

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# Montreal Free Press

Vol. XVIII.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
} \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



H. R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE NEW RULERS OF THE DOMINION.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

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

## NOTICE.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we shall give views of the

### RECEPTION AT OTTAWA

OF

His Excellency the Governor-General

AND

H. R. H. the PRINCESS LOUISE,

together with sketches of scenes elsewhere connected with the Vice-Regal Reception, which we could not find room for in the present issue.

## BENEATH THE WAVE.

This interesting story is now proceeding in large instalments through our columns, and the interest of the plot deepens with every number. It should be remembered that we have gone to the expense of purchasing the sole copyright of this fine work for Canada, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of this fact by renewing their subscriptions and urging their friends to open subscriptions with the NEWS.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 7, 1878.

### THE NEW RULERS OF THE DOMINION.

In our last number we announced the arrival of the Marquis of LORNE and the Princess LOUISE on our shores. To-day we may go further and state that we have seen both and that our favourable impression of them is identical with the estimate formed by all those who have been equally privileged with ourselves. If beauty, grace, amiability and sweetness of manner on the one hand, and dignity, fluency, manliness and insight on the other, may be taken as earnest of success, then we feel safe in predicting a brilliant and useful career for the new Governor-General and his Royal partner in Canada.

With these few words of preface we introduce our readers to the pictures which illustrate the present number, and to the full letterpress description which accompanies them. We make no apology for devoting too much space to this matter, —to the exclusion of editorial and other matters. It was our intention to make the present a LORNE and LOUISE number, and we are sure that our readers will thank us for it. Our account has this advantage—that it is consecutive and thus easily kept for reference. From the moment that the Vice-Regal party set foot at the Halifax Dockyard, down to that at which they left the Bonaventure Station at Montreal for Ottawa, every event of their progress is chronicled and numbers are inserted so that the incidents which occurred every day may be easily recalled. No other paper has given such an account of a journey which will be historical, and we therefore recommend that it be kept, and that copies of it should be largely distributed among friends.

In our next number, together with appropriate illustrations, we shall continue the history of the journey from Montreal to Ottawa.

## THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION IN CANADA.

### THE PROGRESS FROM HALIFAX TO MONTREAL.

I.

HALIFAX.

The splendid steamer *Sarmatian*, of the Allan line, a view of which we published in our last issue, arrived at Halifax at 9.30 p.m. on Saturday, the 23rd ult., bearing on her board H. R. H. the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, with their suite. Sunday was devoted to repose, and an exchange of visits between the Royal party and the Duke of Edinburgh. On Monday morning early the whole city, dressed up in holiday attire, poured forth to view the landing.

I. This scene will be found depicted in one of our illustrations to-day. At half-past ten exactly, the Royal Standard on the *Sarmatian* floated in the breeze. At the same instant the vessel moved ahead, and the boom of the heavy guns at York Redoubt told Canada that a royal princess was about to land. The scene was now exceedingly beautiful. The sun shone out and lit up the sea, rippling under the Western wind; the tately ship glided slowly along between the Dartmouth and Halifax shores; the heavy guns thundered away, cheers rang over the water and a regal welcome was given to Canada's new rulers. Point Pleasant Battery took up the salute and the wreaths of smoke curled up into the heavens above the evergreen glades of the Tower woods. Now the *Bellerophon*—which, with the *Black Prince*, the *Rover*, the *Conquest*, the *Argus* and the *Pert*, had manned yards and dressed ship the instant the Royal Standard was displayed at the *Sarmatian's* main—fired the first gun of her salute and was followed by the *Black Prince* and the *Rover*. The roar of the guns of the fleet kept up the burden and suddenly the mighty ordnance of George's Island shook the very ground. The *Sarmatian* had passed by this time, but the welcome was not over. Upon the Citadel Hill another battery opened fire. As the royal steamer moved on the ships at anchor dipped their colours, and the red ensign of the *Sarmatian* acknowledged the courtesy. Now the *Sarmatian* neared the fleet. Cheers came all the way from Dartmouth and Craig Ross was firing her salute. The *Black Prince* was ready, and her hundred and seventy odd men on the yards gave three British "hurrahs" as the royal steamer passed, the guards presented arms, the band played the National Anthem, and cheer on cheer came from both shores. As each war ship was passed the same shout of welcome arose, mingled with the strains of the bands, and when the fleet had been passed the *Sarmatian* moored at the head of all.

2. In the Dockyard there was a constant stream of people pouring in from about half-past eleven till past one o'clock. The 101st Regiment, headed by their band, arrived, and took up their position on the South side. Dignitaries crowded in, and the scene became gay with brilliant uniforms, naval and military. The Chief Justice and the Judges of the Supreme Court, robed in sober black; Mayor Tobin, in his rich robes of office; Archbishop Hannan; Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Dr. Tupper, in Windsor uniform; Lieutenant-Governor Archibald, in full court dress; prominent members of the Reception Committee wearing tartan rosettes; the Aldermen of the city; the members of the Provincial Government; Scotchmen, with eagle feathers and plaids; General Sir Patrick Macdougall, Commander-in-Chief and Administrator of the Government; Major-General Sir E. Selby Smythe, commanding the Canadian militia, with their staff; and Vice-Admiral Inglefield, his breast covered with decorations.

3. Near the *Sarmatian* lay the Admiral's barge, with his flag in the bow; at the steamer's port gangway lay the barge of the *Black Prince*, manned by fourteen sturdy tars. Suddenly a royal banner of silk is hoisted in the bow of the barge, and simultaneously the standard flutters down from the *Sarmatian's* main, the *Bellerophon* begins a royal salute, her yards are manned, and from the *Black Prince* and *Rover* come the thunder of the guns, all the ships again manning yards, and the Admiral's ship also manning the bulwarks. The Admiral's barge rows ahead, the *Black Prince* barge follows, with H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, H. R. H. the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne and their suite. Immediately behind the royal craft come the galleys of the other ships, one on each quarter, these four forming a double line astern. The procession of boats goes round the bow of the *Sarmatian*, and passes between the men-of-war from which come triple cheers again, with music of bands and presenting of arms. Swiftly, impelled by sturdy rowers, the boats fly along, and presently dash up alongside the landing stage. It was at five minutes to two o'clock that a royal salute from the citadel announced that Her Royal Highness set foot on Canadian soil. She walked up the landing-stage to where the carriage, drawn by a pair of chestnut horses, was waiting. Behind her came the Marquis of Lorne, with H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Her Royal Highness was dressed in a black silk poult de soie and satin dress trimmed with jet, a satin bonnet trimmed with feathers and jet to correspond, the Court being in mourning, and velvet cloak trimmed with fur. The Marquis wore a

Court dress, with the riband and star of the Thistle. H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh wore his Post-Captain's uniform, with the riband and star of the Garter and other orders. Cheer on cheer went up as H. R. H. and the Marquis advanced. Three pretty young ladies stepped forward and presented the bouquet of welcome to H. R. H., who graciously received it. The military and naval authorities having greeted H. R. H. and the Marquis, Lieut.-Governor Archibald, Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Dr. Tupper and His Worship Mayor Tobin, were formally presented. H. R. H. and the Marquis of Lorne then entered their carriage, and the procession was formed in the following order:

Grand Marshals.  
Detachment of City Police.  
Mayor, Corporation and General Reception Committee in Carriages.  
Staff, in four carriages.  
His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, in carriage.  
H. R. H. Duke of Edinburgh and Admiral, in carriage.  
Carriage containing H. R. H. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.  
Staff of General Commanding-in-Chief, mounted.  
The Archbishop, in carriage.  
Dominion Cabinet, in carriages.  
Chief Judges of Courts of Law and Equity, in carriages.  
Members of the Privy Council, not of the Cabinet, in carriages.  
Members of Senate of Canada, in carriages.  
Speaker of House of Commons, in carriage.  
Puisne Judges, in carriage.  
Members of House of Commons, in carriages.  
Members of Provincial Executive Council, in carriages.  
Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of University, in carriage.  
Judges of County Court, in carriages.  
Foreign Consuls, in carriages.  
President and Members of Legislative Council, in carriages.  
Members of Legislative Assembly, in carriages.  
Custos and County Magistrates, in carriages.  
Corporation of Dartmouth, in carriages.

II. At 2.30 the procession reached the Provincial Building, where the new Governor-General took the oath of office, and where he and H. R. H. the Princess received the welcome of the city of Halifax. These two scenes are represented in the present issue from sketches by our Special Artist on the spot.

1. The Vice-Regal Party enter the Assembly Room. All who have been seated rise to receive them. The Princess takes the vacant chair at the right of the Administrator, and the Duke is seated on the left. The Marquis takes a seat just below the Princess, near the table at which the Judge and Members of the Cabinet are standing. In the principal chair, in the brilliant uniform of a Lieutenant-General, sits the officer who, temporarily entrusted with the highest civil authority in the land in addition to his ordinary duties as military commander-in-chief, is about to surrender the trust to the nobleman commissioned by Her Majesty to rule over this people. At his right is the daughter of our Queen. On the other side is her brother, England's royal sailor, in his uniform as a captain in the navy. A step below is the Marquis of Lorne, the central figure in all this ceremony, wearing a court uniform and the star and ribband of the Thistle. Standing at the table the Premier and Minister of Public Works wear Windsor uniforms which contrast with the sombre black costumes of their colleagues. The officiating judge, robed in the scarlet ermine of the Supreme Court of Canada, is a prominent figure in the group. A little further down on the right are the Admiral and his suite, a group of blue and gold in the picture. Near them are the Judges of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia in their dark robes. On the other side, at the left of the Administrator's chair, are the Lieutenant-Governor in Windsor uniform, Lieutenant-General Sir Selby Smythe, and the suite of General Macdougall, brilliant in their scarlet uniforms. Then in the crowd there are richly dressed ladies, gentlemen in the customary dark clothing, officers of the army and navy—a mass of mingled scarlet and blue, gold, and almost every color. The scene will long be remembered by those who witnessed it, and will become historic through the groups of Notman. All being in readiness for the ceremony, Major De Winton, Private Secretary to the Marquis, stepped to the front, and read the Letters Patent and the Marquis' Commission as Governor-General. Then the Marquis stepped to the table, and taking the book of oaths in his right hand, while Judge Ritchie held the Bible, he read the Oath of Allegiance and Maintenance. At the end of each oath the Marquis bowed assent and kissed the Bible. The Marquis then signed the book of oaths, and the next moment, at three o'clock, a merry peal from the fire and church bells of the city proclaimed that the Marquis of Lorne was duly constituted Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. The Great Seal of Canada was then handed to the new Governor-General, who at once committed it to the keeping of Hon. J. C. Aikins, Secretary of State. The Premier and members of the Dominion Cabinet were presented to the Vice-Regal party and the Marquis shook hands with them.

2. Mayor Tobin, wearing his official robes, now advanced to the front and in a clear voice read the address from the Municipality of Halifax, to which His Excellency replied in eloquent terms. At 3.10 the ceremonies in the Assembly Room were ended. The Marquis, after handing his reply to the Mayor, exchanged a few words with the Premier. Then the gathering dispersed and the Vice-Regal party and others who had been in the procession returned to their carriages. As the procession left the Provincial Building the National Anthem was played by the band and the party was heartily cheered by the crowd in the vicinity.

III. In the evening the Vice-Regal party dined at the Admiralty House. A Drawing-room was

held immediately after the dinner, and was attended by a very large number of ladies and gentlemen. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise had His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne on her right and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh on her left. She wore a rich white ribbed silk petticoat, surmounted by a dress composed entirely of black velvet, handsomely trimmed with *clair de lune* jet. Head-dress: diamonds tiara, feathers and veil; ornaments: diamond and pearls; orders: the Victoria and Albert, and Indian. H. E. the Marquis and H. R. H. the Duke wore the same uniforms as at the installation ceremony.

IV. On Tuesday, the 26th, Her Royal Highness and the Marquis remained in p.m. at the Admiralty House, until 3 o'clock p.m., when they proceeded in state to the Provincial Building and there received a large number of addresses from different public bodies, to which, in every instance, the Marquis made admirable replies. A levee was then held. In the evening there was a grand dinner at Elm Wood, the residence of Sir Patrick Macdougall. The general illumination that evening was on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, such as was perhaps never witnessed in Halifax.

II.

ON THE ROUTE.

I. On Wednesday, 27th November, the Vice-Regal party left Halifax, amid the cheers and good wishes of assembled thousands. The train was the costliest, most comfortable, and most ably conducted that probably ever glided over the iron track in America. The travelling carriage of the Marquis and Princess was the special car of the Superintendent of Government Railways, and the dining-car belonged to the C. B. Q. Railway. An interior and exterior view of this splendid vehicle are given among our illustrations.

The following distinguished persons were on board the train: His Excellency Lord Lorne; Major DeWinton, Royal Artillery, Governor-General's Secretary; Lt.-Col. Hon. E. G. P. Littleton, Military Secretary; Hon. K. Moreton, Comptroller of Household; Capt. V. Chater, 91st Regiment, A.D.C.; Lt. Hon. C. Harbord, A.D.C.; H. R. H. Princess Louise; Colonel McNeil, Equerry to Her Majesty the Queen, in attendance to H. R. H.; Lady Sophia MacNamara, Mrs. DeWinton, Hon. Mrs. Moreton. The Ministers' car contained Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Dr. Chas. Tupper, Hons. Masson, Baby, Aikins, Rowell, J. C. Pope, Justice Ritchie; Hon. T. Robitaille, Sir Hugh Allan, Gen. Selby Smythe and Capt. Smythe, A.D.C.; Mr. Domville, M.P., St. John; Mr. Brydges, Superintendent Government Railways; Mr. Himsforth, Clerk of the Privy Council; Mr. Kidd, Governor-General's Secretary. The train consisted of two baggage cars, four Pullman cars, Pullman dining-car, and the Vice-Regal car; the latter was in the rear. The Press carriage contained the following:

ENGLISH PRESS.—W. Boyd, London *Times*; Mr. S. O'Shea, *Standard*; T. Conolly, *Pall Mall Gazette*; Melton Prior, London *Illustrated News*; J. Gay, *Telegraph*; F. C. Sumichrast, *News*. The latter, of the Halifax *Chronicle*, took the place of Mr. Lucy, who was called home from Halifax to attend to his duties as chief of the Parliamentary corps.

AMERICAN PRESS.—J. W. Postgate, Chicago *Times*; H. Ogden, Frank Leslie's *Illustrated News*; J. G. Speed, New York *World*; D. D. Beach, New York *Sun*; H. Sandham, *Harper's Weekly*; J. M. Ford, New York *Tribune*; J. B. Stillson, New York *Herald*, and representative of the Boston *Herald*.

CANADIAN PRESS.—Jas. Harper, Montreal *Star*; G. H. Flint, *Witness*; W. H. Williams, Toronto *Globe*; T. C. Patteson, Toronto *Mail*; James Mott, St. John's *News*; Mr. Notman, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS; James Hanney, St. John *Telegraph*; R. A. Payne, St. John *Sun*; R. O'Brien, St. John *Globe*; Hon. Mr. Beaubien, Quebec *Chronicle*; A. C. Dansereau, Montreal *Mineur*; Mr. Dennis, Halifax *Herald*; F. W. Longley, *Recorder*; C. A. Hutchins, Halifax *Herald*. Soon after the train started Lord Lorne, attended by Col. Littleton and his Aides, visited the Press car. Each correspondent was introduced, and the Marquis shook hands and spoke to most of them.

1. On the arrival at Truro, His Excellency was received by a royal salute from the Halifax Field Battery, which preceded the royal train for that purpose. A large concourse of people was present at the station. An address was presented to His Excellency, and a suitable reply made.

2. On the arrival of the train at Amherst a large crowd was present. An arch had been erected near the station, but on the first gun of the salute being fired it fell. No one was hurt, but there were several narrow escapes. An address was read by Canon Townshend, which elicited an appropriate reply from the Marquis. A sketch of the Amherst arch will appear in our next.

3. The party arrived at Moncton at 4.35 p.m. As the train entered, a battery of artillery fired a salute. At the station the Sabbath-school children sang a verse of the National Anthem. An address was presented, to which His Excellency made a brief and suitable reply, and the train proceeded on its way, amidst the cheers of the crowds that had gathered at the station.

4. Passed Welford at 6.17 p.m. Town illuminated, and bonfires. No other demonstration.

5. The train arrived at Bathurst at 9.15 p.m., and left at 9.25 p.m. A salute of 21 guns was fired, and a large bonfire was made on the station grounds. About 2,000 people were present.

6. The Vice-Regal train passed Charlotte, N.B., at 10.37 p.m. There was a grand display of torchlight and bunting at the station.

7. At Campbellton, N.B., about three or four hundred people assembled to witness the arrival of the royal train. There was a bonfire and illumination around the station buildings and on Sugar Loaf Mountain. Three cheers were given for the Princess and the Marquis. The train arrived at eleven and left at 11.10 p.m. to stop at Metapedia for the night, the Press carriage remaining at Campbellton for telegraphic purposes.

11. The train left Metapedia at precisely 8 o'clock on Thursday morning, Nov. 28, on the arrival of the Press carriage from Campbellton. The Vice-Regal party slept well, and H. R. H. the Princess stepped out on the rear platform of the royal car and enjoyed the cold morning air, and at ten o'clock ate a hearty breakfast. Her Royal Highness and His Excellency expressed the greatest satisfaction at the perfect arrangements of the hotel car and of the train generally.

1. The train arrived at St. Flavie, the first station in the Province of Quebec, at 11.30 a.m., where the first event of the day took place, the Vice-Regal party being met here by Lieutenant-Governor St. Just, his aide-de-camp, his Cabinet, and Colonel Strange. The party left the train at Rimouski.

2. Rimouski was reached at 12.30 p.m., where a large crowd was in waiting at the depot, with a full militia guard of honour. A royal salute was fired, and an address delivered by the Mayor, to which His Excellency replied in excellent French. After reading the reply, His Excellency shook hands with the Mayor, Bishop Langevin, priests and others.

3. The train reached Riviere-du-Loup at 2 o'clock p.m., exchanging the Intercolonial for the Grand Trunk. The usual address and reply were given.

4. At St. Anne, where the train arrived at 3.45 p.m., an address was presented, to which His Excellency made one of his happiest replies. There was the usual demonstration accompanying the address.

5. At St. Thomas, where the train arrived at 5.20 p.m., there was a large crowd of people. The address was presented in the Royal car, and the reply by His Excellency was verbal.

6. There was a grand demonstration at Arthabaska at night, the train arriving some half hour behind official time. An address was read and replied to with all the usual formalities. Large crowds gathered at the depot, and cheered the Vice-Regal party. The train lay over at Kingsley all night, except the press car, which went on to Richmond, to play the wires.

III. 1. The first reception on Friday morning, Nov. 29, was at Richmond, where the proceedings were of a more than usual enthusiastic character.

2. At St. Hyacinthe, where the whole beautiful town had turned out, addresses and tendering of bouquets were entrusted to representative ladies, English and French.

3. At St. Hilaire, under the shadow of the great mountain, Mr. Bruce Campbell, attended by thousands from that and the neighbouring parishes, presented the address, and received a most flattering reply. Then the train sped on, without further stoppage, to Montreal, which it finally reached at noon, after a most enjoyable and successful journey.

