scarcely betokened enjoyment when he noted the marked emphasis laid on the words "quite alone." Without, however, betraying any surprise, he led the way to his study, and

carefully closed the door behind them.

gazed from it in silence. The sun had just gone down in flames of purple and crimson, and the after-glow illuminated the mountains with a

transient bright glory.

"Those hills are often a comfort to me,
Graem," Alan said, still continuing to gaze on
them. "I think they keep me here more than
anything else. Go where I might, there would
never be hills like these. I love them in all their aspects, bright and sun-bathed, or with the mists clinging to their sides in fleecy clouds, or mantled in snow. There's nothing like the hills for lifting your thoughts from the littleness

of the finite to the vastness of the infinite."
"I think that feeling is natural to one who has lived under their shadow so long as you have; I begin to realize it a little now myself. I did not at first.

"Graem," said the Professor, suddenly wheeling round, and facing him, "do you know

what is the matter with Stannie?"

"I do," answered the minister, meeting his gaze unflinchingly.

"I thought as much! She has confided in you rather than me, who has been as a father to her since she was three years old. Where have I failed in my duty, that the child turns from me in her first trouble, whatever it may be, and comes to you !"

"You have not failed, Neil-you have been everything to her. She would be the first herself to say so."

"Then why did she come to you when she was in distress? Can you tell me what is wrong without violating the confidence reposed in you ?

"I can. Only this afternoon she asked me to tell you.

The Professor sighed, and looked out once more towards the hills; the purple reflections had vanished, and the evening shadows were

ettling darkly on them.
"Sit down, Neil, you can listen better sitting—at least, it will be more comfortable."
"Thanks. I prefer standing. Well, I am waiting. What has come to the child!"
"She wishes to leave St. Breeda."

Mr. Graem paused to note the effect of his annonncement, but none was visible.

Alan Neil still stood with folded arms, look-

ing across the moorland to the darkling hills. "She is unhappy here."

He paused again for a word or sign from the

Professor, but none came, only he saw that he turned very pale. Mr. Graem Lad undertaken a harder task than

he knew how to perform. He could proceed no further; the words died

upon his lips.

A long silence ensued-at least, it seemed so to the two men standing there; in reality, it was only about three minutes. Then Graem commenced again.

"She is a splendid singer; far beyond the average. You must have often remarked it, have you not?"

"Yes. So was her mother before her. Thanks to you, she has been well trained, but what

has that do do with the matter on hand?"
"Everything," replied Mr. Graem speaking rapidly. The ice was fairly broken at last, and the sooner he made a clean breast of it all, the better. "Everything. She wishes to go away and make a name for herself, to shine one day in the great world." And he pointed southward

"I do not understand you. Speak plainly!"
"I cannot put it plainer. She wishes to become a great singer—a professional singer—but fears that you will never consent.'

The Professor staggered forward like a drunken man, and for the first time in all his life an oath came hissing out from between his set teeth.

He glared at the minister like a wild animal about to spring on his prey, and that worthy shrank cowering from his gaze.

"This is your doing, Graem," he said, fiercely. "Why have you done this! Why have you used her to resuscitate your own old dreams! I never will forgive you—never, never! I could fell you down life an ox as you stend there. "You have graite has life and stand there. You have spoilt her life, and mine, too!"
"I did not do it intentionally, I will awear

to that ! I have used no undue influence !"

"You must-you have, or it had never come

to this. How dare you deny it ?'

"She has a rare voice, and it was a great pleasure for me to train it. About a year ago I would ring all over Europe, if it only had the chance to be heard. Forgive me, Neil; I had no idea what I was doing when I said it! My heart is weak and soft when I think on the old days in Italy. I told her how brilliant and honourable a gifted singer's life might be. I told her how intoxicating is success; that no one knew what happiness really was, or meant, until they stood, the recognized idol of an adoring public. I wish now that I had been struck dumb before I let my tongue run on as it did, but I thought that she would forget it in an hour, or a day at longest. Instead of that oh, Neil, don't look at me in that way, I love the child almost as you do yourself—she pondered over it, and returned to the subject time after time; and as I have said, she came to-day and pleaded that I should speak to you—that I should ask you to let her go. She could not do it herself; she knows what she is to you, and how hard it would be to part with her. I shall The Professor walked to the window, and wish that I had never seen her, or you either, her life until now. True, his had been a gentle

if you are going to blame me. Will you not forgive me, Nell !"

"I cannot! You have done the child a wrong which I may never be able to repair. You have shown her the gilded side of things, the stage in all its garish pomp. You never told her of the temptations which would beset her at every corner; of the possible failures and bitter disappointments; of the rough road over which her feet must travel to reach the reward which her leet must travel to reach the reward if she ever did attain it, and how empty and frothy fame is, after all. I know what it is. To me it came early, and after it's first young flush it palled on me, then and for ever. She was happy before you put such wild chimeras has been been keeping you it. No paper! How into her head. Forgive you! No, never! How dare you expect it?"
"You misjudge me cruelly. I showed her both

sides; I even drew upon my imagination, but it was too late. I told her how short and un-certain is a public idol's career, und how humbling it must be to be set aside for the first new face and fresh voice. She said then that she would not care; if she only had her day, how brief it was, but that she must have it!"

She cannot," said the Professor, steraly. "I shall never let her touch a piano againshall forbid her to sing another note; this craze or fancy must be nipped in the bad."

"You cannot compel the lark to be mute," said Mr. Graem, sadly. "And why should you attempt it ! Our talents are given to us to be used for noble ends. A splendid career must be in store for her. Why not let her have her

"Are you dottled, Graem! Let Stannie sing before a gaping, vulgar crowd! Though all the crowned heads in Europe were to hear her, Charlie Ross's daughter should never, with my consent, be a public gazing-stock " said the

Professor, moving towards the door.
"Are you going home! Supper must be nearly ready; you had better stay and have

something."

But the Professor was already in the passage, and opening the outer door, and Mr. Graem did not dare to follow him.

Alan Neil lingered an instant in the porch, and once more looked towards the hills which had so often brought peace and soothing to him in times of perplexity; but the curtains of night had fallen on them and him.

He walked back across the meadow, feeling an altered and a disappointed man.

He had striven hard to do his best for Charlie and Katey's child, and this was the result-she was pining to leave him for a life which he considered utterly abhorrent. Mrs. Mactavish had been right, after all.

He paused at the door of the little drawingroom where he knew that Stannie would be sit. ting, and put out his hand to turn the handle,

then drew it quickly back again.
"Not to-night," he murmured—"not tonight! I could not bear to see her!"

And turning away, he went to his study, and wrote a letter.

It was as follows: —
"DEAR MES. HUNTER,—

Fourteen years ago you promised to come to St. Breeda if ever Stanamore was in trouble, and required other help and counsel than mine. Can you come at once !

"Yours faithfully,

" ALAN NEIL." The town house-clock had clanged out the twelve metallic strokes which indicated mid-night, and the lights in St. Breeda had gone out one by one; but in College Bounds two lamps burned steadily on till morning.

Pacing his sparely-furnished little chamber, Alau Neil passed the long, silent hours. He felt that he had committed grave mistakes, which a little thought, and a little listening to the advice he had so persistently rejected, might have averted.

Far better had he insisted on Stannie's mixing with other children in their sports and pastimes; far better if he had sent her to school, instead of teaching her himself, and had had faith in Miss Duncan's musical abilities.

A public singer ! He had said the words over and over to himself, and his whole nature recoiled from their very sound. A public life of any kind for a woman was incompatible with all his ideas of propriety.

But if he refused her, she might pine, and silently break her heart.

What course should be adopt? What do? How act? Alas! he knew not!

### CHAPTER VI.

HER HEART'S DESIRE.

Stannie watched the professor cross the fields to the Manse, and knew that when he returned Mr. Graem would have told him all. With the telling the worst would be over.

It would be hard to win his consent, but it must come in time. He had never refused her anything, and would not now, where such a brilliant future was awaiting her.

The possibility of failure never occurred to her -never for a brief second held a place in her planning. She was not selfish, this isolated young creature, who had grown up with only the companionship of two quiet, retiring men-She would have endured poverty and privation without complaining, would have sacrificed much if her uncle Alan could have benefited by it in any way, for he reigned paramount in her affections. She thought that there was no one like him in the world for wisdom, goodness and kindness. She had obeyed him implicitly all rule, but had it been severe, she would have bent to it all the same.

She pictured him sitting in his gloomy study when she was far away, with no brighter or more cheerful presence ever coming near him than Janet Scott, who had grown old and gray in his service; and sometimes Mrs. Mactavish. with her well-intentioned but utterly impracticable advice. Who would toast his bread on one side only, as he preferred it, every morning, and pour out his five cups of tea every evening, place his slippers on the fender to warm, and do a hundred other little things which are nothing in themselves, and valueless when performed by hired hands, but more than words can express when they are the marked services of one whom we love!

She pictured him all alone in the old, highbacked pew, where she had sat upon his knee the first Sunday she had ever been to church. How long ago it seemed now. Would he climb the hills, follow the ferny windings of the burn, or gather early princoses in the woods when she was gone! Never, never! Without her, those lovely places would be no better than a

dreary waste to him.

"Uncle Alan-Uncle Alan!" she cried aloud as she walked up and down the room in her misery; "forgive me if you can, but I must go -I cannot stay here! I must go away and sing to the crowds, who are waiting to hear me! You will be sad and lonely-oh, so lonely! But I shall come back some day, when I have had what Mrs. Mactavish would call 'my fling.' Yes, I must have 'my fling!'"

The absurdity of the expression struck her so forcibly, that she burst into a fit of hysterical laughter, which ended in long, silent weeping.

She commenced to pace the room once more. She could not rest. Her uncle would soon return; he never remained later than nine o'clock. How would be meet her !--what would he say ?

Her heart beat wildly when at last she heard him open the outer door, and walk slowly along the passage and pause at the drawing-room door. She stood still and held her breath, straining her eyes upon the door; but it did not open, although she heard him touch the handle gently. The suspense lasted only an instart, yet it seemed an hour, and then she heard him turn, and walk away in the direction of his study. He had never done the like before, and it was as if he had stabbed her to

She took the lamp in her hand, and went upstairs to her own room, clinging heavily to the bannisters all the way, and flung herself upon the bed in an agony of despair.

"Uncle Alan is angry, and will not see me!" she meaned. "Why was I ever bern!—why did I not die out in India, when I was a

All night long she wept and mouned piteously and lay on her bed and on the floor alternately. and made herself thoroughly ill and miser-

For the first time in her life she now realized her loneliness, and with that knowledge came a great longing for the fair young mother lying in her far-off grave, whom till now she had never missed.

Had Stansmore been like other girls-the Mactavishes, for example-sensible and commonplace, ready and able to buffet with trouble and adversity, if it ever came—she would have been content to move on in the same groove all her days; but she had lived so much alone, and often in a dream-world of her own, which was suffused with a purple light, and peopled with fairy-like beings, so very different to the worthy inhabitants of St. Breeds, that going away seemed like landing all at once in the very midst of the glow and sheen.

She knew nothing of life except as a smooth, glassy lake, where each skiff that sailed its waters bore youth and beauty on its prow; the dark, sin-stained side of humanity had always been hidden from her.

She was as unlike a modern young lady as that strange arrangement of tight garments, dishevelled locks, and pencilled eyebrows, is unlike her grandmother, of whose sweet, modest we get glimpses now and then which are like walts of fragrance from an old-fashioned garden stocked with brier, lavender and mar-

Morning found her pale and spiritless, and tossed hair, and put on a fresh morning-dress, trying hard as she did so to brace herself for the dreaded interview,

She might have spared herself the alarm, for the professor had decided to say nothing to her until Mrs. Hunter had arrived.

He noted with pain her pale checks and weary

eyes, but made no remark on them. When he was starting for the college, he turned back, and mentioned, carelessly, almost as if it had been an after-thought. "Stannie, of course you remember Mrs. Henry Hunter!

"Yes, uncle; not how she looks, you know,

but I often write to her."

"She will probably be here to-morrow evening; that's all. Good-bye, dear!"

Mrs. Hunter coming to St. Breeda!

