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# Illustrated News

Vol. XXIII.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1881.

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FEBRUARY 14TH, 1881.

"Yea, by St. Valentinus  
Edward shall not be minus  
What gents and ladies  
Whate'er their grade is  
Expect of right to-day."

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## TEMPERATURE.

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

## THE WEEK ENDIN

February 13th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880.			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
Max. 34°	34°	40°	43°	42°	39°	33°
Min. 14°	14°	30°	34°	35°	33°	23°
Mean. 24°	24°	35°	38°	38°	36°	28°
Mon. 22°	22°	32°	32°	23°	45°	45°
Tues. 10°	10°	zero	5°	23°	45°	45°
Wed. 16°	16°	16°	9°	11°	21°	33°
Thur. 16°	16°	16°	9°	11°	21°	33°
Fri. 16°	16°	16°	9°	11°	21°	33°
Sat. 16°	16°	16°	9°	11°	21°	33°
Sun. 16°	16°	16°	9°	11°	21°	33°

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

In fulfilment of the intentions announced in our prospectus for the present year, we are endeavouring to extend the influence of our paper throughout the Dominion. Mr. J. H. Gould left last week for an extended tour through Ontario in the interests of the NEWS, and is now in Toronto, where we trust that he will meet with a good reception from our friends that are and those that are to be. For our paper we claim with confidence that support which, now that the times are so materially changed for the better, we are sure all classes will be ready to extend to a representative Canadian illustrated paper. We have done our best hitherto to raise our standard and improve our paper, and the flattering notices of the press since the commencement of the year may be looked upon as a proof of what we are doing and an earnest of what we intend to do. But it is to the public that we look for such an appreciation of our efforts as may enable us to carry on our work, and we trust that Mr. Gould's subscription and advertising list may show us that our confidence in them is not misplaced.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,  
Montreal, Saturday, February 19, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

THE arrest of MICHAEL DAVITT has been undoubtedly a heavy blow to the Land League. Many men could have been better spared, and, so far as is known to the public, few have conducted themselves throughout with more moderation, or excited less the hostility of the Government. It is however a fruitless task, as it would be manifestly an unjust one, to attempt to pass final judgment on the action of the Government in the matter in the absence of any clear information as to their reasons or their object. That DAVITT's arrest is perfectly legal no one doubts. He was liberated upon a ticket-of-leave expressly revocable at the pleasure of the Government, and no legal injustice can be committed in depriving him of a conditional privilege, and compelling him to serve out the original term. But "the pleasure of the Government" is tacitly understood in such cases to imply a condition merely in the good conduct of the holder of the ticket, and so far no actual misconduct seems to have been officially charged against DAVITT. As a matter of policy the arrest must be judged entirely by its necessity. If the measure were merely prompted by a desire to place an influential man out of position to assist in a political struggle, then the measure can only be classed with other attempts of the kind, which have made martyrs of comparatively harmless individuals, and strengthened

a bad cause by the sympathy accorded to real or fancied injustice. DAVITT in a convict's cell in Dartmoor will be a greater man than ever was DAVITT the ticket-of-leave man. It is this feeling of the impolicy of the act, which has led people to believe that there is more behind than is given us to see. If it be true that a great conspiracy has been discovered in which DAVITT was complicated, all argument in his favour falls to the ground, and we venture to say that no impartial critic would hesitate to endorse his arrest. But in that case it would seem as though a more explicit statement of the reasons of the course pursued would have strengthened the position of the Government, and avoided much hostile criticism. The question of DAVITT's ultimate fate will probably depend upon the answer to our conjectures. If the measure is merely a precautionary one, we may reasonably expect that the danger once over, the same indulgence will be extended as before. If, however, a fresh case has been made out against the unfortunate man, there would seem to be little hope of any further commutation of the original sentence. Meanwhile, amid much stormy argument, the fact that a ticket-of-leave is after all a matter of favor should not be altogether lost sight of.

WHAT is everybody's business is proverbially nobody's business, and in this way alone can we account for the want of authoritative interference in a matter in which we are all concerned. Is it nobody's business to see that the roofs of our houses are properly cleared of snow? We are undoubtedly interested one and all in escaping the consequences of the neglect. During the late soft weather a number of accidents have been reported, due to the falling of the snow and ice which is allowed to accumulate upon the roofs, until a thaw detaches it in the large fragments which prove so often destructive to the peace of mind and soundness of body of passers by. Some fine day (or rather some day the reverse of fine) will see an action brought by an unlucky sufferer from one of these "avalanches" against the almost equally unlucky proprietor of the house under which he happened to be passing; and the said proprietor will no doubt grumble at the harsh fate which has made him the victim rather than his more fortunate neighbour whose snow pile selected a less pugnacious passenger to tumble upon. Seriously the matter should be looked to and house-owners warned, and, if necessary fined for neglect of a simple precaution. Otherwise, as MARK TWAIN would put it, "there will be a funeral one of these days."

EDGAR ALLAN POE is to have a substantial recognition at last from his countrymen. A thousand dollars have been raised towards the erection of a statue or *bas-relief* in honour of the critic, novelist and poet. For some reason or other POE has found a far greater following in England and elsewhere than in his own country. There are not a few Englishmen with Mr. JAMES HANNAY to lead them, who look upon POE as in a sense the representative poet of America, a criticism which would be scorned by his countrymen of to-day. And yet, rank him where we may there can be no doubt that his influence upon the younger school of American writers has been greater than they themselves are perhaps conscious of. As a critic he handled his subjects too boldly, and planted his blows too roughly for modern refinement. The rapier has supplanted the broadsword now and the subtle thrust has taken the place of the clumby down stroke. But POE's "slashing style" of criticism was by no means peculiarly his own. No man could have written more neatly had he had a different public to deal with. But those he wrote for, and those he punished would have missed the subtle irony of finer drawn criticism. Be that however as it may we

cannot but trace much of the improvement in Canadian literature since his date to POE's influence both as a critic and an exemplar. One virtue he possessed in a remarkable degree. Though forced to write for his daily bread, often without the butter, he was never in the worst of times a mere penny-a-liner. The style of his writing, in the tales more particularly, was one which demanded careful thought and laborious toil, and POE never spared one or the other. The tales will live for their careful working out alone. Nothing left to chance, every effect carefully studied and the best means selected to produce it. Such a process could not fail to make them masterpiece although the horror of them prevents their popularity. It is this careful analysis which has become peculiarly a feature of American fiction, albeit it has taken a departure for which we cannot commend it in the direction of character delineation rather than the more legitimate construction of plot, which we shall ever maintain to be the first aim of true novel writing. In POE's poetry no doubt there is much to criticise, much that is easy of parody, but there is also much that is unique, much that will never die. His place in the temple of the Muses is assured, and thanks principally to the efforts of Mr. EDWIN BOOTH he is in a fair way to have a memorial among men.

It is not given to everyone to be a classical scholar, and the *Hamilton Times* deserves our hearty congratulations on the possession of a reporter whose scholarship is a match for Virgil and shrinks not from the page of Tully. Mr. Augustus Sala it was, we believe, who happily described the few oysters he succeeded in discovering in a somewhat flavorless soup as "rari nantes in gurgite vasto." But, as our Hamilton friend would say "why stop at the soup? Why not men's and women's consciences rectify?" Read and mark the following for future reference.

"There Mr. Sellen had prepared for them a substantial lunch, and, if one might judge from the *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* at the close, it must have been perfect in other respects."

Have we not classical allusion here my masters, and metaphor and italics and all? It *must* have been a perfect lunch indeed that inspired such noble sentiments. There should have been other liquids beside the soup methinks to prompt such sublime utterances. But hear ye further, lest you imagine that others were equally affected by the "lunch." The party arrived home "in safety and the best of spirits"—mark the delicate allusion—

"Ready to pursue their studies with vigor, on the well-known principal of *mens sana in corpore sano*."

How thankful we should be that that lunch agreed with them so well. Except the reporter—except the reporter.

ERE these lines are read St. Valentine's day will have come and gone and the object of our affections been irrevocably fixed for the coming year. The first person of the opposite sex, says the old tradition, on which your eyes rest on the morning of the 14th of February will be your valentine for a year to come.

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.

It is too much to expect of us in this cold weather to stand shivering outside anybody's door—unless one is in the milk business—and consequently our chances of meeting the right party are considerably reduced. Hence it is usually well to sit up with any particularly desirable young lady until after 12 p.m. the evening before, (provided that is, that her parents are agreeable) and thus avoid the necessity of an early rising or the alternative of a blighted existence valentinically speaking. You are most of you aware, or if you were not before, the daily papers have got in ahead of me and told you of the origin of Valentine day observances. Of how the Romans used to draw lots at the Lupercalia for their partners in the

games; and of the transferring of the custom as a religious observance to the festival of St. Valentine bishop and martyr. Few thoughts of its origin, however, concern us now, who are mainly interested in the more modern institution which manifests itself chiefly through the agency of the mail-bag, and draws curses "not loud but deep" from the breast of many an over-taxed post-office official. Like many other accessories of our high-art-decorative-printing-by-steam-and-lighting-by-electricity-age, valentines, while they have gained in artistic merit, have lost much of their genuineness. In old days we had to write our own tender messages in lines, of which at least the sentiment was unexceptional, however uncouth the dress. Doggerel no doubt, and out of comparison with the second-hand effusions of to-day; but home-made verse like home-made bread tastes a deal better, where our palate is not vitiated by over-civilization, and "I love you" (even if it had to rhyme with "you dove, you") sounded sweet enough in the right ears. Now we buy our love-letters as we do our boots, ready made, and find sometimes in consequence that they don't quite fit. However at least, there is a choice and to spare, and remembering there is safety in numbers we refuse to restrict ourselves to a single valentine.

I love every dower that grows,  
Each pretty bird under the sun,  
Why should I offend a whole race  
By a silly selection of one.

Such is the motto of our modern Lupercalia.

## THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, February 12th, 1881.

The House scarcely seems even yet to have recovered its debating tone after the prolonged effort on the Pacific Railway question, as although several matters of interest have been before it, there has been no prolonged debate.

The Senate has had the Pacific Railway Bill under consideration during the week, the Hon. R. W. Scott moving on Monday last, that it be read in six months hence. The Senators do not seem inclined to let this Bill pass without a thorough discussion, and it is fair to them to say that their debates have been remarkable for moderation and thorough appreciation of the facts at issue. But of course, they have the advantage of all the information that was elicited in the House of Commons debate. I would give you a *pecora* of the arguments, if I had not before written you so much on this subject, or if it were possible to add to the stock of information.

There is no question about the final passage of the Bill by the Senate. Mr. Scott's motion was rejected last night by the decision vote of 47 to 20. But there is the fact that the delay is at this stage a very serious consideration. We are now very near the middle of February, and spring will very soon be upon us. It will be impossible for the Syndicate to make final arrangements with the Government to take over the works of construction in less than a month or so after the final passage of the bill, and we see by the news from Winnipeg that work has already been stopped by the Government on the western sections, the workmen returning to Winnipeg to await the turn of events. This delay in this construction is further a most serious question as respects the practical purpose of settling immigrants along the line. It will be quite impossible also for the Government and the Syndicate to come to any joint understanding which they can carry out with regard to immigration to Canada. It will thus happen that practically a whole year will be lost as well for settlers along the line of construction as in Immigration Propagandism. This means seriously putting back the prosperity of Canada, and it is a heavy price to pay for either well or misguided parliamentary tactics.

On Monday a question with respect to the traffic rates over the Pacific Railway on a memorial of the Toronto Board of Trade asking for the mileage to Toronto to be equalised over the Ontario roads. Sir Charles Tupper stated that the Government had submitted a proposal to that body which has been found satisfactory. This involves a general question of really vast importance; but as I see it, it is governed by the interest of the Railway company. As regards the main point of rates charged, the Syndicate has more interest than any body else to have the country fill up rapidly, and the settlers prosperous; and therefore will naturally take steps to please settlers rather than disgust them with extortions.

Dr. Orton moved for a select committee to investigate the question of the coal oil duties contending they were too high and certainly not required for the limited interests they were intended to protect the quality of oil being very unsatisfactory. Mr. Mousseau explained on the

part of the Government that the question was beset with many difficulties and with the tests or ascertaining the flash point hitherto in possession of the department it had been impossible to arrive at a uniform result with certainty, a new instrument was to be tried, and then the Government would be better able to decide what could be done.

Mr. Dawson of Algoma, moved for the correspondence between the Imperial and Dominion Government on the subject of the Ontario Boundary Award. He condemned the decision of the arbitrators as unfounded and went into a careful *resumé* of the facts. Mr. Dawson always speaks well and thoughtfully; although his voice is too weak to produce a decided effect in the House. There is no man in the country more thoroughly acquainted with that territory and the questions connected with it than he, and his views are entitled to respect. Mr. Macdougall said the question should not be allowed to drag on, but should be brought to a decision. The motion was carried.

On Tuesday the House went into Committee of the whole on the resolutions to provide salaries for the two new judges constituted by the Act of the Quebec Legislature at its last session. Mr. Blake objected to the numerous superannuations of judges in Quebec, saying they were much more numerous than in Ontario, and as the Quebec Legislature was about to meet, it was better to have the question over for consideration. Mr. Girouard replied that if there were more superannuations in Quebec, there were also far fewer judges, so that it was possible they might have to work harder and be sooner worn out. He said there was a real necessity for the measure, and in this he was supported by Mr. Mousseau. The resolutions were carried.

On Wednesday, Mr. Rykert brought up the question of provision in the new Welland Canal for turning vessels of one hundred feet keel, contending this would be a necessity for the trade. Sir Charles Tupper replied that the vessels which would use the new canal would be those engaged in the new trade. The old canal would still be used for the local trade, and the Government had already taken the necessary steps to adapt it.

Mr. Robertson of Shelburne, moved for the correspondence respecting Prof. Hind's charges. Mr. Pope, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries said these were entirely unworthy of notice and had not been considered of sufficient importance to engage the attention of either the Washington or the Imperial Governments. Sir Albert Smith also spoke in the same sense very sharply against Mr. Hind; saying as did also the Minister of Marine that if the alleged charges of fraud were true, the fraud would have been more favourable to the United States than Canada. Sir Albert Smith explained that the commission relied more upon the evidence of the witnesses taken than upon any statistics. Mr. Macdougall said that he had formerly known Mr. Hind to be an able and painstaking man and that he could only account for his course or vagaries on this question by assuming that he was unfortunately no longer in the full possession of his mind. I must say that is the conclusion to which I myself arrived after the perusal of one of his pamphlets some weeks ago. It was certainly a remarkable fit only for the atmosphere of an asylum. The motion was carried. The remainder of the evening was spent in moving for returns.

On Thursday, Mr. Landry moved the second reading of a bill which had been introduced by the late Mr. Keeler for the abolition of the Supreme Court. He urged objections against the existence of the Court, principally as related to the Province of Quebec. Mr. Macdonald of Pictou defended the Supreme Court, and asserted the feeling of the country was in favour of it. The member for Jacques Cartier had given notice of a bill to do away with certain difficulties, and he hoped Mr. Landry would withdraw his bill. Mr. Blake defended the court from Mr. Landry's accusations, and said he had never been able to find any ground for them. Many of the members spoke upon the question upon a division for the adjournment of the debate, the vote stood yeas 72, nays 89. After the recess, Mr. Mills moved the six months hoist which was finally carried by a vote of 88 to 39.

Mr. McCarthy's bill for the appointment of a Board of railway commission was then introduced. Mr. McCarthy claimed that some tribunal was necessary to make the railways conform to the laws of the land, and showed from official documents that the railway commission in England had been very beneficial. Mr. Blake asked for the opinion of the Government. Sir Charles Tupper said the Government had been so much occupied with the Pacific Railway, they had not had time to thoroughly consider the measure, but it must be borne in mind that railway affairs were on a different basis here and in England. The intimate relations between our railways and those of the United States would make the administering of such a law a matter of great difficulty, and the Dominion Government had never exercised any power over the provincial railroads and he did not think it would be wise, even if possible, to attempt to do so. The expense too would be great. He thought it would be well to allow the bill to go before the Railway committee where it would be fully discussed. Mr. Mills and Mr. Jones of Leeds favoured the reference to the committee. On motion of Mr. McLennan the debate was adjourned.

The Immigration Committee had its first meeting to-day, and Mr. Lowe the Secretary of

the Department of Agriculture was examined. He showed the total number of Immigrants of all sorts who had entered Canada in 1880, were 85,850, of whom 38,505 were settlers, the remainder being passengers for the United States, entering for the most part at the Suspension Bridge having come by the New York Steam lines. This gentleman's report on the alleged Port Huron exodus was this week laid before Parliament, and it has had the effect of destroying confidence in the figures exhibited by the Customs collector of that port. I have already given you the principal figures, they having been stated by Mr. Pope in a speech to Parliament.

The debates in the House of Commons were of very little interest. A number of measures were advanced a stage.

The social event of the week was the Ball at Rideau Hall on the ninth.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The principal illustrations in this week's number will be found described under their several heads. It remains only to add a few words upon those remaining. Valentine's Day absorbs the attention of most of us as we write, and though a few days late, our present number is intended to come with remembrances of the 14th to young and old. Even Mr. Blake, as will be seen, is not forgotten, and has his Valentine with the rest.

The accident depicted on our second page took place recently near Newmarket. The mail train, due at 9.53, left Newmarket station on time, and as it was rounding the curve between Lundy's Mill and the 2nd Concession, from some cause unknown, the two last cars jumped the track, and were dragged on the ties and across both cattle-guards at the crossing of the 2nd Concession. These heavy thuds broke the couplings with the fore part of the train and threw the remaining cars off the track. After running about one hundred yards further the two hind cars rolled over the embankment on the north side of the track, which at that place is about ten feet high. Several passengers were badly injured and one crushed to death.

The portrait of General Bosco, on the last page, needs a few words by way of reminder, if not description. Many to whom the name of Garibaldi is a household word, have never heard of his constant opponent, General Ferdinand Bosco, whose death at Naples has just been reported, and yet in his own country he was a comparatively great man, and at the baptismal font was held in the arms of Ferdinand IV. His name, though not that of a conqueror, should be ever remembered as the leader of the celebrated charge at Milazzo, which so nearly terminated Garibaldi's career.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

An American edition of Mr. Dowden's excellent critical study of Shakespeare (1) will be welcome to readers on this continent. The book is so well known to English readers, and has been so widely criticised in its English dress that a few remarks only will suffice upon the new issue. Some additions and corrections are noticeable as a proof of Mr. Dowden's wish to conform to the latest researches in Shakesperian criticism. As it stands now, there can hardly be a more trustworthy guide to the young Shakesperian student than this most readable little work. The author's principal aim throughout seems to have been to trace the writings and development of Shakespeare's mind during the years of his youth and final maturity, and thus to differentiate the various characteristics which mark the plays of this or that period. If we can understand Shakespeare the man, we shall have no difficulty in dealing with Shakespeare the poet; if we can discern the gradual progress of his mind, we shall readily apprehend its varied expression. Such is the process of true critical analysis, and its study, as exemplified in Mr. Dowden's little book, is cordially recommended to all lovers of the master-poet of our language.