### III.

#### AT MONTREAL.

1. Thanks to the energy, taste and public spirit of the Grand Trunk authorities, the grimy old station of Bonaventure had been transformed into a tent of grand proportions and gorgeous decoration. The Vice-Regal party were received on an elevated dais, where the beauty and fashion of the metropolis were congregated, and where the Mayor, clad in all the glory of new official robes, read an address of welcome, to which His Excellency replied in eloquent language. After some minutes spent in formal introductions, the line of procession was formed, along Bonaventure street, Beaver Hall Hill and Dorchester street to the Windsor Hotel. There were three principal arches, views of two of which we publish in this issue—that of the Corporation, on Bonaventure street, and that of the Scottish Societies on Dorchester. A third, on Beaver Hall Hill, erected by the Montreal Snow Shoe and Lacrosse Clubs, will be given in our next. Along the whole route the crowds were immense and the welcome most enthusiastic.

The windows and doors of the buildings were crowded with eager citizens. His Excellency acknowledged the waving of handkerchiefs by raising his hat and bowing, while Her Royal Highness bowed often to the people who surrounded the carriage. Frequently bouquets were thrown into the carriage. After passing beneath the Corporation arch, the party turned on to Victoria Square, where the statue of the Queen presented itself to the view. At Wink's building, the first Prince of Wales' Rifles were stationed, and as the Royal party reached their left flank, a salute was tendered. Then the Garrison Artillery at the junction of Bonaventure street and Victoria Square followed suit, as did likewise the 65th Battalion and St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company. The jam in the Square now became very great, and the procession at last came to a full stop. Repeated

efforts were made by the officers to clear a space through the crowd, and the General, finding it impossible to proceed, ordered the horses to be taken out, they having become restive. In the meantime, a number of citizens immediately seized hold of the tongue, and amidst great cheering drew the carriage up Beaver Hall Hill.

Opposite Zion Church the choir struck up the National Anthem. The children on the platform opposite St. Andrew's Church also sang the National Anthem when the procession passed. The crowd pressed in to such a degree at the Snow Shoe and Lacrosse Arch on Beaver Hall Hill, that the procession was again brought to a standstill. Ten dozen lacrosse sticks and six dozen snow shoes were used in its construction. Most of the members of the two clubs were clustered on the arch dressed in their respective uniforms. It displayed appropriate mottoes, and was decked with evergreens and flowers. The 5th Fusiliers were posted here, and further on the 6th, both of which saluted. At the Scotch Societies' arch the pipers struck up, making some lively music. It took some time for the procession to force its way to the front entrance of the Windsor Hotel, where His Excellency and the Princess alighted. An almost innumerable concourse of people gathered here. The police were not able to control the vast crowd, which obstructed the procession considerably. Before His Excellency alighted, he thanked the gallant citizens for the prompt manner in which they had drawn the carriage when the horses failed them. The Marquis and his royal wife then entered the hotel, and proceeded at once to their apartments.

The military review took place shortly after the arrival, and was witnessed by His Excellency and the Princess from the balcony of the hotel. His Excellency acknowledged the salutes of the officers, and also saluted the colours in passing.

II. The general illumination in the city began about 7 o'clock. The number of Chinese lanterns was innumerable. At the City Hall transparencies of Her Majesty the Queen, Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, the Prince and Princess of Wales were placed in the second story of the tower. Almost every street in the city had a truly loyal display of flags and bunting. The illumination of the Post-Office, the City Hall, the Bank of Montreal, Merchants' Exchange, the Geological Survey, the Court House, the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and other buildings, was in a style of magnificence seldom witnessed in this country. We publish in this issue several of the principal edifices illuminated. Gas-jets had been arranged on nearly all the buildings, so that at night the light emitted illuminated the place almost as brightly as day. Many of the mottoes were painted on transparencies, and looked exceedingly well. They all were full of expressions of loyalty and welcome to their Excellencies, such as "We honour the daughter for the virtues of the mother," "God bless the Marquis and the Princess." In front of the residence of an American citizen, "We welcome you to America," &c., &c. About 7.30 His Excellency and the Princess, with many others of the distinguished party, left the Windsor for a drive through the principal streets of the city. They were cheered repeatedly by the thousands of citizens assembled on the streets. When the carriages reached Victoria Square so great was the crowd that much difficulty was experienced in making room for their Excellencies' carriages. However, most of the route was passed over at a good pace, and they soon returned to their quarters at the hotel.

III. The St. Andrew's Ball was the crowning of this memorable day. We devote a full page of this issue to its illustration. It was opened by the President of the Society, Colonel Stevenson—who was one of the only two men wearing kilts in the room, with the Princess for his partner in the quadrille. They were faced by the Marquis and Lady Macdonald. The ladies and gentlemen of the suite, Mr. Mackenzie and Mrs. Dalglish and some other couples making up the set. Her Royal Highness wore a low white brocade satin dress Princess shaped, trimmed with honiton lace, pearls and crystal. She wore a necklet of diamonds, clasps of diamonds in her hair, and a white plume. The ladies of the suite wore black satin dresses and diamond tiaras. The Princess danced waltzes with Col. McNeill and Col. Littleton, and honoured Sir Hugh Allan with her hand in the Lancers. The Marquis danced several dances, among his partners selected being Miss Ogilvie, Miss Campbell and Miss Macfarlane. The dance in which he specially shone was a reel, in which he acquitted himself with a vigour and activity that won the hearts of the Scotchmen, and elicited considerable applause at its termination. Only four couples had the courage to appear on the floor, and His Excellency's performance was far the best. Supper was announced at twelve o'clock, the Marquis handing down Mrs. Dow, Colonel Stevenson taking the Princess, Sir John A. Macdonald Lady Sophia Macnamara, Dr. Campbell Lady Macdonald, &c., &c. Supper was served in the billiard-room on the ground floor. On the return of the distinguished guests from supper a surprise awaited them at the top of the staircase, in the shape of a delay of ten minutes to hear some stanzas of a patriotic song rendered by a volunteer in uniform. Preceded by three pipers, the party then once more found their way to the ball-room, where a second reel was danced, the Marquis even excelling his first effort, and more couples venturing to compete with him in the lists. A pretty feature in the ball-room was the posting of a sentinel with fixed bayonet on each side of the dais erected at

the top of the room. At one o'clock the strains of the National Anthem and vociferous cheers announced the retirement of the Marquis and Princess, who won golded opinions by their gracious bearing at their first ball in Canada.

IV. 1. Saturday morning, the 30th November, was set apart by the Marquis for the reception of the addresses which different societies and corporations desired to present to him, and from eleven o'clock until half-past twelve the drawing-room of the Windsor Hotel was crowded with deputations. His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne was dressed in official uniform as Governor-General. Addresses were presented from the Presbyterian Church in Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Presbyterian Church in Canada, the Church of England, the Natural History Society, the Bar of Montreal, the Ladies' Educational Association. Afterwards the consular body were presented to His Excellency.

2. The afternoon was devoted to visits to Villa Maria Convent at Monklands, and to McGill University. At the former a number of visitors, principally relatives of the pupils, were present, among them Monseigneur Fabre, His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Edward C. Murphy and the Misses Murphy, Mr. Arthur H. Murphy of Quebec and Miss Murphy, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Mul-larky, Dr. Hingston, Hon. Mr. Baby, Chief-Justice Dorion, Mr. Reynolds, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, and others. The Rev. Mr. Baile, Superior of the Seminary, the Rev. Mr. Beaubien, and other priests were also present. The Montreal troop of Cavalry acted as escort to the Royal party and at different stations along the road arches were erected. At the latter institution the proceedings were of the most gratifying character, and great credit must be given to the committee of management, who consisted of Messrs. Inkstetter, Lefebvre, Henwood, Macdonald, in Medicine; Trudel, McGibbon, McLennan and Redpath in Law; Wood, Weir, McPherson, Chaffee, Arts; and Morkill, Robertson, Scaife and Drummond, in Science.

3. The drawing-room, in the evening, was attended by most of the leading families. From an early hour poured in a continuous stream of fair and beautifully dressed ladies, officers in the various uniforms of the Montreal Brigade, officials of the Civil Service, dignitaries of the Church and Bar, with other civilians in orthodox evening dress. At half-past nine, His Excellency and Her Royal Highness entered the drawing-room of the Windsor Hotel, where the presentations were made. The A. D. C.'s in attendance on the Governor-General were Major DeWinton, Col. Lyttleton, Capt. Chater, and Hon. Mr. Harbord. Her Royal Highness was attended by Lady Macnamara and Hon. Mrs. Moreton.

His Excellency was attired in the Windsor uniform of the English Privy Council.

Her Royal Highness the Princess wore a rich black velvet overskirt, with pale cream satin underskirt, ornaments, tiara of diamonds and clusters of same on shoulders.

The number who attended the drawing-room was so large that it was not until eleven o'clock that the presentations were completed. As the Marquis and Princess retired from the parlor, the guard saluted and the band played "God Save the Queen."

V. Sunday, the 1st December, was spent in rest, divine service being attended by His Excellency and the Princess at Christ Church Cathedral in the forenoon, and by the Marquis at St. Andrew's Church in the afternoon.

### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

ONE royal highness has just given a special sitting for a likeness which is to be distributed with the Christmas number of a little suburban weekly, and the fact is being trumpeted all over London.

WHOLE streets of houses—upwards of forty in number—are about to be cleared away for the purpose of constructing a new main thoroughfare in the City to Bishopgate-street, the new thoroughfare taking a south-easterly direction.

A NEW metropolitan railway is to be made, one which will join the Great Eastern Railway at Frenchchurch-street and the South-Eastern Railway at Cannon-street. There will be a cartway under the line.

THE *American Traveller* says that already about fifteen tons of granite have been sold in bits to Americans for portions of Cleopatra's Needle, and yet the trade runs on as brisk as ever. The Needle does not seem to get any smaller, either.

A POPULAR illustrated periodical has just published a picture of "The Prince of Peace." The drawing is intended for a portrait of the Prince of Wales, and the letterpress explains that he has fairly earned that title, by the energy he has displayed in aiding the Paris Exhibition.

It is stated that the steamer *Great Eastern* has been purchased by a company who intend using her as a cattle boat to ply between Texas and London. She is now being fitted out at Milford Haven, and is to have new engines and boilers manufactured by the Clyde Iron Works at a cost of 100,000*l.* Refrigerators will be built in her for the purpose of carrying fresh beef. It is estimated that she will carry 2,200 head of cattle and 3,600 head of mutton.

At least one of the reasons for not artificially illuminating the British Museum Reading-rooms on evenings and gloomy days will be dis-established by the introduction of the electric light. The chief objection urged against the use of gas in the National Library is that its heat and fumes destroy the leather bindings of books, and, as the electric light is said to evolve neither heat nor fume, we may possibly witness before long an interesting experiment at the great literary centre in Bloomsbury.

LOTTERIES, we all know, are forbidden in this country, but, like many other things legally prohibited, they still exist. For example there was a curious one in the parish of St. George's in the East on the 5th of November, a day which the girls in that unfashionable district "please to remember." There is in this locality a school founded by a wealthy citizen named Raine, for the board and education of girls. Situations are afterwards found for them, and every 5th November there is a lottery of 100*l.* amongst those who have left the school, have attained twenty-two years of age, and have fulfilled other conditions, one of which is membership of the Church of England. The young women meet on this day and draw lots who shall have 100*l.* as a marriage portion. Any one in want of 100*l.* and a nice young wife can make an excursion. The fare there and back is not expensive.

A RADICAL contemporary has done this "poetry" with some more; giving it publicly is treating it as it deserves:—

So brainless "Jingoes" bellow coarse applause;  
Reckless though Commerce languish, Freedom dies,  
Blood flow like water, scorn and contumely  
Fall upon Crown and People, so that he  
May pose as lord of the world's destiny,  
High Jove of perisfrage! and hurl abroad  
His igneous world-bolts worthy such a god!

### HEARTH AND HOME.

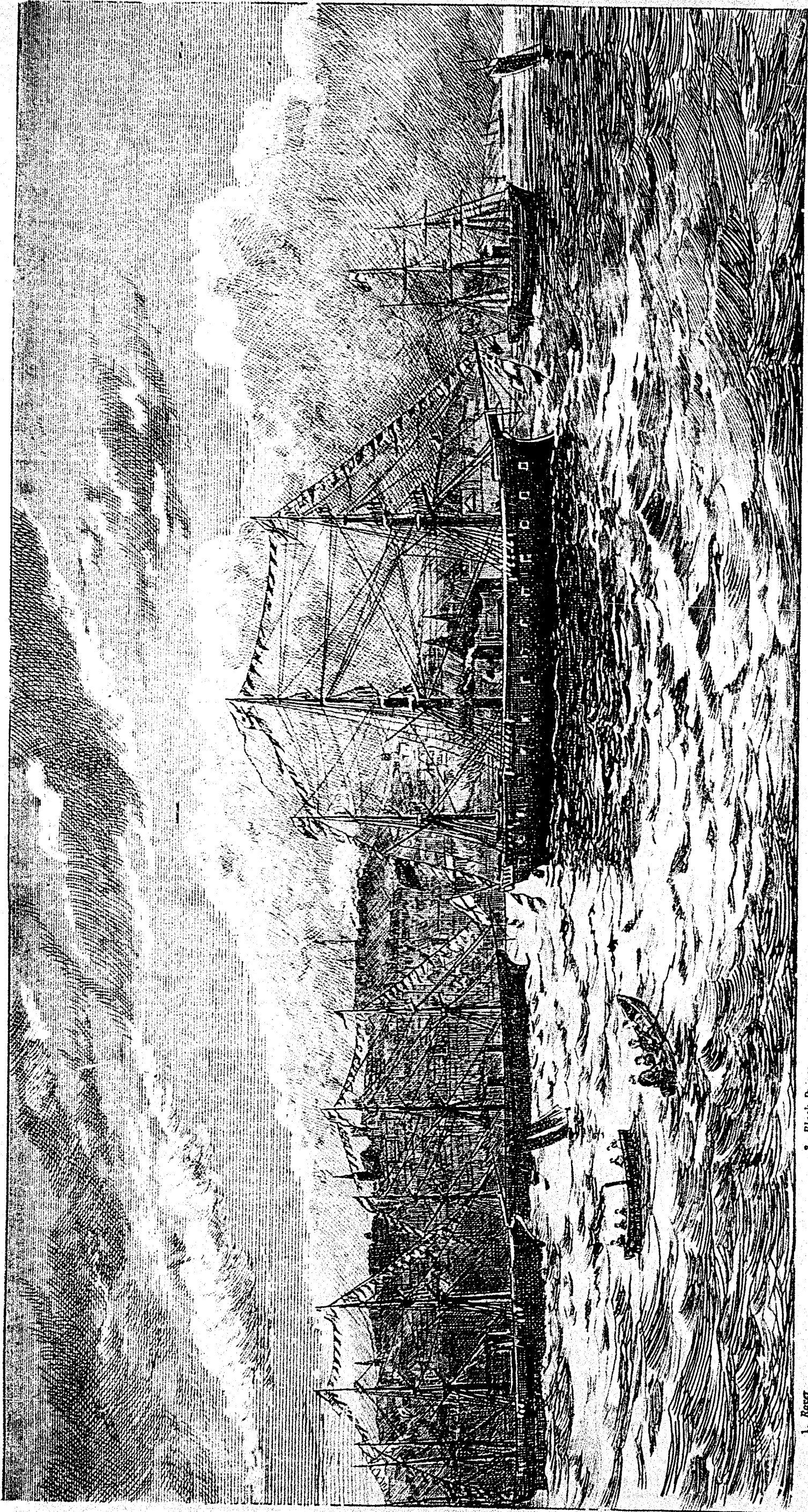
COMPENSATION.—I think, says an old bachelor, that every husband should see that his wife has enough spending money. A servant who, though she may work hard, has none of the cares of the household on her mind, receives a certain amount of money for service, but many wives and daughters have very little change which they dare call their own. Is this generous, or even just? I think not. The dull and tiresome routine of farm life in the house wears on the spirits as well as the muscles, and some substantial encouragement should be shown to the overworked woman.

THEIR USE.—A man who amounts to anything needs enemies to keep him alive. A celebrated person, who was surrounded by enemies, used to say, "They are sparks which, if we do not blow them, go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavouring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk. There will be a reaction, if you do but perform your duty; and hundreds, who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

OVERWORKED.—Day after day the house-mistress works hard from morning until night. When she is unequal to the performance of her tasks, she takes tea, and as her nerves become more diseased, more tea. With neuralgic pain often seizing her in the beginning of that slow decline which saps the life and happiness of so many of our women before they reach middle age, she is irritable. Little trials cause her torture, and as she sees herself constantly falling below her ideal, she loses heart, and blames herself for a hasty temper. But what ails her is not temper, but tiredness, and tea, and too hot rooms, and a lack of variety and cheer in her life. Rest and amusement will soon produce a marked change in her thoughts and acts.

DO NOT DECEIVE THEM.—When the children are ill, don't tell them that the medicine is "nice" when you know it is positively nauseous; do not induce them to swallow the dose under the pretence that it is "good." Children never forget white lies of this sort, and their confidence, once shaken, never regains firmness. Better by far tell them the simple truth, that it is disagreeable, but necessary to their health, and you desire them to take it and at once. Ten to one they will swallow it with half the trouble of coaxing and worry of words, and love you better for your firm, decided manner. Don't teach the children by example to tell white lies to each other and to their neighbours. Guard your lips and bridle your tongue if you desire to have the coming generation truthful.

A BAD PLAN.—Memoranda should not be made to take the place of memory. There can be very little doubt of the bad effects of habitually writing down those facts and events which we wish to remember; they are taken down for future consideration, and consequently receive very little present consideration. From a conviction that our knowledge can be thus easily recalled, it is never systematically arranged or deeply engraved; we atone for the passive indolence of the mind by the mechanical labour of the hands, and write a volume without remembering a line. The desirable and the useful thing is, that we should carry our knowledge about with us, as we carry our health about with us; that the one should be exhibited in the alacrity of our actions, and the other proved by the vigour of our thoughts.



5. Sarmatian.

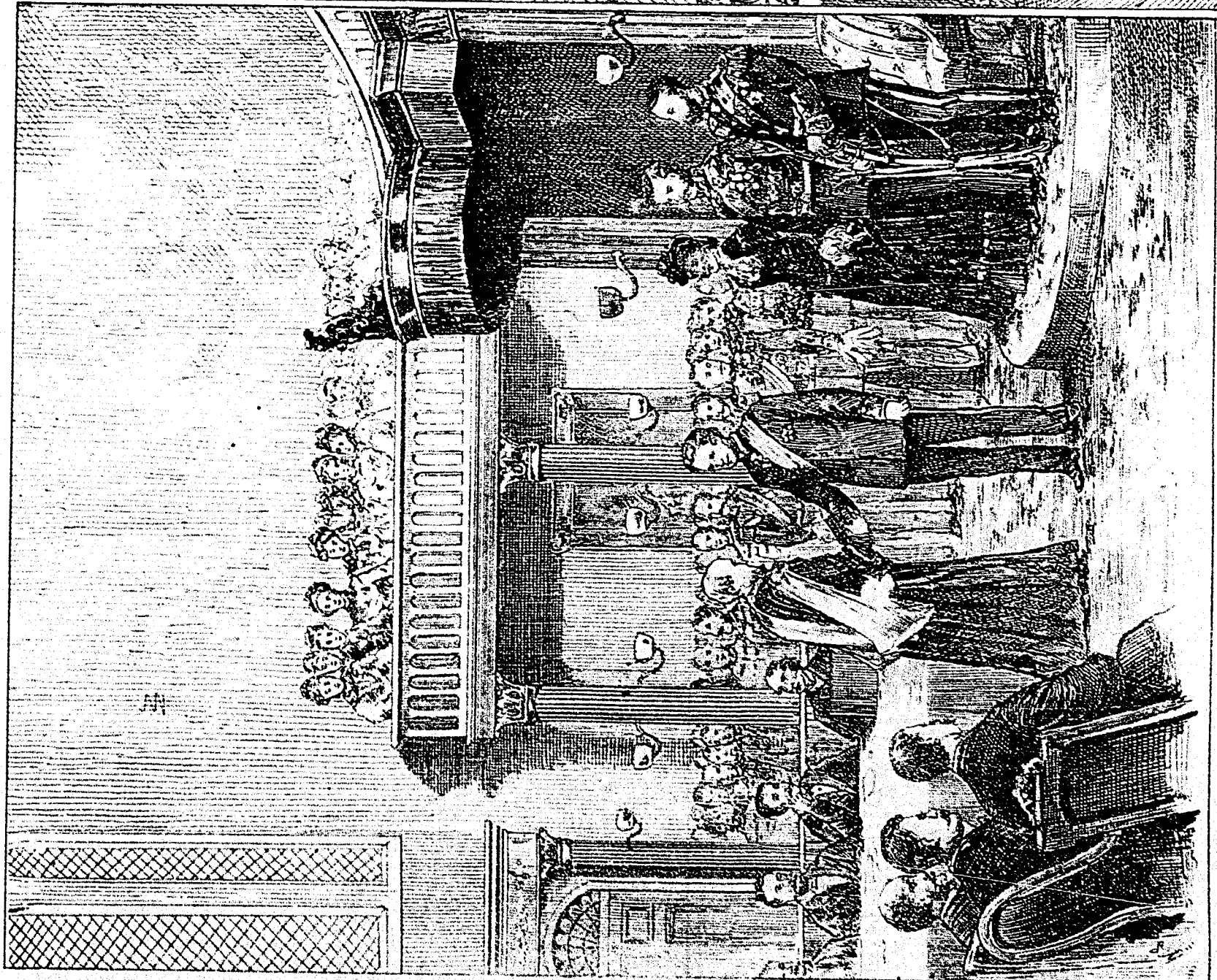
4. Heterophon.