It was almost as good as if her own mother had been coming back from the world of spirits: was almost too good to be true. She would tell Mrs. Hunter everything, and that lady would understand and explain matters to her uncle

as Mr. Graem could never do. She went upstairs and set about preparing a room for her at once. She laid out the finest linen, and hung up the snowlest curtains;

brought ornaments from her own room, and nailed carved brackets on the walls; an armchair was abstracted from the parlour, then a foot-stool, next a little table, upon which she placed writing material enough to last an M.P.'s secretary for a year.

When she could devise no further improvement, she surveyed the effect lovingly, yet half regretfully, because she could not make it more worthy the reception of her old, yet un-

Finally, she put on a hat, and strolled out into the garden, and sat down beneath the shadow of a hoary elm, under whose branches she had held many a dolls' tea-party not so very long ago, for all that she felt so ill and miser-

Mrs. Hunter was coming. Everything around her seemed to know it, and was brighter in consequence.

She sat with folded hands. She was not industrious at any time, and to-day was too excited for work.

"I shall hear what she says," thought Stannie. "If she tells me my duty is to remain with Uncle Alan, I will do it, and never say a word. But, oh! how long life will seem shut in amongst these dreary hills!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

MRS. HUNTER AND LOTTY ARRIVE.

"Desrest child, how are you? How tall you have grown! It's a shame that we have not seen you all these years !"

After kissing Stannie warmly, Mrs. Hunter held her at arm's length and gazed at her in modest admiration.

"This is Lotty, my second daughter."

An elegant girl, whom Stannie had not noticed in the bustle of the moment, here stepped forward and held out her haud.

"Will you give her a welcome! She has come uninvited, continued her mother. "Mr. Neil looked a little alarmed when he saw her at the station; but he says that you will forgive her for taking you by storm in this

way."
"Please do," pleaded Lotty. "I was so anxious to see you, and to come to Scotland, that I persuaded mamma that she needed me to take care of her on the journey. She's too old to travel alone -so here I am, you see.

Mrs. Hunter laughed gaily. Her husband and children often teased her about growing old, but there was not a line on her smooth brow, nor a suspicion of silver amongst her brown hair. In the waning summer light she seemed almost as young as she had been fourteen years before, when she carried Stannie in her up the staircase of the Charing Cross Hotel.

"I am very glad that you have come," said "It's delightful to get a surprise Stannie. like this, and I never had a girl visitor before.

"How very extraordinary! I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Letty. "Do visitors never come to this lovely place!" "Oh, yes, lots. Professors, mostly-friends of Uncle Alan's. We never had ladies before."

"How charming to live in a university town in the Scotch Highlands-1 am in the Highlands, am I not !-don't speak if I am wrong,and have only clever men to visit you! Mamma, isn't she to be envied! No tiresome girls to come visiting and bothering round. There's

been such a set staying at Cumrie Chase —"
"Gently, Lotty!" said her nother. "You will frighten Stannie if you are so uncharitable. Mr. Neil, Lotty is the most troublesome of all my children, and if she is too much for you and Stannie to put up with, I'll send her home to-

"Your threats are thrown away, mamma dear. Mr. Neil will let me stay a year, if I like -I see it in his countenance-and so will Stannie. Such hair as you have! Is it all your own !"

"What do you mean !" inquired Stannie,

staring in amazement.

"Do you take your back hair off at night Heaps of girls do. And what actually grows on their heads they bleach and dye, and crimp and frizzle, until they look like lunatics; that's the proper thing now. Your hair is quite too lovely, but you dress it shockingly. You coil it high up. You should twist it into a little lump, like a potato, in the nape of your neck I'll show you how to-morrow.

Stannie was about to defend her style of hair dressing, when Janet Scott appeared, and announced that the ladies' rooms were both

She and her assistant had been hastily putting a comfortably furnished but rarely used attic into order for Miss Lotty's occupation.

"I am afraid you will not like the attic," said Stannie, standing doubtfully in the door way, as if uncertain whether to let her guest enter or not. "The roof slopes so. We never use this room except to keep apples in. If I had known that you were coming you should have had mine.

Oh, Stannie, that's nonsense! The room is perfectly beautiful!"

"It is not beautiful," said the literal Stannie,
"I think you had better have mine; the things can be easily changed."

But Lotty expressed herself charmed with

like. I am so pleased to be in Scotland, that I should be in erstacies if you put me into the barn. Are you better?" she asked, suddenly, and, standing still, surveyed Stannie critically from head to foot. "You certainly look well enough, and you are the prettiest girl I have ever seen. What's up with you?"
"I am very well. I am never ill."

"What a constitution you must have! Are

you in love, then?"

"No. Why do you ask such strange questions? I do not understand you."

"In the name of all that's wonderful, what

is wrong with you, Stannie Ross?" "Nothing," answered Stannie, fairly bewildered by the persistence of her fair questioner.

Why do you think I am ill?" "Mr. Neil wrote to mamma, and asked her to come at once, as you were in trouble. So we started off at a tangent, expecting to find you ill, or dead, or gone off with the baker's boy. And you are neither ill nor dead, and you haven't gone off with the baker's boyhere you are! Mamma could scarcely control her voice at the station to ask Mr. Neil how you were. She feared the worst, you know. When he blandly replied that you were very well, you might have knocked her down with a scent-

bottle. What does it all mean?" She saw and understood it in a second-her uncle's silence and Mrs. Hunter's sudden arrival, which had puzzled her not a little; they were both to sit in judgment on her.

They will never let me go-never!" was the thought that came flashing into her mind; and sinking down upon the floor she laid her head upon a chair and began to sob violently.

Lotty was on her kners beside her in an in-stant, every trace of her flippant manner gone, and genuine sympathy showing in every line of her pretty face.

Forgive me. I should not have spoken so I did not mean to hurt you. You are in trouble of some kind, I know; but mamma will put it all right—she puts everything right. The no one like her in that way. Can you tell me about it, or would you rather not?"

'You are very kind, Lotty; but I would rather speak to her first. I am unhappy about something, that's all-very unhappy.

"I understand, dear. Mamma will help you. There are six of us at home, and we have no secrets from her; I often think she is more like a wise elder sister than a mother, she has so much sympathy with all our little worries. You can't possibly have done anything wrong, so forget all about it, and help me to unpack my box. I must put on a pretty dress to captivate the whole establishment.'

"You have done that already," said Stannie, laughing through her tears. "Are your sisters

like you at all?"
"Alice, the eldest one, is a beauty; modesty consequently forbids me to draw comparisons besides, our juvenile copies distinctly state that they are 'odious.' And there's nothing And there's nothing odious' about me, is there !"

"Nothing," said Stannie, simply. "You are unlike the girls here, but no one could ever call you odious

What are the young women in St. Breeda

like-like you?" "Not very. The Mactavishes are the belles. They are tall, and have red hair and freckles but they look very nice when they are dressed

"Belles with red hair and freckles! They must be divine! I long to embrace them! How soon may I have a chance !'

"Very soon. I'll invite them to tea one evening.

"Charming 'esthetic' tea! Ann we'll drink it out of blue cups without handles; they are bothersome things, for if the tea is hot you are apt to burn your fingers, or else drop the cup. Are there any Mactavish brothers ?"

Yes, but not at home; they are all away in Edinburgh and Glasgow. I am afraid we haven't got that kind of tea in St. Breeda, and our cups are white and gilt, with handles," said Stannie, apologetically, wondering at the same time if she could write or telegraph in time to Glasgow for a box of "aesthetic tea," which she never doubted was the produce of some rare and expensive growth.

You are really too amusing," said Lotty, withdrawing her head from the depths of her Imperial trunk, where she had been fishing for odds and ends of finery. You will tell me next that you don't know what high art is. It's not chance; so I drove the pin firmly in at the the tea itself that's esthetic-it's often very bad, wishy-washy stuff-it's the indescribable state of feeling you get yourself into when you drink it, and the way you talk and go on. I can't describe it very well. Alice and Gordon are our two home aesthetics. Gordon wears his hair long behind, but cut in the front so that it falls over his forehead; and Alice wears hers like Tonsel-he's our Skye terrier. She dresses in peacock blue cashmeres, made so tight that they sometimes split when she sits down in a hurry; she couldn't even run or jump a ditch iff fifteen bulls of Bashan were pursuing her; and she wears saudals-that's supposed to be intensely 'Greek.'

"Are they pretty?"

"Not very; and they are very unadhesive articles—at least, hers are. Gordon is sorrow-stricken because he can't dress in the Greek tyle-togas, or sheets, or something queer. He is an artist: but his art is so very 'advanced' that you can't tell what his pictures are about; the quaint little room and its sloping roof and dormer windows, and little white bed and old fashioned toilet arrangements.

"It's all lovely," she insisted,—"so Scotch."

"It's all lovely," she insisted,—"so Scotch."

"It's all lovely," she insisted,—"so Scotch."

radishes, if they would look like roses! He painted mamma once, wrapped up in a white shawl, with a white something on her head; she is looking half round, in a manner which suggests a crick in her neck. Everyone mistakes her for Lot's wife."

"How disappointed he must be !"
"Not a bit. It's considered one of his best— "Not a bit. one of the pictures of the future. In fact, we are a remarkable family—at least, we think so ourselves. Mamma has a theory that if a boy or a girl has a talent in their anatomy it should be cultivated to the utmost. As we haven't a talent amongst us, we have to make believe a good deal. It's such fun. Gordon being the eldest, will have the Chase a hundred and one years hence—not an instant sooner, I hope. So he can afford to amuse himself with paints. It's good for the colour-man. Alice writes poetry— 'asthetic poetry,' you know. It's 'quite too touching, our young lady visitors say when she reads it to them at æsthetic tea. Bill, my second brother, calls it 'rot;' but he is decidedly commonplace in his ways and manners, and believes in antediluvians like Shakespeare and Milton.

"What is Bill going to be ?" asked Stannie. "Something scientific; I can't tell you more. Scientific men have always been a mystery to me. They rush about the globe, and look into caves and holes, and form excursions-no, no; expeditions, I mean-to Patagonia and the Poles, and come back, and give lectures, and blow up the house now and then with chemi-

cals."
"You have three brothers, I think?"

"Yes; there's Tom—to my mind the pearl of the family. He is young—only fourteen!" "Has he decided tastes in any way!"

" Very! He is, for his age, the best cricketer and oarsman in the county. He can climb a tree as well as I did myself before I grew up, and took to tight dresses. He is a rare one to spin a yarn, and eats a whole pot of cherry jam at a sitting.

"I think I do like him the best," said Stannie, smiling at the list of accomplishments.

"I don't know about that," said Lotty, slowly.

She was busy over a bunch of roses which had been thrust into a mug, bearing the pathetic inscription, "For a good boy," and placed upon her toilet table with the design of imparting an air of elegance to the latter.

It had occurred to her that the more fitting place might be in the bosom of her gray silk dress.

"I don't know," she repeated, trying the effect of two splendid Malmaisons against the lace ruffles at her throat. "Gordon isn't half a bad fellow, although he is æsthetic, and adores blue china; and Bill is the reverse of a must; but Tom is my pet. I should like him to be a bishop, but he prefers a red coat to a black. 'My brother, the General,' won't be black. bad; but 'My brother, the Bishop,' would have

such an awe-inspiring ound!"

"Is he very religious, that you wish him to be a bishop?" asked the innocent-minded

"Well, no, not very-not at all, I am afrail; but a bishop's legs are so lovely !'

"Oh!" murmured Stannie, at a loss for a more suitable expression.

"You should see our bishop's at home, when he comes to a heavy feed."