Cicero has found an appreciative biographer at last. (2) Were the ghost of the great orator to revisit once more the "glances of the moon" in search of a kindred spirit to whom to entrust the duty of placing his name once more before the world, he could hardly have chosen one more fitted to be the chronicler of his particular "small beer." In truth, if the life of Cicero was to be written over again, it could not have fallen into better hands. There is so much in common between the author of "The way we live now," and the pleasant, gossipy spirit who would have enjoyed that life to the uttermost had his lot been cast twenty centuries later. "What a man he would have been for London life!" says Mr. Trollope; and who so fit to tell his story as the novelist *par excellence* of London society? We cannot wonder, however, for the very reason that the two men have so much in common, if in Mr. Trollope the much-abused author, orator and politician has found an indulgent biographer, nay, a warm partisan. But if the present work errs a little on the side of charity, it is certain that Cicero has had scant justice done him in many points in which a careful translation or a closer attempt to fathom the meaning of a doubtful passage would have

(1) Shakespeare. A critical study of his mind and art, by Edward Dowden, LL.D. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(2) The Life of Cicero by Anthony Trollope. New York, Harper Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

put the matter in a different light. It is hard for any man to be judged by his private correspondence with a friend. It is harder still when that correspondence is written in a language extinct colloquially and but imperfectly understood by the ordinary reader in its shades of humorous or conversational meaning. Mr. Trollope unites to his other qualities as a scholar a keen sense of humour and a large knowledge of the world which helps him more with such an author as Cicero than the most rigid scholarship unaccompanied by these gifts. So we are ready to go with him in his admiration of the great orator, ready to believe his somewhat new estimate of the greatness of the man's moral nature as well as that of his mind, and comfort ourselves with the reflection that, if we err, we are at least with Mr. Disraeli, "on the side of the angels."

It is questionable whether we in this country should ever become acclimatized to the ordinary run of French novels. It is still more questionable whether the occurrence of such an event is at all desirable. A certain amount of wickedness is probably admissible in a work of fiction, if a sufficiently strong case can be made out in favor of its artistic necessity. But with many of the works of modern French novelists, the naughtiness is a recognized element of the novel itself, often without any sufficient *raison d'être*, not to say necessity, for its introduction. This principle is sufficiently exemplified in Gustave Flaubert's "greatest work," (3) just issued by Peterson Bros. (by the way it seems to me that I have seen other "greatest works" of the same author). The heroine of the tale (I use the name for want of a better) goes wrong apparently for no other reason than that it was necessary to the success of the book that she should do so, and the interest in this first intrigue not being sufficient to carry M. Flaubert through the required number of pages, goes wrong a second time with somebody else on the same principle. If this is somewhat coarsely put, the blame must rest upon the author and not the reviewer. For the rest the work is uninteresting, except for a well-drawn sketch of French provincial life, which may afford some pleasure to those who care to purchase it from such a source.

It is a common complaint against handbooks that they are not practical. Too much space is occupied with needless verbiage, too little devoted to practical information. The little manual of drawing before us, however, (4) has a distinct value for its really useful directions and hints in perspective and artistic anatomy, well illustrated throughout. If it errs at all it is on the side of too little explanation in place of too much. But it contains matter of real value, and is a welcome addition to our list of such works, which, large as it is, contains too few similarly concise and practical.

The latest addition to the Half-Hour Series is an excellent primer of French literature, by George Saintsbury, the well-known reviewer of the *Academy*.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY IN ENGLAND.—"The acceptance of an American dictionary in England has itself had immense effect in keeping up the community of speech, to break which would be a grievous harm, not to English-speaking nations alone, but to mankind. The result of this has been that the common dictionary must suit both sides of the Atlantic.

"On the whole, Webster's dictionary as it stands, is most respectable, and certainly the best practical English dictionary extant,"—*London Quarterly Review*.

(3) Madame Bovary. A Tale of Provincial Life, by Gustave Flaubert. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Bros.

(4) "How to Draw and Paint." Philadelphia, J. & H. Dickson.

Q. M. O. & O. PALACE CARS.

On another page we give some illustrations of the new palace and sleeping cars which have been lately added to the rolling stock of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway. The cars present some entirely new features, and are by far the most comfortable and luxurious travelling carriages yet introduced into this country. Besides the numerous advantages of construction, which we shall presently notice, these carriages have a special claim to our consideration as being from first to last of Canadian manufacture. The principal features of the new plan were originally invented by Mr. Lévé, of the tourist firm of Lévé & Alden, but the principal mechanical points have been invented, and the whole new plan has been practically carried out by Mr. A. Davis, the mechanical superintendent of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway works, in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. The improvements are numerous, but the two which most affect the comfort of the ordinary traveller are the luxurious chairs which replace the ordinary seats, and the comfortable beds, which consist of mattresses supported on spring beds of ingenious construction. As compared with the hard cushions upon which the ordinary traveller rests, retaining, as they do, the heat occasioned by their ordinary use during the day, and pressed into lumps and divisions; the free circulation of air through the springs and the use of mattress and bedding entirely separate from the day accommodations, form an improvement, the advantage of which is obvious. The method of construction is sufficiently ingenious. Bed and bedding fit when not in use, into a cupboard which closes into the side of the car, presenting to us only an elegantly decorated panel, while this same cupboard, when opened out, forms a support for one end of the bed frame, and completely partitions off one compartment from the next. These cupboards work each upon three short hinges, the plates of which run across the inside of the cupboard itself, thus adding great strength to the supports. To show how everything has been considered to the smallest detail, an ingenious contrivance so locks the fastenings as to prevent any rattling of bolts in whatever position they may be placed. The upper beds are slightly lower than is usual, affording at once greater facility for getting in and out, and giving the occupant the use of a portion of the window which is in the centre of each compartment. The chairs, of which mention has been made, are undoubtedly the most comfortable device ever introduced into a railroad carriage. They are luxurious arm chairs, which can be raised or depressed to any angle, wheeled in to any position, and finally used as rockers at will. Withal, they are of such simple construction that their liability to get out of order is reduced to a minimum, and, when not in use, they fold up like magic, and are stowed away under the lower berth, as shown in our illustration. The other fittings of the cars are much what we are accustomed to expect in such carriages. A more luxurious drawing-room than usual occupies one end of the saloon, and lavatories and dressing rooms of the best appointment have an addition in a luggage closet, which will be a great convenience to travellers with bags and bundles. The decorations are most beautiful, and the general effect of the car is sumptuous in the extreme. The Q. M. O. & O. Railway deserve great credit for the attention to the wants of the public which they have always shown, and the present improvements are but a new proof of their determination to do all in their power to render their passengers comfortable. The new invention is known as the Davis & Lévé Patent Parlor and Sleeping Car Combination.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SEVEN thousand miners are on strike in Yorkshire.

A plot is said to have been discovered to blow up Windsor Castle.

It is rumoured that a warrant has been issued for Parnell's arrest.

The Cunard steamer "Parthia" carried 114,474 letters one day lately.

The missing steamer "Batavia," of the Cunard Line, has been towed into Liverpool harbour.

Crow King and the 300 Sioux who refused to accompany Sitting Bull, have surrendered to Major Uges.

DISTURBANCES, attributed to Fenian agency, occurred in Edinburgh last Friday, during which six persons were shot.

DR. HARRIS, M.P.P. for Prescott, expired suddenly in one of the ante-rooms of the Toronto House of Assembly.

THE second reading of Mr. Forster's Coercion bill was passed in the Imperial Commons by a vote of 359 to 56.

THE gold fever is epidemic in Alaska. Some of the quartz has assayed \$3,000 to the ton.

SCIENTIFIC.

A GREEK inscription has been found in the ruins of Chersonesus, near Sebastopol. It is a decree of Diophanes, one of the generals who assisted Mithridates Eupator in conquering the Crimea, and fills up a gap in the career of Mithridates.

A NEW method of obtaining grain in photo-engraving has been introduced by Major Waterhouse. He presses sand or glass paper into gelatine reliefs, and as the shadows contain a thicker layer of the gelatine, and as, therefore, the sand or glass is more strongly forced in, a very perceptible grain is produced.

FRANK BUCKLAND has bequeathed his valuable Museum of Economic Fish Culture to the British nation, and on the decease of Mrs. Buckland a sum of £500 will revert to the nation to be applied for the purpose of founding a professorship of economic pisciculture in connection with the Buckland Museum and the Science and Art Department at South Kensington.

WILLIAM DEWART, of Rochester, has patented a device for ventilating houses by using the well-known fact that plants give off ozone and oxygen and absorb and use carbonic acid in their growth. His invention consists of a small conservatory, from which pipes issue to every room of the house intended to convey the necessary oxygen.

THE Imperial Academy of Sciences, at St. Petersburg, approves of the suggestion made some time ago by Sandford Fleming, late Chief Engineer of the Canada Pacific Railway, regarding the establishment of a new prime meridian for the world, 181 degrees from Greenwich, and the adoption of a standard of reckoning. The English and Scottish Astronomers Royal, to whom the suggestions were also submitted, gave unfavourable opinions concerning the Greenwich meridian as to be established by long usage to be deserted with propriety.

—A Sunday-school superintendent in Kentucky recently found the following sentiment chalked on his blackboard:

"PLEAS MR. SUPERINTENDENT DON'T FIRE OFF STORIES EVERY SUNDAY AT US BOYS WITH AN AWFUL EXAMPLE OF A BAD BOY IN EACH OF THEM."

GIVE US A REST. GIVE IT TO THE GIRLS. GO SLOW.

## THOMAS CARLYLE.

As we went to press last week came the news of a great man's death, too late for more than a brief tribute to his memory. And during the past week readers of the daily papers have been so flooded with accounts of Carlyle's life and works that there seems little to add to what is already before the public. We may be pardoned then if much of what is yet to say be but a repetition of what has been given before.

Carlyle was born close to Ecclefechan, a little hamlet in Middlebie parish, in the district of Annandale, Dumfriesshire, in the year 1795. His parents occupied no lofty social position, and though not what may be called "poor" they certainly were far from being rich. His father was a small farmer, but fortunately for Carlyle both father and mother were possessed of more than the usual share of strong common sense and native intellect. They intended their son for the Presbyterian ministry, and with that end in view prepared to give him the very best education their means could secure. His veneration for his parents was very great, and there can be little doubt, from the tribute he himself bears to their character, as well as from the repute in which they were held in the locality, that to his early intercourse with them he owes more of his peculiar intellectual bent than he does to almost any other cause whatsoever. His father he describes as one "abiding by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very heart of things and men"—a description which may with at least equal truth be applied to himself. His mother was his first teacher in letters, and seems to have been not only highly intellectual, but gifted with rare powers of perception in forming her estimates of character. Both father and mother were of a religious turn of mind, and both were somewhat deeply versed in the theology of the time, discussions about which formed an important element in the intellectual atmosphere in which Carlyle spent his childhood.

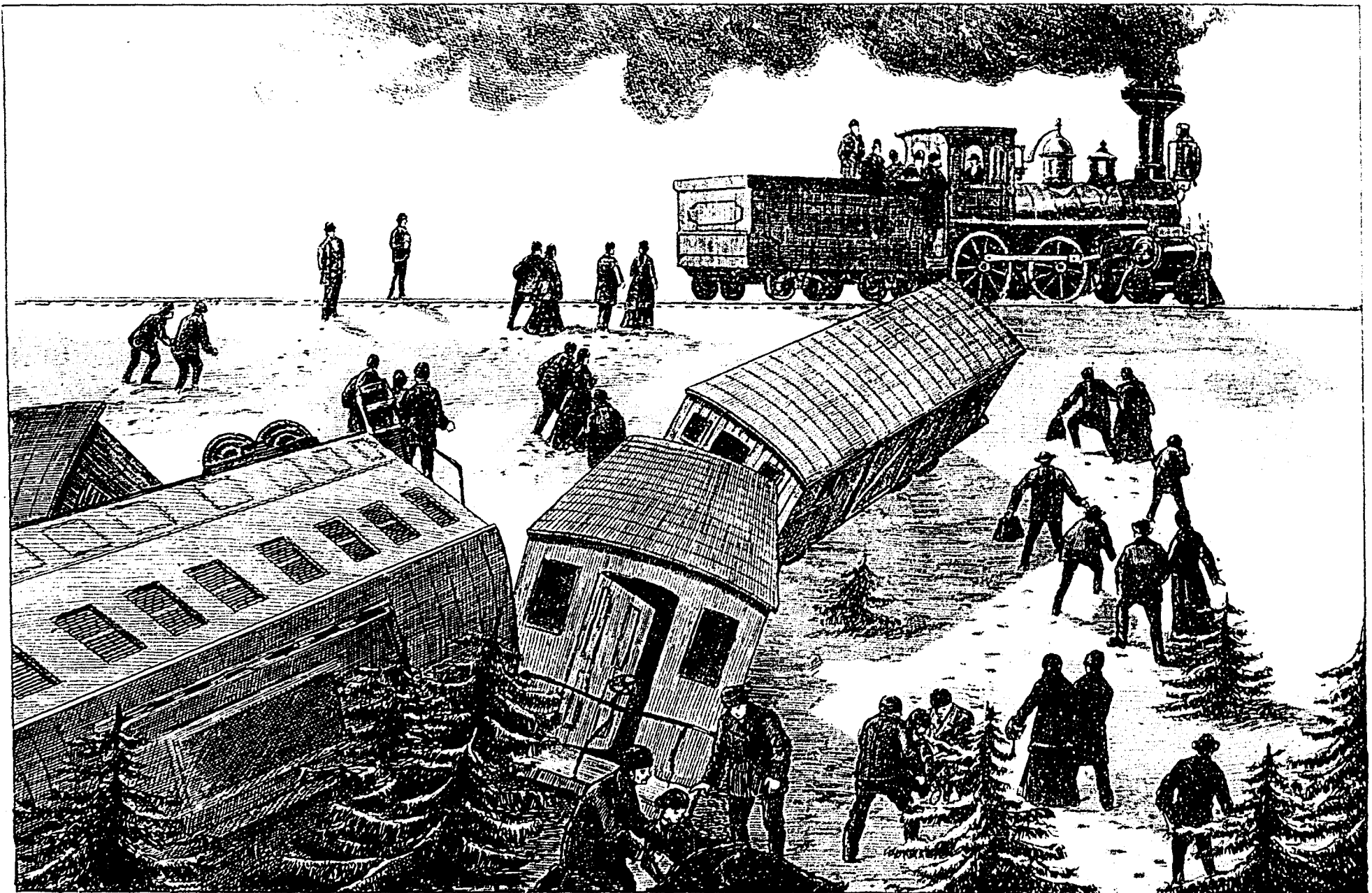


THOMAS CARLYLE IN 1865

After a brief period, during which he attended the parish school of Ecclefechan, Carlyle went to Annar, where he was prepared for Edinburgh. He has little good to say of his "Alma Mater," but he went through the regular course there, devoting, however, the greater part of his time to somewhat miscellaneous reading in the College Library. The large insight into the writings of his predecessors he there obtained, it did not absolutely decide his future career, at least made him, as that only could have made him, capable of the work he afterwards undertook.

This is neither the time nor the place to give any lengthened account of Carlyle's literary career. From 1823, the year in which he first accomplished literary work of any importance, down to within a comparatively recent period, he has been pouring forth from time to time the varied productions of his pen, not one of which has been without merit, and very few of which have failed to exert a widespread and, for the most part, beneficial influence. But it is by his actual published works that his position in English literature is to be gauged. Carlyle was the founder of a new, or, at all events, a distinct school of thought, and his influence is to be distinctly traced in the writings and utterances of a large school of thinkers, in some cases unconscious of the debt they owe the author of "Sartor Resartus."

The two works by which Carlyle, as a writer, is most likely to be judged, may, perhaps, bear a brief notice. "Sartor Resartus," which, in form, at least, may be considered as the outcome of the close study of German literature, to which he devoted himself at the opening of his career, is, without doubt, the most remarkable satire in the English language. German though it be in its inspiration, there is, nevertheless, an outspokenness and directness of attack throughout that is thoroughly English. Clothed in a strange, uncouth phraseology, which is fascinating, nevertheless, from its very uncouthness, it goes to the heart of the question. Under the guise of a treatise on dress, or, rather, the re-



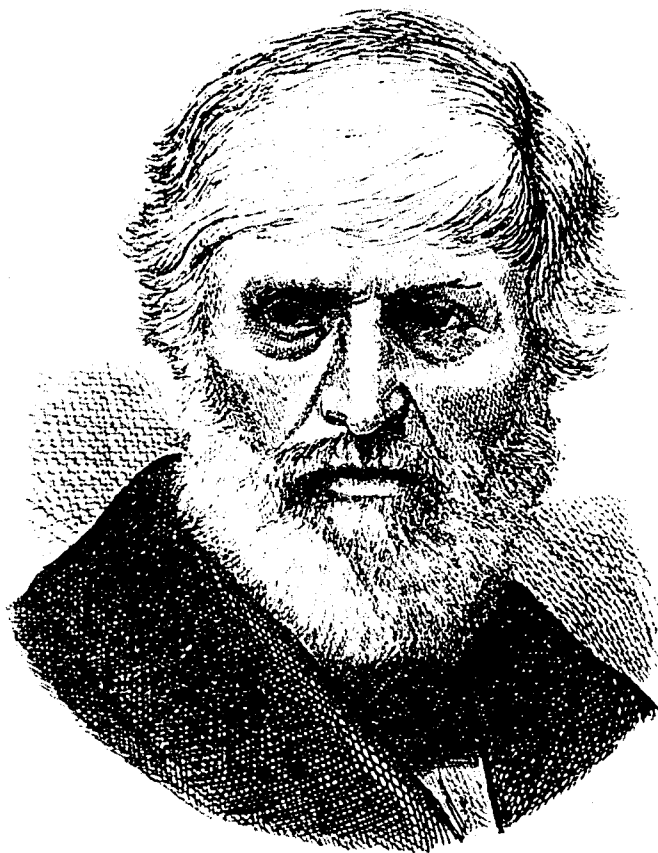
RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR NEWMARKET. THE EXPRESS THROWN FROM THE TRACK.

view of a German work on that subject, its object is to show that the forms and institutions of civilization are but the dress in which man and society have clothed themselves, and that "for the most part their garments are out of repair."

The strangeness of the style and the difficulty of penetrating through the outward form to the author's meaning, made it hard to find a publisher willing to undertake the risk of bringing it out, and it was, therefore, first given to the world in instalments in the pages of "Fraser's Magazine" during the years 1833 and 1834.

The other work alluded to, which is in some respects the most characteristic, is the now famous "French Revolution." Much criticism has been expended on this book, with a view of proving that it is not, what Carlyle, in spite of a somewhat misleading title, assuredly never intended it to be, a complete history of the Revolution itself. It is rather a picture dashed in with an artist hand, of the general aspect of the change. It has been criticised, even as its author criticised Macaulay's "History of England" as a pleasant work of fiction. Pleasant it most undoubtedly is, and bears a certain analogy to so-called works of fiction by reason of the graphic picturesque sketches in which the central figures are surrounded with a halo of the artistic imagination, and no work of fiction can compare with it for the breathless interest which it is capable of arousing in the reader's mind; but an honest purpose holds throughout and the picture if somewhat overdone in detail, will yet stand to all time as a record of comprehensive diagnosis of a strange and wonderful disorder. At the date of its publication Carlyle stepped at once into the forefront of English contemporary literature.