3. Black Prince.

1. Rover  
2. Argus.

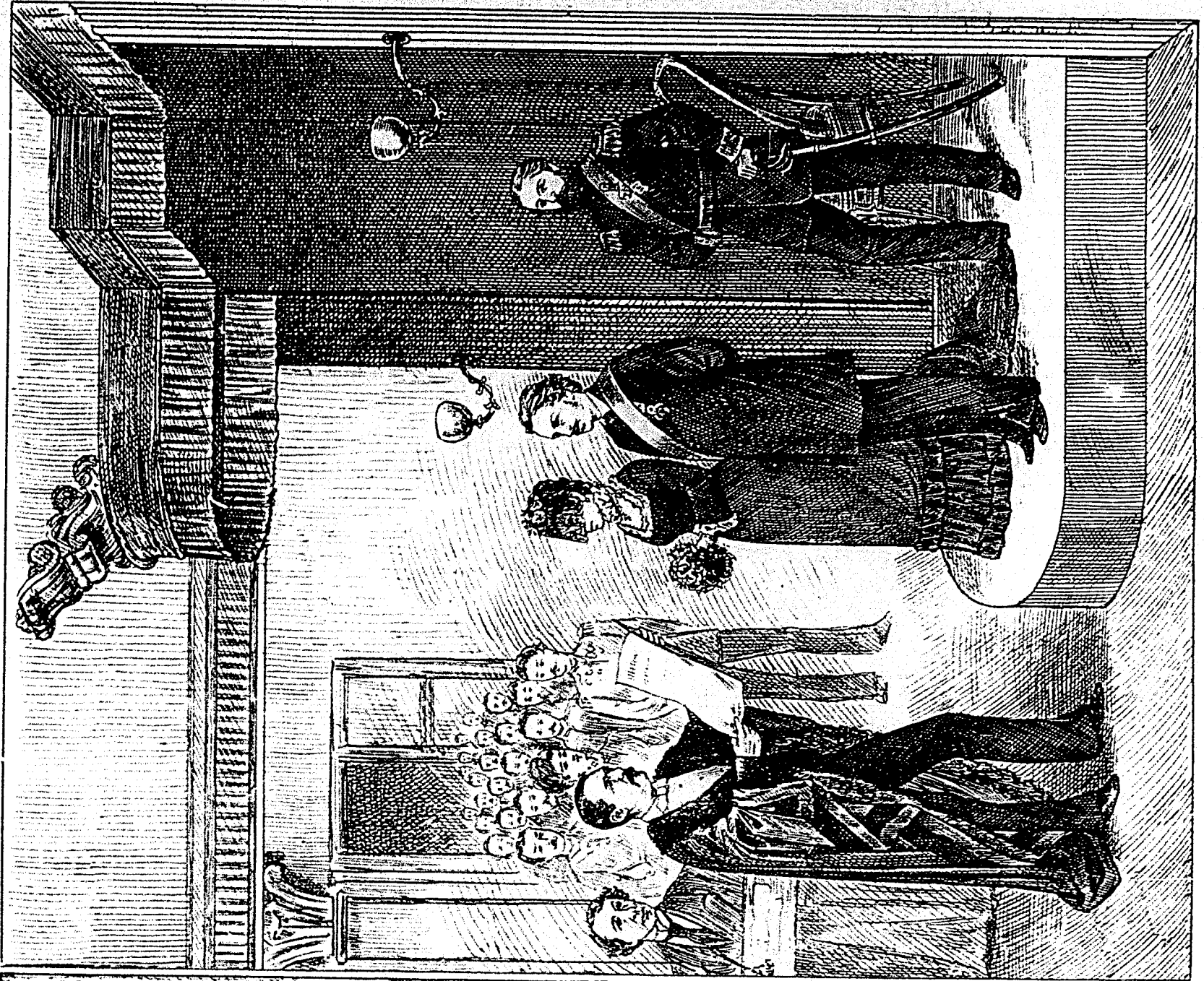
GRAND SALUTE IN HONOUR OF THE MARQUIS AND PRINCESS, ON BOARD THE SARMATIAN, IN HALIFAX HARBOUR.

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT HALIFAX.



Et. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald. The Marquis of Lorne. H.R.H. The Princess Louise. The Duke of Edinburgh.  
Mr. Justice Ritchie.  
General Sir Patrick Macdonnell.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE IN THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING AT HALIFAX



His Worship Mayor Tobin. H.R.H. The Princess Louise. His Excellency the Governor-General.  
Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.

PRESENTATION OF THE CIVIC ADDRESS BY MAYOR TOBIN OF HALIFAX

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT HALIFAX.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

## The Duke of Kent's Visit to Niagara 20 Years Ago.

(Concluded.)

### SIMCOE'S RANGERS.

A gregarious crowd around the door  
With various surmises the scene rehearse,  
Who filled the ample court before,  
And of the coming grants discourse.

Fiercer now the contest wore,  
For Simcoe's about to take his way  
Westward, to lay out acres more,  
And make the acres broad his followers pay.

A noise is heard, a settler calls,  
A hurrying here and there they come,  
Adown the stairs and through the hall,  
Still'd was the sound and hushed the hum.

Nor pageant's wont to grace the scene,  
Nor men with lace, scarlet and blue,  
Staffmen and voyageurs I ween,  
All wait, the great man's will to do.

But first in visage there appear,  
A veteran band in martial men,  
Their steeds were poor, furnished their gear;  
But rare a goodlier band is seen.

He passed on until the serried band  
Before the house had met his eye,  
Saluting with uplifted hand,  
With eye elate, which all did spy.

He turned and spoke one other word,  
Respectful stood they all,  
And as he spoke then could be heard  
The noiseless pin drop fall.

Companions of my arms, he said,  
I know the hardships that ye bear,  
I know the heart that keeps ye up,  
I know the men ye are.

But now towards the West I go,  
For you my friends new land to bear,  
And for my faithful followers, so  
New and happy homes prepare.

First to the Mohawk station  
With blankets a good store,  
Nor ever yet has Britain's band  
Forgot the Sagamore.

The pressing crowd the Chief surrounds,  
Sympathetic glances cast,  
And make the neighbouring banks resound  
With shouts, that echoing last

He mounts and westward takes his way,  
The loud buzz from the veteran band  
Arose, and all him heard do pray  
Success attend bold Simcoe's hand.

For a brave man was "Simcoe,"  
And a brave band were they,  
Strive they till the strife is o'er,  
And then the work repay.

They felt the toils of war require  
From one that they command  
Returns, and well did Simcoe pay  
The true devotion of his band.

Fors oldiers fight and soldiers die,  
Till they decide the day,  
And then the sword into a plough,  
The spear a hook made they.

### WILD FLOWERS.

Late in the day the company find,  
The clearing past in wood that confin'd,  
As now the escort to the wood  
Parting, upon the clearings stood,  
Struck at all sights when all are rare,  
And idly sauntering here and there.

And backwards turned along the road,  
No more their friends from wood are heard,  
Observe a cottage hid with green;  
Gazing they stood, admired the scene,  
The cottage all that summer day  
Detained the company. And away  
Scarce could the pleasant party break,  
And onward still their journey take.

Long at the landing lay the barge,  
Long there his crew true to their charge;  
And still it seemed as if a spell  
Had bound him,—and to say farewell,  
Why still so hard, he could not tell.

You ask a bouquet to bestow,  
Of flowers that in our wilds do grow,  
When summer cheers the glorious scene  
With blossoms, interspersed with green.

Accept this simple nosegay here,  
From one not distant would appear,  
No perfumed flowers give I to you,  
Our flowers are scentless but yet true;  
They smell but slight, but yet they show  
As deep a dye as those you grow,  
Despite not productions of the wild,  
The cultivated man was once a child,  
If this, my floral gift, should please,  
A liberty allow to add with these;  
As it may meet due favour in your eyes,  
A sentiment conveyed may also prize,  
So self-denying acts may move,  
And approbation follow fruits of love,  
Grant me the wish, a summer round the year,  
Changes flower to fruit the sight to cheer,  
As the revolving season onward flows,  
A winter garnished with richest fruit that grows.

At length the barge the party reached,  
To mount the stream each nerve was stretched,  
And when the centre foot was gained,  
Slow progress upward they attained;  
Why was't? The sight upon the shore  
Added regret to them the more;  
And when impatience forced to wait,  
Reproached the current with their fate,  
The barge propelled by labouring oar  
Glides by itself along the shore,  
The change at once awakes surprise,  
The question and reply arise.

The guide at hand to his desires,  
The knowledge gives that he requires;  
The current passing downward ever  
By opposing points is turned up river.

Where doth this chasm vast disclose?  
Where issuing out the water flows,  
A whirlpool sweeps with noiseless might,  
That stoutest hearts it doth affright.

For tree or bark within its eddy  
Sails round and round and circles steady,  
But once in this, the shore again,  
Your bark nor you shall e'er attain.

The voyage pursuing, Edward hies,  
The Falls not yet had met his eyes,  
As forward of his convoy goes,  
The presence of a fall he knows.

Needless to say surprise, not wonder,  
A mountain seemed as torn asunder,  
Like a vision before him passed,  
The scene upon his eye so vast.

Resounding flood, surrounding wood,  
Astenlashed as at distance stood,  
When first to traveller's anxious eyes  
Appeared this fall—vast thoughts arise.

Forgive if to his 'stonished ken  
More grand appeared the cataract then;  
Forgive if, as too careless pass'd  
The first explorer's views were vast.

The convoy came, the camp they make,  
And of a generous supper take;  
Then each one's course he does pursue,  
And separate round the Falls they view.

A ladder of a pine-tree made,  
To reach the foot affords its aid,  
They ne'er before the like did see  
Till then, such grandeur, all agree.

### FIRE-WATER.

Backward again, portage halpasted,  
And men and oxen painfully tasked;  
When nearing now the mountain meet  
A denizen of the woods complete,  
Accosted fair, the wild man stood,  
And half laid off his savage mood.

When we the red men held command,  
Silence prevailed o'er all the land,  
Nor scared the wild bird from the wave,  
Nor ceased the deer his sides to lave,  
The white man trod along the way,  
And then was drove our game away;  
Their constant passing by the flood  
Deprived us of our ample food,  
The buffalo binds he to his load,  
And trails trees on where once men trod.

You see those bleach'd bones through the wood!  
The remnants of the buzzard's food;  
We met them on their careless way,  
And then our wrongs did amply pay,  
The sight was that the blood to freeze,  
And yet the savage seemed to please,  
As spake his form, dilate with pride,  
The voyager's load he casual spied;  
Kegs with their stores, along the track  
Were borne in waggon, and on back.

Was changed the native of the soil,  
As gazing on the voyager's toil,  
"Fire-water" up the billows came,  
Have scarcely left us now a name?  
If with you came this pest not here,  
We would not now so disappear;  
Our greatest foe made us forlorn,  
A nation by its breath is gone,  
Finished his speech, his gun he takes  
And through the woods quick steps he makes,  
And like his race whose end so near,  
Through the dark woods to disappear.

### PART III.

#### VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER.

Niagara, may I, as I downward go,  
My verse like thee in smoother numbers flow,  
Like the refraction of thy azure wave,  
Some truth impart, and from oblivion save.

Observation from the realm of mind,  
Suggested by and in this task designed,  
Increase the interest, and attention gain,  
As voyaging onward to the boundless main.

Into a strong raiment brought,  
And like a garment of fine tissue wrought,  
Or built on nature's ground, consistence gain,  
And like a nation's monument remain.

A people's chronicles, compared how small,  
Like the first streamlet of thy mighty fall,  
Convince the mind and stir the sympathies,  
Catch thy reflection from the azure skies.

The impression stamped as vivid, but as true  
As thy far front, superior Huron blue,  
Nor at the present alone remain  
But like thee travel till we reach the main.

#### FORT NIAGARA 100 YEARS AGO.

The sun was setting, and the hour  
When thought exerts its magic power,  
His rays cast on Niagara's banks  
Revealed its trees in neighbouring ranks.

The cloud of distant cataract gave  
Back to the sight a scene less grave,  
Edward, who yet had much to learn  
Of wild woods, stands upon the stern.

Ardent and bold old ocean's child  
He'd trust the deep, and shun the wild;  
His friend and guide those thoughts opined,  
Then to remove his love designed.

See you where trees less dense in ranks,  
Betoken clearings on the banks,  
To one like this we turn our prow,  
Patiently wait, we go not now.

Wait till I tell you how we fought,  
And gave the French their final route,  
Niagara round—leaguered we stand,  
Decided at the Chief's command.

Now as July passed quickly by,  
And "Sol" darts arrows from the sky;  
And when men look in vain for aid  
The dubious trial of the sword assayed.

How lined in ranks promptly they try  
The issue; then the Frenchmen fly  
Back to their fort, and there  
Await the verdict of protracted war.

And then the sun the scene illumed,  
And then our force the siege resumed;  
At length the aid long looked for comes;  
No greeting shouts, no beating drums,  
But stealthily their gulle pursue,  
The fort to gain, and shun our view,  
The sentinel of outpost stands,  
With gun reeling in his hands;

A crack is heard from neighbouring wood,  
His ear it catches, that 'bodes no good,  
It is the deer—listless he droops,  
Nor needs the approach of hostile troops.

A pause ensues, and there is heard no more,  
Naught but the sound of cataract's roar,  
His thoughts are wandering forth afar,  
To Mohawk's banks, where naught's of war;  
The solemn music to his ear  
Seems like the tread was used to hear.

Ere war was earnest, and idle boys  
To train were wont, with boisterous noise;  
And all the neighbourhood resort,  
To enjoy a day of country sport.

The clouds break off, the wind once more  
Drives inward to the neighbouring shore,  
They seem to drive those trees along,  
Like them a dense and serried throng,  
A cannon from the fort awakes his trance,  
Before him sees the marshal'd hosts of France.

The day was breaking, and the time  
When nature shows in all her prime,  
And Edward now the journey o'er,  
As if through wilds he'd wander more,  
Musing thus he inward spake,  
Shall commercial toils this silence break?  
Thought oft men woul' break the spell,  
And business on the affections tell.

Then from the camp ere "Sol" arose  
To break the scene of deep repose,  
There appeared a tenant of the wild  
Along the bank, free nature's child,  
From the high steep she quickly sped  
And reached the fort with agile tread.

Surprised and pleased he views once more  
The siren of the day before  
As quickly pass'd, who art thou, maid?  
Sir William's daughter, sir, she said,  
Retarded, briefer her onward speed,  
And to his short discourse gave heed,  
Where go ye now? where do ye hie?  
To Brant's quarters, was the reply;  
Where they prepare the warlike feat,  
And give our father's son a treat,  
From thence go to the "Miami,"  
From thence to go the Anglaize;  
Where lit up is the council fires  
Our Indian bands to raise.

A sigh escaped—he said no more,  
This very day I leave your shore,  
And never see this land again,  
I take my passage o'er the main,  
My PROGENY may view this land,  
I ne'er again shall press your strand  
One look she gave, the "traveller" learned  
The interest he had early earned,  
He lingers—sadden'd at the thought,  
And loth to break the feelings wrought.

Not long he mused until the sound  
Arose from sleeping tents around  
Of a hasty meal; despatch is made,  
And to return the troops arrayed.

### DEPARTURE.

The farewell taken, the parting o'er,  
Adieus returned from boat to shore;  
As they upon the billows bound,  
Sounds like this from shores resound.

Frail bark, my heart beats in pity for thee,  
Unknowing the fate thou mayest see,  
With bustle and shouting, with running and noise,  
Your attention engages and your time employs;  
But when all is finished, the white sail ye raise,  
And you cast on the land the last parting gaze,  
You think of the dangers to your far distant home,  
Talk of its comforts when no more you will roam,  
The sea lies between you with its dreary alarms,  
The perils of ice and its dark winter storms,  
But trust ye in Providence, He will procure  
A landing of safety, a haven secure,  
The pathway of honor still may you pursue,  
More enduring than power will it prove to you;  
An obelisk firmer than brass will be found,  
A name than emblazoned more ample resound.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

Three gilded balls outside told of a pawn-broker's shop. Within, a young girl stood by the counter, holding a large package for the dealer's inspection. Her eyes followed his motions wistfully as he took it and removed the paper wrappings, displaying the lustrous folds of a silk dress, made in a quaint, old-fashioned style.

"How much do you want?" he questioned at last.

"My mother thought five dollars would be little enough for it. The silk is very good. It was her wedding dress."

The man raised his eyes and hands in astonishment. "Five dollars! the little miss is not in earnest. I will geef but two."

The child's lips quivered, but she did not speak.

"Well, I will say three, but it's too much. The—vat you say? The shtyle is too old—too old," and with a deprecating suggestive shrug of his shoulders, he placed the money in little Adelaide's outstretched palm. As she received the dingy-looking bills and the accompanying as dingy pawn ticket, she turned with a disappointed sigh toward the door. What followed was the work of a moment. A rough-looking young hanger-on about the place saw the bills in her hand as she came out into the street, caught them from her with a jeering laugh, then ran swiftly away with his booty.

For a moment she stood bewildered, hardly realizing what had happened. Then with a cry of "Oh, my poor mother!" she sank down upon the steps and began to sob bitterly.

But help was near. A passing stranger had witnessed the theft and had given indignant pursuit and forced the young miscreant to disgorge his plunder. Then hastening back to the side of the sobbing girl, he said: "Here is your money, little one. Don't ever be so careless again, especially in a neighborhood like this."

By this time a group had gathered around the two, watched them with sinister looks, evidently in full sympathy with the young ruffian who had been so summarily disposed of by Gerald Carman's strong arm.

He took in the surroundings with one swift glance, and determined not to leave the helpless girl until she was in a safe place.

"If you are willing I will walk a little way with you," he said, in an undertone. "I like not the company hereabouts. They look as though they might work you more trouble."

