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Wholesale News

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SANTA CLAUS' LUNCHEON.

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TEMPERATURE, as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal. THE WEEK ENDING December 19th, 1880. Corresponding week, 1879. Table with columns for Max., Min., Mean for each day of the week.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Santa Claus Luncheon—Return from Midnight Mass in Manitoba—The Vicar's Daughter—In Ladies' Eyes the Danger Lies—Persevere! Not Caught Yet—A Bone of Contention Well Remotest—Live and Let Live—Take no More than is Good for You—May Good Digestion wait on Appetite—When!—Christmas Cards—Christmas in the Hospital—New Suit for the Boy—The First Purchase—Preparing Christmas Wreaths—The Lion's Christmas. LETTER-PRESS.—Christmas Greeting—From the Seat of Government—Lady Bertha's Picture—Christmas, a Poem—The Spectral Hand—Deacon Weston's First Christmas—A Jewish Rabbi in Rome, concluded—My Uncle's Will—Good Wishes—Varieties—The Principal Business Houses in Montreal—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, December 25, 1880.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

We have devoted this number of the NEWS, almost exclusively to subjects more or less directly connected with the beautiful and happy Christmastide. General topics, with the necessary exception of our instructive Parliamentary letter, have been set aside, and we reserve ourselves only a small space wherein to wish all our friends and patrons the compliments of the season. A Happy Christmas! There may be some gloom on the country side and sadness in many families, but even for those who grieve this season brings comfort and courage. The air is filled with strains of joy, and benisons fall over all the earth.

Glory to God unto the highest and Peace to good men upon sea and land.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY DEBATE—THE SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, Dec. 18.—There has really been only one question before Parliament this week, and that is the contract with the Syndicate for building the Pacific Railway, for which approval is asked. There was at the beginning very great excitement, but much of this became calmed down after the delivery of the really magnificent speech of the Minister of Railways. It is not exaggeration to say that there has been a desperate effort made to convert this question into an engine of party warfare, sufficiently powerful to destroy the Government in the same way as before when the "Pacific Scandal" was burst upon the country. There has, in truth, been a great deal of wild talk, and not a few of the newspapers have indulged in this luxury. Some men even professed to have been struck "aghast" by the revelations opened up to them, and delivered themselves in this frame of mind. But a very different approach to the subject is required on the part of men who neither wish to deceive themselves nor be deceived, in order to appreciate with truthfulness those considerations of vast material interest now calling for the consideration of Parliament. It was also rumoured and published that the Opposition members have held a caucus to consider a manifesto to be addressed to the people of Canada against the scheme of the Government. This would have been an extraordinary and certainly an extra-Parliamentary proceeding; but the manifesto turns out to be an unsigned memorandum, published in several newspapers.

Two very elaborate speeches have marked the debates of the week—the first by Sir Charles Tupper and the second by Mr. Blake. A third speech by Mr. Langevin has been marked by ability. It had been very confidently rumoured that the Governor-General was averse to a question of this magnitude being decided without a special appeal to the country, but this was not only in itself unlikely, but, even if it had been true, it was not a style of thing which would have been allowed to leak out. The Government, however, took pains to set this right, for when the formal resolutions for a vote of twenty-

five millions of money and twenty-five millions of acres of land were brought down, it was formally announced that this was done with the full concurrence of His Excellency. Sir Charles Tupper, in his opening speech, also very clearly showed that this question had already been three times before the country, and that it was once presented in the most formal way possible by Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, after the defeat of the Macdonald Government in 1873. All objections of this kind may therefore be dismissed as simply frivolous, and, for the rest, under our system the Parliament is at once the proper and adequate tribunal to adjudicate on this question. A little interest was excited by a sharp attack on the scheme of the Government in the ordinary Ministerial organ of this city, and Sir Charles Tupper, in his speech, indicated Mr. Wm. Macdougall as the writer, but this gentleman denied the soft impeachment, in a mode, however, so Pickwickian, as scarcely to remove one's doubts, and it was scarcely worth while to take the trouble to make an evasive denial of this, while he had allowed himself to be interviewed by a reporter of a Montreal journal, and his remarks, in a somewhat similar sense, to be published. The defection of a man so able as Mr. William Macdougall would, undoubtedly, have been a serious blow to the Government, if it were not so well known that he has an actual constitutional tendency towards inconsistency. It is stated rather spitefully in one Ministerial newspaper that the real reason of the opposition of this gentleman is owing to the absence of any Commissionership in the scheme of the Government.