In 1865 Carlyle was by the free suffrages of the members of Edinburgh University elected as the successor of Mr. Gladstone in the Lord Rectorship, his opponent being Mr. Disraeli. His address on the occasion of his installation was received with enthusiasm and has been re-



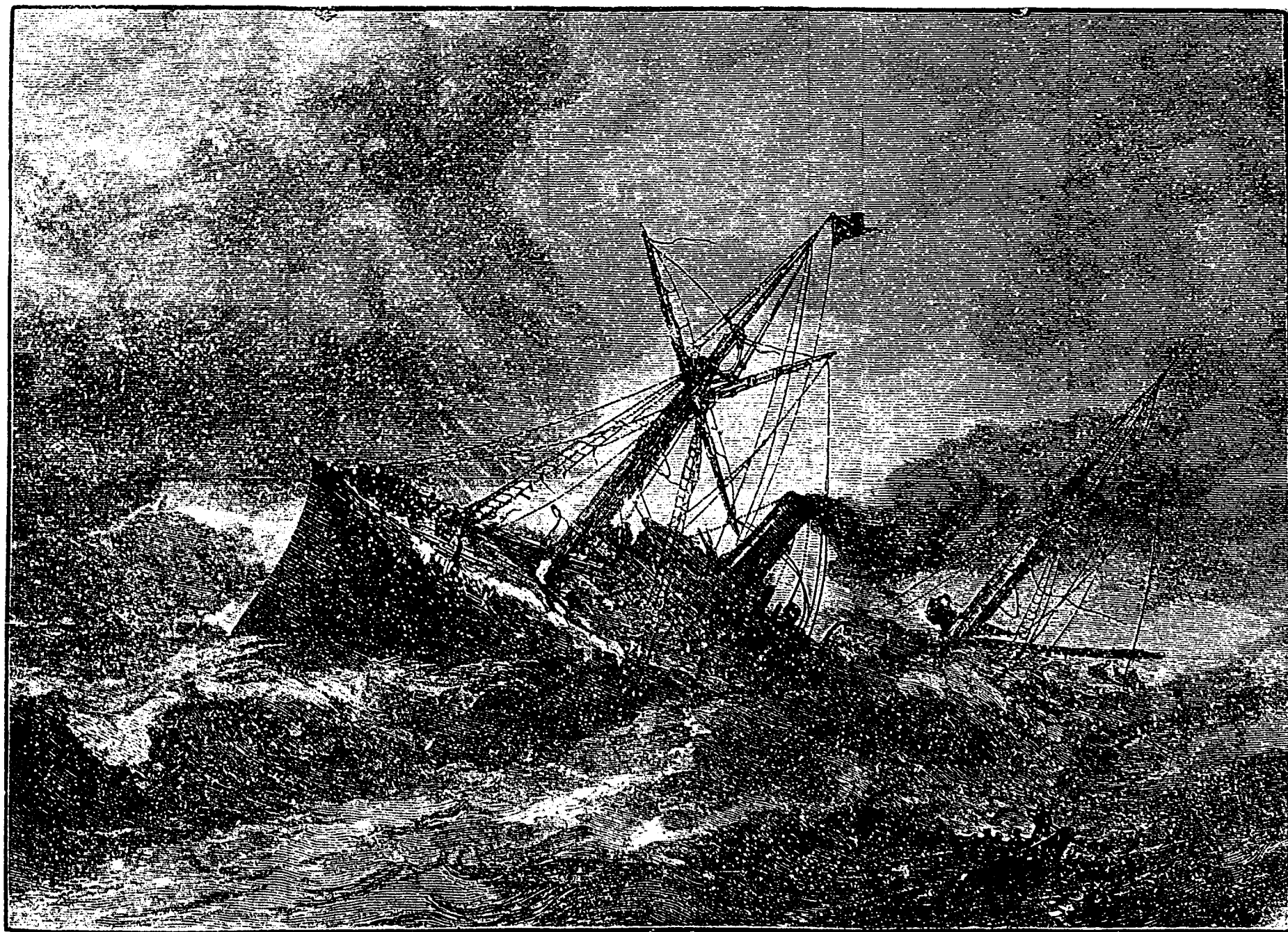
THOMAS CARLYLE IN 1860.

published. In the controversy over the Jamaica massacre he took the side of Governor Eyre in accordance with his well known views on the treatment of revolters against authority. His later *brochures* have all been coloured by a growing feeling of conservatism and of alarm at the progress of democracy, no less than by the increasingly sombre hue of his pessimistic philosophy of life.

We have said nothing of Mr. Carlyle's domestic life. His marriage with Jane Welch, the orphan daughter of a celebrated physician at Haddington, gave him that competency to which he owed the blessing of leisure which is all in all to a literary man. This union was a happy one; and since the day of her death, fifteen years ago, Carlyle was a constant mourner for his loss.

Of late years his quiet home in Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, has been presided over by a niece, who was his constant personal attendant, and who was not long ago married to a Canadian member of the Carlyle family, her own cousin, and the nephew of her uncle. There for months past the greatest living English *littérateur* has been slowly but surely sinking to the rest he has now gained.

In accordance with his own wish, Carlyle will probably be buried in Haddington Abbey, beside his wife, on whose tombstone there is a most pathetic epitaph penned by himself. He died childless, but left a large circle of relatives, many of whom are in Canada, to cherish his memory. It has been for some time past reported that he was superintending the preparation of a biography of himself, the editorship of which has been entrusted to James Anthony Froude, the most noted of those who may be called his disciples. Mr. Froude has the same admiration for zeal and force which characterized Carlyle, and therefore the biography, when it appears, will certainly be an appreciative one. Whatever portion of it is written by Mr. Froude will also have the merit of being couched in excellent English.



THE STRANDED STEAMSHIP RORAINA.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

## AGAINST THE LAW.

A NOVEL.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "The Vicar's Governess," "Footprints in the Snow," "The Silver Link," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XXII.

DISCHARGED.

The next time that Doctor James Hay entered the ward in which Laura was lying, in a few broken and faltering words she told her whole story.

The doctor listened, and sympathized. He, too, knew what it was to fight with fortune, and to be almost moneyless in the world. When a lad he had been left to begin life's battle, and had fought well, and been a faithful, tender son to a widowed mother. He could understand, therefore, how the poor, trembling girl before him had yielded to temptation. He knew well how easy it is to pay your way and walk quite straight when your purse is well lined, and the wolf is not waiting at the door.

But he listened to Laura's tale nearly in silence. Then, when she ended, he said, in quick, sharp accents, "And you care for this other man—this Mr. Glynford?"

"Yes," answered Laura, flushing crimson.

"And you won't apply to him now?" asked Doctor Hay.

"No," said Laura. "I have parted with him for ever—I shall see him no more—I will bring no further trouble upon him!"

Again for a minute or two the doctor was silent, and a restless sigh rose on his lips.

"All the same," he said, presently, with rather a painful smile, "you must live. This affair of passing stopped notes is very serious and awkward. This Bingley has a good case against you, and could have you arrested if he chose. You won't marry him now, I suppose?"

"Never!" said Laura, energetically. "He may put me in gaol—may transport me; but he cannot force me to marry him!"

"Well, you must be prepared, for he'll revenge himself upon you if he can."

"Yes, I know," said Laura, sadly.

"But I'll try to prevent him," continued the doctor. "You were brought into the accident ward—a nameless patient, picked up in the street. That's all I have to do with. I know nothing, of course, of Mr. Bingley, nor of Mr. Glynford, nor of Miss Laura Keane. I know a young woman brought in with a compound fracture of her arm, who refused to give any name, and for her only I am responsible. This young woman must be worse by the next visitor's day, and I will give orders that no one shall be admitted to this ward. By the following visitor's day this young woman with the compound fracture will be able to be removed. Thus, when our friend Mr. Bingley arrives, he will find that this young woman has gone, a discharged patient; and I don't think Mr. Bingley or his detective will find her in a hurry."

"I—I do not understand," said Laura, breathlessly, as the doctor paused.

"You must affect to be too ill to be seen by any one when your persecutor next presents himself; for you are not yet strong enough to be removed. But in another week or so you will be. Then, quietly, some night, I will take you to my mother, and you can stay with her, if you like, as her companion; for she is getting old, and can afford to give you a small salary."

"Oh, Doctor Hay! how can I thank you?" said Laura, greatly affected; and she put out her little, trembling hand.

"Come, young lady," said the doctor, trying hard to put on his professional air and to overcome certain unusual emotions in the region of his heart; "you must not excite yourself. I will arrange all for you, and you need not be afraid of seeing Mr. Bingley at No. 2, Bismark Avenue, where my mother lives."

But there are wheels within wheels. He was the house-surgeon; but there was another person whom he must take, partly at least, into his confidence before Laura could be privately removed.

This was the comely matron, Mrs. Carnaby, a youngish widow, who would have no objection, the doctor believed, again to enter into the married state.

She was a rosy-checked and comely woman, who had not been shy in letting the doctor see that she regarded him very favourably.

The police-officer had applied to this lady in the beginning, and, after Bingley's interview with Laura, the matron had promised to let him know how the young lady was getting on.

Thus the doctor knew that he must make a friend of Mrs. Carnaby, in order that she might not oppose him in his purpose.

He accordingly sought the widow in her comfortable sitting-room, and found her just sitting down to a very appetizing little supper.

"Well, doctor," she said, "I am glad to see you. I hope you will stay and sup with me."

"I will stay and chat with you," answered the doctor.

"Very well," replied the widow.

"It's about that young woman with the compound fracture that I have come to talk to you,"

said the doctor; and the widow felt not a little disappointed to hear it.

"Oh!" she said. "Well, what about her?"

"She has told me her history," replied the doctor. "That man who came here to-day is not her husband, as he claimed to be; but she had promised to marry him because he knew of a very foolish action that she had committed."

"Well!" again said the matron yet more coldly.

The doctor recognized the change in Mrs. Carnaby's voice.

"She was in love with another man before this Bingley insisted upon her marrying him as the price of his silence. She could not forget her other lover, so ran away the night before the day fixed for her wedding."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the widow.

"Then she came to London, hoping to obtain employment, was run over in the street when faint with over-fatigue, and, I daresay, want, and brought here. Now, this Bingley has found her out again, and I want you, who are a good, kind woman, to help me to place her beyond the reach of this man, and put her in the way of earning her livelihood."

For a moment or two the widow was silent. Then she said, looking keenly at Doctor Hay, "You seem to take a great interest in this girl?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"She appealed to me to save her," he said, diplomatically; "so what could a poor man do? I was sorry for her when she talked of the man she really loves. She'll end by marrying him, of course, and he's a fellow in a good position, it seems. But, for the present, the thing is to keep her out of this Bingley's way. He can still do her harm—still part her from her lover; and I've half-promised—for I know you will help me if you can—to smuggle her out of the hospital, and my mother will give her a shelter, and this Bingley will not be able to find her again if we manage it well."

The widow walked up and down the room twice, and then came to where Doctor James Hay was sitting, and laying her pretty, fat, white hand lightly on his shoulder, said, looking at him very tenderly, "I will do whatever you ask me."

"Thank you, you dear, kind creature!" said the doctor, turning round, and taking one of the widow's hands in his. "Ah, Mrs. Carnaby, I do not know how to thank you!"

"I would have done it for no one else," whispered the widow, tightening her clasp on the doctor's shoulder.

"Well, that is truly good of you! But, good gracious!" taking out his watch; "do you see what time it is! I had a friend to meet at a quarter to ten, and now it is actually ten o'clock. Good-night, Mrs. Carnaby. Thank you again and again for your kindness. We'll talk this little matter over to-morrow, but now I must be off at once."

As the doctor went running down the hospital stairs to keep his pretended appointment, he felt that in his attempt to save Laura from matrimony, he was running a very great risk of being caged and bound himself.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

POOR DOCTOR HAY!

During the eight or ten days that followed his interview with the widow, Doctor James Hay had very difficult cards to play.

It must be admitted that he was flirtatious in his manner with her, for, indeed, he did not dare to be anything else.

Laura, without being in the least aware or thinking of it, had captured the doctor's heart, and though without hope of return, he was willing to serve her to the best of his ability.

In the meanwhile, Bingley had called very often at the hospital to know how Laura was progressing, and had had various interviews with Mrs. Carnaby. Indeed, Bingley rather admired the widow, and more than once, she told the doctor, would have forced a five-pound note into her hand.

"But I refused it, of course," said the widow. "He cannot say I have taken his money, at any rate. I am deceiving him for your sake, and it is not a matter of money."

"You are the kindest and most generous of women!" exclaimed the house-surgeon.

"And nothing else, doctor?" asked the widow, casting down her eyes.

"I dare not say anything more!" answered the doctor.

"But if I give you leave?" said Mrs. Carnaby.

"Don't be too good to me," replied the poor doctor, and then endeavoured to change the conversation.

But "Ah, doctor!" sighed the widow; "I shouldn't make a bad wife, if I could be induced to marry again."

Poor Doctor Hay felt that it was all over with

him, but at this moment a tremendous rap at the door interrupted this tender conversation.

"Come in!" hastily cried the doctor.

"Please, sir, you are wanted at once," said one of the assistants, putting in his head. "An accident."

And so the doctor escaped for that time. But he felt that it was becoming too dangerous to have any more confidential interviews with the gushing widow, and therefore asked Laura on the same day if she thought herself strong enough to be removed to his mother's.

Her answer was that she was quite well enough to leave; and so it was arranged between them that Laura should quit the hospital, accompanied by the doctor, about seven o'clock on the same evening, and they should drive to his mother's house, the doctor taking the precaution to change the cab three times on the way.

Mrs. Carnaby helped to dress the poor girl, who was so weak and shattered that she could scarcely stand, and thus, between the doctor and the matron, Laura left the ward, and quitted the hospital by a back entrance.

There was no one watching, however.

Mrs. Carnaby had completely hoodwinked Bingley.

Laura was almost unconscious when the doctor lifted her out of the cab, and when a brown-faced, country-looking woman, with an old-fashioned cap tied under her chin, helped to carry her into the neat parlour of a neat and quiet house.

Mrs. Hay was rather a cold-mannered woman as a rule, but she adored her son, so for his sake was very cordial to Laura.

She got the girl to bed, nursed her, and attended upon her, and all to please this beloved son.

But when she went downstairs again, she found Doctor James Hay sitting in a very disconsolate attitude over the fire.

Then she went up to him and laid her hand fondly on his shoulder.

"I like her," she said; "and, perhaps—"

Her son understood what she meant, for he gave a restless sigh.

"She is a good girl, I am sure," he said; and they began talking of something else.

But, before leaving the house, he went up to look at his young patient. Laura was now asleep.

"She is a pretty creature," said Mrs. Hay, who had gone up with her son.

"Yes," he answered, and stood there looking at Laura—wondering if the girl had really parted with her first love for ever.

He did not waken her, but promised his mother to "look in" some time during the following morning; and then, not in high spirits, went away.

But a picture followed him: the picture of a fair, innocent-looking girl asleep.

But a more substantial picture met his gaze as he ascended the hospital staircase. This was Mrs. Carnaby, the matron, who was waiting for him, to hear how Laura had borne the journey.

"I could not go to rest," she said, holding out her hand to the doctor, "until I had seen you. I felt so anxious. How is the poor thing!—and how did your dear mother receive her?"

"My mother is very glad to have her," answered the doctor; "and she bore the removal as well as I could expect. I left her asleep."

"That is all right. Well, when this Bingley comes to-morrow, what shall I say to him?"

"Refer him to me," replied the doctor. "She has been discharged upon my authority, and I know nothing more about her."

"Very good," said the widow, looking tenderly at the doctor, and holding out her hand.

"I—I can never repay you," said the doctor, nervously.

The widow smiled and sighed, and looked archly at the unhappy man.

"You must find out some way," she said, playfully, "or I shall find one for you."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

The next day, at half-past two o'clock, when the hospital doors were opened to admit visitors, among them came Bingley. He had grown coarser-looking of late, had taken to drinking much more than was good for him, and had a bloated, shaken appearance, which told its own tale.

He had come alone this day, and went on until he came to the female ward, at the entrance of which he had expected to see his friend, the matron.

But Mrs. Carnaby was not there. A nurse asked him if he wished to see any friend among the women in the ward. He replied in the affirmative, and she led him in.

"What number is your friend's bed?" asked the nurse.

"Number seventeen," he replied.

"Number seventeen is empty," said the nurse. "The young woman who last occupied it left the hospital last night."

"Left!" Bingley exclaimed, with fury. "If this is true—if I have been cheated again, I'll have her life!"

And he ran forward as he spoke to where the little iron bedstead ticketed number seventeen stood.

Nothing remained of Laura there—no name, no token of her presence.

"Where is the house-surgeon?" cried Bingley. "Where is the matron? They shall be answerable to me for this!"

Doctor James Hay was somewhere in the wards, and one of the assistants went for him, and presently, looking quite cool, but a trifle pale, the house-surgeon walked into the female ward, and approached the infuriated man.

"Where is the young woman," said Bingley, addressing the doctor in hard and passionate accents, "who occupied this bed?"

"Doctor James Hay drew out his note-book before he made any answer, and apparently referred to it.

"Number seventeen, female ward," he said, as if speaking to himself. "Oh, yes, here is the case—compound fracture of the left arm, and so on. That young woman, sir," he continued, looking up from his note-book, and addressing Bingley, "was discharged, cured, last night."

"Discharged! Cured!" the draper cried, half mad with passion. "Where is she gone, then, sir? How dare you discharge her when you knew she was, or ought to have been, my wife, without consulting me?"

"Ah," said the doctor, "you came here among the visitors with a detective officer, and claimed to be this young woman's husband, and she said you were not, and appealed to me to protect her!"

"Where has she gone? Answer me that," said Bingley, trembling with passion.

"How should I possibly know that?" shrugged Doctor Hay.

"Where is the matron?"

Mrs. Carnaby was sent for, and in a few minutes, looking very much flurried, appeared in the ward.

"What motive had you for deceiving me, madam?" said Bingley, addressing her, sternly.

"Why did you tell me that the young woman who occupied that bed was too ill to be moved, when you knew that she was about to leave?"

"I did not know," replied the matron, with some spirit. "It was only yesterday that the doctor decided she was well enough to leave."

"And where was she going?" asked Bingley.

"She declined to say," replied the matron, with a glance at the house-surgeon. "I think, sir, she did not wish you to know."

"Doctor Hay, I will apply to the governors of this hospital, and if you do not lose your appointment here, sir, for smuggling patients away without the leave of their friends, it shall not be my fault."

After Bingley had said this, with a dark scowl he pulled his hat further over his brow, and quitted the ward.

And after he was gone, the matron whispered a few words to the house-surgeon.

"I fear you have got me into great trouble," she said.

"You shall not lose by it," answered the doctor.

And the matron smiled, well satisfied.

## CHAPTER XXV.

TRUE LOVE.

Later in the same day, Doctor James Hay found his way to his mother's house.

"She is going on very well," said the old lady.

And when the doctor saw his patient, he found that his mother's account was true.

Laura looked better now and brighter, believed herself to be safe from her persecutor, at all events, and was sure that Doctor James Hay would help her in the future if he could.

She little guessed the trouble that she had already brought upon the poor doctor. Even while she smiled upon him he was thinking grimly of other and most unwelcome smiles, which he was forced to encounter for her sake.

During the day, indeed, Mrs. Carnaby had as good as asked him to marry her; hinting pretty broadly that she expected him to do this for risking her situation to please him. The doctor had tried to put her off with jocular words, but the widow would not be cajoled.

The doctor felt almost certain that the amorous widow would tell where Laura was, unless he married her.

No wonder, then, that the poor doctor groaned. But suddenly an idea struck him.

"Mother," he said, when Miss Keane is a little stronger, would you mind visiting for a month or two some quiet spot by the sea?"