"Thank you," said the girl, gratefully. "I was never here before, but mother was so sick she had to send me."

She had a wee bit of a thing, and looked even smaller walking beside her protector. Her face was an interesting one, though wan and pale; and her eyes were of that deep gray color, which in the shadow of the long, dark lashes looked like black. They shone out from beneath a tangle of curly hair, which glistened in the sun like molten gold. But Gerald thought not of any promise of beauty in the child. His memory was busy in the past, when he had pressed a lingering last kiss upon the forehead of a little sister who was to be laid away from his sight under the daisies. Often had he threaded his fingers through her curls—just such another mass of gleaming, tendrill-like gold; and his heart warmed to the owner of the hand nestling so confidently in his own broad palm, while she told in artless words her simple story as they walked along.

Her father had been a sea captain. He had sailed away on a three years' voyage, hoping to come home rich enough to stay for the rest of his life with his family. But the news of his death and reached them, and they had nothing since.

"Mamma had lived in the country," said Adelaide, in conclusion, "and when our money was nearly gone she thought it would be easier to find work here, so we moved. She has not felt able to sew lately, and has had to pawn one thing after another, until all was gone but her wedding dress. She was too sick to take it this morning, so she had to trust me. She was afraid I would get lost in the big, wicked city; but I told her God watched over the little birds, and He would surely do the same by me; and so He did. It was God who sent you," and she turned and looked up into his face with admiring, reverential eyes.

Gerald flushed a little, but her simple child-faith was too refreshing to disturb by any common-place disclaimer; so he said, to turn the subject from himself: "Was your mamma not very sorry to part with the dress?"

"Indeed she was. I never saw her cry so but once before, and that was when we heard that papa was dead."

It was easy for the sympathetic listener to form an idea of the destitution which threatened the little family. A paltry three dollars only between them and want!

They had by this time reached the door of the dwelling-house which sheltered the widow and her child.

"May I come in?" he said. "I would like to speak to your mother of a friend of mine—a young doctor. He is very skilful, and might help her."

"Oh, sir," said Adelaide, brightly; then her face clouded; "but we have no money to pay him."

"That will be all right," said Gerald.

The girl bounded up the stairs with a light heart at these words and disappeared for a moment. Then she came out and beckoned to him.

"Please to come in; mamma will see you."

Lifting his hat, he entered the room softly.

All within was cheerful and pleasant. A few flowers, brought from their country home, were blossoming upon the window sill, and a sweet voiced canary trilled its tiny-throated music above them. But his attention was at once concentrated upon the hectic-painted face resting upon the snowy pillow.

She smiled faintly as she met his eyes, with their expression of kindly interest.

"You are very good," she said. "My little girl has told me of your offer. I shall be glad to accept it for her sake; but I fear I am past help."

"When there is life there is hope," said Gerald, cheerily, "and my friend, Dr. Gilbert, though young, is very skilful. I will see him to-day and interest him in your case."

Then he wrote down her name in his note-book—"Mrs. Adelaide Harney, wife of Capt. Harney, of the ship Adelaide, No 3—street."

"May I come in and see how you get along under his treatment?" he asked, as he rose to go.

Mrs. Harney looked at him for a moment with eyes rendered almost preternaturally bright by her illness. Gerald felt as though his very soul was being laid bare under that searching gaze, but he did not blench. He had been reared by a tender Christian mother, and though one of the gay world in position, he had reached manhood singularly unspotted by its vices. So he could bear the scrutiny of those clear eyes, without uneasiness; for there was no leprous spot in his life to be brought to light.

"Come when you like," she said at last, "and if my days are numbered, oh, kind sir, watch over my child, my poor little Adelaide! She must earn an honest living. Will you see that she is put in the way of it? You have a good face and I feel that I can trust you. If you never have an earthly reward, the God of the widow and of the fatherless will bless you."

She closed her eyes wearily, exhausted by her emotions, and Gerald, deeply moved, went in quest of Dr. Gilbert.

Gerald Carman was junior partner in a large shipping house. One of their finest ships had arrived in port but a few days since, and its captain—a bluff, hearty sailor—had a peculiar charm to the young man. He spent several evenings with him, and had an engagement to

join him at lunch. While eating their oysters together, a matter of business was mentioned, and a slight difference in dates coming up, Gerald drew out his note-book:

"That will tell the story," he said quietly. A humorous twinkle came into the sun-browned sailor's eyes, as he read aloud—"Mrs. Adelaide Harney, wife of Captain George Harney—"

"I've given you the wrong page, I see," said Gerald, smiling at Capt. Breeze's quizzical expression. "That is a person whom I met to-day for the first time. The poor lady is in destitute circumstances. By the by, her husband was a sea-faring man like yourself."

The captain suddenly caught him by the shoulder.

"Harney—was that the name? By my good ship, man, the hand of Providence is in it! I've been in the country this very day to find out the wife and child of poor George Harney. Destitute did you say? Why, I've a pile of sovereigns for them—all honest money fairly earned. Take me to them at once. I'm burning to discharge my mission."

At the end of an hour they reached their destination. They met Dr. Gilbert at the door. He gave a cheering account of Mrs. Harney, saying the most she needed was nourishing food and plenty of fresh air.

"Send your coachman round with the carriage every fine morning, Gerald," he said in conclusion. "It will kill two birds with one stone—maybe save a life and give that idle fellow something to do."

"We'll see to that, young sir," chimed in Capt. Breeze's hearty voice. Then Gerald introduced the two, and they shook hands cordially.

It transpired that Mrs. Harney had never received the letter sent by Capt. Breeze. It had undoubtedly gone to the dead-letter office. She had all the particulars of her husband's illness and death to hear. She shed bitter tears as she listened to his loving messages to his absent wife; but it was a relief to learn that one of his countrymen had ministered to his wants and closed his eyes, at the last, with tender, sympathizing touch.

Her heart turned to the home where she received her husband's parting embrace. So Capt. Breeze took a day from his sailing preparations, and saw that all was made comfortable to receive them; and, one bright summer morning, Gerald bade Adelaide and her mother good-bye. In parting, he said to her, "Write me how you like your new home, little girl; I shall be interested to hear." And thus they dropped, after a fashion, out of his world.

From time to time the letters came as he had requested. At first in a round, school-girl's hand; then the more elegant chirography told of culture and aptness for improvement.

Years had passed. One of the dainty missives came one morning just as he had received orders from his physician to stop mental exertion and go to some quiet place in the country where he could have complete rest.

Adelaide's letter decided him. He would write and engage board near them, and renew the acquaintance with his little friend and her mother.

Would they know him? Time had worked changes upon his face—deepening the thoughtful lines between his brows, and clothing lips and cheek with a luxuriant growth of hair. He was no longer a smooth-faced, happy-hearted boy.

Once in the village it was easy to find the cottage; and he was soon sauntering leisurely up the neat walks. Evidences of refined taste were visible on every hand. As he was ascending the steps, he found himself face to face with a young girl, who had opened the door and come out upon the veranda humming a glad little song.

Thoughts of a pale, earnest face, looking with its deep gray eyes out from a tangle of golden curls, had been haunting him all through his journey. It had not occurred to him that the child had grown into womanhood. So it almost startled him from his self-possession, when, after a surprised, lingering glance into his face, this beautiful, stately maiden held out her hand, and with a glad thrill in her musical young voice, said:

"This is indeed a pleasure! Come in, Mr. Gerald; mamma will be so glad to see you once more."

He followed the graceful figure like one in a dream, and when a fair, matron lady, with a widow's cap resting upon her glossy hair, came forward to meet him at Adelaide's impulsive—"Oh, mamma! It is our friend, Mr. Gerald!"—he seemed still in wonder-land. Could that be the emaciated, hectic-painted face he remembered so vividly?

The evening passed on flying wings. Adelaide said but little. It filled her with a strange content to listen to the deep, musical voice of this friend whose kindness dated back so far into the past, and yet whose acquaintance could be numbered almost by hours. Now and then she would glance up into his handsome face to assure herself that Mr. Gerald, as she still called him, after the old childish fashion, was a real person, and not a dream myth.

His stay in the quiet village was prolonged much beyond his original intention. He was once more a well man physically, but mentally he was troubled with a strange unrest. He had grown to love Adelaide with the whole force of his ardent nature, and like all noble-minded men, he was free from conceit about his own powers of pleasing. He hesitated to break the

spell of silence lest in asking her to become more than a friend he might lose all.

One morning he called to leave a book she had expressed a wish to read. He found her in the garden tying up a vine whose heavy clusters of opening rosebuds had weighed it almost too heavily. For a moment he stood watching her, then she turned and saw him. The light of sudden joy that irradiated her face carried an intuition of the truth to his previously doubting heart, and he said softly, hesitating no longer:

"Has my little friend a rose for me?"

With a bright face Adelaide plucked one of the most perfect of the creamy, half-opened buds and held it towards him. As he took it he said:

"I only want it with its full meaning. Without that it is valueless as a gift from you. Do you know why?"

One swift, upturned glance into his eager face, then Adelaide's head drooped low and the hue of her cheeks grew like the "red, red rose;" but she did not reclaim her flower!

He gathered her into his arms.

"Oh! my darling! My darling!" he whispered passionately. "I will try to prove worthy of such a precious gift!"

THE GRAND OPERATIC CONCERTS AND THE ALBERT WEBER PIANOS.

Carlotta Patti says: "In the numerous concert tours with which I have been associated I have used the pianos of every celebrated maker, but give Weber's the preference over all. Exposed to an unusually severe winter and extraordinary change of temperature, his piano was ever ready. The durability and extraordinary power of the Weber piano, allied to such a lovely quality, was matter of astonishment to all."

The above is important testimony from one of the most eminent musical personages of this age, it incidentally mentions three great characteristics of the Weber piano, and that which distinguishes it from other makers'. Extraordinary POWER, DURABILITY, and LOVELY QUALITY OF TONE. Something too might be said of the ACTION, which is certainly unapproached by any other maker of Europe or America. It should be borne in mind that the greatest improvements in pianos have been made within the last few years, and that the testimonials giving the preference to Weber instruments are all of recent date from living representatives of the present musical age, and by persons who had an opportunity to compare the instruments of the greater makers in Europe and America, whereas other makers present opinions given before Mr. Weber's pianos came into competition; opinions from fifteen to twenty years old, and some of them from musicians long since dead. Thus it will be seen that Weber, being the most recent of the celebrated makers, had to compete with all the modern improvements of the Errard, Broadwood, Chickering and Steinway pianos. To bear away the palm from these justly celebrated makers something more than mechanical skill was necessary; something that would infuse into this noble instrument the soul of music and make it almost a thing of life. This the gifted young German musician has accomplished, and the moment a true musician touches the keys he knows it possesses this inexpressible quality of sympathy—responsive to the grandest efforts of the performer. In this Dominion the Weber piano is not as yet much known except to a few of the wealthy and musical classes, but in the United States, in England, in France, and particularly in Germany, its reputation among high musical circles has attained the greatest eminence; and even in Ontario, this reputation was sufficiently known to induce a manufacturer in Kingston to place a similar name on his pianos, which led several parties to suppose they are getting the real article.

GROWTH OF THE WEBER PIANO.

For years the New York Tribune has been looked upon, by the public, as the standard authority for all statistical information.

Under date March 10th, 1868, the New York Tribune, in accordance with this rule, compared the sworn Internal Revenue returns of the principal piano-forte manufacturers of the United States with those of the same manufacturers of 1866, and editorially announced the fact, that between those years a steady increase had taken place—that the increase in the sale of the Weber piano in three years had been

TWO HUNDRED AND SIX PER CENT.,

while that of the three next leading houses had been but 26, 20, and 4 per cent. This was well known to the persons connected with the piano business and strictly musical people, but was a matter of great surprise to the general public, and the manufacturer was in constant receipt of letters asking, "How do you account for the increase of the Weber pianos over those of other and well known Houses?"

The answer was:—"I can only account for it by the fact that their tone is purer, more melodious, and more powerful, and the touch much more sympathetic. The pianos are stronger in case, and more reasonable in price. They are the favourite instrument of every prima donna, every singer, every pianist of renown; in fact every musician of note; and while the manufacturer constantly improved his piano, other firms were resting on their laurels, perfectly content with themselves and their work."

It will be remembered that but a short time ago one of Weber's small upright pianos was

used at a concert in one of our city churches. The performer was a young lady, an amateur in her teens, yet under her nimble fingers the pure, sweet, powerful tones which rolled out of the wonderful little instrument compelled the admiration and surprise of the audience. Strauss' exclamation when he first heard it, in 1872, was, "How so small an instrument can contain a perfect orchestra, surprises me." But on this subject the great musicians are all of one opinion. For politeness they will sometimes say a good word for the other great rival makers, but when it is possible to procure a Weber for their concerts they always do so, as in the case of the Cary-Kellogg concerts a few weeks since, and the Roze-Mapleson concerts now being held here, when the Weber agents not having a grand piano, one had to be brought from New York for their use.

FINE ARTS.—Perhaps one of the most graceful and thoughtful compliments paid to H. R. H. the Princess Louise, during the visit of their Excellencies to Montreal, was the gathering from the Art Gardens of the city of about twenty of the choicest water colors, chiefly views in Scotland, which were tastefully hung upon the walls of the private chamber of Her Royal Highness at the Windsor. In addition there was a group in a pencil sketch of the Queen, the Princess and the Marquis of Lorne, sketched from life some years ago by J. Hayter, the drawing master to the Royal Family. We understand H. R. H. was much gratified with the delicate compliment paid to her as an artist.

BURLESQUE.

THE COST OF CAT-KILLING.—It requires ten well-directed blows with an ordinary boot-jack to kill the average cat, and at the distance of a foot the chances are ten to one that you will miss the cat. If you don't believe it, try it. Secure the cat by a string, one foot long, so as to give the cat plenty of play, and after a week's practice you will consider this a scant estimate for the cat. Therefore at a distance of one foot it will require 100 boot-jacks.

But your chances of killing the cat decrease as the square of the distance increases. This is an axiom in natural philosophy and a fundamental truth of felinology. Therefore, at a distance of ten feet it will require ten thousand.

Again, the force of the projectile decreases as the square of the distance increases. Ten squares equal 100; 10,000x100, 1,000,000, equal number of boot-jacks on this count.

But then the darkness of night decreases the chances of a fair hit ten to one. Hence at night it will require 10,000,000 boot-jacks.

Fourthly, the tom cat being black, decreases the chances twenty to one, according to the well-known rule of optics. Fourth count, 200,000,000.

At this stage of our solution we will leave the domain of science and draw a couple of logical inferences.

First, after a man has hurled 200,000,000 boot-jacks he will be old, as we shall hereafter show, and very feeble. We have no means of knowing how much his projecting force would decrease or his aim fail. But at a very fair allowance the chances from these two causes would decrease in the ratio of 100 to 1. Count fifth, 20,000,000,000.

It is true that 20,000,000,000 boot-jacks thrown around promiscuously might afford almost invincible shelter, but to save paper we will suppose this to diminish the chances only as 10 to 1.

Count sixth and answer, 200,000,000,000.

It is true the man might improve in his aim, but the cat would improve equally in his dodging.

Now, suppose Adam to have thrown, on an average, 500 a day. This is a liberal estimate when we make no allowance for Sundays, blowing up Eve, etc. He would have a job of 1,056, 220 years. At present the cat would be 1-136th dead. Or, suppose the weapons to contain one square foot of inch pine and six eight-penny nails. The lumber, third clear, would cost \$26 per 1,000 feet, or \$6,200,000,000. And the nails 15,400,000,000 pounds at three cents per pound, would cost \$462,000,000.

ALFRED ETHELRIDGE MAKES A CALL.—Mr. Alfred Ethelridge is bashful; he does not deny it. He wishes he wasn't, sometimes, but wishing doesn't seem to help his case much. Everybody in Burlington likes him, except the father of a young lady out on Pond street. With an instinctive knowledge of this old gentleman's feelings, Alfred had forebore to aggravate them and kept out of the father's way as much as possible, atoning for this apparent neglect by seeing the daughter twice as often. The other afternoon, Alfred went up the steps and rang the bell. The door opened and—

Papa stood glaring at him, looking a thousand things and saying nothing.

Alfred Ethelridge had never felt quite so lost for language in his life. Presently he stood on one foot and remarked:

"Good afternoon!"

"Goofnoon," grunted papa, which is, by interpretation, also good afternoon.

"Is—ah—is—er—er—Miss Lollipop—is your daughter at home?" asked Alfred, standing on the other foot.

"Yes, sir," said papa, rather more shortly than Alfred thought was absolutely necessary. Then nobody said anything for a long time.

Presently Alfred Ethelridge stood on both feet and asked:

"Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, not budging a step from his position in the door, and looking as though he was dealing with a book agent instead of one of the nicest young men in Burlington. Then Alfred Ethelridge stood on his right foot and said:

"Does she—can she receive company?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, savagely, not at all melted by the pleading intonation of Alfred's voice, which everybody else thought was so irresistibly sweet. Then Alfred Ethelridge stood on his left foot and said:

"Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, kind of coldly.

Alfred Ethelridge looked down the street and sighed, then he looked up at papa and shivered. Then he stood on the right foot again and said:

"Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, grimly, and never taking his eyes off the young man's uneasy face.

Alfred Ethelridge sighed and looked up the street, then he stood on his left foot and looked at papa's knees and said, timidly and in tremulous tones:

"Can she see me?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, but he never moved, and he never looked pleasant. He only stood still and repeated a second time, "Yes, sir."

Alfred Ethelridge began to feel ill. He looked up and down the street and finally pinned his wandering gaze to the bald spot on the top of papa's head, then he said:

"Will you please tell her that Mr. Alfred Ethelridge called?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, and he didn't say anything more. And somehow or other Alfred Ethelridge of kind of sort got down off the porch and went kind of out of the gate like. He discontinued his visits there, and explained to a friend that the old man didn't say anything that wasn't all right and cordial enough, but the manner of him was rather formal.

It is rumoured that the Queen intends to confer on her son-in-law the title of viceroy.

M. GAMBETTA is about to start another news paper, which is to devote its attention to the requirements of the middle classes.

We learn that the Duke of Argyll's new work on the Eastern Question is unavoidably postponed till later on towards the end of the year. It has, however, all gone through the press with the exception of the last two chapters.

THE Marquis of Bute has determined to revive to some extent the old Catholic institution of holidays, and with this view has given instructions that all his servants are to have twelve holidays in the year. This will be equivalent to five Sundays in a month instead of four. The first holiday was given on All Saints' Day.

GENTLENESS AT HOME.—Be merciful in your judgment of one another. Do not encourage in yourself the habit of criticising and commenting upon the foibles and faults of any member of your own family. There is nothing gained by it, and a great deal is lost. Love itself is often choked back and hindered in its growth by the rank sturdiness of weeds which spring up against it, unchecked, in houses where people say all manner of ungentle speeches to each other.

HUMOROUS.

"LOOK out for the paint!" shouted a boy in the gallery of a Chicago theatre when the hero of the play kissed the heroine.

O'LEARY makes more in six days' walk than a tolerably successful literary man after a year's labour.

A BOY becomes a responsible being as soon as he can read a dime novel and put out his little sister's left eye with a blow-gun.

A RETIRED detective, in writing up the records of his twenty five years' experience, was greatly surprised to discover that on two or three occasions he had come very near catching somebody.

"ADVERSITY," says a Western exchange, "takes us up short, and sets us down hard; and when it is done, we feel as contented as a boy that's been spanked and sent away to school."

A NEWLY-ARRIVED Swede in Minnesota killed and roasted a skunk and invited his neighbours to a coon supper. After the supper his neighbours invited him to try on a mahogany overcoat with pewter trimming.