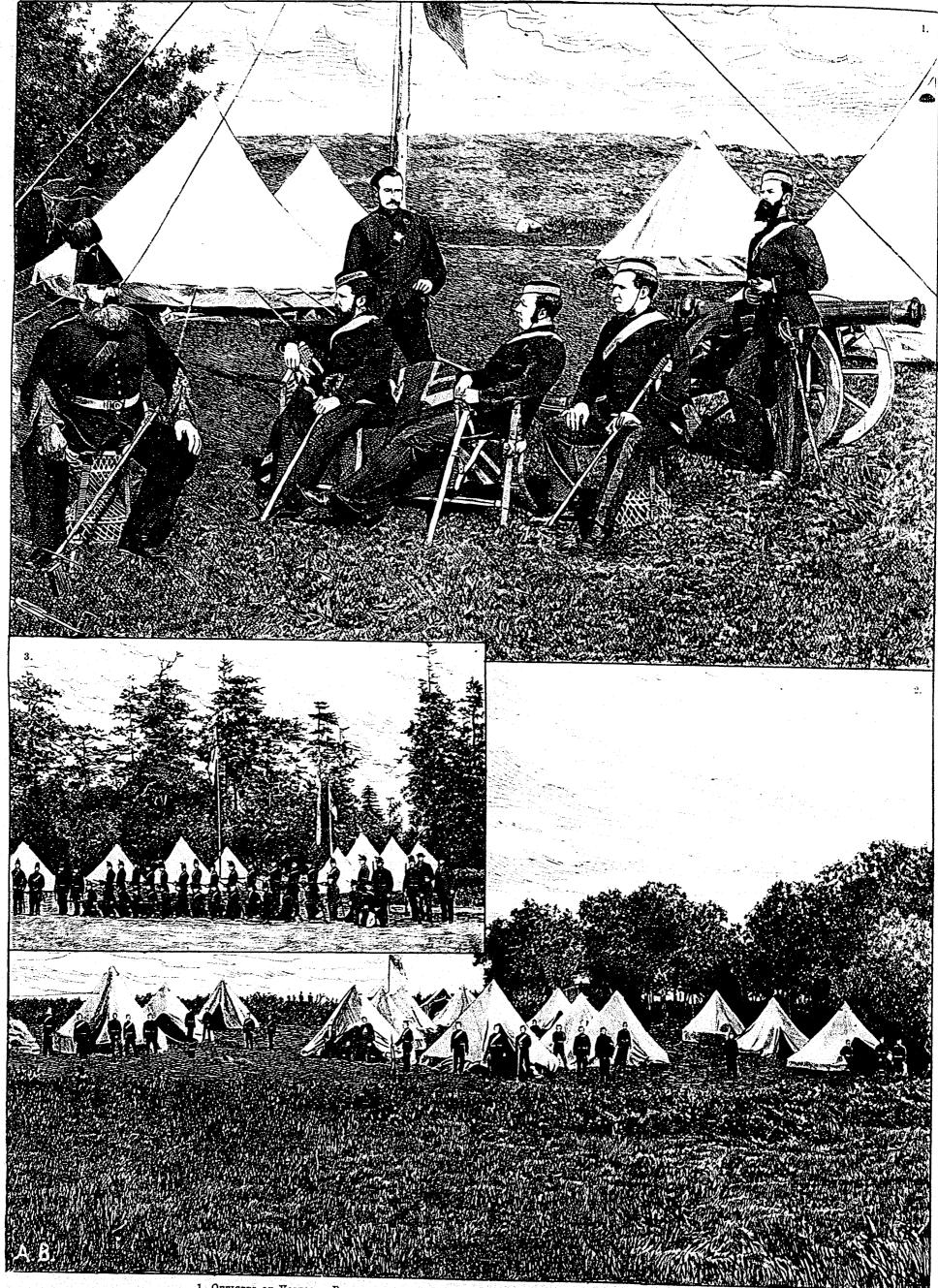
"To a what, Lotty?" "A state dinner party. Oh, those dinners, they are awful in their solemnity! The amount of eating that's gone through is appalling. No one speaks much; its an important ceremony, going through all the courses till you come to the dessert, then they begin to talk. But I was going to tell you of our bishop's legs. He puts on his best silk stockings on such occasion, and they look so nice. His calves are real ones. When I was eight years old I was convinced that they were sawdust, like my doll's, and I was determined to make sure. So one day, when I knew that he was coming to dinner. I abstracted a long pin with a black head from mamma's dressing table, and laid my plans. We used to be served up in white dresses (Alice and I) with the puddings in those days. When I saw that his reverence was sitting with his back to the fire-he was eating greengage tart, I remember chance; so I drove the pin firmly in at the thickest part. The effect was magical. He sprang up like a Jack-in-the-box, and shrieked like a hyena. I was so frightened at what I had done, that I bounded under the table, and lay trembling there until papa dragged me out."
"How painful for the poor bishop! Who

took out the pin ?"

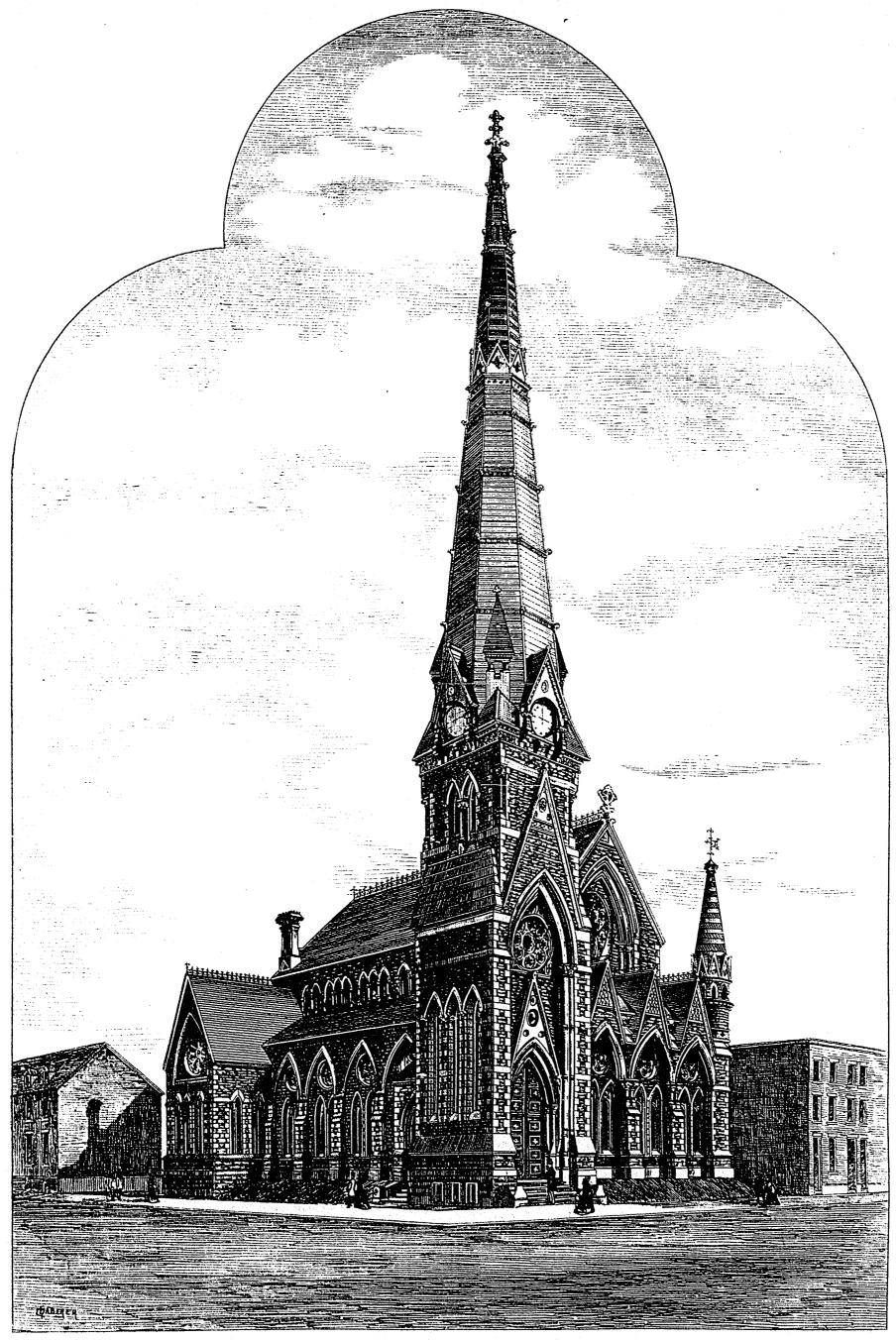
"Alice did. She was in the secret; and it was all she could do to make honourable amends. There was an awful hubbub, and I confessed and explained with many tears. Everybody laughed except the bishop, who really couldn't for the pain; but he forgave me, and said that my thirst for knowledge did me credit, only not to experiment on his 'limbs' again. A bishop couldn't say legs; it would be improper. Tom wears knickerbockers, and his legs are perfection; two cabbage stalks with the inside taken out would do for a general's supporters-no one ever sees them. Isn't it dis-

appointing!"
"Very!" said Stannie, not knowing if the young lady was in jest or earnest.

(To be continued.)



SCENES IN VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—(SEE PAGE 243.)



ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, CORNER OF COLLEGE AND INSPECTOR STREETS, MONTREAL.

#### A PICTURE.

Two little souls, a boy and a girl, Wandering on to the foot of the hill. Bushes of green and blossoms of pearl, Laugh at themselves in the road-side rill. Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay, Bathed in the light of a flattering ray, Jauntily chatters, "Some day, some day."

Two sweet souls, a man and a maid,
(Beechen branches twisted above),
Picking the daisies which sprinkle a glade,
And trying their luck at a game of love.
"This yeart" "Next yeart" What do you say!
And out of the beeches the curious jay.
Peeps and chuckles, "Some day, some day!"

Two old souls, and the end of the day.
Follows them home to the foot of the hill;
One late gleam which has wandered astray.
Breaks from a copies and dimples the rill.
Autumn leaves are strewing the way.
And house from the larch the hungry jay
Shouts out to the night, "Some day, some day!"

Two your souls, in the dead of the night.
Side by side, lie stiffened and still;
And the winter's moon just softens her light.
As it relemnly rests at the foot of the hill,
Remembering the bees and the buds and the May.
The summer gold and the autumn gray,
And the warm, green lane where the beetles play,
In the crisp cold night the shivering jay
Croaks out of his dream, "Some day, some day!"

# HORNSWOGGLED.

#### A WESTERN PLANT.

There were four of us in the party-a bankmanager from St. Paul, two Englishmen going out on the plains to hunt, and myself-and we occupied a section in a car on the train bound for Glyndon, in the Red River Valley. That was as far as the train went in those days. We had been discussing the strange things that happened occasionally out in this western world, and our conversation received the silent attention of two other people besides ourselves. One listener was a tall man, in ordinary dress, with a clean-shaved face, excepting in so far as that he wore what the Americans sometimes call "a chin whisker," and over one eye he had a green The other was a small elderly man, whose dress and general appearance stamped him as being a frontiers-man. The tall man sat in as being a frontiers-man. The tall man sat in the section ahead of us, on the seat next to us, as if for the purpose of better hearing our conversation. Not in an offensive way, but as men listen to a general conversation in a public place. The little man sat on the opposite side of the car, leaning out of his seat across the pas-

sage in our direction.
"Well, yes," said the bank-manager, in answer to a question put by one of the hunters, "once I was. It was during the week of the State fair at St. Paul. At that time, all the farmers, or grangers, as we call them sometimes, are in the city. The State fair is a good deal like your agricultural shows; I guess it's the same thing under another name; anyhow, it fills the city with agriculturists of every kind, and every kind of business man that has to do with them. On the Thursday afternoon, just before the bank was going to close, I was standing inside the counter, near the teller's drawer, when in walk-ed a regular old prairie hay-seed. The town was half-full of them, and this fellow was a type of a certain class of them. He had on an old pair of trousers tucked into a pair of boots that probably had never seen blacking since they were bought, and a buffalo coat thrown back, expos-ing a flaupel shirt without any collar, but set off with a brand-new green-satin tie. He had, I supposed, bought this, and the new hat he wore, to fix himself up a little for the fair. He wanted polishing up badly enough. He wore also a pair of large spectacles with broad horn rims. To look at him, you could see at once that he was one of those everlasting bores, that talk you to death about crops, and argue all night about the merits of rival mowers. He lounged up to the teller, and said, in a voice that sounded like

a clap of thunder in a vinegar-jar, 'Say, mis-ter! are you running this yere bank? "'What is't you want?' asked the teller curtly, who was about to check his cash and get

away. "Waal, I'll tell you how it is; and then he turned and addressed his conversation to me. 'You see, squire, I've got some animals down to the fair here. There's two on 'em is the finest steers out of the hull crowd, and they han't given me no prize for 'em neither; but Isanoble square man say as my two steers-mind you, I'm speaking of the two red steers-ain't the best in the hull lot. They are, squire, and you'd better believe

"Well, I haven't got anything to do with awarding the prizes,' I said impatiently; 'and we're going to close the bank now, office hours

are about un.' " 'You sin't got nothing to do with them, I know, squire, I know that well enough; but don't crowd a man. Lookee here, I've sold them steers, and six more, to a Chicago buyer, for a matter of five hundred and fifty dollars. It's dirt cheap, squire, and you'd say it if you saw them steers of mine. Mebbe you've been down to the

" Yes, yes,' I said anxious to get rid of him,

'I saw the steers, and the cows, too.'
"'Why, them ain't cows; them's Durham calves,' he began, when I struck in, and said,
"'Look here, I don't know anything about your steers or your animals anyhow; what's your

business with me?'
"'Waal, squire, I learn you was the handlest chap at your business on the hull street, and I

want you to go slow a bit, for I ain't much up to your business-folks' ways, and I'll tell you what I'm a runnin' for.' He pulled a long greasy-looking pocket-book from the depths of an inside pocket, and began to untic the twine that fastened it up. 'This yere Chicago man has given me this yere cheque. Now I ain't much on the count myself, and I want to know if this is a square deal. He says that's the same thing as five hundred and fifty dollars in greenbacks. Now I want to know if that's so, for no man ain't going to take away them steers if there's any shenanaghin about this yere cheque; you can bet your sweet life on that, squire.