"I'm an old woman, James," she said, "and don't like new places."

"But it will do her good," urged James.

"If you wish it, I have nothing further to say," replied the mother; but the words were spoken unwillingly.

But presently Laura said, "Please don't send me anywhere else. I want to stay where I am. I shall get quite well here, and I don't want any change."

The doctor did not speak. He had hoped that if his mother would change her abode he might be able to keep her new residence a secret. If Mrs. Carnaby did not know where Laura was, she could not tell Bingley, if the doctor should decline to marry her. But the idea of a removal was evidently very distasteful both to his mother and Laura, and the doctor could not tell them the dilemma in which he found himself placed.

This grew more perplexing every day. Mrs. Carnaby was determined to have the affair settled. She wrote a little note to the doctor on the following morning, asking him to come to her room, as she wished particularly to see him, and with a sinking heart he complied with her request.

"I want your advice, doctor," she said, as he entered her apartment.

"I hope you are not ill," said the house-surgeon, trying to smile and seem at ease.

"No," answered the widow, sharply; "but I want to know what you are going to do. I had a visitor last night when you were, I suppose, visiting your mother and Miss Keane. Can you guess who it was?"

"No," said the doctor; and his pale skin grew a dusky red.

"Mr. Bingley," said Mrs. Carnaby, looking keenly at the doctor. "He came to me to make a proposal."

"Of marriage?" said the doctor, trying feebly to be jocular.

"No," said Mrs. Carnaby. "You know well enough whom he wishes to marry; and if his story is true, I think this girl who has so wonderfully interested you behaved very badly. But this is not to the point. You know I'm a poor woman, don't you, and that I have to depend upon my own exertions, for the present at least, for my daily bread?"

"He offered to bribe you, I suppose," said Dr. James Hay.

"You need not put it so coarsely," answered the widow, "nor need you speak to me, for that matter, in such a tone! But he did offer me money to tell him where this Miss Keane now is—and so large a sum that only under one condition would a poor woman like myself be justified in refusing it."

"And that condition is—?" said the doctor.

"You know quite well," continued the widow, as the doctor paused. "I helped this girl to escape from Mr. Bingley—who has, I think an undoubted claim to her—to please you—for your sake, in deed—and it was understood between us that if I did this you would—"

"Well—do what?" asked the doctor, driven to desperation.

"Oh, you know well enough that I consented to help this girl, and run the risk of losing my situation, because I believed that you would marry me!"

For a moment or two the doctor was silent after this announcement. He saw that if he did not marry this widow she would betray the girl whom he had learned to love to a vindictive, disappointed man, who would show her no mercy.

Doctor James Hay thought all this over, and resolved to sacrifice himself for Laura's sake.

And so he said, "Well, if you wish it, I am ready to marry you."

Mrs. Carnaby advanced towards him, about to precipitate herself into his arms.

But the doctor drew back. "And now," he said, "will you be good enough to inform Mr. Bingley that you know nothing of Miss Keane's whereabouts; that you are not afraid, and that neither is your future husband afraid; and that we care nothing about what he may or may not do!"

"I will tell him," said the widow. And then she and the doctor shook hands upon their bargain.

Mrs. Carnaby went bustling about her duties all the rest of the day with an air of satisfaction; but the doctor attended to his with a heavy step and a languid look.

He did not go to see his mother nor Laura all that day.

But he went on the following afternoon.

Laura was sitting up, and flushed and brightened when she saw her kind friend approaching.

He was almost repaid for what he had done, he thought, as he sat and looked at her. He had saved this dear girl from a choice between two shameful fates, he told himself, and what mattered his feelings, after all!

But the day did not pass without a cruel blow falling upon him. The afternoon was fine, and as the sun came shining into the windows, he asked Laura to go out for a little drive with him. "It will do you good," he said; and if you wear a thick veil, there can be no danger that anyone will recognize you."

Laura saw that the doctor wished to go, and so she went. And as they drove on, having got a cab with a good horse, she really began to enjoy the air, and to look around with some interest.

They drove through Battersea Park, and in returning passed through some of the streets of Pimlico. Suddenly the doctor felt Laura grasp his arm, and saw that she was very pale.

"What is the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"Look!" said Laura, and pointing to the door of a registry-office for governesses and servants, upon the threshold of which three persons were standing.

"That is Maud, my little sister," she said, in trembling accents, still grasping the doctor's arm, "and—and Mr. Glynford. They must be searching for me!"

"Do you wish," the doctor faltered, "that I should speak to that gentleman?"

"No," answered Laura—"no! I can be nothing to him now. It is better that he should forget me—better he should think that I am dead, for I should bring him trouble and shame!"

Laura's voice broke, and she commenced sobbing as she said these last words; and, stifling his own emotion, Doctor James Hay did his best to comfort her.

"It may all come right," he said, gently. "Do not distress yourself, Laura."

He had never called her by her Christian name before, and did so now with an aching heart and a dull weariness of all earthly things.

But he made very little sign of this. He took Laura safely home, and after resisting his mother's earnest entreaties that he would stay the evening with them, he went away, feeling utterly miserable.

Laura was greatly startled when, one morning, Doctor Hay suddenly and abruptly said to her, "I have been a fool!"—with strange pathos. "Laura, knowing that you care for another man, I have learnt to love you! But I suppose there is no hope for me?"

"Oh, Doctor Hay," said Laura, putting out her hand, "I am so sorry—so grieved! I—I never thought that you cared for me in this way!"

He pressed her hand and left her.

Three days passed away very quietly in the little house in Bismarck Place, and on the fourth day a cab drove to the door, and, pale, almost staggering, James Hay once more entered his mother's house.

He had been taken ill in the country, he told them.

His mother got him to bed, and sent for a medical friend of his who lived in their neighbourhood, and who declared that James Hay was suffering from typhus fever of a very malignant kind.

And he was right; for ere many days had passed, poor James Hay was no more.

Laura, entering one morning the parlour of Mrs. Hay's house, was startled to behold Bingley there.

"I have found you at last," he said, "and will be trilled with no longer! Will you be my wife? Say 'Yes!' or this instant I give you into custody!"

"Do your worst!" cried Laura. "I will never become yours!"

"Then, as there's a heaven above us," cried Bingley, in a loud voice, and trembling with rage, "I'll give you in charge!"

But here his tongue failed him, and the next moment, struck with apoplexy, he fell forward a helpless log.

Laura flew from the room to summon assistance, and encountered William Glynford.

"Laura, Laura! why have you hidden yourself away so long!"

Laura did not answer, but led him into a little back sitting-room, where poor James Hay used to smoke.

"Now tell me all, Laura!" he said.

And, after some persuasion, she told the wretched story.

And when William Glynford had heard all, he put his arms round the poor girl, and drew her to his breast. Bingley recovered speech and consciousness just before he died, and told the real truth concerning these notes.

Bingley had gone to Fearney's, the broker's, in the vague hope of finding some clue, or, at least, of learning if Laura had spoken truth about the portmanteau in which she said she had found the notes.

Fearney, the broker, remembered the portmanteau on being reminded of it—remembered selling it to Laura; and then proceeded to tell Bingley how he had got it.

He had bought it, he said, at the same time that he had bought the clothes of a young man they called Watson, who had been a shopman in Bingley's employment. This young man had died suddenly of heart disease, and his friends, who belonged to the south, had sold his effects, among them the portmanteau.

Thus Bingley knew who had been the robber in his establishment—who had stolen his notes and his gold. The man was dead; consequently Bingley could not punish him, and had therefore kept the secret. When he accused Laura of stealing his notes, he knew perfectly well that she had not been the thief.

The fair young wife of William Glynford returned with him to Farnham a month or two after Mr. Bingley's death.

The bereaved mother of Doctor James Hay resides near Laura, who is as a loving daughter to her.

Poor little Maud has ceased to exist. Mrs. Keane still lives, but rarely goes to her daughter's house.

All Mr. Bingley's wealth went to his sister, Mrs. Glynford, who is now one of the greatest women in Farnham.

William Glynford and Laura love each other with a love that lightens every ill.

"As long as we are together I do not care what happens," he tells her; and this assurance is very precious to her heart.

THE END.

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.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Viennese composer, Johann Strauss, is writing an opera-comique for a libretto written by Hennequin. He is also arranging one of his old scores for a libretto by William Busnach called "Le Prince Charmant."

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD has gone to the United States, not to appear in "Forget-me-Not," as was at first announced, but to regulate the *mise en scene* of "Anne Mle," which is to be produced in America by Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin.

MADAME MARIE ROZE, the prima donna, asserts that of the great singers of to-day not one is Italian, and predicts that English will be the medium of the opera in future. Nilsson thinks the same, and Patti, the diva, prefers to sing in English.

NOTE-WRITING IN LONDON.

In writing and answering notes, we observe, says the *London Queen*, how closely particular sets of words and expressions are followed by the generality of people; they accept a model and adhere to it; but the etiquet of polite phrases in force in letter writing changes as everything else changes, and what was strictly polite and proper to write under given circumstances some twenty or thirty years ago, is not quite the thing to say to-day.

Formerly a note written in the third person invariably commenced with "Mrs. A. presents her compliments to Mrs. B.," but now the words "presents compliments" have fallen very much into disuse, and whenever any other opening phrase can be substituted, it is in better taste to employ it. Indeed, it may be taken as a rule that compliments are only presented to a complete stranger, or officially, or professionally speaking; but whenever an acquaintanceship exists, even of the slightest possible character, other expressions are used in preference to the words "presents her compliments." The nature of the note itself would probably determine the most appropriate expression where-with to commence it, thus:—"Mrs. A. would be greatly obliged if Mrs. B., etc., or "Mrs. A. would be greatly indebted to Mrs. B. if she would kindly forward the inclosed letter to," etc., or "Mrs. A. much regrets that she is unable to give Mrs. B. the desired information," etc., or "Mrs. A. begs to thank Mrs. B. for her kind note," etc., or "Mrs. A. is very sorry to say that she did not receive Mrs. B's note in time," etc., or "Mrs. A. incloses two tickets, according to Mrs. B's request, and will be happy," etc. Notes such as these are of the most ceremonious order.

Notes of invitation to slight acquaintances are generally written in the third person when it is not thought necessary to issue invitation cards, and the answers are couched in a like form, it not being strictly polite to answer a note of invitation, however formal, by a card of acceptance, or of refusal, as the case may be. Of course, in town, these cards are invaluable to those who entertain largely and receive a corresponding number of invitations; but when a circle of acquaintances is but a small one, the use of cards of acceptance or refusal would appear pretentious. Thus a ceremonious note of invitation would probably run "Mr. and Mrs. A. requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. B's company at dinner on Thursday, June 16, at eight o'clock," etc. The answer to this style of note would be "Mr. and Mrs. B. have much pleasure in accepting Mr. and Mrs. A's kind invitation for Thursday, the sixteenth instant," or "Mr. and Mrs. B. much regret that a previous engagement will prevent their having the pleasure of dining with Mr. and Mrs. A. on the sixteenth instant."

Many people, however, prefer to write even the most ceremonious and formal of invitations and notes in the first rather than in the third person. Thus Mrs. A. would write: "Dear Lady B., will you and Sir George B. give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Thursday, June sixteenth?"

An invitation note less formal would perhaps run: "Dear Lady B., would you and Sir George B. dine with us on Thursday, the sixteenth instant, to meet Lord and Lady X., who have promised to dine with us on that day?" This would be said in the event of Lord and Lady X. being intimate friends of Sir George and Lady B., otherwise it would be in very bad taste to allude to their being expected at dinner on account of their rank only. On the other hand, if Lord and Lady X. were celebrities or lions in their way, it would be quite correct to refer to them in the note of invitation, it being considered a privilege to meet prominent or distinguished persons apart from mere rank. In writing formal letters or notes in the first person it is not unusual to conclude with compliments. Thus Mrs. A. writing to the Countess of C., would say: "Dear Lady C., Lady Mary D. has asked me to send you a few things for your stall at the Harefield Bazaar. I therefore venture to send you the accompanying box of work and china. With compliments, believe me sincerely yours," etc.

Another class of note between acquaintances not strictly intimate would run thus from Mrs. A. to the Marchioness of D.: "Dear Lady D., my daughters are getting up some tableaux for the benefit of our local hospital. The Duchess of E. has kindly promised to help us, and the Ladies Caroline and Emily G. are to take part in them. I thought that you would perhaps also assist us, and that your daughter, Lady Jane H., might be persuaded to sing for us between the tableaux, etc. With kind regards to yourself and Lord D., believe me very truly yours."

In writing to a total stranger in the first person—and it not unfrequently happens that circumstances bring about such communications—it is usual to commence between equals with "Dear Mr. A. or Dear Mrs. A.," in preference to "Dear Sir" or "Dear Madam," which is now an old-fashioned style of commencing a letter.

With regard to writing to persons of rank, if Mrs. A. were writing to a marquis, earl, viscount, or baron, she would address them as "Dear Lord A. B. C., or D.," as the case might be but if she were writing to a duke she would address him as "Dear Duke," and if writing to a prince of the blood royal she would commence her letter "Dear Sir;" but if Mr. A. were writing to a marquis, earl, viscount, or baron, it would depend upon the extent of his acquaintance with them how he addressed them; if on

ceremonious or formal terms or if writing in an official or professional capacity, he would say, "My Dear Lord;" if slightly acquainted he would say, "Dear Lord A., B., C., or D.;" if intimate, he would say, "Dear A., B., C., or D."

If Mrs. A. were writing to a duchess, whether she were intimate with her or only slightly acquainted, she would address her "Dear Duchess," or if writing to her officially she would address her in the third person in the manner before mentioned. If Mrs. A. were writing to a marchioness, countess, viscountess, or the wife of a baron, she would address them as "Lady A., B., C., or D."

If writing to the daughter of either duke, marquis, or earl, she would, if not well acquainted, commence her letter with "Dear Lady Mary B.," but if well acquainted she would write "Dear Lady Mary." If Mrs. A. were writing to a baronet, whom she knew but slightly, she would commence her note with "Dear Sir John B.," or "Dear Sir Charles C.," but if intimate she might write "Dear Sir John," or "Dear Sir Charles," if she were too friendly to use the surname, she would doubtless have reached the stage when she might with propriety write "Dear Johnny," or "Dear Charley."

If Mr. A. were writing to a baronet, unless he were intimate enough to say "Dear B.," or "Dear C.," he would write "Dear Sir George B.," or "Dear Sir Charles C." Of course, if Mr. A. had known Sir John B. or Sir Charles C. at school or college, he would probably write "Dear Jack," or "Dear Charlie;" but as a rule, men do not address each other by their Christian names, unless the friendship dates from boyhood; but on the other hand, men do not address each other as Mr. B. or Mr. C., but at once fall into the use of the surname B. or C., unless it is desirable to maintain the acquaintance on a very stiff and formal footing. Again, all due reverence is paid to age, and a very young man would continue to write "Dear Mr. B." to one considerably his senior. "If Mrs. A. were writing to a general, colonel, major, or captain, she would write "Dear General B.," or "Dear Colonel C.," as to write "Dear Colonel," or "Dear Major," would be more than a trifle vulgar.

With regard to writing letters none but school girls now cross and recross a sheet of writing paper; two sheets of paper are invariably used if one sheet will not contain all that is to be said. If half the second sheet of paper is left blank it is not torn off, a whole sheet being more convenient to hold and to fold than is half a sheet of paper. If a few last words are necessary to complete a letter they are written on the margin and not across the writing on the face of the pages.

In addressing envelopes the address should be written legibly in the center of the envelope, and not run off into a corner, leaving a third of the envelope blank. Many people write their initials or name in full in one corner of the envelope; this is quite a matter of inclination. In writing to an honorable the abbreviation of hon<sup>ble</sup> should be written in a line above that in which the name is written. The prefix "the" placed before a title is also written in a line above the name, as would be "his" or "her grace" when writing to a duke or duchess.

The word "to" placed before a title or a name is a matter of inclination; when used before a name it is written in a line above the name.

A STORY is told of Van Amburgh, the great lion-tamer, now dead. On one occasion while in a bar-room he was asked how he got his wonderful power over animals. He said: "It is by showing them that I'm not the least afraid of them and by keeping my eye steadily on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting near by, he said: "You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me and I won't say a word to him." Sitting down he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself gradually, got up and came slowly across to the lion-tamer. When he got close enough he drew back his arm and struck Van Amburgh a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clear over the chair, with the remark: "You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"

A CORRESPONDENT (a widow) writes to the *San Francisco News Letter*: "My heart is steeped in woe, but it is certainly very consoling to find that black crape and affliction are so becoming to my Grecian cast of features. And by the way, dear, I have a new powder which is quite incomparable. It must have been made expressly for tear-stained faces of widows. I was a good deal disappointed that I could not get my mourning out-fit from Paris, but there was not time, dear Joe took me so by surprise. He was always fond of surprises, and he went off very suddenly at the last. There is really no mourning like that of the French—so suggestive, so expressive. They understand so perfectly how to delineate every degree of grief, from abject woe to tender melancholy and passive resignation. But my dress was quite satisfactory, the crape cost ten dollars a yard (which always tends to soothe the mourning heart) and a sweeping veil, for I insisted upon it being several inches longer than Lelia Snowdon's. Ornaments, black onyx. Ma suggested garnet as less expensive, but I was firm. No sordid, economical ideas shall ever interfere to prevent the proper manifestations of my woe."



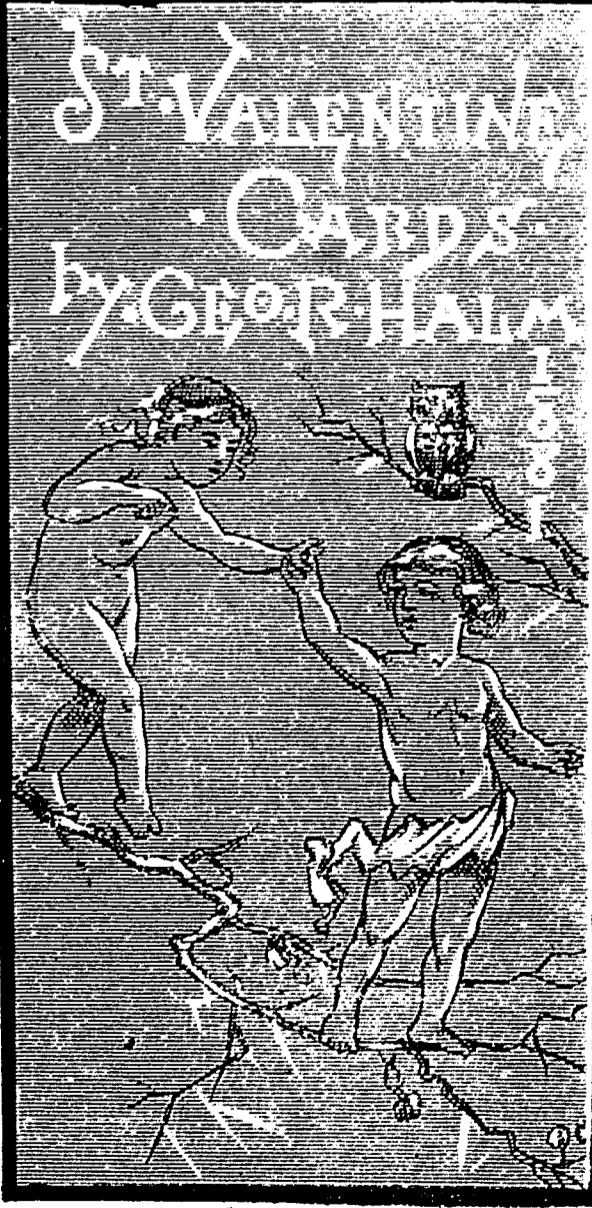


Upon St. Valentine his day,  
 The lover grown bold,  
 And climbeth to ye window  
 Despite ye winters cold,  
 The lattice quick he openeth,  
 Ye letter droppeth in

Thereby he plainly showeth love  
 And hopeth love to win.