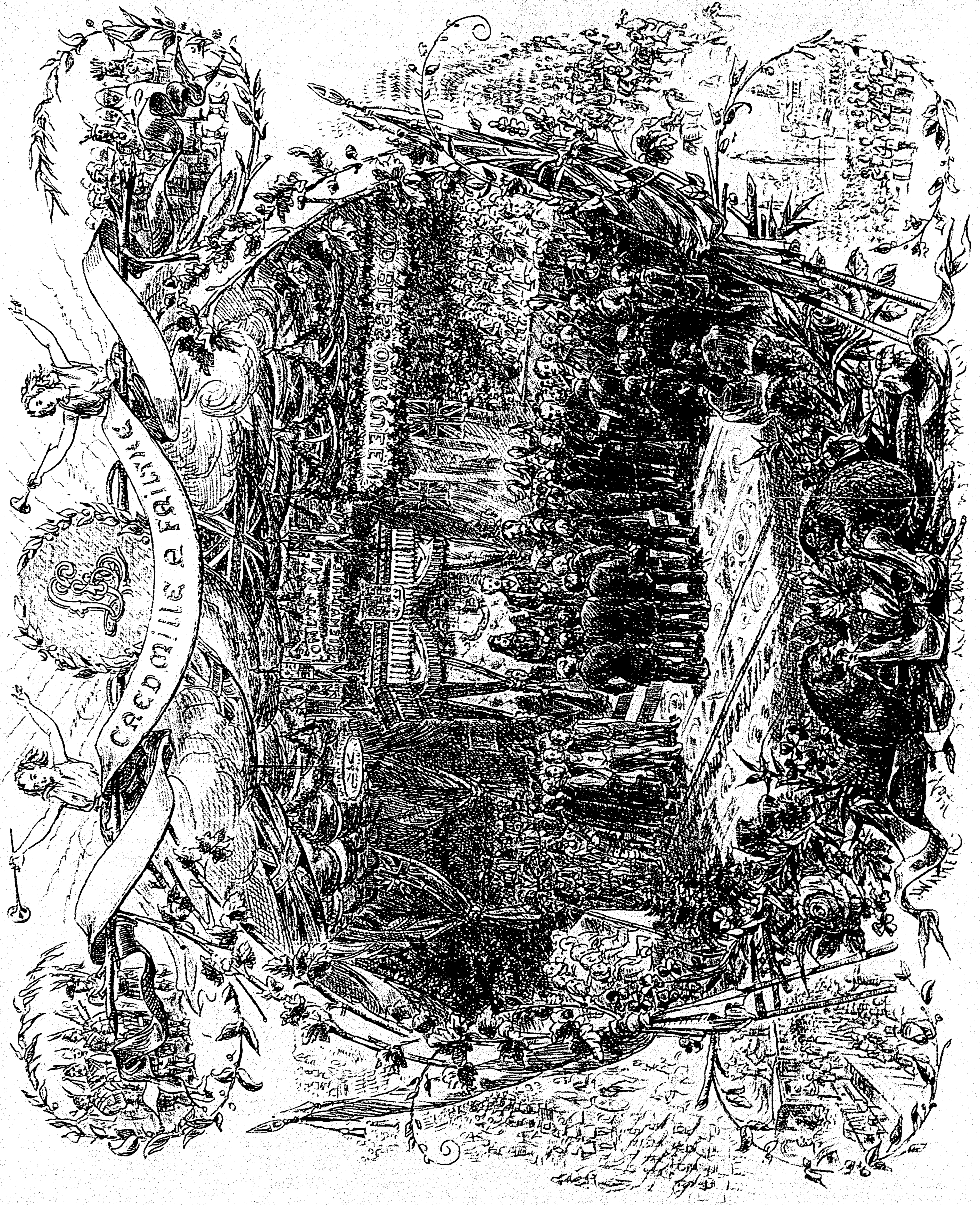
AN exchange prints fourteen rules for spoiling a child—and the quickest and most certain rule is omitted. If you want to spoil a child, give the youngster a didn't-know-it-was-loaded pistol to play with. It goes right to the spot, and no postponement on account of the weather.

THE woman he had married was by no means a reigning beauty, though she was a most excellent, amiable and gifted person. He owned as much, privately, to the friend whom he had just presented to her. "You see," he says, "beauty passes away." "I know it," replies his friend, "and ugliness doesn't."

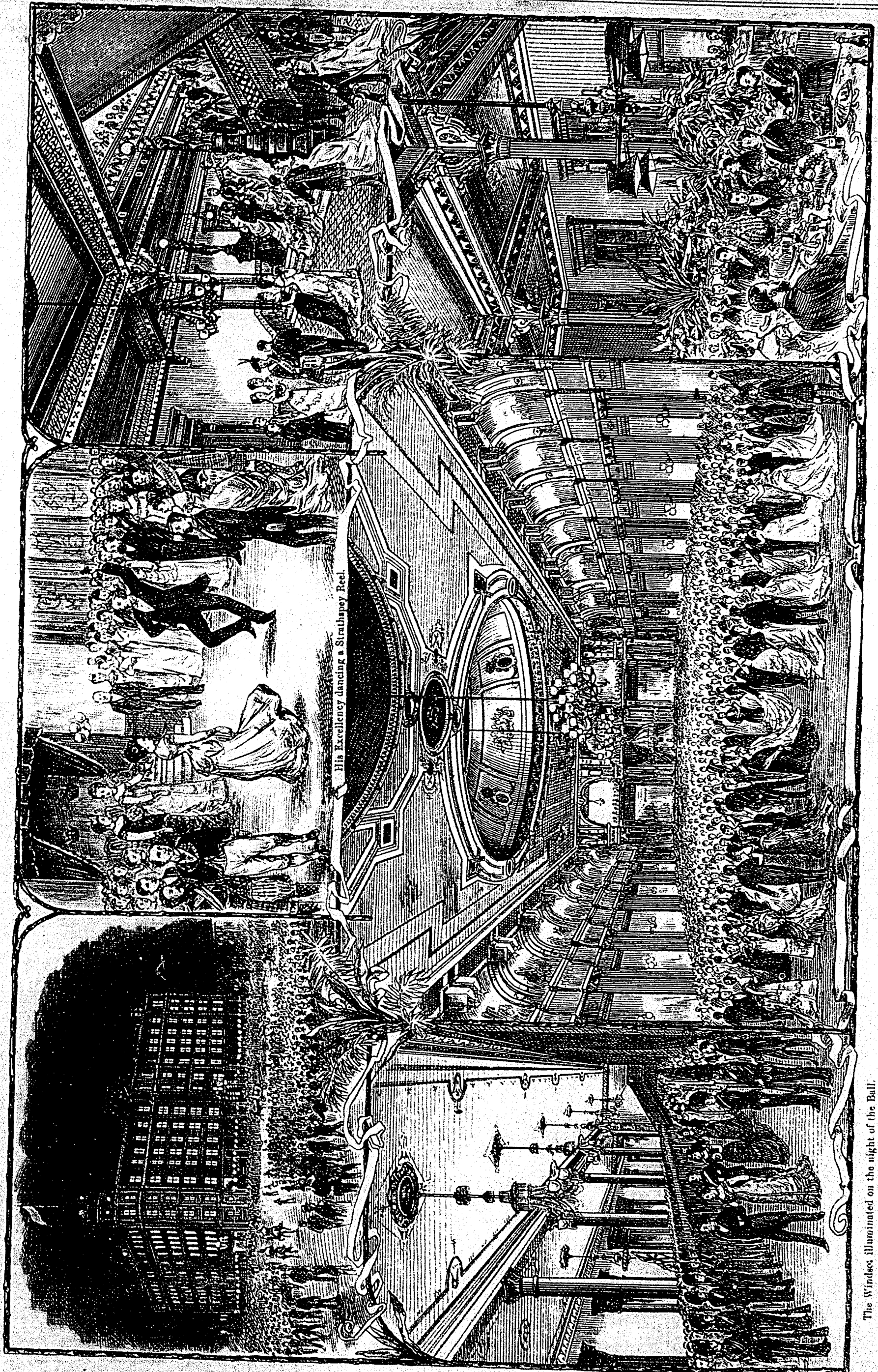
MLEE X—, meeting one of her old boarding-school friends who has just been married: "Well, are you happy? Do you get along well together?" "Happy? yes, without a doubt; but we squabble a great deal." "Already! and about what?" "Paul pretends always that it is he who cares the most for me, and I'm very sure that it's I."

HE was arrested for not supporting his wife. "What have you got to say for yourself?" asked the judge. "Me and Byron are alike," replied the prisoner. "What do you mean by that?" said his honour. "I mean," replied the prisoner, "that neither me nor Byron could ever bear to see a woman eat." "It's six months in the penitentiary," added his honour.





RECEPTION AT MONTREAL, BONAVENTURE STATION.



The Windows illuminated on the night of the Ball.  
 The Vice-Royal Party passing to the Ball-room through the grand Lobby.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, MONTREAL.

Guests ascending the grand Staircase.  
 The Supper.

His Excellency dancing a Strathpey Reel.

# BENEATH THE WAVE,

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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

CHAPTER IX.

AT MASSAM PARK.

Isabel Trevor walked home after her visit to the parsonage, apparently in rather a meditative mood. She walked on in silence for some time, and then said abruptly,—

"How very good-looking he is."

"Who do you mean?" asked Hilda Marston, who was still rather in an irritable condition of mind.

"Mean!" repeated Isabel, somewhat pettishly. "Why, Mr. Hayward, of course. What a clever face he has—so thoughtful. I could imagine him a writer."

"To be thoughtful doesn't always seem necessary to constitute a writer now-a-days," said Hilda, still suffering from irritation.

"No," replied Isabel, and then she relaxed into silence again.

She was weaving a little web. One of those small and often incomplete schemes which too many of her type indulge in. What she had told Hayward about knowing the Misses Featherstone was quite true, but she had almost forgotten this fact until the last few days. True, a desultory correspondence had been carried on between these young ladies since their school days, but of late years this had almost entirely ceased. By accident, however, she had learnt that Featherstone lay near to Massam Park. Then she remembered her old friends, and she was now thinking of what she would write to them; speculating pretty correctly on what their answer would be.

You see Isabel Trevor knew her position. She was a beauty and an heiress, and as such always could command attention and flattery. The "Featherstone girls," as she mentally designated her old school companions, would, she knew, only be too glad to have her. They were not heiresses, and they were not beauties. They were the daughters of a small land-owner in Yorkshire, who had nearly ruined himself by horse-racing. Ill-luck sets in early with some people, and ill-luck had set in for and always pursued Mr. Featherstone, of Featherstone. He never bought or reared a colt but some mischance befel it; he never backed a winner, and never did any good all his days.

He was a widower as well as Isabel's father, for his poor wife had sickened and died after one fatal Derby, from the effects of which Mr. Featherstone's finances never had a chance of recovering themselves. Mr. Featherstone himself was a rakish, good-looking man, who affected the horse style, though horses had been the bane of his life. He had tried several times to retrieve his fortunes by a second marriage with a woman with money, but women with money are shy of a man whose embarrassments are notorious. Yet he always continued to keep his head above water. Mortgages upon mortgages! The estate was mortgaged up to the hall door; even the stone steps of the vestibule, and the foot scraper outside, Lucinda Featherstone (the second daughter) declared were in pecuniary difficulties.

Inside, however, everything was jolly. The girls were good-tempered, and good-looking, and had fine figures and fine constitutions. They went to every available "meet," archery party, and dance, for miles and miles around, and rode, flirted, and waltzed as if they had not a single care in the world.

"They will be delighted to have me," thought Isabel Trevor as she walked home from the parsonage, and she thought it justly.

So as soon as she returned to the Hall she sat down to write to the Featherstones. "Papa and herself," she informed them, "were going into Yorkshire; were going to visit Sir George Hamilton at Massam" (then followed the details of the shipwreck, and Sir George's "romantic rescue"), "and she could not think of being in their neighbourhood without going to see her old friends. When would they be at home?" and so on.

The answer to this letter (which came by return of post) was exactly what Isabel expected. The Featherstones would be delighted to see her. They were enchanted at the prospect of meeting her, and in rather exuberant and ill-chosen terms declared their satisfaction. Isabel was to fix her own time for the visit; was assured she would be always welcome, and they expected that she would make quite "a sensation amongst the men (married and unmarried) around them."

What style of women the Featherstones were could have been almost told from this letter. Jolly, free-spoken girls, who became intimate friends with men after half an hour's conversation, and who quarrelled and made up again with frequency and ease. They, however, were really pleased at the idea of Isabel Trevor visiting them, and good-looking, red-faced, rakish Antony Featherstone, Esq., (commonly called Tony), was apparently very well pleased also.

"If she's an heiress, I think I had better go in for her, my dears," he said.

"My good old man," answered Lucinda, the second girl, affectionately patting her father's

broad shoulders, "you would have no chance. Isabel Trevor is one of the vainest and handsomest girls I have ever seen. She is ambitious, too, or I'm mistaken, and probably her motive for coming to see us is that she wishes to be longer in the neighbourhood of Sir George. See by her letters how dexterously she alludes to him!" And Lucinda drew Isabel's letter from her dress pocket, and put it into her father's hands with a little laugh.

Thus these girls saw through Isabel's motives, and perceived smilingly what she thought that she had hidden so well.

"If she's coming after Sir George, she'll be a little out of her calculations, I fancy," said Mr. Featherstone, rather roughly.

"Oh, you mean the old story, I suppose?" replied Lucinda lightly.

Mr. Featherstone nodded his head significantly.

"Well, I fancy she is coming after Sir George," replied Lucinda. "But there's one thing certain, as far as I remember of Isabel Trevor, she will never break her heart for any living man."

"Quite right," growled Mr. Featherstone, "they aren't worth it." And having given vent to this expression, Mr. Featherstone composed himself to sleep.

Yes, Mr. Featherstone could sleep, apparently with an easy conscience after his brandy and sodas at lunch, and after his bottle of port at dinner, though he knew that at his death his daughters would probably be left penniless. That dark day, however, he never contemplated. He was only a young man still he told himself; the girls might marry. A hundred things might occur, in fact, so why should he disturb his rest, or make himself miserable? At all events he did not, and he was undoubtedly a flourishing specimen of a careless, easy, though not a badly-intentioned man.

After Isabel Trevor received the gushing letter from the Featherstones, she immediately went to her papa.

"Papa," she said, "you remember the Featherstone girls? The girls I was at school with?"

"I think I do remember the name, love," replied Mr. Trevor, removing his respectable, gold-rimmed double glasses from his respectable, lofty nose.

"Well, they have written to ask me to stay with them," went on Isabel mendaciously, "and as Featherstone, their place, is near Massam Park, papa, I thought perhaps if you are going there soon, as you promised Sir George you would, that we might travel together?"

"Certainly, my love," answered the Squire, and then he paused. He was wondering if Isabel still thought of Sir George as at one time he had certainly imagined that she did, but he was too delicate-minded, in spite of his obscure intellect, to ask.

"I thought, you know," continued Isabel, throwing back her head, "that I might go with you first, to Massam, for a day or two—Sir George asked me, you remember?"

"Yes," said Mr. Trevor, slowly.

"And it would be so nice for us to travel together," said Isabel. "Will you write to him, papa, and tell him when we could go?"

"I think, my love, we ought to wait until he writes to us," suggested Mr. Trevor.

"Oh, I don't know. Say it would be convenient for us to go such and such a day," urged Isabel.

"I would prefer to wait until I hear from him," again said the Squire, rather stiffly.

Isabel looked angry, but she said nothing. She knit her brows, and bit her red lips with her white teeth, and then, after considering a minute or two, she left her father's presence, going straight to her own room, where she at once sat down to compose a letter to Sir George Hamilton. She wrote as follows:—

"Dear Sir George,—Some old friends of mine, the Featherstones, wish me to visit them, and as they are near neighbours of yours, I have been trying to persuade papa this afternoon to write to you to tell you that if you will allow us we shall take Massam on our road, and look you up for a day or two. Thus I would secure for myself a travelling companion, for I dislike travelling alone so much, besides having the pleasure of seeing you again. But papa snubbed my proposal unmercifully, telling me to wait until we were asked, and making various other unpleasant comments! So you see nothing is left for me but to appeal to your generosity. Will you write and invite us? Ah, I know you will. Is it a bold thing of me to ask you? Perhaps—but I feel as if we were quite old, old friends.

"Yours very truly,

"ISABEL TREVOR."

When Sir George Hamilton received this letter, he was sitting alone in his library. He was sad and gloomy, and he looked so. He got up after he had read Isabel's letter, and began walking slowly up and down the room, with his brows knitted, and his lips compressed. Yet this letter came as a sort of relief to him. He was a man whose own thoughts were ill-company, but still he shrank from seeking other companions. Now they were forced on him he thought, for he had not forgotten the claims which Isabel and her father had on his hospitality. Did she wish to see him again! went on his reflections. This bright creature, that no man could see without worshipping. "Ah—ha—she little knows!" And Sir George gave a bitter sigh.

But there could be but one answer to such a letter as Isabel's, he thought, and this answer Sir George speedily wrote. She was to name her own day, he told her, for coming to Massam, and his poor house would only be too much honoured by her presence there. He was perhaps unaware himself that he framed his sentences to Isabel in softer language than he would have done to any other woman in the world. Yet it was so. He saw in his mind's eye the beautiful face of which he had so often thought since he had returned to his splendid, but lonely home, as he penned the words. Isabel at least has not been forgotten by this reserved, and apparently care-burdened man.

She felt elated, almost triumphant, when she received this letter from Sir George. So she had won, she thought, for Isabel had immense faith in her own attractions, if they only had fair play. They would have fair play at Massam, she concluded, and therefore her heart felt full of joy.

Sir George not only wrote to her, but also to the Squire. Isabel was in her bedroom shortly after she had Sir George's letter, mentally planning irresistible costumes, when she received a message from her father that he wished to speak to her, and when she went to him, she found him sitting with an air of satisfaction, and a letter lying open before him.

"Isabel, my love," he said, addressing his daughter, "if you still wish to go to Massam, as you said you did a day or two ago, you have now the opportunity of doing so. This is a letter from Sir George," and Mr. Trevor pointed to the open letter on the table, "containing a very courteously-expressed invitation for us both."

"Oh—," said Isabel, and she took up Sir George's letter.

There was no hint of the one that she had written to him. Sir George merely expressed a hope that Mr. Trevor and his daughter would now fulfil their promise, and visit him at Massam; then followed a few well-chosen words of thanks for the kindness that he had received during his stay at Sanda.

"It has come very opportunely, as you wish to visit your friends, the Featherstones," said Mr. Trevor.

"Very," said Isabel, and she gave a little laugh.

"If you will fix the time, I will write to Sir George to-day," went on Mr. Trevor. "Of course, Miss Marston will accompany you?"

"There is no of course about it, papa," answered Isabel brusquely. "I see no reason why she should go."

"Nevertheless, there is a reason, Isabel," said Mr. Trevor. "You could not go to Sir George's without another lady."

"What folly!" said Isabel. "Besides, the Featherstone girls will be so near."

"I know nothing of the Misses Featherstone," replied the Squire, "but I am competent to judge of what will be the best arrangement for my own family, and I wish Miss Marston to accompany us."

"She will only be in the way," retorted Isabel.

"I wish it," repeated Mr. Trevor magisterially.

The Squire of Sanda, like most silly men, was obstinate. He had his own settled ideas, and he tenaciously clung to them. He was very indulgent to Isabel, and she had far more of her own way than was good for her, but if he once fixed anything in his own mind there it remained, and he had now fixed that Hilda Marston should go to Massam.