"I examined the cheque, which was drawn on the first National Bank, Chicago, and signed W. R. Chitty. It appeared to be in due form; but though I had heard the drawer's name I did not

know him, and so I told my granger friend.
"'Waal, I don't know a heap about him, myself,' he said. 'I sold him some cattle last fairtime, and he paid me part in cash and part in one of them cheques, and I got the money all right; but the cheque worn't the same colour as this vere one, and didn't say nothing about no National Bank on to it. It had two men's names on it, and one of their pictures in the corner, so as folks could know him, I guess, if he didn't act square up to the handle with

them.' A different bank, that's all. You say the

cheque he gave you was paid l' "'Yes; yes, it were paid O K; and if you say this yere's all right, why, I guess I'll let him take them steers away an Monday.
"'I don't know that it is all right; I only suppose sc. I can't cash it for you, if that's

what you're after.'

"No, no; go slow, squire. I sin't asking you to do nothing that ain't reg'lar; but mebbe you could do something with this yere thing, in a day or so, if I leave it with you, as would fetch the dollars and cents out of it, eh, squire ! How's

that!"
"' I'll send it to Chicago for collection, if
you like; ' and I couldn't help laughing at the

scared look he put on at the proposition.

"Send it to Chicago! Hold up there, squire. I don't suppose but you know your business; but I have heard they're a mighty slick lot down to Chicago.

"'O, that will be all right, you needn't be afraid,' I said; for he evidently thought the people of Chicago were on the look-out for

greenhorus.
"' Waal, squire, if you're satisfied, I am; but be mighty keerful them Beats down to Chicago don't hornswoggle us both out of them five hundred and fifty dollars. It would come mighty hard on me just now, for I in going to put up a new house on my place down to Kandiyohi County, and the old woman's on the build too tor her cheese fixings.'
"Then he invited me to come down to the

fair next day, to look at his two red steers, and offered to stand the drinks there and then, if I would come out; and then he went off. I may tell you that, when I told him to indorse his cheque, he first wanted me to do it because it wasn't much in his way, and he'd had to get a neighbour to do it last year; but finally he wrote Sed Bird, Kandiyohi County, Minnesota, across the back of the cheque, making one line of each small word, and two of Kandiyohi and Minnesota, in letters of about a quarter of an inch long.

"Next day he was in again to ask how that "Next day he was in again to ask now that affair was getting along, and to show me a shawl he'd bought for his old woman. 'Married her twenty-three year ago down to Wisconsin, squire,' he said; 'and she can hitch up a span of horses quick'rn than any woman, and most men, round the place.' He had to tell me too that a neighbour of his had also sold a steer to this same buyer, and had been paid in cash, and he wanted to know whether I didn't think this suspicious. I told him it was not, but rather the contrary, as I supposed the amount being small, the Chicago buyer preferred settling in cash. No doubt, I said, his own cheque would be paid in a few days by return of mail. He said that was all right, he worn't in no hurry. Then he offered to introduce me to his friend who had sold the steer, but I promptly declined. One of that crowd was enough for me.

"Soon after the bank opened on Saturday, he was in again, to tell me that he had met another neighbour from Kandiyohi at the hotel, who had sold to another Chicago man, for a cheque; s being brought to me to be fixed. I thanked him, and again de-clined an invitation to come right along and see them steers. He left, saying he had got to get a few fixings for the old woman right away, as he calculated upon getting up the line home that evening. Just before the bank was going to close, however, he was back again.

" He had bought a span of horses from a man who was exhibiting in the fair, and had agreed to give two hundred and fifty dollars for them. The man wanted his money down, because he had to take his animals out of the fair-ground; and my granger also wished to get home for Sunday, the fair being over. Had I got the money from Chicago yet; No, there wasn't time. I couldn't receive it till Monday morn-

ing. "Well, he'd heard at the hotel, he said, that the Chicago buyer was a square man and did regular business round the State; but his fear was, that the Chicago bank might hornswoggle me about the money. I told him there was no danger of that; and he then asked whether I couldn't pay the man for the horses, and deduct

not usual, of course, and there was no time to make inquiries about him, as the bank was just going to close for the day, it being Saturday; but there seemed to be no danger about doing so. He was evidently one of the granger crowd that filled the town; he had pressed me on several occasions to accompany him down to his stalls at the fair; and his story generally hung so well together that, after a little hesitation, I said I

would do so.
"I knew the Chicago men were in town buying, and I had old hay-seed's indorsement; so I handed him a cheque, and told him to make it out for two hundred and fifty dollars. It ended in my having to fill up the body of the cheque, and he signed it. He counted his money, held out his hand to shake hands, and, inviting me to call in whenever I came down to Kandiyohi, departed. I never saw him again. The cheque was returned from Chicago marked, 'Not W. R. Chitty's usual signature;' and as I read it I knew that a confidence-man had gone through

me for two hundred and fifty dollars."

"One of that crowd was enough for you, then, evidently," said one of the Englishmen.

"Good enough!" said the manager, smiling; "the worst of it was that, thinking over the matter that evening, it all of a sudden flashed across me that the hand I had shaken was not that of a regular granger. It wasn't rough enough. That shaking hands was the only weak part of the cuss's whole game. It was too late, however, then, to do anything, even if I had

been sure."
"Pretty rough on you, sir, said the car-conductor, who had stood by to hear the end of the

"Yes," said the manager, "I used to get mad about it for a long time; but I've got over that

"Couldn't play it on you again, sir?"

"No, not worth a cent."

"There's some fellow playing the confidence-game along the line now," the conductor said; "scooped a granger out of a hundred dollars yesterday, and went through a Canadian emigrant, on his way to Garry, for all he was worth. I guess he'll get away, though, before we strike him. He'll have a rough time of it if any of the boys about Glyndon lay hands on him. I'm told there's an old prairie-crusher along here somewheres, that he went through last fall, that swears he'll raise his hair if he catches him."

I had noticed that both the fellow-travellers near us had listened attentively to the story, the long man smiling as the manager related the way he had been taken in, and the old frontiersman leaning further and further over the arm of his seat, till his head almost reached across the passage of the car. When the conductor had ceased speaking, the old man broke into the conversation with a burst that was almost a yell, "And by the Eternal, I'll doit!" We all turn-We all turned to look at the old fellow, who had worked himself into a great state of excitement, though we had not paid much attention to him. "Jumping Judas!" he continued, "if ever I sot eyes on that all-fired skunk agin; see here, mister," he said, pointing at the bank-manager, and getting off his sent the better to ask his question, fidd you take note of that white-livered hound's eyes "

"Not particularly," said the manager. "He wore spectacles, but I noticed a scar running

back from one eye almost to his ear."
"It's him!" said the old man, and forthwith he delivered himself of a string of ingeniously blasphenious invectives. Indeed, it struck me at the time that in this particular he was quite equal to any Western stage-driver I had ever

"Went through you too, did he?"

"Did he! see here, I'll tell you."
"Wire in, old man," said the manager; "but look here, there's a parson and a laiy at the other end of the car, so let up a little on those ornaments of speech of yours."

"I ain't going to say nothing to hurt the minister, nor yet the lady, but I'll raise that for you and I to handle him ourselves.' slab-fazed galoot's hair, sure as you're born, if

ever I strikes his trail agin. You can bet your he saw another person he might think we meant bottom dollar on that, Colonel. I'd been out no good, and might refuse to open the bank till for a couple of year on the Yellow Stone, tradin' along with a half-breed from Pembina, and I'd made a matter of six hundred dollars or therebouts. I come in last fall making for Chicago. I'd put a one side a few dollars for a bit of a bend at St. Paul, me and that half-breed Joe Bourinet, and the rest was a going to my gal at Chicago: she was to school there along of a convent, and was a going to move West a piece, and set up out tradin' with them Sioux, for I han't seen her better'n an six year; and I was almighty fixed on this here idee of mine. I was a-going to whoop it up lively for them, you'd better bet, and the old man was to be the big toad in the puddle too. Well I come along up the river with Joe, and crossed at the forks up here, and come on down till I struck this here railroad. Joe, he got into a mass with a fellow at the Forks, and got hurt; so I had to leave him to be looked after by the man as runs the shanty at the crossing; but I come across a chap who made himself sweet as syrup. He was up the valley buying wheat to ship east to Chicago, he was, and he'd been out a little way on the plains, he had, to see something of the Indians on their native plains, and it give him great satisfaction to meet a man as had lived years with them. There worn't nothing pleased him so much as couldn't pay the man for the horses, and deduct meeting me, the measly-faced son of Judas git right away and see that show.' it out of the amount of his cheque. This was Iscariot; and he fooled this here blamed old; "I took out a bear-skin pouch I had, and

idiot as is telling you, till he could'nt keep his blamed old tongue still, but got talking about his trading and what he'd realised. When I thinks of it I gets madder'n a hunted buffalo. Well colonel, we travelled along together, settin' side by side in one of these here car-seats; and he brings out a small bottle of brandy-what you got at the hotels wasn't good enough for him-and nothin' wouldn't do him but I must tell him all about my life among the Tetons, for he was a going to make a book, he was, to show up the rascality of them Indian agents. We sot down to dinner together at one of the We sot down to dinner together at one of the stations along here, and got to be as friendly as a couple of prairie dogs; and when we got to St. Paul, nothing would do but I must stop along of him at his hotel. He had a small oak box bound with iron with him, and he kep this between his feet all the time, and took it in to dinner with him, and wouldn't let the conductor nor no one handle it. One time he went into the baggage-car to find the boy with the cigars he left the box with me, and told me to be all. fired partic'lar that no one else didn't touch it, for it was filled with money as he was using, buying up wheat for shipment to Chicago. No woman with her fust baby worn't so particlar as he were about that box. When we gets to the hotel and slicked ourselves down some, he says, 'My friend, I want you to come along with me to the bank, while I take this box and deposit of it there. I don't know but what, out West here, some evil-disposed person might not attack me in the street, if they saw me carrying it. If you are with me it will be safe.' I waited outside while he took the box in; and after a while he come out and said that was all right, and his mind was easy. Then we went right, and his mind was easy. back to the hotel to eat, and he said he was a-going out. 'I've got to see the freight-agent the railroad,' he says, the lying scalawag; He didn't want no freight-agent. 'I'm a-going to see him to make arrangements for the ship-ment of some car-loads of wheat I have down here to the densit, to go through by the freight-train to-night. When I've fixed that I'll come back, and we'll go together to the show up here, to the theatre.' Bully for you, says I for I thought he was a little on the minister side of the trail, and didn't go to no shows, leastway not to that kind, as the pictures was about all over the walls: gets who ping it up, you know, colonel—reg'lar out-and-out show. Waal, I waited about an hour, having a drink or two with the boys round, for they had a fust-rate elegant bar to that hotel, when back come my friend all of a lather, as if he'd been runing afore

a war party. 'What's the matter?' says I.
''' It's real bad,' he says. 'I must find that
bank cashier somehow; the freight-agent won't let the wheat go on to-night to be paid on delivery. He wants the freight-charges pant in advance or else the wheat can't go; and it's got to go, for it's sold for delivery,

And then he stood thinking, a-gathering his brows, and then figuring on a slip of paper, and muttering about dollars and cents and carloads, and every once in a while saving as it was too provoking he hadn't left his money with the hotel clerk instead of taking it to the

bank. "'Why, in thunder, don't you take it out of the bank again?' I asked him.