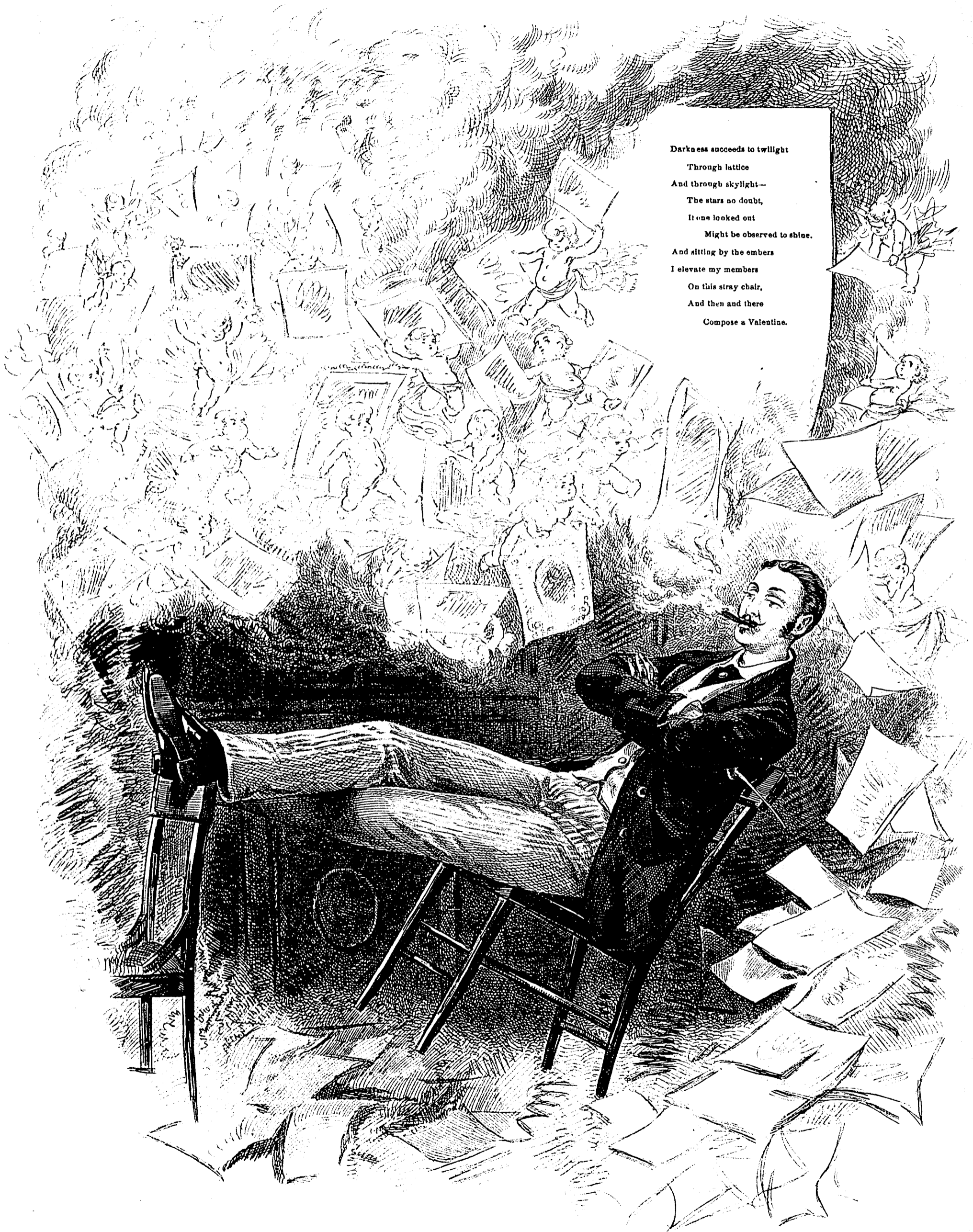
February 14<sup>th</sup> 1881



ST. VALENTINE  
 CARDS  
 by GEORGE HALM



To lady fair, in castle hall, a Valentine comes not amiss,  
 Emboldened by y<sup>o</sup>vr graci<sup>o</sup>vs smile I ventyre, love, to  
 send y<sup>o</sup>vr this.



Darkness succeeds to twilight  
Through lattice  
And through skylight—  
The stars no doubt,  
If one looked out  
Might be observed to shine.  
And sitting by the embers  
I elevate my members  
On this stray chair,  
And then and there  
Compose a Valentine.

MEDITATION ON ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

## RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I would that I might twine a laurel wreath  
To place upon thy brow;  
But thou art standing on Parnassus' height,  
High o'er this laurel bough.

A few are clustered on the mountain-top,  
Serenely at thy side;  
Below, a multitude are gazing up  
To where our bard abides.

Once gladly through a Castle in the Air  
Thy fellows walked with thee;  
Now, standing with white locks, they list to hear  
Thy grand Hymn to the Sea.

And they have roamed the storied Eastern land,  
Have heard its poets sing;  
And they have listened eagerly to hear  
The bells of Felix ring.

At length it rang when Felix clutched the cord;  
The sound died not away;  
Far down the changeable vista of the years  
I hear its peal to-day.

We, too, have mourned when thou hast sadly sung  
The passing of thy youth;  
Yet was there need for sorrow had we asked,  
"Can poets die, forsooth?"

Now, though I cannot weave the laurel crown,  
I send on breezes fleet  
This simple leaf, plucked from the laurel bough,  
To flutter at thy feet.

[Written for the NEWS.]

## TIM'S LITTLE LASS.

By the Author of "Lozy Dick," "Prose and Poetry," "Constance, a Lay of the Olden Times," etc.

So a week went over and one afternoon Tim tells me with a look of relief that that cursed French chap is going away with his troupe that night.

"It isn't that the fellow tempted me, you know that, Tom," he finished up; "but I can't abide the notion of his hankering after my little lass."

Two hours later, just as we were going to tea, the gong sounded.

"There's a big fire somewhere," Tim yells to me, as he buckles on his helmet and snatches a kiss from Lady-bird: a thing he always did before he went out, for you see, we carry our lives in our hand, and no man knows when he goes out hearty and strong that he will ever come back again. I was up beside Tim in a jiffy; and a big fire it was as we soon found. Engine after engine arrived: the whole brigade turned out and for some time it was feared the whole town would go; the wind was that high, and the flames was like starved mouths, swallowing down hungrily everything they came across. The men had a hard time of it. Some of them were scorched and blistered dreadful, you would hardly know them. However by twelve o'clock we got the fire under and home we went pretty well spent. Before he takes food or drink Tim goes as usual into the bed-chamber to give a glance at the little lass to satisfy himself she was covered up warm as she lay sleeping. In a minute more he comes out white as a ghost as I see in spite of the smoke and scorch.

"Tom," he gasps out, "she's not there."

"Nonsense!" I answer sharp, and follow him back to the room. Sure enough the bed was empty, and more than that there wasn't any sign to show that she had been to bed at all.

"Come, Tim!" I cried, "it's all right. Mrs. McCarthy has come and taken her home for the night, thinking she would be all alone, poor baby."

She had done this once before, so, though Tim looked uneasy, he followed me out again, and being hungry and tired we soon made short work of supper, and lay down together to snatch a wink of sleep, for there was no knowing when we might be called out again. It seemed no time at all when I opened my eyes from the soundest sleep I saw Tim standing putting on his coat.

"Bless me! are we wanted again! It can't be morning surely?"

"It's quite light: past four o'clock, so I'll just step across for Lady-bird," he answered.

I yawned. "You are as bad as an old hen with one chicken," I said; thinking him really this time rather a fool about the child, and I turned round again. I was just in the middle of a queer dream in which I thought myself the hose in our new engine, when I woke up with a start at the sound of Tim's voice. It was loud enough, but there was something in it that scared me dreadfully and made me think he was dying.

"What's wrong?" I cried, leaping up.

If I live a hundred years I shall never forget his face.

"She's not there," he screamed, "she's lost Tom, lost!"

There was no need to tell me who she was.

"Come, come man!" I cried, though I was all of a tremble myself, "there's plenty of places where she may be; it would never do to take on like that all for nothing. Two are better than one on the rampage;" and I up and start the search in good earnest.

But all to no purpose. We hunted the city from end to end, high and low, but never a trace of her anywhere. No one had seen a sign of her. Poor Tim went on like one crazy. It was only at the end of the third day I bethought me of the foreign chap, and how keen he had been to get her. Then I had it at once that he had stolen the child. Tim was wild at the very thought; all the more, because he was certain

sure my guess was right. For if she had been lost or killed somehow, at least we would have found some trace of her; but now how we were to get her again we dare not think. The troupe had gone to the States we did not know where, and telegraphs and railroads were only just beginning in those days. All that poor men could do we did, and that cost a heap of money; but Tim and I had been steady men and what better way could our earnings go than in finding the little lass. We had the steamers searched in any well-known ports and employed detectives here and in New York. Through them we learned that the troupe was anything but respectable, and the manager known to be a rascal; but nothing of our Lady-bird. Day after day, week after week, month after month, no tidings. After the first week Tim was as silent as the grave, but the look upon his face was awful. Did you ever see a man's heart breaking, sir! It's not a thing you are ever likely to forget. Many and many a night I have had to hold myself in from praying for a fire just to set Tim stirring. Before that he had always shown plenty of pluck, but was prudent too, knowing as there was no use risking his life for nothing with no one but him to provide for a little one at home. Now, the very devil seemed to possess him, and he would dash in among the flames altogether reckless and yet was never hurt. As the child once said, you mind, sir, "I suppose it was because he wanted to die, he couldn't die." And indeed those times were not the worst for Tim, not by a long chalk. It was the idle hours that were hardest to bear. How I dreaded them for Tim I cannot find words to say. He would sit looking straight before him hours and hours with never a word. There was gray hairs in the curls as bright and sunny as Lady-bird's own. It was easy to see where the child had got her hair from. Then what he lived upon I cannot say for it was rarely I could get him to eat a mouthful. I believe it was just the burning hope of finding her again that kept him alive. Sometimes he would utter under his breath deep curses against the French chap, but even that was better than his awful fits of silence. Suffer, did you say, sir! Good Lord how that man did suffer! He just "died daily" as the Bible says. If ever a child came near him he would look the other way, but if he heard one cry, or saw one hurt, or punished, he would turn white as death and shiver like with ague. The way we all missed that child I couldn't begin to tell; not a man among us but would have lost a right hand to get her back again.

It was in the early spring we lost her, though the boats were running, for the navigation opened early that year. Well the summer went by and then the autumn came. It was very late too and the very first snow that year fell on Christmas Eve. I knew what a sad time it would be for Tim, and though maybe he'd not speak a word all the evening I couldn't bear to think on him sitting solitary whilst I, that loved him like a brother, was alive to sorrow with him; so I put my pipe in my pocket meaning to try and coax a smoke out of him, and up I go to his rooms. He was sitting before the fire in the dark, so I lit the lamp and fetched out the tobacco, but he put it from him with a shake of the head. It was as much as I could do not to break down as I looked at him, all thin and wasted, with the old smile in his blue eyes changed to hate and despair. Yet when he glanced up and saw me he put his hand on my shoulder in something of the old way:

"Don't mind me, Tom," he says, suddenly, "for I think my heart's broken."

I put my head on his shoulder and man though I was, cried like a baby. I think it did him good.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" he says in the tone he used to pet Lady-bird, "don't dear old fellow, I'm not worth anything. Nothing is worth anything unless it be death."

"Oh, Tim!" I cries, sitting up and trying to get calm, "I would give my soul to see you happy again."

He looked at me with a sad, tender, believing look, which melts the hardness out of his face that had lain there so long.

"I know you would, Tom," he says.

Just then there came a queer noise at the door; a faint rattling of the latch as of some one not tall enough to reach up to it. The very same sound Lady-bird used to make trying to get in. I fell a-haking all at once, for it struck me it might be her ghost coming back on this Christmas Eve to have a look at her old home; but though Tim heard the noise as well he never stirred, for all hope was dead in him, for even of her ghost he would not have been afraid. The firelight fell on a long shining track straight to the door and in another moment it opened wide, and then, covered with snow, not one bit bigger, but with the same shining curls, sweet eyes, and angel face, stood the little lass. I still quaked, taking it to be a spirit; but Tim turned slowly in his chair, and then like mad he sprang up with a great cry and clutched her in his arms, sobbing his very heart out.

"Oh, dad, you're not sorry to have back your little lass?"

Then I knew it was our real, live darling; and that was how our Lady-bird came home again. "Sorry!" sobs Tim; "it'll well nigh kill me for joy. My blessed, blessed little lass. God forgive me for all my bitter anger against him. Sweet heart, where have you been?"

That was a long story which she never could be got rightly to tell, for she had been in many strange places and seen a great number of folks, and being so young and tender she got mixed

up over it all. But one thing was certain: the foreigner had stolen her away. It was he who came that night when every one was away at the big fire. She never would have gone with him, but he told her that her dad was much hurt and had sent him for her. So then she goes with the rascal with all the will in life. When they walked on a little way (and this part of her story never altered) he took her into a house and told her she must take a drink to make her keep wide awake for dad would want her to sit up with him all night he was that sick; and she, being always an obedient child, does what he tells her. It was in a big glass she said, and tasted sweet but rather queer. After that she remembered no more till she found herself on board a steamer. None of the troupe knew of his stealing the child, and soon after he parted with them all except one woman, whom Lady-bird took to be his wife. She took great pains in teaching the child to sing, and from what we could put together she had sung in public many times; but they had to keep a close watch on her for all the time she was trying to escape. How she ever found her way back to us I cannot pretend to say. It would seem impossible to any one who didn't think as Tim and I did, that she had been led straight by the Hand of God. All we ever knew was that one day when they were setting off on a long stage journey she gave them the slip, and, remembering the name of the town as plain as plain could be, she told every one she had been stolen away from her dad and was going home again. That every one believed her story and passed her on I make no doubt, and may God in Heaven reward them. And, so improbable as it may seem we had her back, safe and sound, I was going to say, but indeed that would be going too far. For the love-hunger that had starved a strong man like Tim, had been at work too with the little lass, and who could count either the sufferings from terror, of that tiny child. She was as thin as a shadow, and her eyes were bigger and sadder than ever, and her cheeks two snowflakes, so wan and white. Then she had a cough that fairly seemed to wear her out it was that constant, and when you remember that her mother died of consumption you can fancy all our fears. All this, however, we noticed after, for that night Tim was too full of finding her to be caught but glad. The sight of them two together again! That's how the dead look, I'm thinking, their first day in Heaven.

Next day there was such a cram of neighbours it was just as much as I could do to get them all quiet away without hurting their feelings; they were so bent on seeing the child. They were all taken aback at her sick looks-like, and indeed as time went on we all saw as plain as could be that we had only found her to lose her again. "It would go hard with Tim," the men said soft-like among themselves; but I kind of think he knew it all along. For after the first day or two he lost his merry ways (as if his heart was laughing out loud for joy) unless he was with the child. He took her to a doctor too, who had a big consultation with other doctors, and then they said as how the seeds of the disease her mother died of had always been in her system and any great shock would have developed them suddenly; but with care she might last a long time. And that she got, you may guess, from such a father as Tim.

Month after month she faded slow, like a snowdrift melting in spring; always so soft and white and as pretty as pretty! Folks said Tim would never hold up his head again, but I could see as this second loss would be eased by the first: for suspense is full of a bigger pain than certainty, and having the child again, though even to die, was not so bad as not knowing what had become of her. Just as one would rather trust a treasure in the hands of God than those of man. The hard look had gone out of Tim's face for all it was so thin and sad, and when I saw him tending Lady-bird I could understand how even a big rough fireman might some day turn into an angel maybe.

The child had grown much older in that one year than in all the rest of her short life and the baby stories that used to amuse her, she did not care for now; but Tim told her long ones with big words in them that pleased her fine. Stories from the New Testament she set most store by, specially that one of the little daughter that was raised again. I'd see the big tears in Tim's eyes that he would brush away and never let her catch a sight on as he told it.

"Dad," she said, once after being very still, "I have been thinking on Munser that stole me away. Not that she pronounced it my way, (for she spoke the word as pretty as a born Frenchman.) "He didn't know how bad it was perhaps, and he was never cross to me. I hope some day you will do him a good turn, dad."

Tim went red and then white and did not answer; but as proved afterwards he never forgot her words.

We never told her she was dying, for where was the use of frightening that blessed baby by putting into her head questions we could not answer. Whatever death may mean to us older folks it couldn't be anything but good for such as her. She lasted longer than any one expected, for it was not till next Christmas Eve, just a year from the day she came home, that she went away again, but this time farther off. All day she had suffered sore from weakness, and Tim was just spent with walking up and down with her to try and ease her a bit, for he would suffer none to touch the child but him.

"Dad," she says at last, "I wish Him that raised the little girl would come and make me rested."

"So He will," Tim answers  
"When?" she asks, very feebly.  
"To-night, I think," says Tim, a little choked.

At that she seems quite satisfied and whispers: "Kiss me, dad," and then dozes off and goes straight from the arms of her father on earth to those of her Father in Heaven.

Afterwards when I see her lying on the bed in her little white nightgown, all the long curls shining on her breast, and the look of pain gone out of her dear face, and her sad eyes glad forever, I think it must be well with the little lass. Folks thought Tim took it very quiet because he made no noise; but what man does when the light and joy of life is over! It cuts too deep.

He did his work better than ever and got set on religion, but didn't talk about it; only he was ever fond of reading the Bible which he told me was his best comfort.

"I'll try to make the best of life, Tom," he says once, "though the sweetness is gone out of it; for I am thinking it's not the manly thing to break down, nor what Jesus Christ has a right to expect of me. It's only by making Him my law of life that I may expect to pull through at all."

He'd rarely talk of Lady-bird but think of her all the more. He and I were greater chums than ever; after she died we lived together and shared the same bed.

"Do you mind the time the St. Louis Hotel was burned! It was in the dead of night, pitch dark it was, and a high wind blowing. Three minutes after the alarm as Tim and I spring up on the waggon, the driver shouts out that there is more than twenty new arrivals at the hotel that night. When we reach the square the building is all in flames and some of the other engines are there before us. Every hand is needed and we fall to with might and main. My place is at the hose and by and by above all the hubbub and swish of the water I heard an awful shout. I knew what that meant well enough. And the rumour spreads in the crowd that there is a man asleep in the left wing of the hotel. In another minute the window flies open and I see a dark figure standing there, and then two of our men come up with the ladders. They place them against the wall but neither of them are long enough. We hadn't the 'Skinner' in those days, sir, more's the pity. Tim of course being guardian is directing it all and is close by me. All of a sudden there comes a great long tongue of flame round the corner and lights up the face of the figure in the window, and in that moment Tim and I knew our man. For it is not likely we would ever forget the foreign chap that stole Lady-bird! There he stands yelling like a mad-man a stream of words we do not understand. There is no time to lose for the flames are all around that window. Over Tim's face I see flash out a strong resolution. He seized the shorter ladder. For one moment a so far forgot myself as to stop my work and lay a hand on his arm.