"How can you be so obstinate, papa?" said Isabel, losing temper.

"My love, firmness is not obstinacy," replied the Squire.

Ah, how he respected himself at that moment! What a great man he was, he thought—so composed, and yet so firm.

"I would not allow any woman to ruffle me," he reflected.

"What a tiresome, pompous old man," reflected Isabel.

But the Squire got the best of it, for during the argument which ensued between them after these mutual reflections, Mr. Trevor informed his daughter that unless Miss Marston went to Sir George Hamilton's that he would not go. Thus, as Isabel could not visit Massam without her father's protection, she was forced with a very bad grace to give in.

So Hilda Marston received an intimation during the day that she was expected to accompany Isabel into Yorkshire. This young person was anything but delighted with the idea. She was beginning to tire of her role of companionship, and to pine for harder and more independent work. "I am an absolute cipher here," she often thought. "Surely I could spend my life better than being so completely useless and despised as I am now."

It was silly she knew (for she was a sensible girl), but she had taken very much to heart the fact that Philip Hayward had forgotten to notice her on the day when she and Isabel had called at the parsonage. You see she had not been used to this kind of treatment. In her father's home, poor though it was, she was someone. A fondly loved daughter for one, an affectionate and favourite sister for another. So it was a great change. Isabel Trevor was not actually unkind to her, but she was not kind. She cared nothing about her, in fact cared nothing about any woman. She would have given her her old dresses, but Hilda was too proud to accept them; but she would have given her nothing that she had the slightest value for. Hilda, sensitive and tender-hearted, felt every moment her nature rise in antagonism with the selfish,

cold-hearted one with which she was now continually thrown. She naturally was not blinded by Isabel's beauty. She even felt sometimes that she hated that beauty—the subtle, sensuous beauty, that wiled every man's heart away.

She therefore often thought of leaving Sanda. But there are wheels within wheels. For poor Hilda there were her old home ties. Her sister often wrote to her to say how glad she was that she was so well settled, and then there was Ned—poor little Ned! Were she to offend the Squire by proposing to leave the Hall, would the Squire continue his patronage to little Ned? This meant feeding, clothing, and educating him, and who else was there to do it if Mr. Trevor turned away? All these things naturally influenced Hilda, but they did not reconcile her to her present life.

Isabel Trevor, too, had allowed her to see very plainly that she did not think it necessary that Hilda should accompany them to Massam. Not in words, perhaps, but still Isabel had made her understand, and there were other reasons also why she did not wish to go; reasons which many a poor lady will well understand.

The Squire, however, had thought about these last reasons, and did his best to remove them. In fact he had remembered that Hilda could scarcely go to Massam without a suitable dress or two, and he, therefore, with some ostentation, placed an envelope in her hand the day after they had decided to visit Sir George Hamilton.

"Young ladies, I believe," he said, "always find that they 'have nothing to wear,' when they are about to pay visits, so I trust you will accept this trifle, Miss Marston."

The Squire of Sanda was one of those men who make speeches which would sound almost clever, or at least ordinary, from the lips of a clever man. From his they oppressed you with a sense of their vacuity. He, in fact, clothed his limited ideas in very tolerable language. But it did not impose upon you somehow. You felt the hollowness beneath, just as you recognise ability in the simplest words.

However, he meant to be kind to Hilda, and therefore Hilda need not have blushed and looked as uncomfortable as she did when he gave her the envelope.

"You are very kind," she faltered, "but I—would rather not go to Massam."

"I wish you to go," said Mr. Trevor, in a tone in which, at the Quarter Sessions, he condemned small boys to be whipped for stealing turnips, and men to be imprisoned for snaring hares.

"But—," hesitated Hilda.

"I wish you to go, and I wish you to appear well-dressed," reiterated the Squire, and, after this, what could the poor girl say? Nothing, of course, and it may serve to illustrate Hilda's character, to describe what she did with the Squire's gift.

When she opened the envelope she found it contained twenty pounds—four clean, crisp, five-pound notes. This seemed quite a large sum to Hilda at first, and to spend it all upon herself was impossible to her nature. No, there was dear Marion, she thought, had long coveted a new jacket, and so five pounds found its way to her eldest sister. Then there was little Ned. He wanted a new suit sadly, Hilda decided, and thus another five pounds disappeared. She finally reserved ten pounds for herself, to buy two new dresses. Like most women, in fact, who are womanly in their ways, Hilda liked to be well dressed. She was a fine-looking, sweet-faced girl, though not a beauty, and dress, therefore, made a considerable difference in her appearance. She had the disadvantage also of living with Isabel Trevor, who was always magnificently dressed. Everything goes by comparison, and many things which would have looked well in the quiet parsonage, which had been her old home, looked shabby beside the elegant and elaborate costumes which Isabel Trevor continually wore. But Hilda had good taste and knew what became her, and so she made excellent use of her ten pounds.

The whole party left Sanda for Massam about five days after Sir George's invitation had been received. Isabel Trevor was radiant and excited during their journey, and kept continually laughing and talking to her father and Hilda.

"I wonder if our friend, the tutor, will be there?" she said, alluding to Hayward.

"I scarcely think that Sir George would invite him to meet us," remarked the Squire.

"Oh, but I assure you that Sir George has invited him," replied Isabel. "Not to meet us of course, but to go for a long visit, and indeed it must be admitted that Sir George owes him every civility." And Isabel laughed.

She knew quite well, when she said this, that if they remained long enough at Massam that Hayward would be there when they were. He had paid his promised visit to the Hall, and Isabel had seen him. During this visit, partly for amusement and partly because she had begun to like the tutor's thoughtful face, she had done her best to increase her power over him. She knew quite well that he greatly admired her. She had seen and treasured up the parting look that he had given her before he had plunged into the sea, to try at her bidding to save Sir George Hamilton's life. She liked such looks as this; looks which told of wasted hours, of restless pain; of a man's life all turned to bitterness out of vain love for her. This may read like exaggeration, but it is not so. Nothing was so dear to Isabel Trevor as her vanity, and she cared not how many hearts she sacrificed, as long as she gratified this leading passion.

But she was ambitious also, and this feeling stirred strongly within her as they approached

Sir George's splendid home, and drove through the glorious woodland scenery by which it was surrounded. It was worth winning, Isabel thought, as she looked out of the luxurious carriage that they had found waiting for them at the station nearest to Massam Park. It was just growing dusk, but she could still see as they went down the long avenue how beautiful it was. Here was everything a woman wanted, Isabel reflected, and she determined that her visit should not be in vain.

Sir George was waiting on the broad terrace in front of the house to receive them. The terrace was laid out with ornamental flowerbeds and vases, in the Italian style, and had a fine white marble fountain in the centre. Isabel saw all this almost at a glance; and she saw also that there was a faint flush on Sir George's usually pale face, as he advanced down the steps of the terrace and held out his hand in welcome, as he approached the door of the carriage.

"Well, we have arrived, Sir George," said Mr. Trevor, as he returned the Baronet's greeting; but Isabel said nothing. She only looked into Sir George's face, who gravely handed her out of her carriage, and then offered her his arm to escort her up the steps of the terrace.

Inside the house everything was alike magnificent and comfortable. Even Mr. Trevor was impressed by the lofty hall and broad staircase, both of which were adorned with many fine paintings; the wrought-iron balustrade of the staircase being beautifully painted and relieved with gold. Hilda Marston, who had never been in a house like this before, looked round in genuine admiration, and even a little awe. But Isabel Trevor held her head high, and seemed to notice nothing. She did not wish Sir George to think that she was particularly struck with the splendour of his stately home.

But no sooner were the two ladies alone after dinner than it was quite different. Then Isabel ran from one room to the other, admiring and commenting on the beautiful objects they contained. She was fond of china, and went into raptures over the magnificent collection of Sevres and Dresden, and was kneeling before a locked cabinet in the small drawing-room, which contained precious stones, trying if she could open it, when Sir George and her father rejoined them. For a moment, when Sir George saw her occupation, a frown contracted his brow, but the next moment he advanced towards her.

"That cabinet is always kept locked," he said, addressing her, "but I will send to the house-keeper for the key."

"I was trying to get a closer peep at your treasures," answered Isabel, not without some slight embarrassment, as she rose from her rather undignified position.

When the key of the cabinet was brought, Sir George unlocked it, and took out the gems, one after the other, for Isabel's inspection.

"Was your mother a collector of these things?" asked Isabel, as she handled and admired the stones.

"No," answered Sir George, "my poor mother cared little or nothing about them. This collection, which is of great value, I believe, was made by the Lady Hamilton who preceded her. My father, as perhaps you know, was not born the heir of Massam. It belonged to the elder branch of the family, who all in a most singular manner died, and thus my father became its possessor."

"A lucky fatality for him," laughed Isabel, showing her white teeth.

"It seemed so, then," said Sir George, "yet perhaps had I—"

"Been poor?" suggested Isabel, with another laugh.

"Yes, been poor," went on Sir George, gravely, "I might have been a better man."

"Or a worse," said Isabel, lightly. "I must admit I prefer the temptations of wealth to those of poverty."

Sir George made no reply to this. He was standing looking at her fixedly. She was holding a great sparkling unset sapphire in the palm of her slender hand, and it struck Sir George for the first time at that moment that there was something in the expression of her lovely face that he would rather not have seen there.

"Isn't this splendid?" said Isabel, returning to her admiration of the gem in her hand, and moving it so as to catch its glitter in the light of the chandelier.

"If you admire it so much, I will have it set for you," said Sir George.

"Will you?" answered Isabel, looking up delightedly, for she was a woman who loved gifts. "Ah, how good you are!"

Upon this Sir George gave rather a harsh little laugh.

"Where are your conservatories?" asked Isabel. "You know I love flowers—will you show me some?"

"I fear they have been neglected since my poor mother's death," said Sir George, "but if you wish you can see a small conservatory which the morning room opens into. The others are not lighted."

"I do wish," answered Isabel. "I like to see all over a place at once."

"Come, then," said Sir George. But as Isabel prepared to follow him he turned courteously to Hilda Marston, who was standing in another part of the room looking at some books lying on the table. "Will you go, too, Miss Marston?" he asked.

Hilda gave one glance into Isabel's face, and reading there strong objections to this proposal, she answered with a smile, glancing at Mr. Trevor, who was calmly sleeping in an easy chair with the *Times* over his face.

"No, I will see them some other time," she said. "Just now I will stay and keep Mr. Trevor company." And she gave a little nod at the sleeping Squire.

So Isabel followed Sir George alone, through the still corridors of the house, until they came to the left wing, in which the morning room was situated, and from which they passed into the conservatory beyond.

There was nothing particularly remarkable about it, and after Isabel had walked round it she began gathering herself a bouquet of the best flowers it contained.

"Don't you care for flowers?" she asked, looking at Sir George with a smile.

"No; I don't know," he answered absently. "I don't know what I do care for, I think."

Then Isabel laid down her flowers, and went up to him, looking at him with her bright, beautiful eyes.

"What makes you always so sad, Sir George," she said, "and so—indifferent?"

She almost whispered the last word, but Sir George heard it.

"I am not indifferent," he answered quickly. "I wish I were."

"Then you are sad?" said Isabel.

Sir George turned away his head for a moment, and then he said—

"I must try not to seem so, at least, Miss Trevor, when you are here."

Isabel felt disappointed by this reply.

"Oh," she said, "pray do not assume any false gaiety on my account." And she threw back her head as if she were annoyed.

Upon this Sir George looked at her, kindly. "I don't wish you to be sad," he said; "you who are so young and bright."

"And I don't wish you to be sad," answered Isabel, with a sudden change of mood, and in the soft, sweet tones she could so well assume.

"You—who are my friend," and she put her hand half coyly into his.

As she did so, Sir George took it, holding it for a moment tightly clasped in his own. Then, suddenly (before Isabel could speak), his expression changed and he bit his lip, and dropped her hand abruptly.

"Let us rejoin the others," he said, almost coldly; "the air is chill for you here, Miss Trevor."

"I think so, too," answered Isabel, haughtily; and angry and annoyed she returned to her father and Hilda Marston, in the small drawing-room. She felt she had failed, and failure was very bitter to Isabel's vain heart.

## CHAPTER II.

## A FIRST PROPOSAL.

The next morning at breakfast, Sir George addressed Isabel with a smile.

"Since you have been good enough to honour Massam with your presence, Miss Trevor," he said, "I think I should try to make it a little more amusing to you than it generally is. You know my neighbours, the Featherstones, I believe?"

"Oh, yes," answered Isabel, rather carelessly, "the girls were at school with me."

"Well," went on Sir George, "I think I had better begin to send out some invitations at once. I have been so long away I have almost forgotten everybody—but I can apply to Hannaway."

"Don't trouble to have people here on our account," said Isabel. "To begin with, I hate country dinner-parties. If you would give a ball, perhaps."

But Sir George shook his head at this suggestion.

"No," he said, "no, I could not do that."

"Then pray don't have any dinner-parties," went on Isabel, "for I consider them a most dreary waste of time. I know what it is to sit and listen to the interesting catalogue of domestic ailments with which the model mother regales her friends after dinner. Then there is the scandalous dowager, picking little holes with great relish in the coats of her neighbours; and last, and not least for poor me, there are insipid girls, awkward girls, and tiresome girls, all yawning behind their fans, until the generally not over brilliant specimens of your sex once again appear upon the scene."

"And you leave out the charming girls," said Sir George, with a laugh. "Pray what do they do under the circumstances?"

"The charming girls," answered Isabel boldly and brightly, "to whom, of course, I belong, don't like it at all. They detest stupid men, however large their rent-rolls are. They weary of tiresome girls, however pretty their faces are; and they hate scandalous dowagers, because they know the more charming they are, that the dowagers will tear them to pieces with greater satisfaction."

"My dear Isabel," said Mr. Trevor, who was buttering his toast, "surely you are giving Sir George a very exaggerated description."

"I could not exaggerate the weariness with which such society as we usually meet about Sanda inspires me with," said Isabel. "Oh, the long dreary drives, and the long dreary dinners I have gone through! I envy you, Sir George, to have been out of it all so long."

"Then you did not go into much society abroad, Sir George?" asked Mr. Trevor.

"No, I kept out of it," answered Sir George, "as I mean to keep out of it here. But," he added, "I thought, perhaps, to amuse Miss Trevor and Miss Marston."

"Leave Miss Trevor and Miss Marston to amuse themselves," said Isabel, lightly, as Sir George paused. "May I arrange the programme for to-day?"

"Certainly, most certainly," replied Sir George.

"Then I propose to spend all the morning in the grounds and in the park," went on Isabel. "The lovely peep I had this morning out of my bedroom window was quite enough to make me long for more. So if it will not weary you, Sir George—"

"It will not weary me," he answered; and he thought at that moment—who would ever weary of a woman like this.

Yet, at times, she repelled him. He remembered his mother's gentle words, even when Isabel was giving her satirical descriptions of county society. She, the dead mother, had seldom spoken of other's failings or other's sins. Sir George was bitter and satirical himself at times, but somehow he loved not to hear harsh words on Isabel's lovely lips. But she fascinated him. It was her beauty, and he knew it, that gave her this strange power over him; a power that he nevertheless tried sometimes to resist.

But not that morning. Massam lay bathed in golden sunshine, sunshine which fell on the great trees, on the green glades, on the distant woods. These rich in the tawny, mellow tints of autumn, stirred and swayed in the fresh breeze, while the falling leaves stole softly downwards, to wither in the misty undergrowth below.

Through the grounds first, and then through the woods, Sir George led Isabel. He was her host, he told himself, and so it was his duty to pay her every attention in his power. But time did not lag that morning for Sir George. Into the dim distance, for a few hours at least, faded the bitter past. Isabel's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkled as she met Sir George's earnest and admiring gaze. He was worth winning, she thought. This man, so cold and reserved to others, who sought not the love of either women or men. Would she win? Ah, she was very fair, and had a winning tongue, and knew her power. Sir George, gloomy and taciturn as he was, was yet a man of deep and passionate feelings. A man who could love and hate—a man who had loved and hated only too well.

Behind them, but at a considerable distance, walked the Squire of Sanda and Hilda Marston. The Squire, for him, was talkative and agreeable, and Hilda was absolutely enjoying her walk. This may seem strange, as her companion was Mr. Trevor; but our Hilda had other companions on that bright morning. These were her sweet thoughts, her good resolves, her pretty castles in the air. These imaginary castles, wherein Hilda dwelt in the future and was, were generally inhabited also by the other members of her family. What ponies little Ned rode in them, that she had given him; what dresses Marion was clothed in, and what sums of money she slipped into Paul's not unwilling hand! From the contemplation of these airy gifts, she was, however, recalled by Mr. Trevor's slow, pompous voice.

"Certainly, Sir George is a most fortunate man," said the Squire.

"Yet a more melancholy looking man I never beheld," replied Hilda. "Sir George always appears to me as if he were struggling against some settled grief."

"He should get married," said the Squire, with an affectation of ease in his voice and manner.

"Perhaps that would do him no good," answered Hilda at random, who had gone back into one of her airy castles.

"I think," said Mr. Trevor, "that every man is better for being married. Home ties are the surest foundation for settled happiness."

"Yes," said Hilda, who was considering what colour Ned's first pony should be.

"Of course there are many things to be taken into consideration," continued the Squire. "In contemplating so serious a step, a man must, of course, consider his first family—"

"Yes," said Hilda, still mentally contemplating the pony.

"But if he sees a prospect—a reasonable prospect," went on Mr. Trevor, "of his daughter, or daughters as the case may be, settling in life, I think that a man—a man with property means and settled home—is justified in again contemplating marriage, with a suitable person."

"Of course," said Hilda, whose mind was still wandering in the air.

"I have thought a great deal lately on this subject," continued Mr. Trevor, "and as I think that I may now reasonably expect that Isabel will marry—"

Hilda did not speak as the Squire paused. She heard him say something about Isabel marrying, but as she considered this a delicate subject at present, she was discreetly silent.

"I need not—I suppose—remind you," again continued Mr. Trevor, "that all this is in the strictest confidence. In fact, had I not the greatest dependence on your character, I would not have approached the subject, but I have particular reasons for doing so."

"Yes" once more said Hilda, now really listening to what the Squire was saying.

"These reasons, my dear Miss Marston, I wish you to understand," went on the Squire a little nervously. "In fact—ah, well—I again contemplate marriage."

"Oh," said Hilda, thoughtfully. "Who can it be?" she was mentally wondering. "Shall I lose my home?" was her next thought.

"I have observed with pleasure," said the Squire, after clearing his throat, "that you are not one of those young women who make marriage the chief object of their lives, and endeavour to attract attention wherever they go. But though such aims appear to me to be frivolous,

and even degrading, there is no doubt but that a woman is better settled in life."

"I suppose so," said Hilda, as the Squire again paused.

"There is no doubt of it," reiterated the Squire, magisterially. "And—now, my dear Miss Marston," he added, in a milder tone, "I hope I have made you understand?"

"I—do not quite understand," said Hilda, nervously.

"I—wish you to understand in fact—that I—well, contemplate marrying you," said Mr. Trevor, and Hilda absolutely started, and the next moment flushed deeply, as the Squire declared his intentions.

"I was prepared for a little surprise," continued Mr. Trevor, affably. "The attentions that I have hitherto shown you have been confined to protecting friendship; but, I have not been unobservant of your character during the time you have resided under my roof. And I have come to the conclusion," added the Squire, "that as you made an excellent daughter to your poor father, that you will make an excellent wife for me."