"I can't," he says; 'the bank's closed, and I can't get it till the morning.' And then he began walking up and down the room again, and mattering all about figures and bushels and such like, and once and again looking over at me. At last he says, 'If you'll wait here for me, I'll go up to that bank cashier's private residence and explain the case. Mebbe he'll come down to the office and let me have that box out again this evening: for get it I must, or I'm clean

busted on that wheat. " ' That's all right, pard, ' I says; 'step right up to the cuss's sharty and bring him right along. I'll come with you; and if he won't come, by thunder, it wouldn't be much of a job

no good, and might refuse to open the bank till the clerks did it in the morning. I'll go alone,

if yo 'll wait for me here.'
"Wast, I was agreeable, and so I stepped down and set 'em up again with the boys at the bar; and then it come over me, why, in thunder, I didn't lend him the money till the morning instead of fooling away the time arter that cashier, when we might have been having a a-going to be married to a young chap. They high old time at the show. So when he come back in half an hour, looking as if he'd seen all store, and the old man was a going to do it for his relations clean scalped before his eyes, and them. I hankered after this all the time I was said that the bank eashier had gone into the said that the bank cashier had gone into the country for the night and that if he couldn't get that wheat on he was a ruined man, cos wheat had risen ten cents a bushel owing to

some scalawags cornering it, I says right off.
"' How much does that freight man want!" "" Let me see, says he, looking as bright as a new dollar; 'six car-leads, sack-freight, to Chicago.' And the n he got to figuring again, and says at last, 'With what' I have in my pocket-book I guess I can fix it with four hundred and eighty dollars. It's a new proprietor to this hotel, or I guess I could have borrowed it at the office till the morning. I've best part of a thousand dollars left in that box

up at the bank.'

"" Four hundred and eighty,' says I; 'well, I'll let you have it till the morning; ' for I know'd he'd got the money, for I'd handled that iron-bound box my self; ' and then we'll

counted out what money I had left. There was five hundred and sixty dollars rolled up there, and I asked him if four hundred and eighty

would fix it un.

"'Let me sec,' he says, 'four hundred and eighty;' and then he began to figure again. Yes, that is more than enough with what I have. Four hundred and seventy-five will do. I need only keep enough to pay the theatre, because in the morning I shall go to the bank at

once."
"Was!, gentleman," he continued, addressing us all collectively, including the conductor and the boy that sold the cigars, apples, books, etc., on the train, "I counted out four hundred and seventy-five to that everlasting thief; and when he had jaw'd his thanks for my timely aid, and he had jaw a his thanks for my timery and, and told me to wait a quarter of an hour while he paid the freight-bill at the depot, he went off. Wait! I waited, I guess I did. I waited, until I felt a kind of cold sweat over me when he didn't come back; and I went down, pale and didn't come back; and I went down, pale and trembling as weak as a calf just born, to the office, for I thought, 'If anything goes wrong with this here business, my gal's chance is busted.' I kinder staggered up to the office, and told the clerk I was afeared something had happened to my friend. Then he asked me the particulars, and got to looking mighty cross as I

"'I guess you'll not see him again,' said the clerk. There's always some galoot going through the greenhorns in this hotel. Why, in thunder, don't try the other house, I don't know.

they don't try the other house, I don't know.
"'Here, put on your hat,' said he, madder'n a
Texan cow, "and come along with me.
"There was a bit of a crowd had gathered round the counter, and one of the boys wanted me to have a drink to set me up a bit, for I felt pretty bad, but I had'nt no heart to drink.'
"'He ain't got no time to drink now,' said

the clerk, as he came out of the side door. Here, hurry up, and we'll go to the depôt first.'
"Waal, gentleman, we tried the depôt, and

found there warn't no such wheat going through we found the chief of police and told him, and he said he'd set his crowd on the tracks, but it was a pretty slim chance; and I went back to the hotel, and hauled myself up them stairs step by step, as if I'd lost the use of my limbs, and laid down on the bed and cried like a gal whose lover's gone back on her.

"In the morning I got that clerk to send the balance of the cash, after paying the bill to my gal; for I hadn't the heart to see her and tell her, and all the while she thinking I was coming with my pocket full of dollars. When she got she told her man, and he behaved like a yaller dog, he did, the blamed cur. He made excuses; said he couldn't leave his situation just then, and that his mother was ill East and he had to go to see her; and finally he backed out of marrying her; and she, poor crittur, took to crying and sorrowing about it and got herself ill; and then she wrote to him to come and see her, and he writ back to say as he couldn't and then she started out to find me, and got ill on the road and got worse; and finally the poor little thing passed 'em in, and they planted her

way down here on the line.'

The old man's voice got a little gruff when he told us so far, and he ceased speaking for a while, during which time the train began to slow up for the station, and several of the passengers, including the long man that had sat in the next section to us, rose, and prepared to leave the car. Then the old man suddenly broke out, in a harsh but somewhat suppressed voice.
"I've never met that man since, but when I

do, by the powers-see here!" he added suddenly breaking off in his speech, and showing the handle of a navy Colt revolver underneath his deerskin shirt. "I've carried this here loaded for him ever since; and when we cross trails again, I'll end that sneaking, prowling, white-livered wolf on the spot where I meet

The passengers were getting out to dine at this station, and some of those from our car were already on the platform. The long man was stepping off the car, when the train-boy, who had heard all the old man's story, pulled him by the sleeve, and said something to him. "What's that you say, sonny ! Him as was

setting right there T' "Yes," said the boy. "I noticed under his eye shade a scar reaching right back from his

left eye.

The old man said no more, nor waited to hear any more, but made straight for the door of the car. The same impulse that moved one moved all four of our party; for, seizing our hand-satchels, we all sprang from our seats and followed the old frontiersman, or rather three of them did; for, seeing a quicker way, I turned and got out of the door at the other end of the car, outside of which the car platform was quite clear. By this means I reached the station platform as the old man stepped upon it. I saw him look hurriedly round, as I did myself, in search of the long passenger with the green shade over his eye; but he did not at first see him. He had left the car hardly a minute before us, but he was not in the small crowd of passengers on the platform. Perhaps he had gone into the dining-room, before the door of which the waiter was striking a gong, while the proprietor was yelling, "This way for dinner! Twenty minutes for dinner!" The old man was moving excitedly about, looking first at one passonger and then at another, when the idea evidently struck him that the man he was seeking had gone to dinner. He had turned to go there, and was nearing the door where the waiter was still hammering the gong, when he saw, as I too saw, for I was fol. In stately and highly finished style came as

lowing closely, the other passenger moving quickly across an open space at the back of the station, in the direction of a small board house that stood away out by itself. He looked over his shoulder just as the old Indian trader had leapt from the platform in pursuit, and on the impulse quickened his pace to a kind of run. But the old man was running hard; and the other, seeing apparently that he could not gain the shanty before being overtaken, resumed his former step, and quickly moderated that to a leisurely walk. As his pursuer neared him he stopped, and then turned round, at the same time, as I noticed, quietly slipping his right hand behind him.

"Stop!" shouted the old man. "Lift that

"Stop!" shouted the old man. "List that roof off of your eye."
"My shade?" said the other. "Excuse me, I have a sore eye."
"It's his voice," said the old man to himself; then aloud: "Sore eye or not, lift!"
"What do you want with me?" asked the other man.

"Want! you wolf-souled thief. I'll show you what I want! I want my daughter's life. I want what you can't give. I want your black heart out of you! I'll show you what I want;" and as he spoke he pulled the heavy revolver from beneath his leather dress.

But the other was too quick to be thus dealt with, and his hand now grasping a revolver was round in a second, and as the intention of his enemy was beyond doubt, he levelled his pisto and fired. The bullet hit the old man, but was not fatal, for he raised his pistol and fired, and then rushed on the other, who had been brought by the shot upon his knees. Two more shots rang out almost simultaneously, and the old man staggered forward and fell dead upon the

corpse of the swindler.

A number of people attracted by the pistolshots, were hurrying to the spot, and among them were the two Englishmen and the bankmanager. The latter, as he reached the bodies, stooped and lifted the shade from the eye of the dead man, and after a moment's examination

replaced it and remarked,
"That's my granger, sure enough. Well,
he'll do no more hornswoggling now. I'm
stopping over here till to-morrow, and I'll see
them decently buried."

### LITERARY FACILITY. Ennius, the Roman Chaucer, wrote with

astonishing rapidity, and Lucilius with such ease that he boasted he could turn off 200 verses while standing on one leg. Statius also appears to have been endowed with preternatural facility. In Cicero and Livy the faculty of eloquent expression resembled an instinct, though Cicero tells us that with him at least, it was partly the result of sleepless diligence during the days of his literary apprenticeship. In one year Dryden produced four of his greatest works, "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "The Religio Laici," and "Mac Flecknoe." He was only six months in writing "The Hind and Panther," three years in translating the whole of Virgil, and 12 mornings in composing his "Parallel between Poetry and Painting." The original draft of "Alexander's Feast," was struck off at a single sitting. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week to defray the expenses of his mother's faneral. Sir Walter Scott's rapidity is one of the marvels of literature; he wrote literally as fast as the pen could move, and when he dictated, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with him. The original manuscripts of the Waverly novels may still be seen; they are frequently for many pages undeformed by a single blot or erasure. Beckford's Vathek" was composed by the unbroken exertion of three whole days and two whole nights, the author supporting himself during his unnatural vigil by copious draughts of wine, and what adds to the wonder is that the work was written in French. Mrs. Brownings, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a poem of great length in a peculiarly difficult metro, was completed in 12 hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type. Sir Walter Scott tells us that Mickle—the translator of the "Lusiad," and the author of the beautiful ballad which suggested the romance of "Kenilworth"--frequently dispensed with manuscript altogether and "set up" his poems himself, "hot from the brain." Most of our Elizabethan dramatists were remarkable for the case and rapidity with which they wrote. One of them, old Heywood, was the author, "part or entire," of 230 plays. It is interesting to know, as we know it on the best authority, that Shakespeare himself wielded a very facile pen. "His mird and hand," say the editors of the first folio, "went together, and what he thought uttered with that easiness that we have scarcely received from him a blot on Milton was at times distinguished his papers. by the same fluency, and when the fits of inspiration were on him, his amanuensis could scarcely keep up with the flood of verses which came welling forth. In Milton's case we may perhaps suspect that what he dictated with so much ease he had bee long revolving, and that the breathless dictation was in itself an effort rather of memory than invention. "Paradise Lost" has all the appearance of being a highly claborated work. Swift, Steele, and De Foe were all of them remarkable for their rapidity and ease, and to the same class belong Fielding and Smollet. Indeed, Steele and Fielding wrote many of their essays while the press was waiting. Johnson, like Gibbon, wrote at first with labor, but afterwards found that, with practice,

naturally as ordinary expression comes to ordinary people. We learn, for example, that some of the best papers in the "Rambler" were penned as easily as a letter—that 48 octavo pages of the "Life of Savage," a singularly polished work, were completed at a sitting, and that the "Lives of the Poets" cost him no more trouble than a slipshod article costs a professional journalist. But Johnson was, we may add, indefatigable in revising. Ben Johnson tells us that he wrote "The Alchymist" in six weeks; Fenelon that "Telemaque" was produced in three months, and Brougham that his Edinburgh Review articles averaged a few hours.—Temple Bar

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE leaders of Russian society in Paris have decided upon observing three months' deep mourning, during which they will see no com-pany. The ladies are to wear coarse black stuff dresses with very long square trains, and long thick veils.

As everything possible has been made in plush, it is not at all surprising that we see some lovely opera cloaks of plush in all shades, from the darkest to the lightest, and trimmed with bands of fur, or with tinselled marabout

PATIENTS at the Paris hospitals will henceforth drink their broths and tisanes in Sèvres china. M. C. Lauth, director of the celebrated porcelain works, has sent to the different hospitals fourteen hundred pieces of spoilt china for the use of the sick.

Panis has taken up the fancy for Greek costume, and makes it in pink satin fastened by Greeks clasps and embroidered with Greek frets. The thing which the French milliners call a tunic has a square opening at the front and back, and is draped by a scarf ornamented with gold embroidery, and underneath it is worn a mass of pink gauze and gold trimming, arranged as a petti-coat.