"Not that," I cried, thinking of the cruel wrong suffered from that rascal; and now—to risk his life for him. Tim's foot was already upon the lower ladder and as he hoists the shorter he says to me with a queer smile,

"She bid me do him a good turn," and up he goes.

At the top of the first he stops and plants the second and hails to the other to come down. It just reached him and when the crowd see him safe on the ladder they shout for joy. But to keep it there firm and steady was an awful strain on Tim. Whether the foreigner recognized Tim as he neared the bottom and drew back like the cur he was, I can't say, but at all events the upper ladder tottered, I saw Tim's arms go up like a flash round his enemy and grip him firm. Then the lower ladder, being old and weak, couldn't bear the weight of the two, and there came a loud crack. The next minute Tim was lying scorch'd and senseless at my feet with the other man in his arms more frightened than hurt, for he was a little skinny chap and Tim's big body had covered him from all harm. After that night he was never more seen or heard, and the town raged against him for weeks after because he never stayed to see how it fared with Tim, though seeing how he had treated him I don't wonder. Eh, but it's an awful thing when God punishes a fellow for an evil deed in that way!

There was little more to be done after this, and being so thick with Tim they sent me home with him, and I sat with his head upon my knee blubbering like a child; for he never spoke or moved.

All day long he lay like that and the doctors could do nothing for him; they said he was just living, that was all. But in the evening he stirs a little. I leaned over him very eager.

"Tim," I cried, "dear old Tim! how are you?"

He knew my voice though he was nearly gone, for he gave me a smile that meant more than words. The nurse gave him something in a spoon which he couldn't swallow. But just as I thought all was over he opens his eyes with a strange, solemn brightness shining there and though the words were very low I hear every one.

"Good Lord, now mayn't I have my little lass!"

Back he fell, straight and calm, and cold; but I think by the look on his dead face, God had granted him his heart's desire.

THE END.

MAPLE-LEAF.

TO STELLA.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Thy form I pressed: 'twas quivering  
Like reed by Zephyr stirred;  
Thy bosom trembled like the wing  
Of a young bird.

Allent long time we watched the day  
That died in heaven above;  
What feeling did we both betray?  
'Twas love, deep love.

Like some fair Spirit of romance  
Thou didst illumine the night,  
And bend on me a starry glance,  
That dazed my sight!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

HOW DOT BECAME A SINGER.

The church was vast and dim. The air was fragrant with pine boughs, and over the golden cross of the chancel hung heavy wreaths of box and fir. A solitary light shone in front of the organ.

Little feet were heard on the stairs leading to the orchestra. A door in the organ case opened quietly and was about to close, when a voice was heard:

"Is that you, Dot?"

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you come so early! It is nearly an hour before the rehearsal begins. I should think the little bellows room would be a rather lonely place to wait an hour."

"I always come early," said the boy, timidly.

"So I have noticed. Why?"

"Mother thinks it best."

"Come out here and let me talk with you. I have sung in the choir nearly a year, and have hardly had a glimpse of you yet. Don't be bashful! Why, all the music would stop if it were not for you, Dot. Our grandest Christmas anthem would break into confusion if you were to cease to blow. Come here. I have just arrived in the city, and have come to the church to wait for the hour of rehearsal. I want company. Come, Dot."

The little side door of the organ moved; a shadow crept along in the dim light towards the genial-hearted Tenor.

"Do you like music, Dot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that what makes you come so long before the rest?"

"No, sir."

"What is it, then?"

"I have a reason—mother would not like to have me speak of it."

"Do you sing?"

"Yes, at home."

"What do you sing?"

"The parts I hear you sing."

"Will you sing for me?"

"Now?"

"Yes."

"I will sing, 'Hark, what means?'"

"Rossini—an adaptation from 'Cujus Animam.'"

The boy did not understand.

"Well," said the Tenor, "I beat time—now, Dot."

A flute-like voice floated out into the empty edifice, silvery, pure, rising and falling through all the melodious measures of that almost seraphic melody. The Tenor leaped to his feet, and stood like one entranced. The voice fell in wavy cadences: "Heavenly Hallelujahs rise." Then it rose clear as a skylark, with the soul of inspiration in it:

"Hear them tell that sacred story,  
Hear them chant—"

The Tenor with a nervous motion turned on the gas-light.

The boy seemed affrighted, and shrank away towards the little door that led to the bellows room.

"Boy!"

"Sir!"

"There is a fortune in that voice of yours."

"Thank you, sir."

"What makes you hide behind that bench?"

"You won't tell, sir?"

"No; I will befriend any boy with a voice like that."

The boy approached the singer and stood beside him.

He said not a word, but only looked toward his feet.

The Tenor's eyes followed the boy's.

He saw it all, but he only said, tenderly.

"Dot!"

A chancel door opened. An acolyte came in, bearing a long gas-lighter; he touched the chandeliers and they burst into flame. The cross glimmered upon the wall under the Christmas wreaths; the alabaster font revealed its beautiful decorations of calla lilies and smilax; the organ glowed with its tall pipes, and carvings and cherubs.

The first flash of light in the chancel found Dot hidden in his little room with the door fast closed behind him.

What a strange place it was! A dim light fell through the open carvings of the organ case. Great wooden pipes towered aloft with black mouths—like dragons. Far, far above in the arch was a cherub, without a body—a golden face with purple wings. Dot had looked at it for hours, and wondered.

He sat looking at it to-night with a sorrowful face. There were other footsteps in the church, sounds of light, happy voices.

Presently the bell tinkled. The organist was on his bench. Dot grasped the great wooden

handle; it moved up and down, and then the tall, wooden pipes with the dragon mouths began to thunder around him. Then the chorus burst into a glorious strain, which Dot the year before had heard the organist say was the "Midnight Mass of the Middle Ages."

"Adeste fideles,  
Laeti triumphantes,  
Venite,  
Venite,  
In Bethlelem!"

The great pipes close at hand ceased to thunder. The music seemed to run far away into the distance, low, sweet and shadowy. There were sympathetic solos and tremulous chords. Then the tempest seemed to come back again, and the luminous arch over the organ sent back into the empty church the jubilant chorus;

"Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus,  
Dominum."

After the anthem there were solos. The Tenor sang one of them, and Dot tried to listen to it as he moved the handle up and down. How sweet it sounded to Dot's ears! It came from a friendly heart—except his mother's it was the only voice that ever spoke a word of sympathy or praise to the poor bellows boy.

The singers rested, laughed and talked. Dot listened as usual in his narrow room.

"I came to the church directly from the train," said the Tenor, "and amused myself for a time with Dot. A wonderful voice that boy has."

"Dot?" said the precentor.

"Yes; the boy that blows the organ."

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten. I seldom see him," said the precentor. "Now, I think of it, the sexton told me some weeks ago that I must get a new organ boy another year; he says this one—Dot you call him?—comes to the church through back alleys, and goes to the bellows room as soon as the church is open and hides there until service time, and that his clothes are not decent to be seen in a church on Sunday. Next Sunday begins the year—I must see to the matter."

"He does his work well!" asked the Alto, with a touch of sympathy in her voice.

"Yes."

"Would it not be better to get him some new clothes, than to dismiss him?" she asked.

"No. Charity is charity, and business is business. Everything must be first-class here. We cannot have ragamuffins creeping into the church work. Of course, I should be glad to have the boy supplied with clothes. That is another thing. But we must have a different person in the bellows box. The sexton's son is bright, dresses well, and I have no doubt would be glad of the place. Now we will sing the anthem, 'Gode will toward men.'"

The choir are ready. The organist tinkled the bell, and bent down on the pedals and keys. There was a ripple of music, a succession of short sounds, and—silence.

The organist touched the knob at the side of the key-board, and again the bell tinkled. His white hands ran over the keys, but there issued no sound.

He moved nervously from the bench, and opened the little door.

"Dot?"

No answer.

"The boy is sick or faint."

The Tenor stepped into the room and brought out a limp figure.

"Are you sick, Dot?"

"Yes, sir; but what will become of mother?"

"He heard what you said about dismissing him," said the Alto to the precentor.

"Yes, but the sexton was right. Look at his shoes—why, his toes are sticking through them."

"And this bitter weather!" said the Alto, feelingly.

"Can you blow, Dot?"

"No, sir; it is all dark, sir. I can't see sir. I can't but just stand up, sir. You won't dismiss me, sir, mother is lame and poor, sir—paralysed, sir; that's what they call it—can't use but one hand, sir."

"This ends the rehearsal," said the precentor, in an impatient way. "Dot, you needn't come to-morrow, nor till I send for you. Here's a dollar, Dot—charity—Christmas present."

One by one the singers went out, the precentor bidding the sexton have a care that Dot was sent home.

The Alto and the Tenor lingered. Dot was recovering.

"I shall not hear the music to-morrow. I do love it so."

"Yes, poor child, you shall have your Christmas music to-morrow, and the best the city affords. Do you know where Music Hall is, Dot?"

"Yes, lady."

"There is to be an oratorio there to-morrow evening—'The Messiah.' It is the grandest ever composed, and no singing in America equal to it. There is one chorus called the 'Hallelujah Chorus'—it is wonderful; the man who composed it thought he heard the angels singing and saw the Lord of Heaven, when he was at work upon it; and he is to be the first tenor singer, and I am going to sing the alto—wouldn't you like to go, Dot?"

"Yes, lady. Is the man who composed it to be the tenor singer—the one who heard the angels singing, and thought he saw the Lord?"

"No, Dot. He is to be the tenor singer."

"I, Dot," said the Tenor.

"I have a ticket for the upper gallery which I will give him," said the Alto. "A friend of mine bought it, but I gave her a seat on the floor, and kept this for—well, Dot."

The Tenor talked low with the lady.

"Here is a Christmas present, Dot." He handed Dot a bill.

"And here is one for your mother," said the Alto, giving Dot a little roll of money.

Dot was better now. He looked bewildered at his new fortune.

"Thank you, lady. Thank you, sir. Are you able?" The Alto laughed.

"Yes, Dot. I am to receive a hundred dollars for singing to-morrow evening. I shall see you, Dot, under the statue of Apollo."

The sexton was turning off the lights in the chancel. He called Dot. The church grew dimmer and dimmer, and the great organ faded away in the darkness. In the vanishing lights the Alto and Tenor went out of the church, leaving Dot with the sexton.

It was Sabbath evening—Christmas.

Lights glimmered thickly among the snowy trees on Boston Common; beautiful coaches were rolling through the crowded streets.

Dot entered Music Hall timidly through a long passage through which bright, happy faces were passing, silks rustling, and people moved sedately and slowly, and into which the crowds on the street seemed surging like a tide. Faces were too eager with expectation to notice him or his feet. At last he passed a sharp angle in the long passage, and the great organ under a thousand gas jets burst upon his view. An usher at one of the many lower doors looked at his ticket doubtfully.

"Second gallery—back."

Dot followed the trailing silks up the broad flight of stairs, reached the top, and asked another usher to show him his seat. The young man whom Dot addressed had that innate refinement of feeling that marks a true Boston gentleman. He gave Dot a smile, as much as to say, "I am glad you can enjoy all this happiness with the rest," and said:

"Follow me."

His manner was so kind that Dot thought he would like to speak to him again. He remembered what the Alto had said about the statue of Apollo, and as the usher gave him back his check and pointed to the number on his check and the seat, Dot said:

"Will you please tell me, sir, which is the statue of Apollo?"

The usher glanced at the busts and the statues along the wall. He answered, kindly:

"That is the Apollo Belvedere."

Dot thought that a pretty name, it did not convey to his mind any association of the Vatican palace, but he knew that some beautiful mystery was connected with it.

And now Dot gazes in amazement on the scene before him. In the blaze of light the great organ rises resplendently, sixty feet in height, its imposing facade hiding from view its 12 thousand pipes. People are hurrying into the hall, flitting to and fro: young ladies in black silks and velvets and satins; old men—where were so many men with white hair ever seen before? stately men with thin faces, bald—teachers, college professors. Tiers of seats in the form of half a pyramid rise at either end of the organ.

These are filling with the chorus—sopranos and altos in black dresses and white shawls, tenors and basses in black coats, white neck-ties and kids. In front, between the great chorus, rises a dark statue, and around this musicians are gathering—players on violins, violas, violin-cellos, contra basses, flutes, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, trombones, horns; the pyramidal seats fill; the hall overflows; the doors are full. The instruments tune. A dark-haired man steps upon the conductor's stand, he raises his baton; there is a hush, then half a hundred instruments pour forth the symphony.

Dot listens. He has never heard such music before; he did not know that anything like it was ever heard on earth. It grows sweeter and sweeter:

"Comfort ye."

Did an angel speak? The instruments are sweeter now:

"Comfort ye my people."

Did that voice come from the air? Dot listens and wonders if this is earth:

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God, saith your God."

Dot sees a tall man standing alone—in front of the musicians—it is he that is singing? Dot gazes upon his face with wide eyes. It is he—and he is the tenor who had befriended him the night before.

What music followed when the chorus arose and sang:

"Every valley shall be exalted."

Dot hears the music sweep on, and he feels, as all feel, that the glorious Messiah is about to appear. He sees a lady in white satin and flashing jewels step forward; he hears a ripple of applause, and a voice full of strength and feeling sings:

"O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, say unto the cities of Judah: Behold your God!"

Dot knows that voice. Will indeed she lift her eyes to meet him?

No, she does not. She sits down, the hall ringing with applause. She rises, bows, but she does not look towards the statue of Apollo, near which Dot is sitting.

Dot hears dreamy music now, more enchanting than ever before. The great audience do not stir, or move a fan, or raise a glass. It grows more ethereal; it seems now but a wavy motion in the air. He hears a lady near whisper:

"The Pastoral symphony."

The Alto has risen again. She stands out from the great chorus—what a beautiful figure! The dark-haired man lifts his baton; the lady turns her face toward the upper gallery. Her eyes wander for a moment; they rest on—Dot.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, with his arm; He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young, and gently lead those that are with young."

There was no applause now. Tears stood in the Alto's eyes—tears stood in the eyes of every one. There was a deep hush and tears, and in the silence the Alto stood looking at—Dot.

There was a rustle in the hall—it grew. The silence was followed by a commotion that seemed to rock the hall. The applause gathered force like a tempest.

Then the beautiful lady looked toward Dot and sang again the same wonderful air, and all the hall grew still, and people's eyes were wet again.

The Hallelujah Chorus with its grand fugues was sung, the people rising and standing with bowed heads during the majestic outpouring of praise.

It is ended now—faded and gone. The great organ stands silent in the dark hall; the coaches have rolled away, the clocks are striking midnight.

"I have come to congratulate you before retiring," said our Tenor to the Alto, as he stepped into the parlour of the Revere House. "Tonight has been the triumph of your life. Nothing so moved the audience as 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.'"

"Do you know to what I owed the feeling that so inspired me in that air?"

"No."

"It was poor little Dot in the gallery. You teach music do you not?"

"Yes."

"You are about to open a school?"

"Yes."

"Give Dot a place as office boy—errand boy—something. It will lift a weight from my heart."

"I had thought of it. He has a beautiful voice."

"I will try and get him a place in the choir."

Fifteen years have passed. The old Handel and Haydn Society have sung "The Messiah" fifty, perhaps sixty times. The snows of December are again on the hills. The grand oratorio is again rehearsing for the Sabbath evening before Christmas.

A new tenor is to sing on the occasion—he was born in Boston, has studied in Milan, and has achieved great triumphs as an interpreter of sacred music in London and Berlin.

The old hall is filled again. The symphony has begun its dulcet enchantment; the tenor, with a face luminous and spiritual, arises, and with his first notes thrills the audience and holds it as by a spell:

"Comfort ye."

He thought of the time when he first heard these words. He thought of the hearts whose kindness had made him a singer. Where were they? Their voices had vanished from the choirs of earth, but in spirit those sweet singers seemed hovering around him.

"Comfort ye my people."

He looked, too, towards the Apollo on the wall. He recalled the limp bellows boy who had sat there sixteen years ago. How those words then comforted him! How he loved to sing them now!

"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned."

It was Dot.

HUMOROUS.

WHEAT is "thrashed" for the purpose of getting out the grain; the school-boy is "thrashed" to get out the chaff.

TEACHER—"Why are ships called 'she'?" Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex)—"Because they need men to run them."

"NEURALGIA" is the charming name borne by a charming girl. Her fond mother found it on a medicine bottle, and was captivated by its sweetness.