Of what was Hilda thinking as the Squire concluded his speech? My readers, will you blame her when I tell you that she was absolutely thinking over the proposal? Has anyone, I wonder, who will read this story of Hilda's life ever been entirely penniless? Mind, this girl had not one shilling of her own. The clothes she wore belonged to the Squire (at least his money had paid for them), and he had paid for little Ned's clothes, and little Ned's education—and if Hilda married him all her castles in the air might come true. All—no, not all, for the imaginary beneficent giver of the air castles had always been loved by Hilda, and she did not love Mr. Trevor—and yet—

Before them, in the winding paths of the woods, two figures were just visible. These were Sir George and Isabel, who also were thinking of the future, though not in so direct a manner as the Squire and Hilda. Hilda looked at them, hesitated, and blushed. If Isabel were to marry Sir George, her home at Sanda (unless she married the Squire) was lost to her. And then there was little Ned—

"May I think over what you have said?" she faltered. "Will you give me time to consider?"

"Certainly," replied the Squire, graciously. "I approve of haste in nothing. This day fortnight, my dear Miss Marston, I will ask for your answer. In the meanwhile," he added, with a self-satisfied smile, "I will permit myself to hope."

(To be continued.)

## THE CULTIVATION OF SORGHUM AND EXTRACTION OF SYRUP THEREFROM.—Mr. School Inspector Magrath, of Aylmer, who has the reputation of being an excellent gardener, has just communicated the results of an interesting experiment made by him. Slightly curtailed, the following is his own account of the facts:

"Last spring, Colonel Dennis, the Surveyor-General, gave me a few seeds of what he called the Minnesota Sugar Cane, but which, in reality, is *Sorghum*, which I planted in six hills in my garden. When full grown the stalks measured 9 feet in height. These I cut into small pieces, and boiling them into water, procured a pint and a half of *Syrup*, a sample of which I forward with this communication. Although *Sorghum* is largely grown in the United States, I am not aware of its being cultivated in Canada, but from my trial of it in a rich loamy soil, I feel certain that we could grow it well. The inference from my experiment on the subject, is that any person, who will take the trouble to cultivate this product in his garden, can raise it successfully, and can obtain enough of stalks, upon a very small patch of ground, to furnish several gallons of excellent *syrup*." Mr. Magrath deserves thanks for his suggestion, which, it is hoped, some of our readers will adopt next season, when we shall be happy to print further results.

TOO OLD A BIRD.—A couple of chaps, whose years will be few in the land if they do not reform, entered a Cratnot avenue saloon five or six days ago, and one of them explained to the proprietor:

"This fellow and me have got a bet. I bet him \$10 that Grant will be the next President, and he takes me. Here's the money—we want you to keep it until the bet is decided in 1880."

"I will do so," was the calm reply, as the money was raked in.

The strangers departed, each vigorously asserting that he wasn't afraid to trust the saloonist, and they were not seen again until yesterday forenoon. They then appeared, to remark:

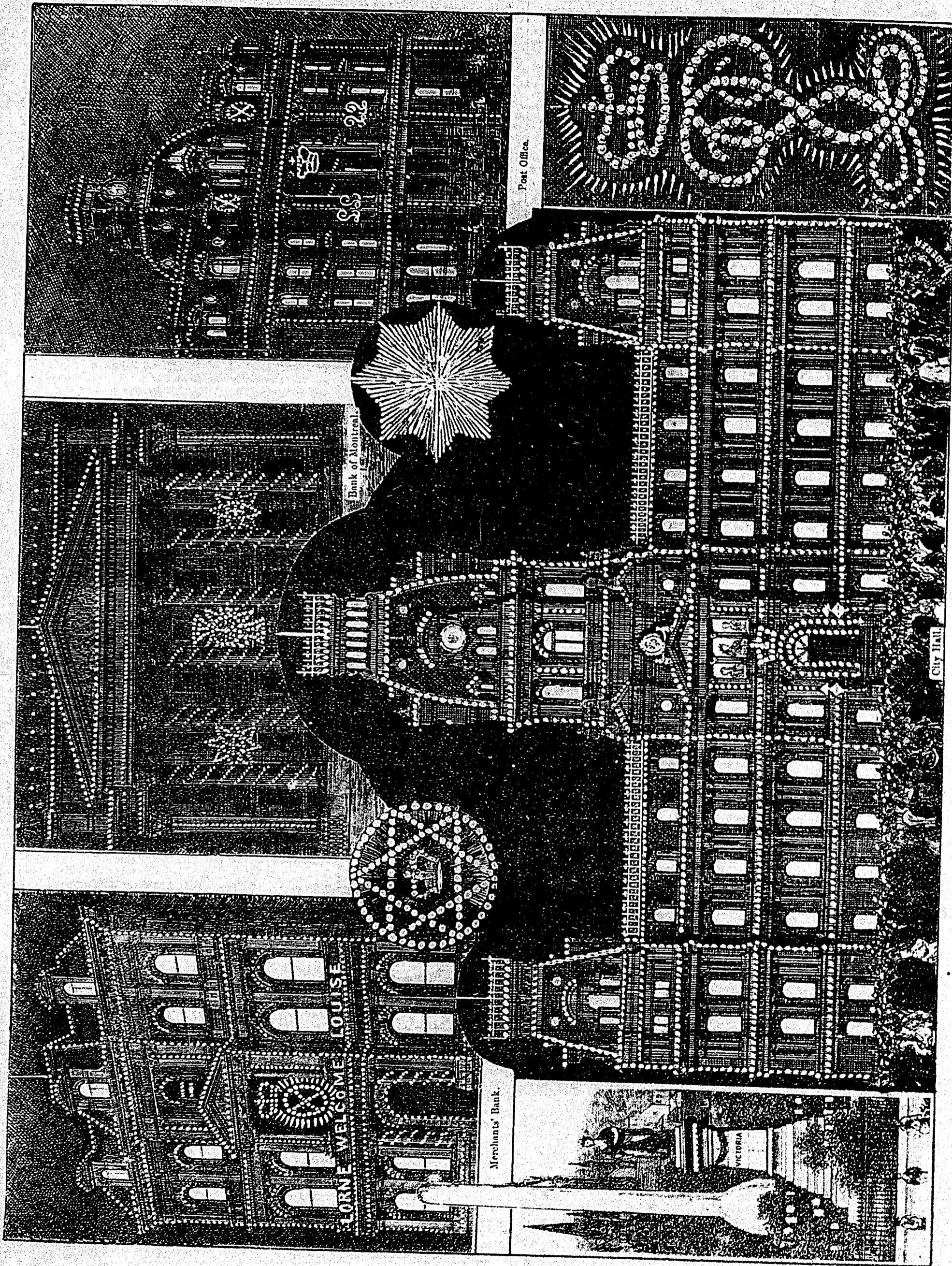
"We have been talking the thing over, and have concluded to withdraw that bet. It has been some trouble to you, and if you hand over \$9 we'll call it square."

"I am no such mou as dot," replied the saloonist as he opened the till; "I makes no charge—here ish der cash."

He threw them out the two fives they had left, a sly twinkle in his eye, and as they slid out he called after them:

"Shentlemen, when you makes any moar pets please call around!"

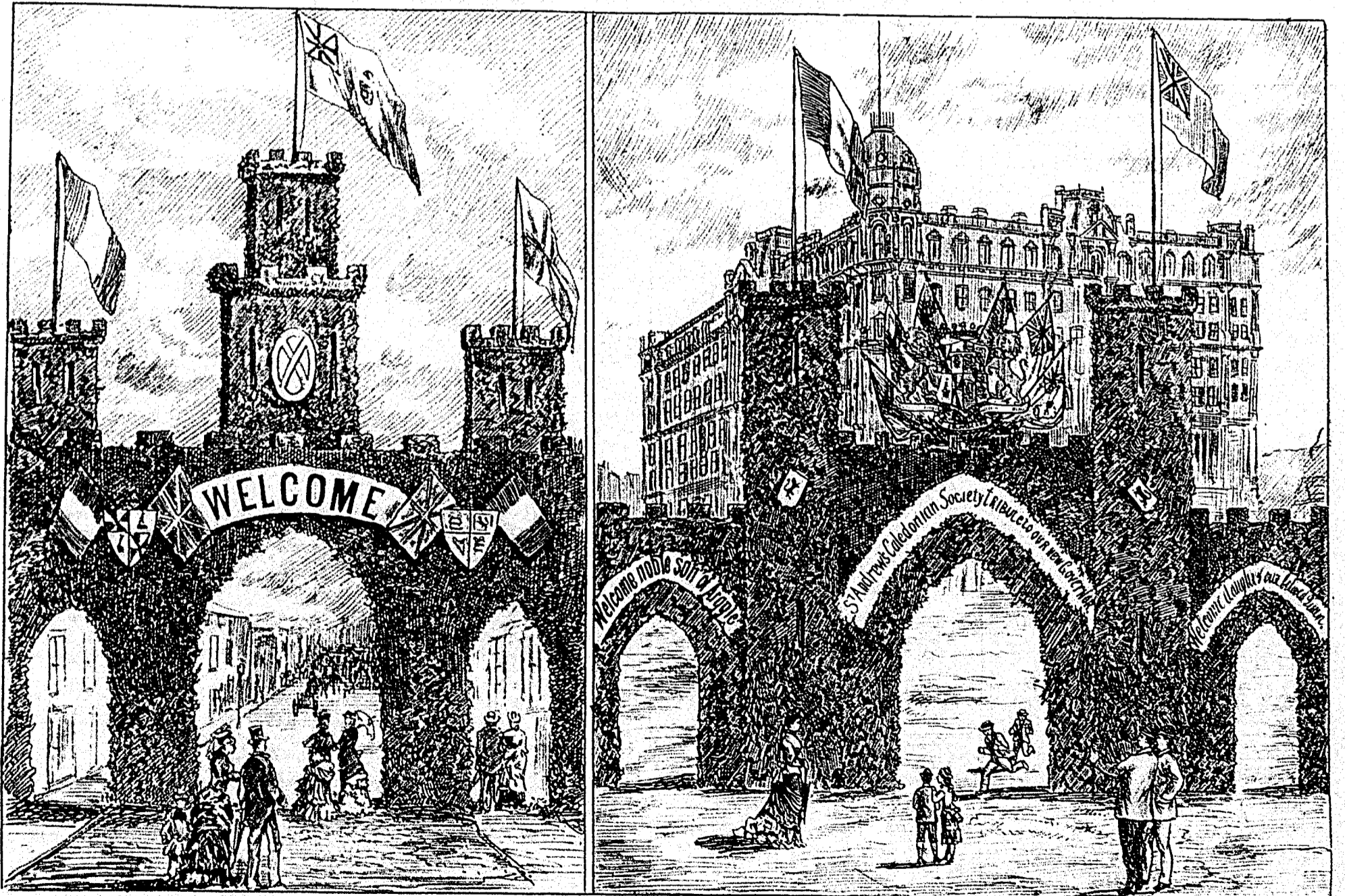
But they won't. The two bills were base counterfeits, and they didn't get mixed up with his honest cash.



THE GRAND ILLUMINATION AT MONTREAL.  
THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT MONTREAL.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE DINING-CAR OF THE VICE-REGAL TRAIN.



THE PRINCIPAL ARCHES IN MONTREAL.

THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT MONTREAL.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—As you will perceive, your communications have received notice. Thanks. T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Letter received. Thanks. M. J. M., Quebec.—Shall be glad to receive the promised problems. C. S., Montreal.—Stanton's Praxis is the authority referred to. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 199 received. H. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 199 received. Correct.

THE LATE CAPTAIN KENNEDY. (From Land and Water.)

We very much regret to have to announce the death of Captain Hugh A. Kennedy, which event took place last week. The deceased gentleman was one of the players in the great tournament of 1851 at which time he was one of the strongest amateurs of the day; but it is as a writer upon the game that he is better known. He was one of a school now passing away; and, indeed, it may be said that, so far as this country is concerned, only one of them now survives—we allude, of course, to Mr. George Walker, who is enjoying, and long may he continue to enjoy, that repose to which he is so well entitled. Captain Kennedy was always writing articles and letters about the game, and the more he wrote the more everyone was pleased. He liked to gather here and there odd bits of chess history, and make them known to the world in general. He was a satirist of chess players and their ways; but as in his penitry, if we may use the word, there was nothing dull, so in his satire there was never anything ill-natured. Geniality is the special feature of his writings. He wrote about "Chess Snobs" once, and tried to draw one, but it was a failure from the truly sarcastic point of view. His hero, Fitznob, not only does not bear out his name in any way, but appears to be a very good sort of fellow, and a man whose acquaintance is well worth making. Nearly all Captain Kennedy's chess articles and essays are to be found collected together in his "Waits and Strays," which was published in 1875 (W. W. Morgan, Barbican)—a book which, if anyone has it not in his library, he should immediately obtain; but those who used to enjoy it will now find their pleasure damped by the thought that its genial, good-hearted author has passed from amongst us.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Continuation of list of games (from October 11th, 1878, to November 22nd, 1878.

Table with columns: No., Players, Won by. Lists chess matches between players like Clawson vs. Braithwaite, Henderson vs. Ryall, etc.

TOTAL OF GAMES PLAYED TO NOVEMBER 22ND, 1878.

Table with columns: Name, Games Played, Won. Lists names like Prof. Hicks, John Henderson, A. Saunders, etc.

CHESS AT QUEBEC.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

CHESS.—The match between Medes and Persians, which was begun last Saturday, has been concluded; the result being a tie, as shown by the following score:—

Table with columns: MEDES, PERSIANS, and scores for various players like LeFavre, E. T., Strange, J., etc.

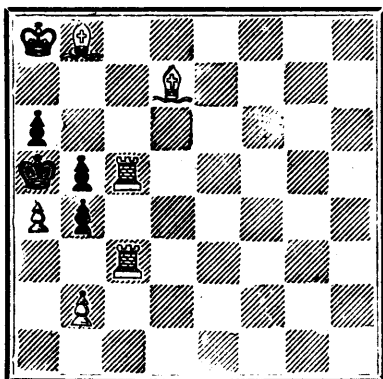
Thursday being ladies' day at the chess club, a number of ladies visited the rooms in the evening; some taking part in the play and proving themselves not unskilful amateurs in the royal game.

In inserting the above we heartily congratulate the members and officers of the Quebec Club on the excellent arrangement which gives them the privilege of evening every week of inviting to their club room their lady friends as spectators and players. In making a rule of this nature they are carrying out the practice which prevails in the United States and England of seeking to interest the gentler sex in a game which has hitherto been almost unnoticed by them. The advantages of such an arrangement in exciting a chivalrous spirit in the members of the club room is obvious, and, indeed, in more respects than one it is a move in the right direction.

The Hartford Times of the 21st inst., gives the following as the score of the International Chess Tourney. America, won 9; Great Britain, 12; Drawn 2.

We are sorry to say that Problem No. 199 published in our Column of the 9th ult., was defective through an error in the copy which we received from the composer. Well aware of the skill of Mr. Atkinson in problem composing, we were astonished at the easy solutions which we received from our correspondents. The mistake arose from the displacement of a Rook. We hasten to give the problem in its original form.

PROBLEM No. 203. By W. ATKINSON, Montreal. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 318TH. CHESS IN ENGLAND.

A smart little game, played lately between the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw and one of the strongest members of the Sheffield Club (Eng.)

(Allgaier Gambit.)

Table with columns: WHITE.—(Mr. T.), BLACK.—(Mr. Earnshaw.), listing chess moves like 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, etc.

NOTES.

- (a) Probably the best square for the King at this juncture, but he can be played to his own square with perfect safety. (b) This move not only renders a valuable pawn defenceless, but also removes the principal obstacle that prevents the Black Q from coming unpleasantly close to the White K. (c) The best reply. White must now eventually lose his Q R P. (d) Useless; but it matters not what he plays, as Black's next and unpreventable move, Q to R 6, must win the game.

GAME 319TH. CHESS IN LONDON.

A game played some time ago at Simpson's Divan, between Mr. Macdonnell and another amateur.

Table with columns: WHITE.—(Mr. Macdonnell.), BLACK.—(Amateur.), listing chess moves like 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, etc.

GAME 320TH.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT GAME. (King Bishop's Gambit.)

Table with columns: WHITE. (Mr. L. W. Davis, Wis.), BLACK. (Mr. R. H. Philip, Hall.), listing chess moves like 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, etc.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 201.

Table with columns: WHITE, BLACK, listing solutions like 1. K to B 6, 2. R to B 4 (ch), 3. Q mates.

There are other variations.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 199.

Table with columns: WHITE, BLACK, listing moves like 1. B to Q B 6, 2. R to K 3, 3. R mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 200.

Table with columns: WHITE, BLACK, listing moves like K at Q 8, B at Q R 2, Kt at Q K 5, Pawns at Q R 6, and Q Kt 6.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SPECIAL attention is directed to the description of the Great Wholesale Furniture and Piano Warehouse of Mr. HENRY J. SHAW on the 367th page of this paper.

THERE has been considerable controversy lately in regard to what are the best Pianos for Operatic Concerts. A long article on this subject in to-day's paper would appear to give the preference to WEBER. It will be read with interest by musical people.

FROM late Paris advices we notice that "The Group Jury," after careful examination, stated by the President to "have been conducted with thorough impartiality, and with such scrupulous attention that it may be said not a single exhibit has been forgotten," selected COLMAN'S MUSTARD from amongst those of BRITISH MANUFACTURERS and Exhibitors for the honor of the ONLY GOLD MEDAL; whilst for the process of manufacture as shown by their mill, inspected and admired by thousands of visitors, a SILVER MEDAL has been given. This decision cannot fail, we think, to be gratifying to their numerous customers and to the general public, who now find their prior judgment upon the quality of their manufactures fully confirmed by an International Jury.

EVERY taste and purse can be suited from the large and fashionable Stock of FURS of every description now shown at BRAHADI'S long established FUR EMPORIUM, corner St. Lambert's Hill and Notre Dame Street. Large stock, the best of goods, and the lowest prices, is the rule this season at the above address, and purchasers should not fail to call and get prices, and so save money.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, or shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

HAMILTON ENTERPRISE.—The "Ambitious City" seems determined to continue to deserve the designation of "The Birmingham of Canada." To its already complete assortment of manufactures, has recently been added THE DOMINION TIE FACTORY. Mr. S. G. Treble, an enterprising young merchant, is the proprietor, and the factory is now turning out silk and satin ties, of every description, which are supplied to the trade only. There are but one or two similar factories in the Dominion.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.

Advertising Agents,

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.



FIRST PREMIUM

Fur Establishment, 249 NOTRE DAME STREET.

The Subscriber begs to announce that he has on hand a large assortment of very fine FURS, consisting of—

- SEAL and PERSIAN LAMB CLOAKS, SILK WRAPPERS (Fur lined), Gents' Seal and Persian Lamb Coats, Hats, Caps, Muffs and Boas

Of the Latest Style and Best Workmanship. We make a speciality of the

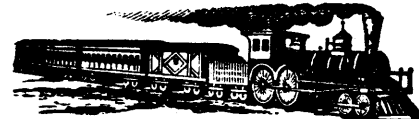
PRINCESS LOUISE CAP,

and would respectfully invite an inspection of the large and well-assorted stock at present on hand.

A. BRAHADI,

Cor. Notre Dame St. & St. Lambert Hill.

The above firm was awarded FOUR FIRST-CLASS MEDALS and DIPLOMAS at the Provincial Exhibition in 1860, during the visit of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1878-79.

Winter Arrangements.

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

Table with columns: Leave Point Levis, River du Loup, Trois Pictoles (Dinner), Rimouski, Campbellton (Supper), Dalhousie, Bathurst, Newcastle, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, and arrival times.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains. These Trains connect at Point Levis with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m.