THE hair-dressers are inflicting upon ladies just now styles uglier than anything invented since the time of the Bourbons. One style is to arrange the hair in two crimped locks on the temples with a fringe on the forehead, and to place two bows of hair on the top of the head with two curls falling at the back. Another style is that called the victim, with two long curls reaching to the waist.

ONE who has studied Dumas tells us that the secret of Dumas's power, ever since his boyhood, has been confessing women. There is hardly a grande dame, a little actress, or a famous cocotte in Paris whose secret Dumas does not know. Wherever he meets a woman he confesses her. In the salons of society he insinuates himself into the souls of the duchesses and marquises; he learns their secrets, their ideal, their desires, their sufferings. You have only talk with any woman who has met Dumas, to compare the evi dence of several witnesses, and you will find that he has a regular system of confession perfected by the experience of a lifetime. He is not, either, always soft and gentle with women ; he is, on the contrary, often bitter, sarcastic, coarse, even; but you will not find a woman who dislikes him.

M. JULES CLARETIE gives some details about the chic in matters of grief which will interest posterity as much as they interest contemporaries. One would think that the simple and silent grief was the most profound; chic prescribes a ceremonious gravity on such occasions. Then in the middle of the salon where every widow receives her visits of condolence, figures, draped generally in violet, the chair on which the de-ceased was wont to sit. If the chair with its draperies were left in the study or cabinet, in its usual place, bearing the signs of grief, all would be well and good. But it is brought out into the salon and placed between two Japanese pour's or two Louis XV. arm-chairs. If some visitor, unfamiliar with the signification of these violet draperies, makes as if he were about to sit on this new-looking chair, there is an exclamation like a scandalized sob.

As allusion is made by Alphouse Daudet in the Nabob to the "white satin corsets" of the male guests at the Imperial fêtes at Compiègue. A gentleman, who points out this item, says :-The writer was educated at one of the best private boarding-schools in Vienna, Austria, remaining there from the age of twelve to that of seventeen. In common with all my fellow pupils, who were sixty in number, I wore corsets during the whole of my five years' stay at the school. I was informed by my teacher that Vienesse gentlemen, as a rule, were corsets, and that the discipline was naturally enforced on all their scholars. My stays were very tightly laced my waist, during my last year at the school being but eighteen inches in circumference yet I never experienced a day's illness, and used very much to enjoy the sensation caused by tight lacing. When I left the school I dis-continued the practice, partly from the fear of being ridiculed by my friends, and partly because it seemed too elleminate a custom for a young man engaged in an active business life, but have retained some interest in the matter, and I understand that many gentlemen wear corsets, and that the practice of tight lacing amongst them is becoming very general in Europe.'

#### HUMOROUS.

It is not always by any means the early bird which catches the worm. For example:—

"Come little pet," the old bird said, In most endearing term, "You must be early out of bed If you would catch the worm."

The smallest of the feathery herd-A puny little thing—
Out sprang the tender baby-bird,
To grub for worms and sing.

And lo i she found an early worm—
It was a monater, too—
She chirped, "Oh, you may writhe and squirm,
But I will gobble you!"

That birdling's chirp, the rest affirm, Was never after heard, And it's rurmired it was the worm That caught the early bird.

THE most disinterestedly good .- Those who are good for nothing.

"My wedding trip," said the groom, as he stumbled over the bride's train.

A NEW broom may sweep clean, but it is not of much use unless it sweeps dirt.

GEORGE WASHINGTON couldn't tell a lie. Charles Lamb could, but he stammered so badly that he never attempted it.

The young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pook stated that she had no hand in it.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. LAUDER, a Canadian, is with Lizt in Ger-

MDLLE. MINNIE HAUK has departed for Holland and Germany.

OCTAVE FEUILLET is preparing a new comedy

JOE Jefferson is on his plantation in Louisiana, where he will rest until next season.

LEO Delibes is writing a new opers in three acts, destined especially for M'lle Marie Van Zaudt.

THE "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles will be reformed in the original Greek at Harvard University, May 17, 19 and 20,

THERE is evidence that the harp is beginning o resume its place in the drawing-room as a farbionable musical instrument.

Gounon's new opera, "Le Tribut de Zamora," was produced last month in Paris, the composer conducting in person.

THE latest production of the San Francisco Minstrels is entitled "Billy, the Tailor; or, All I've Eat."

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, the pianist, well known to Montrealers, has settled in Chicago, where he is now giving a series of soirces muricales. Two organ-grinders in England travel with

the following sign: "We are English musicians. Please encourage home talent. Don't let the Italians bave it all their own way.' THE New York Musical Festival, for which

elaborate preparations have been made, will be held in the first week of May at the Seventh Regiment Armory, which, it is said, has room for an audience of ten thousand people. PATTI, before leaving San Carlo, gave a con-

FAITI, before leaving San Carlo, gave a concert for the benefit of the poor of the principality of Monaco. She received 124,000 francs for singing four nights at San Carlo and three nights at Nice. A front seat in the parquet cost forty francs.

It is said that during Mr. Edwin Booth's appearance at the Lyceum Theatre with Mr. Irving next month. Otway's "Venice Preserved" will be revived, with the parts of Pierre and Jamer alternated by the two eminent tragedians, and Miss Ellen Terry as Belvidere-

MR. DION BOUCICAULT announces in the Era that "While residing in London next summer, he proposes to form a company, mainly composed of youther aspirants to the stage (not children of precocious merit), but those who have shown abilities susceptible of cultivation and production."

During the late debate in the English House of Com-mons the following interchange of pleasantries passed between Sir Wilfred Lawson and Mr. Wharton.

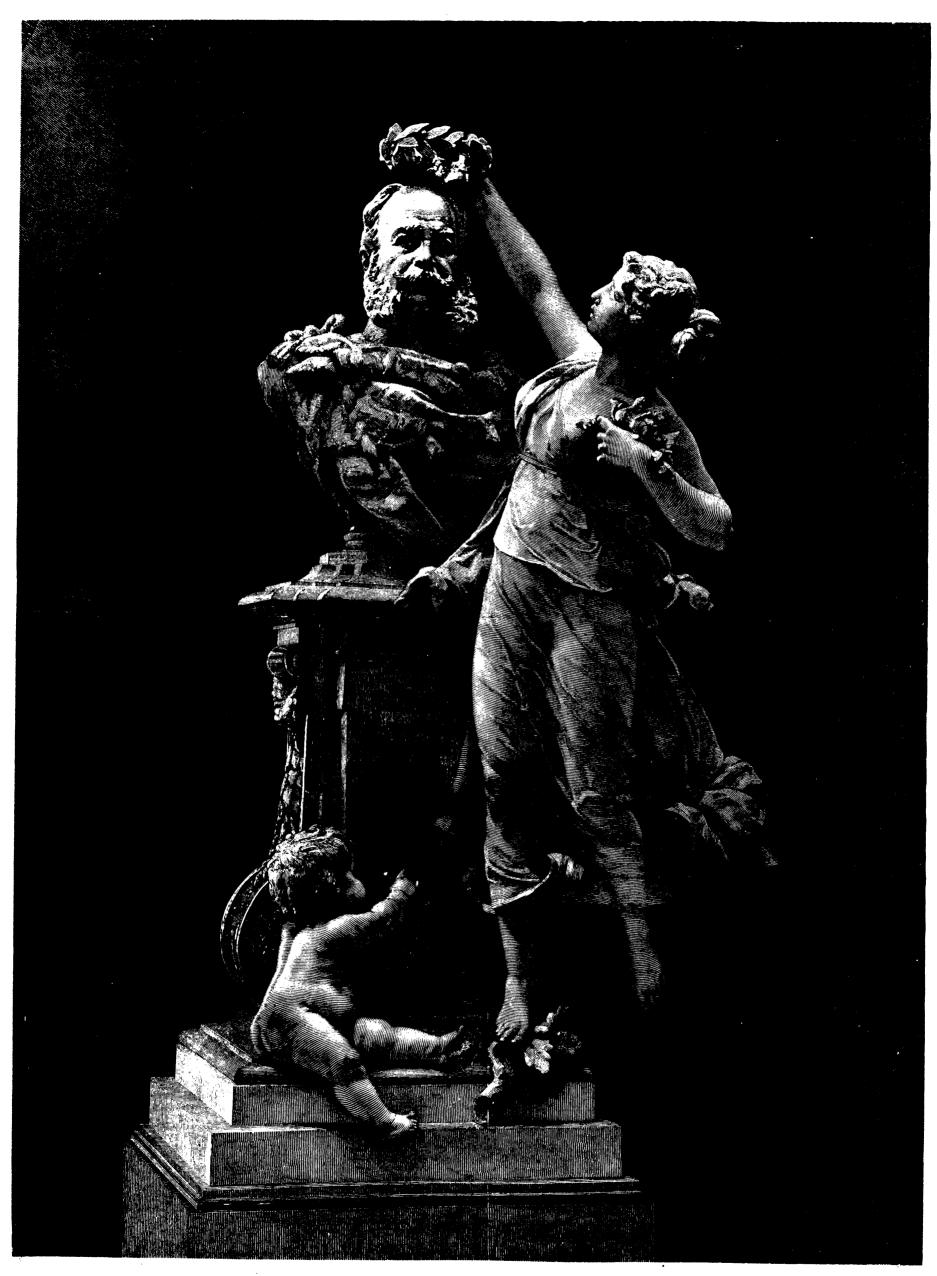
Dear Wharton: Verse is in your line; I send you something, then, of mine: What think you of it! prithee tell.
Yours sincerely,

An audient adage wards us wisely thus:
"If you would find the Tartar, scratch the Russ."
Our own experience gives as straight a tip:
"Just scratch the Speaker and you'll find the Whip."

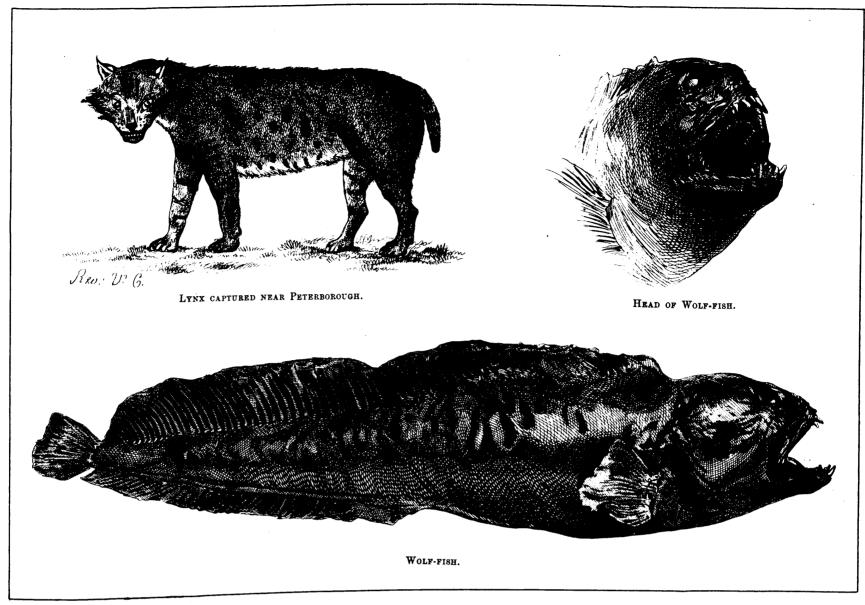
Dear Lawson: Charming in its kind;
Worthy your all-accomplished mind,
With this slight effort might I trouble you?
Yours sincerely. C. N. W

In regulating our debates
The Speaker should have care
That clearly he discriminates
'Twixt fair play and Playfair.

CARE for your live stock would seem an almost superfluous piece of advice to farmers, cattle raisers, horsemen and o hers, whose capital is largely invested in quadrupeds. Yet how often are the diseases and sanitary requirements of horses and cattle disregarded; how often are they left to the care of the ignorant and brutal, and irrationally treated when unwell? No stock yard, farm or stable can be said to be properly equipped where an efficient remedial agent is not provided. The best and most highly approved by veterinarians is Thomas' Electric Oil, which besides being a thorough remedy for lung complaints, bronchitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, sores and hurts of the human race, remedies with certainty Galls, Contraction or Cracking of the Hoof, Distemper, Scours, Curb, Corks, scratches, sore teats and other disorders and troubles of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by Northnor & LYMAN, Toronto.