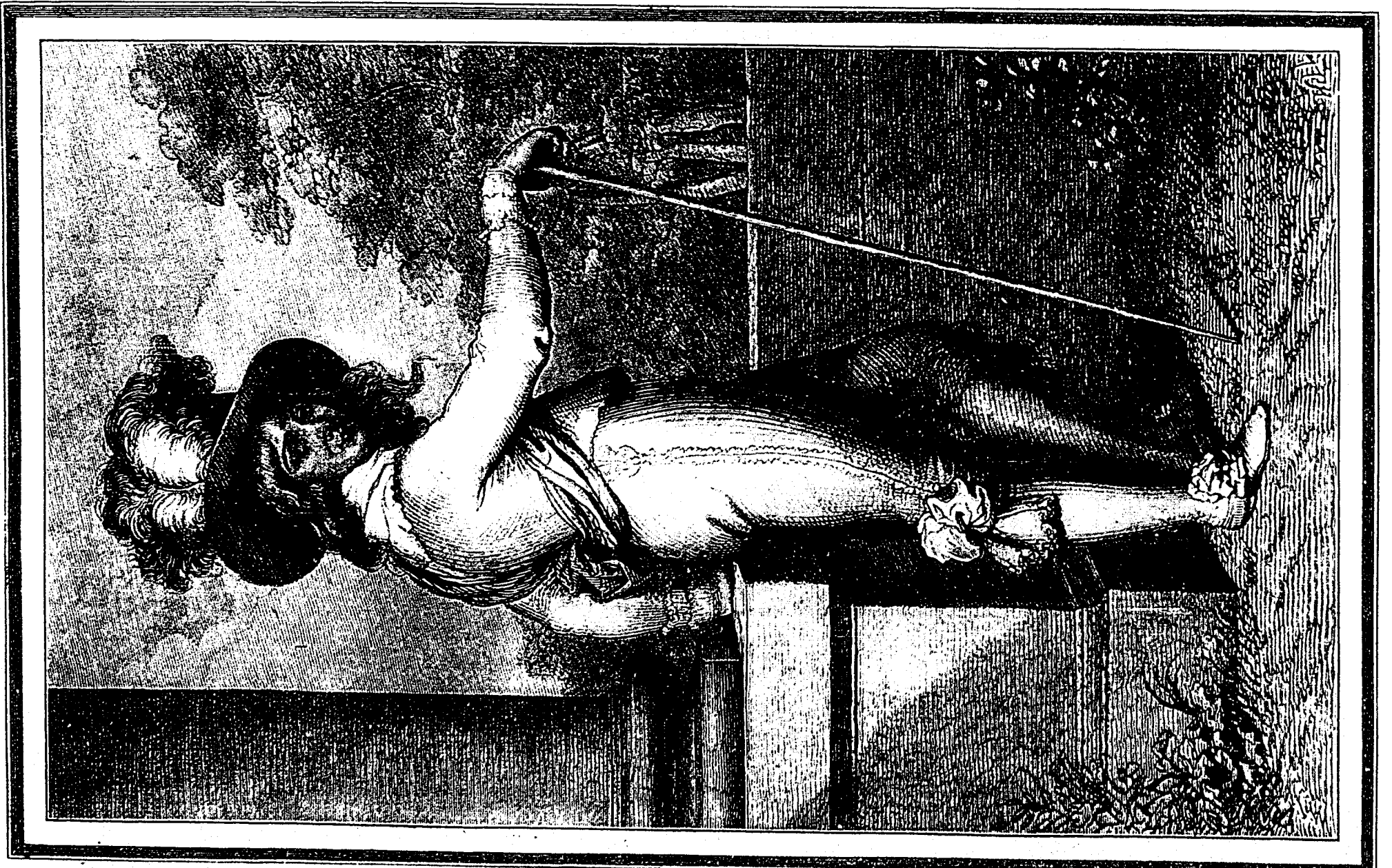
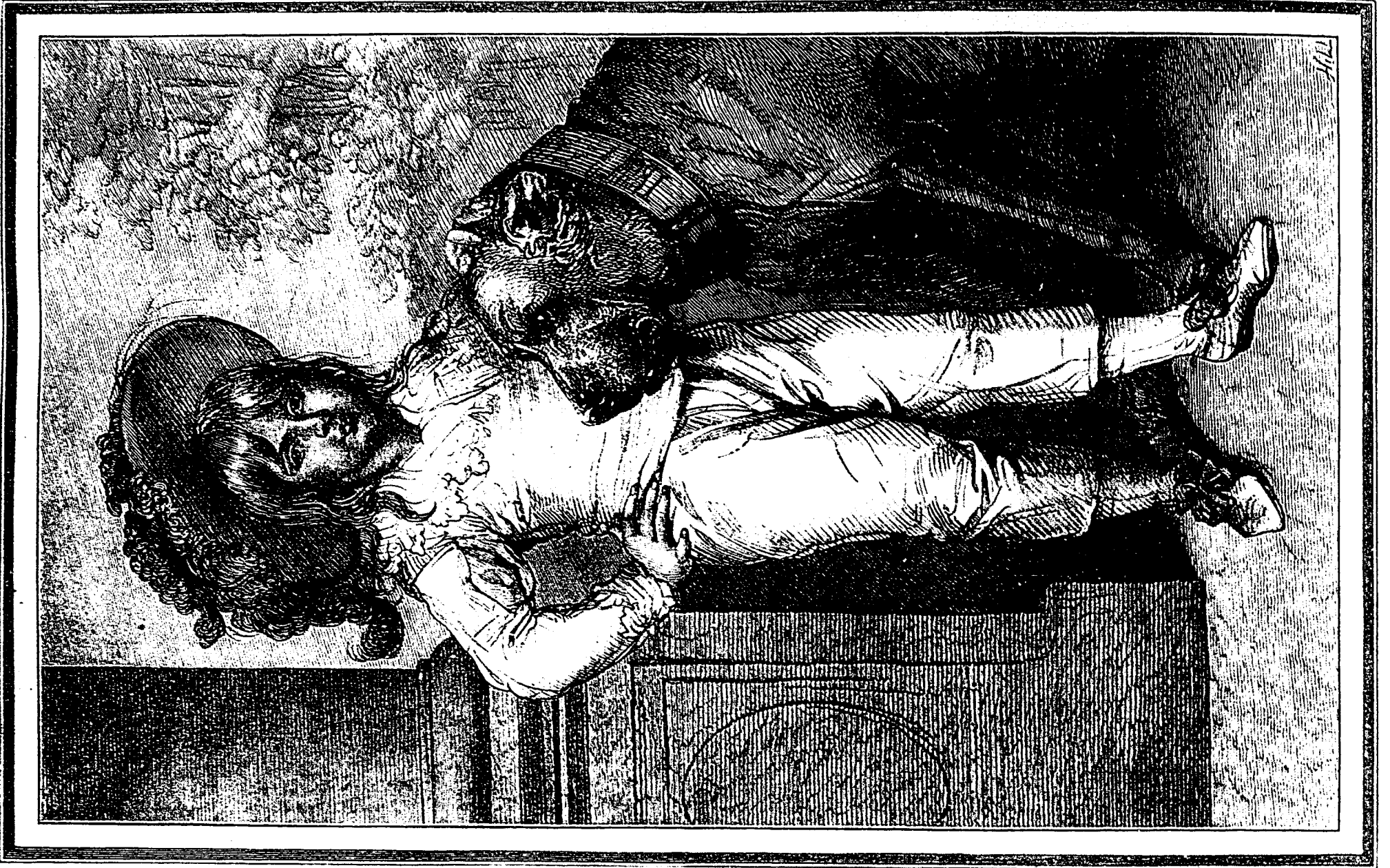
AN old lady who has several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

THIS is the alliterative statement of an American paper concerning a farmer who gained the first prize in a cattle show, and died from joy the same evening—"He as boast the best beast bust last night."

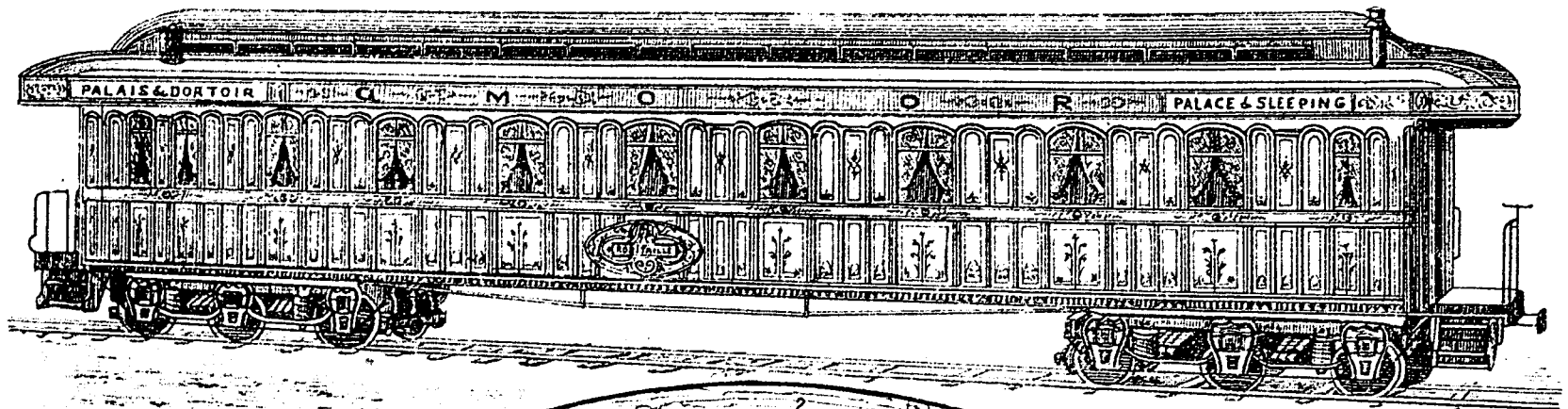
AT one of our country schools, the question was asked, "Who is at the head of the United States Government?" And every boy in the class promptly answered, "Sitting Bull."

LITTLE DUNCE (looking up suddenly from her history-book): Oh, mummy, darling I do so wish I'd lived under James the Second! Mamma: Why? Little Dunce: Because I see here that education was very much neglected in his reign.—Punch.

AN Englishman who went to see an Irish friend knocked at the street door, and asked, "Does Mr. McGuire live here?" "He does, sorr; but he's dead!" "When did he die?" "If he'd lived 'till to-morrow, 'was the response, 'he'd have been dead a fortnight."



OLD TIME VALENTINES.—TWO DEAF LITTLE BEAUX



1 Outside View of Car

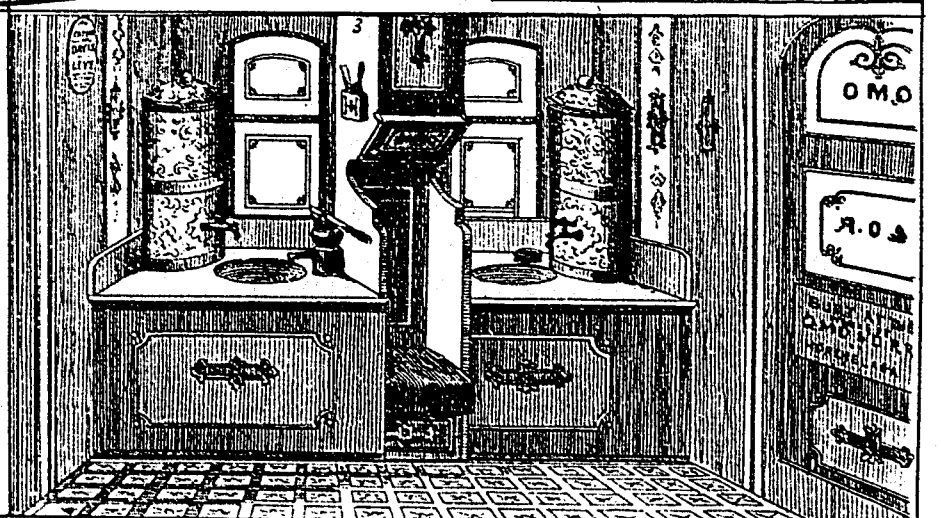
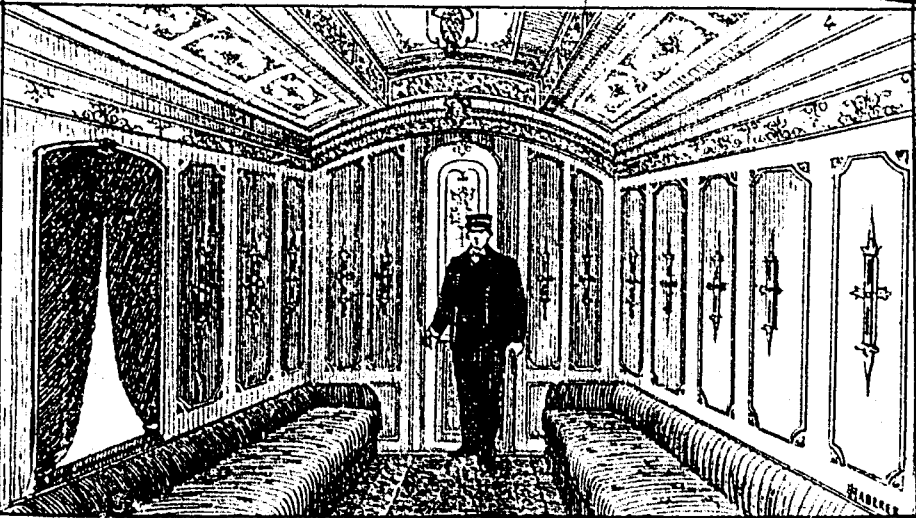
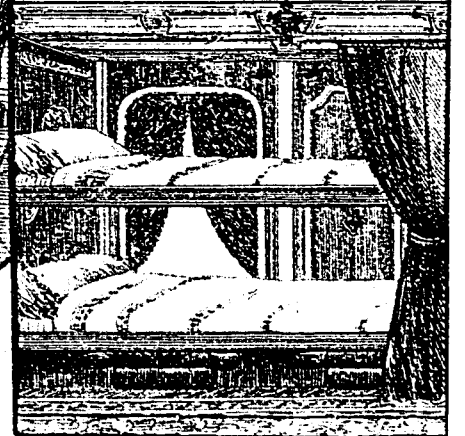
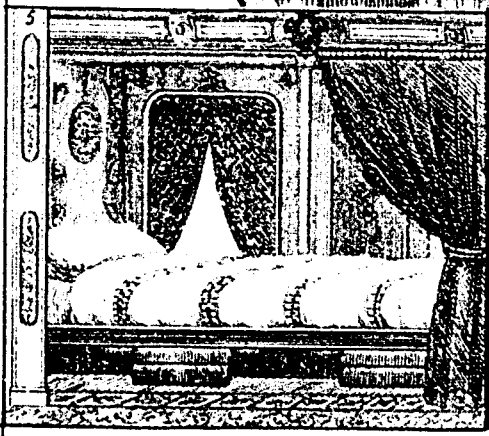
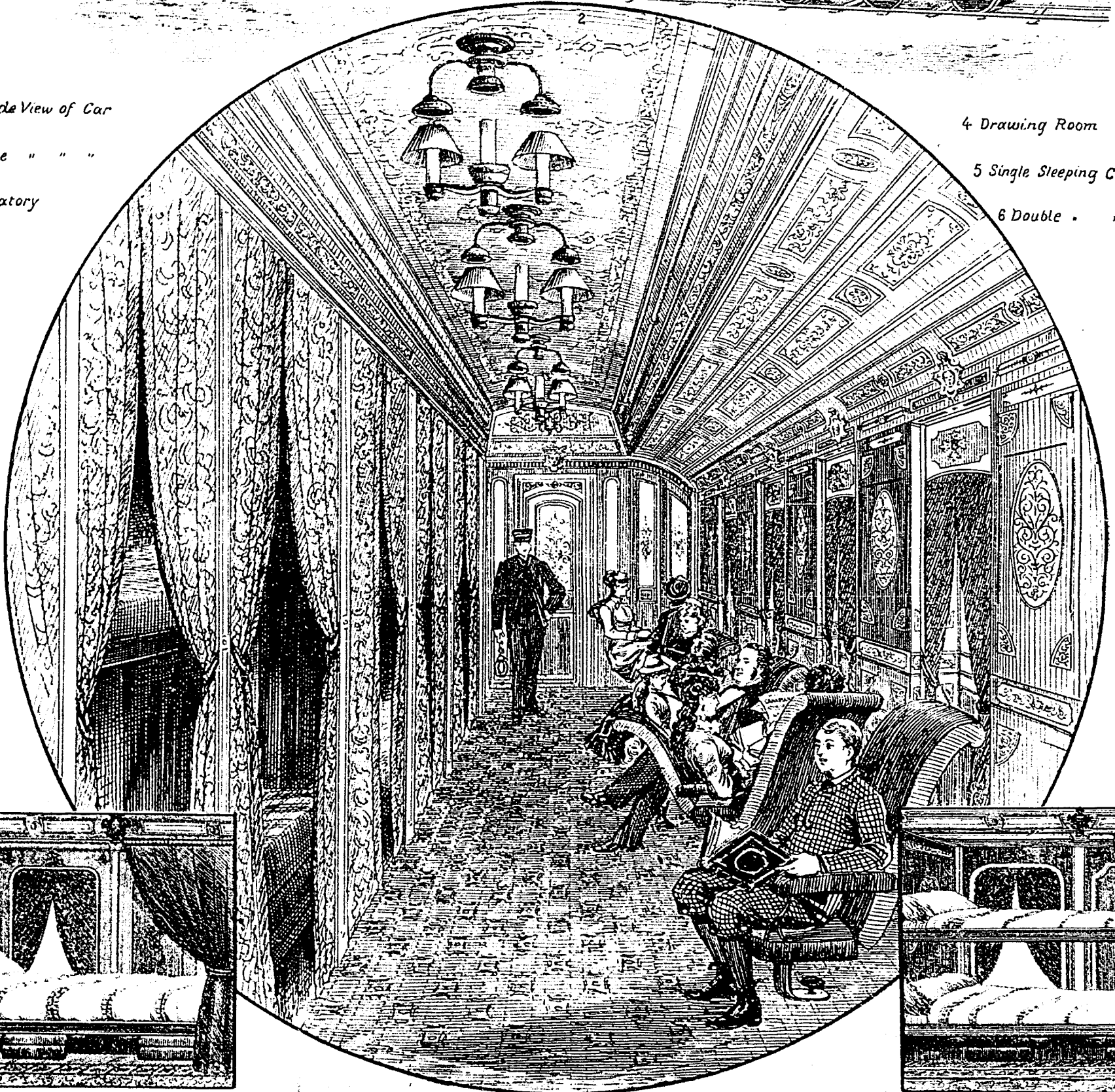
2 Inside " " "

3 Lavatory

4 Drawing Room

5 Single Sleeping Compt

6 Double . . "



THE NEW PALACE AND SLEEPING CAR ON THE Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

HOW BAILIE BOWSTER BURKED THE BURGLAR.

A DUMBARTON STORY.

It was well known in the good town of Dumbarton that Bailie Bowster had treasured up a fair store of this world's goods.

With all the town talking, therefore, of the bailie's legacy, as Dumbarton only can talk, was it strange that a certain gentleman of the crowd...

"Archie!" she whispered loudly. "Archie! Archie!" "Hum-m-m-n."

Whether the bailie was unconsciously ejaculating "Hear, hear" to the able speech of an honourable member of the club, still ringing in his ears, will never now be known.

Mrs. Bowster, however, lost no more time. Like her spouse, she was prompt, and, for a woman, fearless.

"Archie! I say Archie!" she continued, in the same loud whisper, "there's somebody wantin' in by the back window."

Without a word, the bailie arose from the nuptial couch, and proceeding to the principal back apartment, listened.

"The rape, Kersty, the rape?" Most women would have inquired what rope was wanted, moreover who, why, and wherefore, was at the window, screaming probably an accompaniment.

"What were ye wantin' the nicht, freen?" enquired the bailie, in exactly the same tone he would have used to a customer.

"The devil!" was the short and epigrammatic reply. "He doesna bide here," responded the questioner, in exactly the same tone as before.

At the same moment, as the man redoubled his efforts to release himself, the bailie took hold of the ladder and swinging it backward and forward forced the man to seize it with both hands so as to save himself from falling.

ward forced the man to seize it with both hands so as to save himself from falling.

"Kersty! Kersty!" "I'm comin'," cried that obedient wife, hastening to the room.

"Kersty, gang an' ca' Captain Mactavish, an' tell him to tak' the poker or a guid stout stick, an' gang down to the garden."

Meantime there was active manœuvring on the part of the burglar to get rid of the rope, and on the part of Bailie Bowster to oblige him to retain it.

"Ca' canny, daud ye, ca' canny," cried the bailie's iron voice, "as the steward said to the sick passenger when he ran for the slop basin."

"Ye might let me gang," he said, "I didna mean to do ye ony harm."

"I daursay: it's a siller we want, as the prodigal son said to his ould father."

"Diuna hang me: I'm maist chokit. Slack the rope a bit, or you'll hang me," gasped the burglar.

"Aye, it wad be a pity to do that, as the poultry-man said to his peacock."

However, the bailie slackened the rope slightly. "But," he added, "ye manna deny me the pleasure o' trying ye, as the schule laddie said to the apple dumplin'."

"Just come doon an' tak me: I'm hauf deed wi' chokin'."

"If ye'd only bide," chuckled the bailie, "as the bird-catcher said to the fettleer when he hadna a cage to put it in."

Probably Bailie Bowster meant that rather wild bird the fieldfare, but he continued--

"A fine sicht for sair een to see ye scuddin' like the win' up the Vennel, and roun' the Common: an' me, a bailie o' the Royal Burgh of Dumbarton, in shirt an' nightcap scourin' ahint ye. Wad it no'?"

At this moment there was the noise of someone apparently approaching. The burglar grasped the rope with redoubled energy, uttered a fresh volley of imprecations, and struggled recklessly of consequences.

"Fat a natur too you mean?" interposed another voice, with a marked Highland accent.

"Fat a natur too you mean swearin' up a latter in a middle of ta nicht! Haf you no fear of Cot before your eyes?"