Pullman Car leaving Point Levis on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John. For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to—

G. W. ROBINSON,

Agent,

177 St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES,

General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.

Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Snowflake Cards, in Case, name in gold, 10c. Davies & Co., Northford, Ct.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GROCER FOR EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET, for making Junket or Sweet Curds. This preparation is prepared by a process discovered by Mr. Eagar, and by which the Pepsine as well as the Rennet is retained.

Two teaspoonful mixed with a pint of warm milk converts the milk into a jelly and makes a delicious dessert, which may be eaten with or without cream or wine sauces.

It makes a light and very nutritious food. It is one of the best remedies for dyspepsia. It enables persons of weak digestive organs to digest their food.

It restores patients to health when convalescent from fevers, &c.

It is found to be an excellent thing for persons who earn their living by brain work, as they generally require a very nutritious diet, yet are frequently unable to digest a heavy meal.

It can be made in five minutes, and is the most reliable and cheapest preparation of the kind in the market. Only 25c. per bottle.

Wholesale by LYMANS, CLARE & CO., H. SUGDEN EVANS, and all Druggists and Grocers.

J. K. MACDONALD,

BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH &c., 24 Laour Street, Montreal.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

DESCRIPTION  
OF  
**SHAW'S**  
GREAT FURNITURE  
AND  
PIANO ESTABLISHMENT,  
724, 726, 728 Craig Street,  
MONTREAL.

Wholesale Agency for the largest Furniture Manufacturers in the great Walnut-growing countries of the United States, from which the furniture is sent in the rough, and fitted up, finished and upholstered in the finest style on the premises, thus enabling the purchaser to procure the best material and workmanship at the least possible price. A large portion of the furniture of the Windsor Hotel, and all the furniture of the new Ottawa Hotel, was purchased at this Establishment. Shipments made daily to towns in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

**Basement Floor of Main Building**

comprises common Chairs and Tables, Kitchen Furniture, plain Bedroom Suits, Stoves, Iron Bedsteads, Mattresses, Gasaliers, Crockery, Oilcloth, Carpets (new and second-hand), second-hand Pianos and Organs, and cheap Mirrors and Pictures.

**Principal Flat (Main Entrance)**

comprises a magnificent display of Bedroom Furniture including the new Elizabethan, Queen Anne, and East-lake styles, in great variety and beauty of style and workmanship; also, Bookcases, Wardrobes, Desks, Library and Centre Tables, Sideboards, Music Stands, Bedroom Chairs and Couches (in hair cloth, reps and morocco leather), Ladies' Writing Desks and Work Tables in great variety.

**Second Flat (approached by large Staircase and Steam Elevator.)**

This Flat comprises the Drawing-room and Parlour Suits (in hair cloth, terry, reps, satine, and brocette) in great variety of style, in Carved Walnut wood, and upholstered in soft and luxurious styles, very rich and comfortable; the large Mantle Mirrors, and elegant Morocco Leather-covered Dining Chairs and Couches will also be found here. The Piano Room is also situated on this flat; also, the store-room for Silks, Morocco, Cretonnes, and Curtain Stuffs.

**The Third Flat**

is the large Store-room where the finished goods are arranged and prepared for shipping and delivery, the great elevator being kept almost constantly going for this purpose.

**Pianos and Organs.**

This is one of the largest branches of the business. Mr. Shaw being the Wholesale Agent of several of the leading manufacturers in the United States, sells to the trade, schools, convents, and private parties probably more than all the other dealers in the city. In this way music teachers and others are able to procure a good instrument at about one-half the usual selling price. Mr. Shaw has now for sale the celebrated "Albert Weber" and "Chickering & Sons" Pianos, as well as the "Hale" and "Vose" Pianos, which he sells at wholesale prices, and guarantees every instrument for five years.

**Two Hundred Dollars,**

in this way, will purchase a first-class Rosewood Piano 7 octaves, with all the late Agraffe and other improvements, and at this price is boxed and delivered free on board cars or boat. All Pianos shipped are carefully regulated and tuned before packing, so that the purchaser will be sure to have a first-class instrument ready for use on landing. The same may be said of the Organs, large numbers of which are sold and shipped from this House. In this way many families in moderate circumstances are enjoying the pleasures of the Piano or Organ, who otherwise could not purchase it, and recently some of the well-to-do families, induced by the general money stringency, prefer sending to Mr. Shaw direct for their Pianos rather than pay nearly twice the price for the same class of instruments to travelling agents and tuners, whose commissions are always added to the price of the instrument.

**Parties Requiring First-Class Pianos or Organs**

should not pay any attention to travelling agents, who deery the Pianos sold at this House. The great names of Albert Weber, New York; Hale, Chickering & Sons, and Vose & Sons, are too well known in the great centres of trade to be affected by their misrepresentations. These people are generally employed in the country to sell worthless Pianos, at from \$350 to \$500, giving from one to two years' credit, and pocketing about one-third of the price for commission.

**Pianos and their Prices.**

The highest price for the grand square "Weber" Piano (not the Kingston) at retail is \$1,000, and the lowest price for the same class is \$650. Mr. Shaw will take \$200 off the one, and \$400 off the other, thereby allowing the private purchaser the trade discount. The same will be done with the "Chickering & Sons" Pianos. The "Hale" and "Vose & Sons" Pianos will be sold at from \$300 to \$400, and all are warranted the best. The best Rosewood Cases, and guaranteed for five years. No Bass-wood, or bogus Pianos are sold, and none but the best instruments of the best makers, and a child can purchase as low as the smartest Yankee, at SHAW'S Wholesale Agency. Address HENRY J. SHAW, Shaw's Buildings, Craig Street, Victoria Square, Montreal.

**New York Piano Company's New Ware-rooms on St. James Street.**

This is a new establishment, opened up at 183 St. James Street, near the Methodist Church, in the store formerly occupied as a piano store by Alderman Hood, where the finest Pianos and Organs are to be kept on sale, a full description of which will shortly be given in the papers.



**Canadian Pacific Railway.**

**TENDERS FOR GRADING, TRACK-LAYING, &c.**

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

**WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of January next,**

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

1. From the westerly end of the 26th contract at English River to Raleigh, a distance of about 50 miles.
2. From Raleigh to Eagle River, a distance of about 68 miles.
3. From Eagle River to the easterly end of the 15th contract at Keewatin, a distance of about 67 miles.
4. From Yale to Kamloops Lake, in British Columbia, a distance of about 125 miles.

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

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

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

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

By order,  
F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

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



**Canadian Pacific Railway.**

**To CAPITALISTS and CONTRACTORS.**

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

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

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

**First Day of January next.**

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

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

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

THE  
**Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.**  
5 & 7 BLEURY ST.,

Begs to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of

ENGRAVING,  
ELECTROTYPING,  
STEREOTYPING,  
LITHOGRAPHING  
and TYPE PRINTING.

**Photo-Electrotying & Wood Engraving**

IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.

Special attention given to the reproduction by

**Photo-Lithography**

OF  
MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS  
OF ANY KIND.

From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders.

G. E. BURLAND,  
Manager.

**New Work of Vital Interest.**

Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stg.  
FROM

**J. WILLIAMS, P. M.**

22, MARISCHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND,  
NORTH BRITAIN.

**A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE.**

CONTENTS:

- 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid.
- 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments, including Exhaustion, Loss of Nerve Power and Debility.
- 3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, Loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Nervousness.
- 4.—The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.
5. Hints on Self-Treatment and Cure. 17-1-52-309

25 Chromo Cards, Cupids, Mottoes, Flowers, &c. No. 2 alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

**MANOEL DUTRA SILVA,**  
New House of Consignments of all kinds,  
BAHIA, BRAZIL,  
Receives Vessels and Steamers of all Nations.  
**5 per cent Commission.**  
All Letters to be Prepaid as above.

**THE Canadian Spectator,**

A high-class Weekly Journal,

EDITED BY THE

Reverend A. J. BRAY.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

**THE MILTON LEAGUE.**

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."

**PUBLICATIONS:**

- BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth. \$1.00
- BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love. 50
- DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle. 60
- The Ten Commandments. 60
- DAWSON, GEO., M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer. 50
- MCLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pebbles. 15
- TIPPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words. 50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and bright and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.

**ROBERT MILLER,**  
Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and  
**WHOLESALE STATIONER,**  
IMPORTER OF  
Wall Papers, Window Shades and  
**SCHOOL BOOKS,**  
397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.  
14-6.

**JOHN MCARTHUR & SON**  
OIL, LEAD, PAINT,  
**COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS**  
IMPORTERS OF  
English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.  
PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES  
CHEMICALS, DYE, STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.  
310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,  
AND  
255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.  
MONTREAL.  
26-17-52-369

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**  
BAKING POWDER  
Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY  
in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan-cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**  
SAVES TIME,  
IT SAVES TEMPER,  
IT SAVES MONEY.  
For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.  
W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS,  
17-19 52-362 55 College Street.

60 Chromo and Perfumed Cards (no 3 alike). Name in Gold and Jet, 10 cents. CLINTS BROS., Clintonville, Ct.

**JUST PUBLISHED CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,**

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the Route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS.,  
17-26-32-373 179 Bonaventure street, Montreal.

**The Ottawa River Navigation Company.**

FALL ARRANGEMENT—REDUCED FARES.  
On and after MONDAY, 7th OCTOBER, the Day Steamers will be withdrawn and replaced by Night Steamers between

**MONTREAL and OTTAWA.**  
Passengers leave Bonaventure Depot daily at 5 p.m. Train for Lachine to connect with Steamer.  
First-class Fare (Montreal to Ottawa) \$2.50  
Second-class do. do. 1.25  
Return (First-class do. do. 4.00  
Freight at Low Rates. Freight Office—87 Common Street. Tickets at Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure Street, Montreal, or at Grand Trunk Railway Office.

R. W. SHEPHERD,  
17-17-seas-350 President.

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.  
Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

**NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.**

**CANADIAN MECHANICS' MAGAZINE AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD.**

This VALUABLE MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been much improved during the past year, and now embodies within its pages the most Recent and Useful information published connected with Science and the different branches of Mechanical Trades, selected with particular care, for the information and instruction of Mechanics in Canada. A portion of its columns is devoted to instructive reading, suitable for the younger members of a family, of either sex, under the title of the

**ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND,**  
SUCH AS  
FLORAL CULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, POPULAR GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS, LADIES' FANCY AND NEEDLE WORK, AND SHORT PLEASING STORIES,

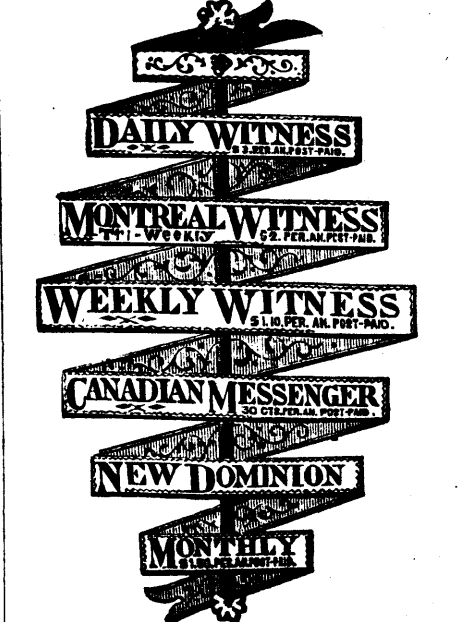
ALSO  
**SELECTED NEW MUSIC,**  
DOMESTIC RECEIPTS, &c.

The Canadian Mechanics' Magazine, with the addition of the  
**Illustrated Family Friend**  
AND  
PATENT OFFICE RECORD,

Contains 16 full pages of Superior Illustrations and about 125 diagrams of all the Patents issued each month in Canada; it is a work that merits the support of every Mechanic in the Dominion, whose motto should always be

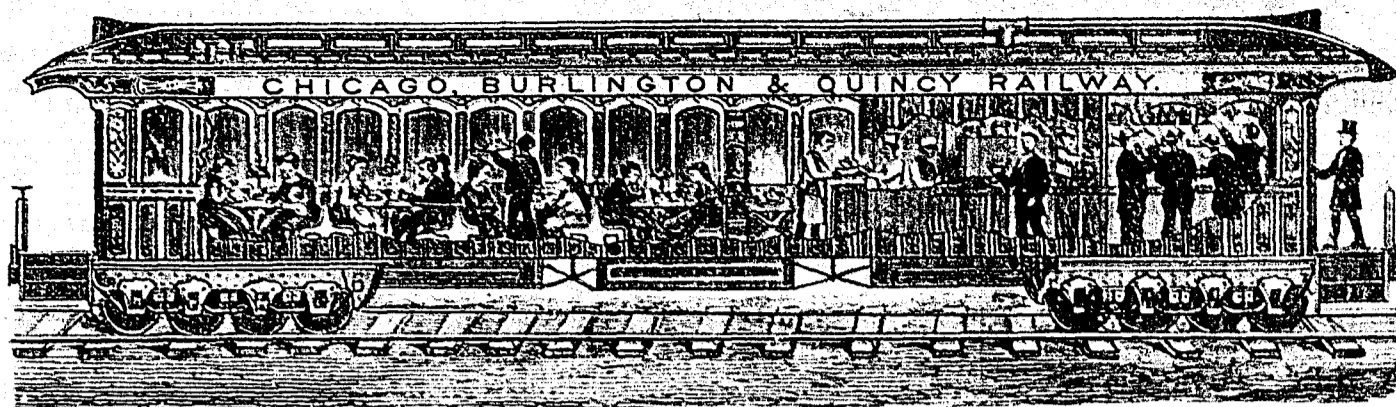
"SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY."  
Price, only \$2.00 per annum.  
BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO.,  
PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS,  
5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.  
F. N. BOXER, Architect, Editor.

**CHEAPEST AND BEST.**



**JOHN DOUGALL & SON,**  
318 and 320, St. James Street, Montreal.  
Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and plain.





THE DINNER CARRIAGE ATTACHED TO THE VICE-REGAL TRAIN, FROM HALIFAX TO MONTREAL.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.



COLMAN'S BEST QUALITY MUSTARDS are packed in 1 lb., 1/2 lb., 1/4 lb. CANS OF THIS SHAPE. ASK FOR COLMAN'S Genuine or Double Superfine.



TRADE MARK BULL'S HEAD ON EACH PACKAGE.

TRADE AGENT, WILLIAM JOHNSON, MONTREAL.

P. O. Box 888.



Lord Nelson said: "He was always a quarter of an hour ahead of time, and it made a man of him."

The above will apply to the present state of the weather as regards being prepared for severe cold winter. Leave your orders early for FURS while our stock is large and well assorted.

PRICES LOW. TERMS CASH.

JOB C. THOMPSON & CO., Manufacturers, (Established 1835) 416 Notre Dame Street, corner St. Peter, MONTREAL.



Every Physician knows that all essences of meat are merely harmless stimulants.

"JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF" is a meat essence according to the most approved formula, but in addition it contains the albumen and fibrine (the flesh-forming or nutritious elements of meat), and that in a form adapted to the most impeded digestion.

It is prescribed by every Medical Man who has tested its merits. Sold by Chemists and Grocers. Tins, 25c. 50c., \$1.00.

The Smith American Organ Co. OF BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

which has been established over twenty-six years, and has made over EIGHTY THOUSAND INSTRUMENTS, would respectfully call the attention of the people of the British Provinces to their

NEW & ELEGANT STYLES FOR 1878.

The Smith American Organs are distinguished from all others for their pure, resonant and voice-like quality of tone. Their excellence is the result of long and careful experiment; the mechanism is perfect and without fault; the best materials only are used; and no instrument is sent out until after thorough and repeated inspection.

THIS EXCELLENCE IS CONSPICUOUS

in the cheapest as in the dearest Organs.

The Company employs an architectural designer of rare taste and experience, and the cases are all models of beauty and symmetry, as well as adapted to use, either for private houses or churches.

Those who live within convenient distance of Montreal may address the Company's Agents.

Messrs. LAURENT, LAFORCE & Co.

Correspondence solicited. Catalogues, &c., sent free on application to any address.

THE SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN CO.,

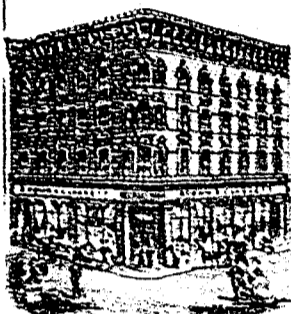
Tremont Street (opposite Walkman Street), Boston Mass., U.S.A.

17-21-20-365

GREAT ATTRACTIONS

The Recollet House,

Corner Notre Dame and St. Helen Streets, MONTREAL.



Choice Goods in RECEPTION and BALL DRESSES.

SEE OUR WINDOWS NOW FULL OF NOVELTIES IN EVENING WEAR.

LADIES will please place their orders at once, as it is impossible to make Dresses satisfactorily at the last moment. Several thousand Nick-Nacks on the 2e and 1/2e tables. Cheapest lot of Fancy Goods in town. Country orders solicited. Special drive in Dress Goods this Season. Store open till 9 p.m. Saturdays.

BROWN & CLAGGETT.

In consequence of spurious imitations of

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,

which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

Lea & Perrins

which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

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

To be obtained of

Messrs. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL. Messrs. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE MARK NORTON'S MARK.



CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

MORSON & SON'S

PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE

FOR

INDIGESTION.

Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

PEPSINE POWDER, in 1 oz. Bottles, 4s. per oz.

PEPSINE WINE, at 3s. 5s., and 9s. per Bottle.

PEPSINE LOZENGES, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle.

PEPSINE GLOBULES, at 2s. 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. per Bottle.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

T. MORSON & SON,

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

17-5-12-3363w.

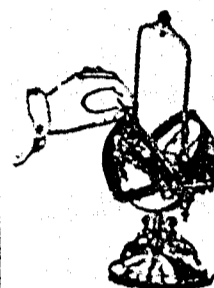
WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS and MALTSTERS MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-6-30-302

Gray's SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. FOR GONORRHOEAS.

ELECTRO-PLATE.



A very large assortment of the finest quality of

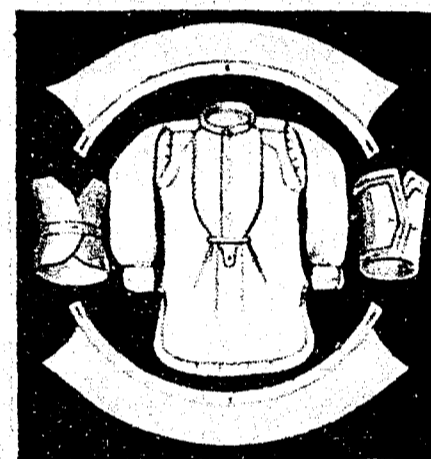
SILVER PLATED WARE

Suitable for presentation Wedding presents, &c. comprising all articles ELECTRO-PLATED with SILVER.

Having a thorough knowledge of the ELECTRO-PLATE BUSINESS, the public may confidently rely on getting the best Goods.

Prices low. Inspection invited.

SHOW ROOM: 370 St. Paul Street. JOHN WATSON, Jr.



S. J. BAKER & CO.

SHIRT MAKERS & HABERDASHERS.

Self-measurement Card and Samples of Colored Regatta Shirts sent free by mail. Large stock of Underwear, Ties, Dress Gowns, &c., always on hand.

138 ST. JAMES STREET,

Opposite St. Lawrence Hall,

MONTREAL.

British American

BANK NOTE COMPANY,

MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange,

DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,

Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,

Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty.

G. B. BURLAND,

President & Manager.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold, Agents' Office 10c. 150 Styles. Hill & Co., Harlem, N.Y.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DESMARTEZ LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.