MEMORIAL TO THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, 22ND MARCH, 1881.



SOME CURIOUS NATURAL HISTORY SPECIMENS.



LOBSTER FISHING, NEAR HALIFAX, N.S.

#### JEEMS KAYE AT A GRAN' DINNER.

It's no often we go oot, and still seldomer dae re go to what ye micht ca' gran' parties; but the ither day we got an invitation frae an auld freen wha's got weel on in Glasgow, and we of course accepted it. Being but a common man,

I wis a wee nervous; but Betty said—
"Jeems, jist be carefu' and feel your way. Never dae onything first-ca' canny and watch weel the ithers, for noo-a-days fashion's everything. If yer neeboor asks for mair soup, ge you some, and sup it slowly tae. Keep behin' and above a speak laigh—never raise your voice abin a whisper. And, Jeems, dinna put your elbows on the table, or pick your teeth, or put your knife in your mouth—aye work awa' wi' the fork-and when ye get a gless o' wine, tak it like medicine, and don't say 'your guid health, mem."

Arriving at the door we were ushered in, and wha did I see but Sandy Kerr, oor beadle's as-sistant—he rings the kirk-bell and keeps the fire on, and sic like—he directed Betty up stairs tae tak' aff her bonnet, and I says-"Bless me, Sondy 'are ye here? and is John the beadle here?' "Oh, are he's upstairs, ye'll see him when ye go up." "I'm gled o' that, I'll hae a crack wi' him. Man, ye've an unco heep o' bottles and glesses in there," I says, keeking in at the dining-room door; "we micht go in and get a bit taste, it's vera chilly hurling in thea cabs in weather like this." So in we gaed, him and me. He wis for gettin' some wine, but I looks roon and got the decanter o' whiskey, and as I poured out a wee drap, I says-Your guid health, Sandy, and may it no be

lang till ye get a beadleship o' yer ain, I'm nae great judge o' thae kin' o' foreign drinks like champagne and zoedone, and thea things; I aye like tae stick tae what I ken best—a wee drap o' the 'auld kirk.' D'ye ken I think we'd be nane the waur o' anither yin! They say it gie's ye an appetite! We'll-

Here the bell rang, and anither arrival coming in, Sandy had to flee, so I crept awa' up the stairs. Betty wis waitin' on the lau lin, and we were ushered intae the drawing-room, where after shakin' hauns wi' the host and hostess, I got a cerd wi' the name of a leddy I wis tae tak' doon tae dinner. Somehoo or ither, through my nervousness or something, the card got mislaid. The only thing I could dae wis tae turn back tae Betty, but as she wis claimed by an-ither gentleman, we had a fine rippet o'er the head o't. Peace was restored at last, and doon we marched tae dinner, I getting for a partner a wee, but vera dignified, lady wi' a fan, wha aye kept smelling at a wee bottle. Tae mak' amends for my causing the confusion o'er Betty and the card, I tried a bit joke, tae mak' mysel' as pleesent as possible, so I says wi' a lanch, that Islay or Campbellton, mem! There canna be muckle in't, but maybe it's no reduced!"

Instead o' a smile, as I expected she would gie, her face grew red, and she glared and frowned at me.

"Hoot, toot!" says I, "I'm no gaen tae mention it tae onybody, but between you and me it wis maybe faurseeing o' you tae bring't, for in thae teetotal datsy saying wherehere's nae ye may land; but I can assure you in this hoose

there's plenty, for I saw't, ay, an' tasted it tae."
She was so ashamed at me haeing seen the bottle that she never answered me, so I sat doon between her and an auld gentleman wi' grey whiskers and a broon wig, and seeing what I took tae be a bill of fare I lifted it and began tae read, but it was a' in Greek or Latin, I'm no sure which. Sich names, indeed, I never saw, so I says tae the auld gentleman-I'm afraid I've got the wrang bill."

He looked around and remarked wi' a langh, "Oh, no, its all right, the dishes taste better wi' that names, you know." So we sat still a wee, So we sat still a wee, and wha does I see but John Simpson, oor beadle, comin' in tae the room and walking aboot behin' the folk as if he coodna get a sate,

so I stood up and cries:—
"Hey, John, come up, and I'll mak' room for ye. We're a wee crooked, but I think ye'll can squeeze in."

John made a face at me, and then gettin' helped tae a plate o' soup he cam' back carryin't afore him.

"Here, John," I says, "come awa', an' I'll mak' room for ye."

At this my freen in the broon wig whispers tae me. "Why, that's a waiter."
"Oh, no," says I, "he's a beadle—in fac' he's the beadle o' our kirk. But he's a dacent man for a' that, although I wisna aware he had been invited here till a little ago."

'Never mind him. auld gentle. man, and as I saw a' the folks looking at me, and as Betty was kicking me below the table, I thocht it wid be best to let John look oot for himsel', and I whispers tae my partner:-

"Can I assist ye, mem, tae ony wine; or wid ye prefer a wee drap whisky ! I ays stick tae it masel'—I feel it agrees wi' me best, its no sae heavy."
"No," she says, "I always drink claret."

"Ah!" I lauched, "soor a wee. Claret soor, and champagne watery, forbye being dear; port and sherry are no sae bad; but whisky is the only drink suitable for a' climates and a' seasons. In summer heat or winter cauld, whusky is what I might ca' in poetic language the nil des. perandum o' drinks. Noo I'm sure ye coodna drink claret the time o' the last hard frost? As my worthy freen Cooncillor Martin says, it wid actually mak' a slide---Ahem ! Claret may dae awa' in India or whare'er it's made, but we're ower near the North Pole here, mem. Try a wee

drap whisky, and I'll get ye anither bit o' this 'Fille de Bouf,' whatever that is." She wisna sociable, however, so I turned tae the auld gen-tleman, and I says: "They's very fine glesses, thae red yins; are they for the toddy?"

"Oh, these are for the claret," he replied. "Aye, jist so," I remarks, "fine feathers mak' fine birds. I've been looking ower this bill, and it seems tae me a' the things are frae abroad, and I'm quite at a loss tae think what the ask for. In the first place I dinna ken what the dishes are; and in the second place even though I kent, I coodna pronounce their names. I managed tae seek for mulli-go tawny, and I got a spunefu' o't but here yin 'Chatee municipal en Espagna;' noo, in the name o' a' that's guid, what's that ! I feel I could eat mair, but what am I tae eat! In the midst o' plenty I'm starving! Here's anither, ' Merin de Tower de Babel à la Creme, something like the Tower o' Babel, isn't it ! That'll be you tap-itoorie thing in the middle of the table; it looks weel. Then there's 'Macaroni au Gratin;' sich nonsense! Dear me, it's an awfu' genteel worl' noo. Weel, weel, pass me a wee bit o' the Tower of Babel

I got a bit o't, but although it was nice, it wasna satisfying, so then I had a corner o' the "Municipal Buildings"—it was like taffie, and I had tae gie't up. Hooever as a decanter was no far frae me, I began tae be mair at hame.

Dinner was finished at last, and when the bottom dish had been preed, the waiters cam' roon wi' gold plates, and everybody dipped their towels in them and put them to their lips and foreheads. As I, hooever, wis a wee hot, I rowed up my sleeves and put in my hauns, and then oied my face a rub-it was rael fine scented water Indeed, I wondered tae see it sae plentiful.

But I needaa say more. It was a grand affair tae see the table; ye wid hae thocht it was fit for a king-silver knives and forks, and the waiters better dressed than oor minister, wi' faur whiter neckties and about ten plates. A' that's no jist in ma line; I'm no accustomed tae't, ye

The very grandeur o't took awa' my self-possession, but next day, after some exercise o' spirit, I returned tae my auld ways wi' a contented mind .- Jeems Kave in the Bailie.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A new monthly magazine, to be called Our Times, will appear on the 1st of May next.

A PHOTOGRAPH has been secretly taken of the back of Mr. Gladstone's head since its recovery ; the many doubts expressed as to there being a scar will be thus set at rest.

LADY Land Leaguers can perpetrate "bulls " as well as their brothers. One of them the other day declared that the triumph of their cause was as certain as that "to-morrow's sun would rise and set in the east."

MR. PARNELL will be married shortly after Lent to a rich American heiress, a very beauti-Perhaps matrimony may sober him down a bit; let us hope, at any rate, that he may experience some of the effects of "home

RUMOUR wishes again to shuffle the Cabinet cards, and to get Lord Derby with all haste into the Ministry. Rumour is not wholly without foundation. Lord Derby will be a Cabinet minister before the year is out.

A STATUE of the late Thomas Carlyle is to be erected on the Chelsea embankment, not far from the venerable seer's residence. It is not improbable that Mr. Boehm's design will be adopted. This represents the philosopher in a sitting position.

SHOULD it be necessary for Mr. Bradlaugh to present himself for re-election at Northampton, in the event of his return the old controversy respecting the oath will be revived. There are reports that the Government will endeavour to get over the difficulty by proposing to abolish the religious oath altogether.

BIT by bit the truth about the armistice is coming out. Mr. Gladstone has stated that to a human being. There is, however a tendency Ministers did not ask for it. It comes out that to bathos in the attempt to construct heroics Sir Evelyn Wood did not originate it, but that the suggestion for it came from President Brand. But it seems clear that the suggestion came from our Government to President Brand. This is the Jesuitical way of getting out of the mess.

THE other night the detectives on duty about the House of Commons were engaged in watching the proceedings of a newly-arrived American. They noticed that he had what appeared to be very serious conferences with sundry Irish members, who came out to him one after another. He was for hours quite an interesting object in the lobby. Dark, somewhat "grimvisaged," he might have passed for the coming commander of Stephen's insurrectionary forces. He was only a certain Western journalist, bent on interviewing Mr. Dillon ond other Irish

MR. GLADSTONE has discarded his black silk skull cap, and now looks very much as usual.

Some disappointment, mixed with a feeling almost skin to indignation, was felt by the wags of the House (who had managed to extract a good deal of amusement out of the skull-cap) to find no trace whatever of the terrible fracture of the cranium that had convulsed the population of Greece with sorrow, and had engaged the attention of one celebrated surgeon and two eminent physicians! Palpable marks of a great star-shaped wound were the least that could have ocen expected under the circumstances; but the Premier exhibited no indications of anything of the sort, so the fair assumption is that a vast amount of human sympathy has been unnecessarily displayed.

A PROPOSAL has been made and has received so much financial support that its reality is secured, to establish a musical club or re-union, to be supported exclusively by the cream of the upper ten thousand, including all the members of the Royal Family. The great success which has attended Lord Dunmore's concerts has given an impetus to the movement, and it is proposed to build at the West-end a theatre to be devoted exclusively to musical entertainments of the highest class. The capital is to be subscribed by the members of the club, and a capital of sixty thousand pounds will, it is believed, be sufficient to start the undertaking. This amount has already been subscribed. Captain Davies, of the First West India Regiment, is the secretary, and the Duke of Edinburgh and Lord Dunmore are to be the chairman and vice-chairman. All the other members of the Royal Family (Her Majesty alone excepted) have now attended Lord Dunmore's concerts at Aberdeen House.

#### REVIEW AND CRITICISM. I AM inclined to think that "Lenox Dare"

(1) is the best sustained effort of Mrs. Townsend's that I have seen. The story is simple enough in outline; the picture of a young girl of gentle birth brought up amongst utterly uncongenial surroundings, and, as a natural result, misun-derstood and disliked; of her flight from home in fear of being sent to work at a factory; of her kindly reception by comparative strangers, and the development of her fresh, innocent nature into womanhood. Simple as the framework of the tale is, it gives opportunity for the working out of a thoroughly consistent ideal, for the pic-ture of a beautiful character, moulded only so far by circumstances, as every one of us must be, and preserving throughout a harmonious consistency and fidelity to nature which is rare to find in similar or even more ambitious works. The account of the manner in which the possibility of the existence of gross sin in the world first dawns upon the perfectly guileless girl, ignorant till then that such things could be, is not only intensely dramatic and powerfully told, but is admirable in its absolute truth and reality. There are few of us probably who re-alize the intense pain, coupled with the sense of absolute despair, felt by the really innocent and pure at the mere fact of sin's existence. Just as ordinary folk shudder at the account of some frightful atrocity committed by savage barbarians in some refinement of fiendish cruelty; as we feel at such a moment a crushing sense o hopeless shame and despair for a world in which such things can be; such a shock we may easily believe may accompany the revelation of gross moral iniquity to the pure and innocent soul. "Lenox Dare" is a work which should have a distinct influence for good. A pure healthy tone runs throughout it, and gives it a moral, no less than an artistic excellence, which is far to seek amongst modern novels.