Captain Mactavish was thoroughly serious in thus rebuking the elevated profanity of the midnight robber; but he at once took measures to inspire him with a fear of man, for he no sooner regained his feet than the stout skipper knocked him down again with his stick.

"Haud him there, captain, haud him there till I win doon, an' we'll oter him roun' to the Tabuith."

"Take your time, Paille, take your time: Tuncan Mactavish would hold him if he was a sot!" This was true Highland deliberation.

The captain and the bailie duly lodged the midnight robber in safe custody at the Tollbooth of Dumbarton. The trial afterwards was not particularly interesting.—Herald.

AN IRISH ROMANCE.

When I arrived at Kilmurrey, one of those storms which comes from the Atlantic, and in an instant envelops these islands in a cloud of wind-driven mist, made me seek refuge in a cabin.

It was a crowded, busy peasant's home, and as I sat by the fire—the warmest seat being given me with the invariable hospitality of these people—I found abundant material for observation and reflection.

Whatever cleanliness was possible in a family of eight occupying one huge room along with two pigs was carefully maintained; at least, the mother and children were neatly and comfortably attired, the hearth well swept, and the pigs were confined to the limits assigned to them.

An old woman was carding wool, a child rocking the cradle, and the mother spinning at a large wheel, the chickens, also driven in by the rain, one by one hopped up a ladder to their roosts among the rafters, from which they watched over their ruffled feathers, the busy family, and the blazing hearth with so much approval and satisfaction that I am sure, if chickens be susceptible to emotion, these were very tender ones indeed.

A dog sneaked in, and seeing a stranger, went out into the rain again. The dogs, which are not numerous on the island, are of the most miserable and condemned aspect, and seem to feel their ignoble ancestry, as they invariably jumped over a wall or ran into some obscurity on the approach of a stranger.

While drying my dripping garments, I saw for the first time, seated in a corner, as if to screen himself from observation, the figure of a young man clad in white flannels, the costume of the island. His face was thin and sad, and of the same color as the garments he wore, and he gazed at the fire with such a dejected and hopeless expression as led me to infer that he was the fatal victim of some terrible disease—consumption, perhaps—and was feebly waiting through the long hours of the day and night the death he knew to be so sure and near.

I spoke to him, striving in my pity to appear unconscious of perceiving his misery. Without answering, he rose abruptly

ly and left the cabin. The looks of concern and inquietude in the faces about me told me of some unusual sorrow, which the mother, leaving her spinning wheel, explained to me in a low voice.

She told me that the young man, her eldest son, poor Owey, as she called him, had until a month before been the most healthy and cheerful member of the family; ready and prompt at work, and the life of the household, when a letter came from America to a neighboring family inclosing money to pay the passage thither of their eldest daughter.

It appears that the young man long entertained a secret passion for this girl, and when he heard that he probably would never see her again, he declared his love to her, and besought her to remain. So far from being unmindful of his affection, she avowed her willingness to marry him at once, if he would accompany her to America immediately afterward.

This was impossible; his own family were unable to assist him, and the few people who possess money on the island would not lend it without security.

The practical damsel saw on the other side of the Atlantic every prospect of improving her material condition, and doubted not that husbands were as plentiful there as elsewhere; while if she remained, she knew the drudgery and hopeless slavery that were the lot of all around her would be hers also.

Therefore she told her suitor if he could not accompany her she would not listen to his suit. When the young man found his upbraids useless, he gave way to despair, and had not worked or spoken since his cruel sentence had been pronounced.

Every day he grew thinner and more wan, and he did not partake of sufficient food to support life. All the solicitude and the tenderness of his mother had not succeeded in arousing within him his former self, and with tears running down her cheeks she told me she thought he had lost his reason forever.

Some weeks previously the school-master had written for them to a priest, a distant relative of the family, who lived in Connemara; but they had received no reply, and she supposed he had neither help nor counsel to give.

I pondered for a long while, as I sat by the fire, upon what often proves to be the unfortunate sincerity of men, and I could not refrain from deploring the no less frequent levity of my own sex.

In passing through the village a week afterward I stopped to say good-day to these kind people, when I found the house a scene of bustle and confusion. My ere-while love-sick swain was, when I entered, making himself a pair of pampooties; and as he bade me good-day over a dangerously starched collar, his face glowed with health and energy.

The now cheerful and happy mother informed me that since my last visit they had received a letter from the priest in Connemara, inclosing his blessing for her son, and the money to pay his passage to America.

She had been very busy knitting him stockings, and making him a fine white flannel suit to be married in, and which thereafter he would not again wear till his arrival at New York, so that he would make a decent appearance in the New World, as became the relative of a priest.

He was to be married to the object of his choice the next day, and they were to start immediately afterward upon their long voyage. As I left, the damsel, whose month's delay to prepare her outfit had given such a fortunate respite to her lover, thrust her head in the door, and called upon Owey to be sure and wear the blue stockings she had knitted him to the chapel on the morrow; and then, with her little retroussé nose turned up to the sky, ran blushing away.

—J. L. CLOUD, in Harper's Magazine.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

HOW THEY PLAY "ROMEO AND JULIET" IN SAN JOSE.

San Jose is very prolific in amateur theatricals, and although we don't quite believe the story that they have gotten so now down there that they have to dispose of the tickets for those entertainments by the aid of pistols and masks, on dark nights, we can easily credit that when the travelling agents of an Eastern drug-house volunteered to pay the hall-rent for one of their entertainments, the other night, they gladly accepted the offer.

All he stipulated for in return, the agent said, was a chance to use the stage accessories, should the opportunity present, with some advertising references to the house he represented. The play was "Romeo and Juliet," and on the evening of the performance the company was somewhat disgusted to find that the agent had caused the programmes to be printed in such a manner as to have the name of each character followed by an urgent appeal to the public to buy or try at least one box or bottle of some indispensable preparation, thus:

Juliet, Mrs. Alvira Giggles (The love-lorn Juliet would have been even more beautiful if she had used Botts' Complexion Powders.)

Romeo, Mr. C. Jumper. (The impetuous lover wouldn't have had to wear a yellow wig if he had used eight or ten bottles of Botts' Hair Helper.)

Tybalt, Mr. Haye Grainger. (Not even the enormous pads worn by amateurs now-a-days will keep out rheumatism unless care is taken to rub in Botts' Skin Scalper.)

But they managed to choke down their indignation until the balcony scene. As that inter-

esting episode was well under way, the deeply-interested audience was surprised at beholding an unusual movement on the part of the moon. Juliet had just attracted attention to it by the line--

"Swear not by the moon"

When that luminary turned solemnly around and displayed on its nether side the legend, in large, black letters: "Try Botts' Liver Pills! Oh! try 'em."

The rest of this all too sad story is soon told. Juliet burst into tears, and Romeo swore like a pirate walking the plank. The audience had their money returned at the door, and the show broke up. The agent, however, paid the expenses agreed upon like a little man. He said that he was sorry the entertainment hadn't been a success somehow, but he thought he had gotten the requisite amount of advertising. He was satisfied.

VARIETIES.

From a trial relative to the telephone. Learned and solemn judge: "Would you mind showing us the practical working of this marvelous instrument?" "Certainly, your ludship. Would your ludship speak into this telephone, which is, I believe, connected with the office of the company?" His ludship, rather hard up for something to say, amid a breathless silence, "Hullo, who are you?" Pause of two seconds; intense excitement. Innocent but facetious clerk at the other end: "If it comes to that, who the deuce are you?" Tableau!

THE ONE MECHANIC BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—Notwithstanding England's enormous indebtedness to her mechanics, but on mechanical workmen has ever been honoured with a burial in Westminster Abbey; and that was Graham, the clock-maker. Graham made exact astronomy possible by his great improvements in time pieces. He invented the dead-beat escapement and the gridiron compensating pendulum, and he was the first to make clocks that would run for many days without winding. Graham was also a maker of great quadrants and instruments of that sort. His funeral was attended by all the members of the Royal Society.

—Scientific American.

A COMPLIMENT TO THE LADIES OF CANADA.—The celebrated war correspondent and lecturer, Mr. Archibald Forbes, expresses his opinion of the ladies of Canada as follows: "When I was in Canada before I only carried with me the hazy idea that all Canadian ladies were beautiful. The belief, or rather tradition, has lasted me for twenty years, and I return now, having seen the ladies of the habitable globe, and having acquired a considerable amount of cynicism in consequence of finding a large amount of female beauty turn out like the apples of Sodom, only to be confirmed, in a general sense, in the belief of my early days. The ladies of Canada have a brightness and sprightliness which the fairer air of the country seems to engraft upon the old stock at home. The ladies form a more regular portion of the audiences of this country than at home, which is extremely gratifying to any lecturer whose tastes are at all æsthetic."

NOT TO BE TEMPTED.—Dramatis personæ—a good young man; three evil-minded gamblers, a clergyman, with his wife and daughter, travelling for bronchitis. Scene—a Pullman car on the overland trip to California; gamblers playing poker, young man reading his "Traveller's Guide," preacher looking on.

First Gambler—Young man, will you join us in a friendly game of cards?

Young man—Thank you; I never play cards.

Second Gambler—Young man, will you take a nip? (Passes him the flask.)

Young Man—Thank you; I never drink.

Third Gambler—Young man will you have a weed? (Extending him his cigar-case.)

Young Man—Thank you; I never smoke.

Clergyman—Young man, I have watched your conduct with great pleasure. I have seen you refuse to gamble, drink, and smoke. I should be glad if you would go into the next car and allow me to introduce you to my daughter.

Young Man—Thank you; I never marry.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

R. C., Hamilton, O.—Postal and report received. The latter will be noticed in our Column next week.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 314.

L. G. G., Quebec.—Your solution of Problem No. 315 is correct. The key move leaves Black an extensive choice of moves but there is no escape. Send post card next time. They are handy for reference.

We have just received the Prospectus issued by the Managing Committee of the Canadian Chess Association, from which we gather the following particulars: The annual meeting of the Association will take place at Ottawa, on Tuesday, February 22nd, 1881, at four p.m. The Tournament, open to all residents of the Dominion, on payment of an entrance fee of one dollar, will begin as soon as the organization of the meeting, and the settlement of the preliminaries have been effected. The first prize will be a silver cup, given by the President, T. Ledroit, Esq., of Quebec, and it is proposed to give four other prizes, in the proportion of \$20, \$15, \$10, and \$5, according to the amount at the disposal of the Association. It is desired that clubs and individuals should at once renew their annual subscriptions. Clubs are ex-

pected to contribute a minimum of \$5, and individual members \$1. The local committee hope to be able to make special arrangements for the accommodation of members of the Association visiting Ottawa during the week of meeting.

We earnestly hope that, in publishing the foregoing particulars, we may, to some extent, help to make the approaching meeting a success. It is to the credit of the chessplayers of the Dominion that such an Association should continue in existence, and we shall be pleased if the meeting this year should be the beginning of a long and useful career in the future.

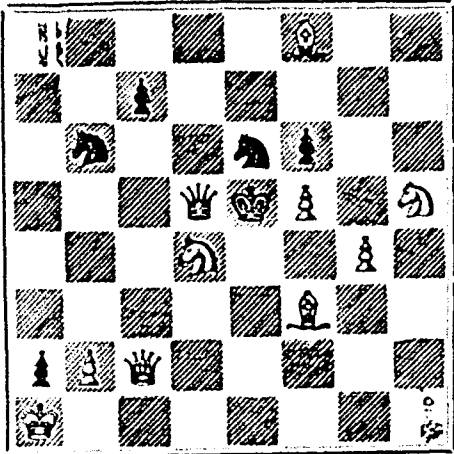
In our Column of the 29th ult., we gave the score of the Liverpool game in the Liverpool-Calcutta match by telegraph, as far as the 14th move. Since then, Calcutta has resigned, and we now add the following moves, which bring the game to its conclusion.

WHITE.—(Liverpool.) BLACK.—(Calcutta.)
5. B to R4 14. Kt to Q2
16. Kt to K5 15. P to B3
Resigns.

Captain Mackenzie is teaching fifteen pupils in chess. His coming has aroused considerable interest in the royal game, and we are pleased to see so many desiring to learn the only scientific game that mortals engage in.

MM. Rosenthal and Clero are the winners in the French National Tourney, commenced on the 3rd of December last.

PROBLEM No. 316. By W. T. Pierce. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 443RD. Played between M. Bezkronny and M. Clero. From La Strategie. (Vienna Opening.)

White.—(M. Clero.) Black.—(M. Bezkronny.)
1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. Kt to Q B3 2. Kt to K B3
3. P to K B4 3. P to Q4 (a)
4. P to Q3 4. B to Q Kt5
5. P to Q R3 (b) 5. B takes Kt (ch)
6. P takes B 6. P takes K P
7. B P takes P 7. Kt to Kt5
8. P to Q4 8. P to K6
9. Kt to K R3 9. Kt to Q B3
10. Q to B3 10. Kt takes Q P (c)
11. P takes Kt 11. Q takes P
12. R to Q Kt sq 12. Q to B6 (ch)
13. K to Q sq 13. Kt takes K P
14. Q takes K P 14. B to Kt5 (ch)
15. B to K2 15. Castles Q R (ch)
Resigns.

(NOTES—(Condensed.) (a) This defence to the Vienna Opening is very strong. (b) A fault in the opening which leads to the loss of the game. The proper move was B takes K P. (c) A perfectly sound sacrifice.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 316. White. Black. 1. B to Kt sq 1. Any 2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 312. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt to K4 1. K moves 2. B mates

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 313. White. Black. K at K4 K at Q B4 Q at K2 Pawns at Q B3 R at Q2 and Q R5 B at Q8 Pawns at K B4 and Q R3 White to play and mate in two moves.

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

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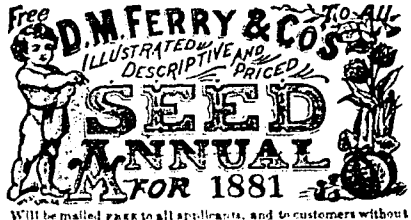


SEALED TENDERS, marked "For Mounted Police Provisions, Forage, and Light Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Saturday, 5th March.

Printed forms of Tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application at the Department.

No Tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. No payment will be made to Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

J. S. DENNIS, Deputy Minister of the Interior. FRED. WHITE, Comptroller. Ottawa, Jan. 28th, 1881.



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NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this Office up to noon of Saturday, 26th February, 1881 for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, at different points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories for the year 1882-83—consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oren, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, Harness, &c.

Forms of Tender and full particulars relative to the supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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

L. VANKOUGHNET, Deputy of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs. Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 17th Jan. 1881.

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

25 New and Beautiful Japanese, Rose Bud, Transparent, Comic and Blue Bird Cards, with name on all, 10c. Twelve packs for one dollar. Agent's complete outfit, 10c. Samples of Magic Cold Water Pen (writes without ink), 5c. Agents wanted. Queen City Card House, Toronto.

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**DENTAL PEARLINE!**

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

50 TORTOISE, Scroll, Wreath, Chromo, Motto and Floral Cards, 16c. U. S. Card Co., Northford, Ct.



**O. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.**

**Change of Time.**

COMMENCING ON

**Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.**

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	12.19 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.	---	---
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	---	---
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.	---	---
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.	---	---
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.	---	---
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.	---	---
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.	---	---
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.	---	---

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)  
Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.  
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.  
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.  
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.  
All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES.

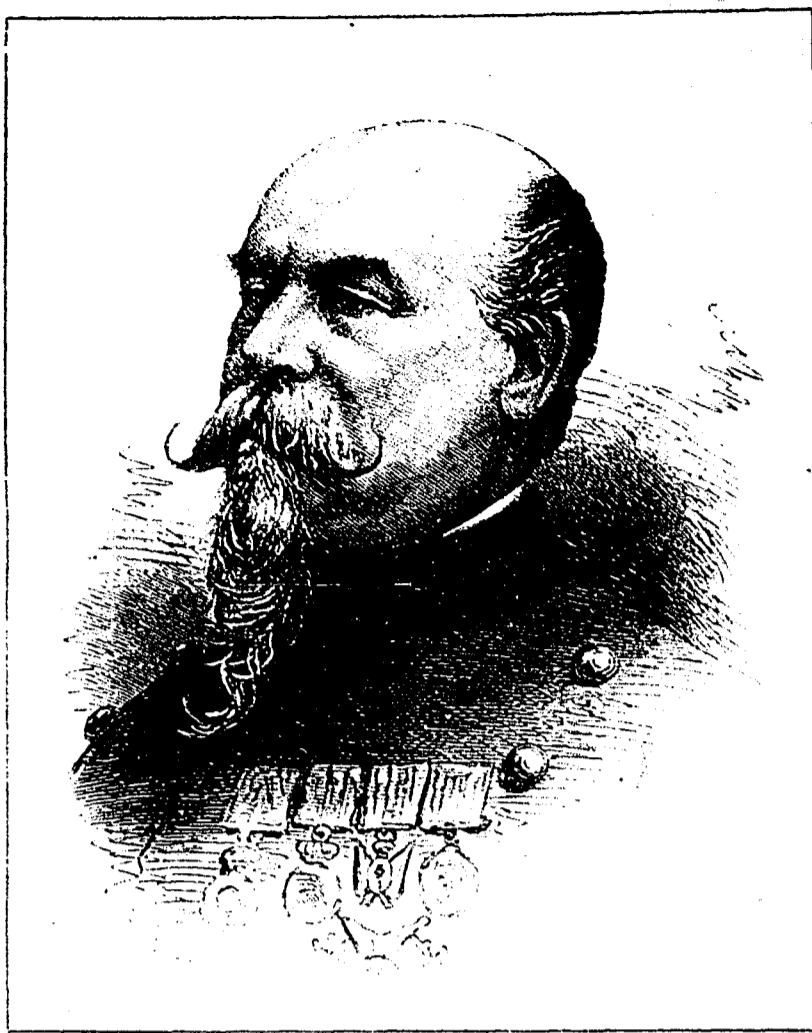
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*Lea Perrins*



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

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

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**ACKERMANN BROS.**

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

**WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.**

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

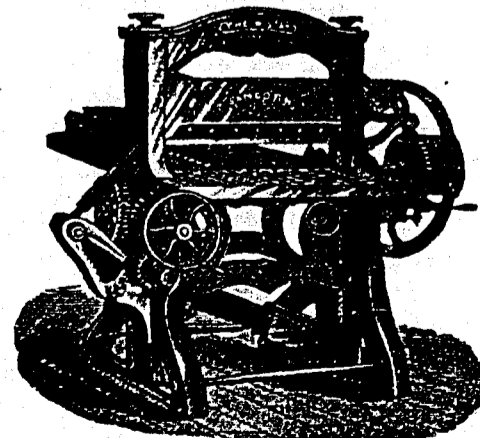
It is much stronger, for the reason that it is roasted higher, after the manner of the French. They put no water with it while in the process of roasting, as is universally done to save weight.

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

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

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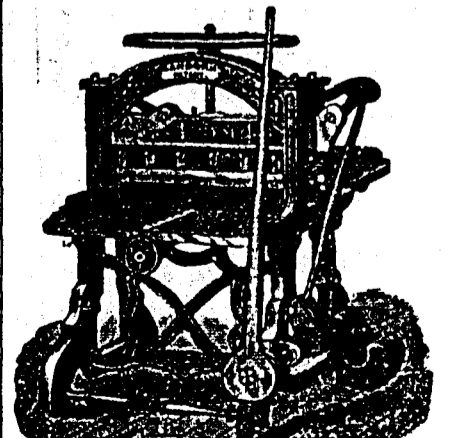
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