A LITTLE poem, with the title of "Motherhood" comes to us from the same publishers. (2) The anonymous authoress, whilst appealing to her critics to preserve her incognito, claims for her lines simply the merit of being what has been called clsowhere "a certain phase of a certain mind," passing through the sorrows and joys of motherhood. Such a work, written in such a spirit, is hard to criticise. Viewed from an artistic point of view its claims to recognition are only moderate, but there is a certain reality of feeling and tenderness of expression which are of the true metal, though the hand was not skilled to hammer them into recognized form. The early part of the poem is the best, though some. what ambiguous at times in the matter of simile, and, as it seems to us, a little likely to offend in the application of the promises spoken to the "Mother of God," as applicable in terms as the children's bathing and subsequent dressing. "Bring in the brimming bath" has an unpleasant suggestiveness of Bon Gaultier about its alliterative grandeur. But much is forgiven to them that love much, and read in this spirit the little poem is a touching record of an experience none the less sacred that it is common to womankind the world over.

THE CANADA LUMBERMAN has come into new hands, and we are glad to see that it is doing well the work which it proposes to itself, and for which there is ample room in the Dominion. Messrs. Toker & Co., of Peterborough, are the new proprietors of the paper.

Our enterprising contemporary, "Quiz," to whom we are indebted for many good things, appears with the first chapters of a new novel by Mrs. Florence Duncan, whose many friends in

(1) "Lenox Dare," by Virginia B. Townshend. 1881 Boston, Lee and Shephard; Montreal, Dawson Bros. (2)" Motherhood," a Poem. 1881. Boston, Lee and Shephard. Moatreal, Dawson Bros.

this country will be pleased at the news. of course impossible to judge of a novel from the opening lines, but all Mrs. Duncan writes is worth reading, and her pleasant style is recognizable from the first.

### PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our agent, Mr. O. Aymong, will visit Ottawa and all places on the Q. M. O. & O. R. to Hochelaga during the next tortnight, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions due to this paper, and obtaining new subscribers. We trust that those who are in arrears will make a special effort to settle with him.

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#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand, Thanks. R., Hamilton.—Letter received. Thanks. Will answer in a day or two. E. D. W., Sherbrooks, P.Q.—Both Rooks in Problem

No. 321 are white.

We find few chess amateurs who are fond of problems which require many moves for their solution, and yet when we observe that the Philadelphia Progress pablishes a position on the chess-board which requires exactly one hundred moves in order to mate the King, we feel that there must be a choice few who take pleasure in such staborate compositions, otherwise no designer of coigmas of this nature would append the time and labour necessary for their construction. enigman of this nature would spend the time and labour necessary for their construction. We always look upon brilling two movers as gems. and, as a problem-solver of our acquaintance says, "the more they puzzle us, the more they appear to shine, and the better we like them," but we must become much more skilful in solving them, and their next of kin, the three-movers, before we screw up our courage to attack a formidable position, in which White has to move and mate in a hundred moves.

We give in our Column this week the score of the contest between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Max. Judd, as far as the particulars have reached us. The fact that each player, up to the present, has won the same number of games, must add greatly to the interest of the contest, and the result of the next game or two will be abxiously looked for by chess amateurs generally.

We are glad to notice the re appearance of the Chees Co'unn of the Morning Chronicits, Queboo-continued for a short time, owing to want o log the sitting of the Parliament at Ottawa. want of space dur

In the Judd-Mackenzie match the score at present is

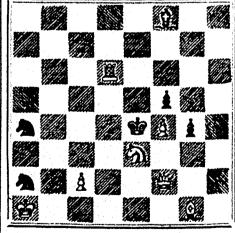
In the Judd-Mackenzie match the score at present is Judd, 3: Mackenzie, 3: drawn, 0.

The seventh game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie came off last night, at the rooms of the St. Louis Chess. lub, in the Marcantile Library Building. Mr. Judd played the Scotteh gambit, but made a mistake, lost a piece, and finally the game.—Globe. Democrat. St. Louis.

Pour games have been played in the Blackburne-Gunzberg match, and the score, bearing in mind two games conceded at starting, now stands as follows:—Gunzberg, 3; Blackburne, 2; Drawn, 1.—Land and Blackburne, 2; Drawn, 1.—Land and

PROBLEM No. 324.

By J. W. Abbot. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves

GAME 451st.

(From the Globe-Democrat.)

CHESS IN ST. LOUIS.

Fourth game in the pending match between Messrs Judd and Mackenzle.

(Irregular Opening.) Black -- (Mr. Judd.)

White .- (Mr. Mackenzie.)

1. P to Q 4
2. B to K Kt 5 (a)
3. B to K R 4
4. B takes Kt
5. P to K 3
6. Kt to K B 3

1. P to K B 4
2. P to K R 3 (b)
3. Kt to K B 3 (c)
4. K P takes B

S. Pto R Kt 3

7. Kt to K R 4 8. B to Q 3 9. P to Q B 4 10. P takes P 11. Kt to Q B 3 12. Castles 13. P takes B 13. P takes B
14. Q to K 2
15. P to Q B 4
16. Q R to Q K to Q K
17. K R to Q
19. P to K K t3
20. K to K t 2
21. P to Q B 5 (d)
22. P takes P
23. R to C K t3 22. P takes P 23. B to Q Kt 3 24. R takes B 25. R to Q B (c) 26. Q to Q Kt 2 27. Kt to K B 4 (f) 28. Kt P takes R 29. P takes P 20 R to Q Kt 29. P takes P
30. R to Q Kt
31. P to Q R4
32. Q to Q B 3 (g)
33. P takes P
34. K to B
35. K to K 2
26. K to Q 2
37. Q takes Q B P
38. K to B 3
38. K to Kt 4
40. K to Q B 4
41. Q to Q B 5
42. B to B 3
43. K takes R
44. K to B 4
45. K to B 3
46. K to B 4
47. K to B 3
48. P to Q Kt 6 (f) 48. P to Q Rt 6 (t) 49. P to Kt 7 50. P takes Q 51. K to Kt 2 52. K to R 3 53. K to Kt 3 54. K to R 2 And White resigns.

7. R to K Kt
8. K to B 2
9. B to K 3
10. Q takes P
11. B to Q Kt 5
12. B takes Kt
13. P to Q B 3
14. Kt to Q 2
15. Q to Q 3
16. P to Q Kt 3
17. Kt to K B
18. R to Q
19. K to K B
20. B to K B 2
21. Q to Q B 2 20. B to K B 2 21. Q to Q B 2 22. P takes P 23. B takes B 24. R to Q 3 25. Kt to K 3 26. R to Q Kt 27. Kt takes K 28. P to K Kt 429. R P takes P 30. P to C K 4 29. R P takes P
30. P to Q K t
31. R to Q 4
42. R to K R (h)
33. Q takes R P (ch)
34. Q to R to (ch)
35. Q to K t 5 (ch)
36. R to K R 7
37. R takes B P (ch)
38. Q to K 5
39. Q to K 2 (ch)
40. R to Q 3
41. R to Q B 7 (ch)
42. R takes R (ch)
43. Q takes K P (ch)
44. Q to K 3 (ch)
45. Q to K 3 (ch)
46. Q to K 3 (ch)
47. P to K B 5
48. R to Q B 3 47. P to K B 5 48. R to Q B 3 49. R takes Q (ch) 50. Q to K 6 (ch) 51. Q to Q 7 (ch) 52. Q to R 5 (ch) 53. Q to K 4 (ch) 54. Q to R 3 (ch)

NOTES-(Condensed.)

(a) An unusual move in this opening, but, in our opi nion, by no means a bad one.

(b) As Black can not continue with PK Kt 4, this is

altogether unnecessary.

(c) If P K Kt 4 White replies with P K 3, threatening mate and saving the Bishop.

(d) A premature advance. Kt K B 4 would have been

(c) Here again Kt K B 4 is far more effective.

(f) The exchange of Kts now is by no means favour.

able to White,

(9) A very bad move which Black does not fail to take immediate advantage of.

(A) Mr. Judd now assumes offensive operations, and conducts them in excellent style.

(6) In spite of the exposed position of White's King, we are inclined to think that, with the best play on both sides, Black can do no more than draw. When White advanced P Kt 6 he overlooked the pinning of his Queen; and though the advanced Pawn looks dangerons, it will be seen that he is only so in appearance.

Solution of Problem No. 322.

1. K to K 3 1. K takes either R

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 320.

BLACK. 1. P moves

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 321.

Kat KR7 Qat Q sq B at Q R 5

Black. Kat K4

Kt at Q 4 Pawns at K B 3 and Q 6

White to play and mate in two moves.

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Montreal, the fourteenth day of March, one thousand

Montreal, the fourteenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

Be it known, that the Provincial Loan Company, a body politic and corporate, having its principal place of business in the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, heretofore known and carrying on business under the name of the Provincial Permanent Building Society,

ousness in the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, heretofore known and carrying on business under the name of the Provincial Permanent Building Society, and authorized to change their corporate title by an Act of the Quebec Legislature, 39 Vic., Cap. 62, by their petition dated the 9th of March instant, under number 861, and this day granted by the Honorable Prederick W. Torrance, one of the Judges of the Superior Court, pray for the sale of an immovable therein, described as follows, to wit: "That certain lot of land situate in the "Parish and City of Montreal, known and designated as "the principal part of lot number five hundred and six "(506) on the official plan, and in the book of reference of the St. Antoine Ward, of the said "City, containing twenty-two feet six inches in width, by eighty feet in depth."

Petitioners alleging that there is now due to them under the deed of obligation and mortgage, consented by Moise Roy, of the City of Montreal, engineer, passed before Hunter, notary, on the ninth of October, one housand eight hundred and severny five, the sum of one hundred dollars, the capital of the said obligation, the sum of forty-nine dollars and fifty cents, for bonus and interest which have accrued and become due and payable up to the ninth day of January last (1821), the sam of forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents for premiums of insurance paid by them, said petitioners, in virtue of the conditions of the said deed of obligation, and the sum of seventy-five dollars for fines incurred, in consequence of the default to pay the instalments of the said principal sum, interest and bonus, as they became due, the whole forming the sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, and for which the said herein before-described immovable is hypothecated to said petitioners, with interest thereon until paid and coat of these proceedings.

Petitioners further alleging that they have made due search and used due diligence to discover the owner of said immovable, but have been

Notice is therefore given to the actual owner or owners of said immovable, to appear before this Court, within two months from the date of the fourth publication of these presents, to be inserted once a week during four consecutive weeks, in a newspaper printed in the French language, and in another in the English language, both published in the City of Montreal, and suswer the said lemand; failing which, and by the judgment to be repleted in this behalf, the said herein before described immovable shall be declared to be hypothecated in favor of said petitioners for the payment of the aforesaid sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, with interest and costs, and ordered to be sold by the Sheriff, after the observance of the formalities required by law, in order that out of the net proceeds of the sale, the said petitioners be paid of their said claim in principal, interest and costs. Notice is therefore given to the actual owner or owners principal, interest and costs.

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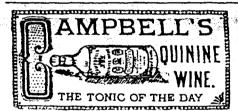
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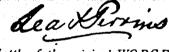
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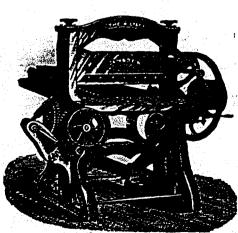


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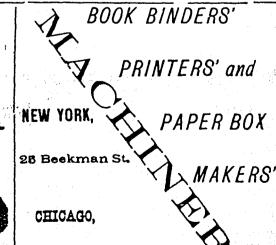
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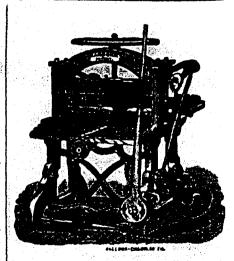
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