The objections urged against the contract, which the Government has actually entered into, and Parliament is asked to approve, are—first, that an altogether too good bargain is given to the Syndicate, and, second, that a gigantic monopoly is created, over which there can be no adequate control. In my opinion, the too-good bargain allegations will not bear the test of criticism; and it is very well understood that, when some of the very large French and English money houses, which were spoken to, came to look seriously at the bargain offered them, they declined to assume the responsibilities which they saw it involved. It is also rumoured, I believe with good foundation, that the members of the Syndicate now in Ottawa are not over keen. It is undoubted that they insisted upon many of the points that are objected to, as a sort of sauce to make them swallow the bargain. As regards control, this railway will, of course, come under the operation of the General Railway Clauses Act, but Mr. Macdougall says, in his interview, as published by the Montreal reporter, that no Government would ever be strong enough to put these into effect any more than they were put into effect against the Grand Trunk. Probably there could not have been a better word put into the mouth of any advocate of the Government than this. Everybody remembers the great row and all the invective against the Grand Trunk monopoly, some twenty years ago, and of which one sometimes hears even yet. But the Grand Trunk had all it could do to maintain itself; yet, look at the stupendous advantage it has been to the country. What, for instance, would Montreal have been without it!

Sir Charles Tupper stated in his speech that twenty-eight millions of dollars would cover the amount necessary to complete, and cover the total cost, of the portions of the road on which the Government has commenced work, and which is to be given over. In addition to this, there is the land grant, which Sir Charles values at twenty-five million dollars, and the money grant at twenty-five millions, making in all seventy-eight million dollars, which Canada is to pay to the Syndicate for constructing and working the road from Nipissing to the Pacific. The twenty-five millions of the land grant would, of course, be nil in the absence of the road, so that, according to this statement, fifty-three millions may be said to be the actual money paid, and to be paid in the completion of the works we have undertaken. Sir Charles further calculated that we should have 75,000,000 acres of land rendered valuable by this work, the sale of which would more than recoup the money paid out, so that practically the railroad would not cost this country one dollar, while it would open up vast sources of wealth and facilities for population. It is, however, said, on the other hand, by the Opposition, that Mr. Fleming's total estimate, in April last, for the construction of the railway, did not exceed \$81,500,000—that is, \$20,000,000 for the eastern section, \$28,500,000 for the central section, and \$33,000,000 for the western. The experience of the last few years should, however, have taught most men in this country that railway estimates on paper are but a very vain reliance. Our experience has been that they have generally been doubled, and, in some cases, more than doubled. Look at the Grand Trunk estimates; look at the Intercolonial estimates; look at the estimates of the Thunder Bay section of the Pacific Railway, and then compare them with results. The fact is, that in our experience, so far, of the Pacific Railway, we have spent many millions with little to show for it, and it is a fact that, both the building and the working of a railway in the fastnesses north of Lake Superior, for 650 miles, are a totally unknown quantity, of which no man can tell the end. In my opinion, the figures given for the estimate of this proposed work are little better than absurd, and it is doubtful if the entire work to the Pacific Ocean can be built for \$150,000,000. Facts of this kind require to be

looked in the face, and by their light the good bargain verbiage on the lips of men who do not think, and who have neither studied nor had opportunity to study this question, is, in the last degree, ridiculous. Some people say that Governments ought to be honest and economical. They may be, in their way, but who does not know how subject they are to change and to party influence, very often moved by speculators and grabbers! Men who have had the most experience in watching the operations of our Government in matters of this kind for the last thirty years, will feel the most relief when the prize of this big interest is put out of the reach of faction fight and the grabbing of contract brokers.

As far as the value of the North-West lands per acre is concerned, it is sincerely to be hoped that they will prove to be worth over five dollars, which is the average price obtained for the railway lands in the Western States; for we may rest assured that all that can be obtained from them will be required. If such increase of value should take place, it would, at the same time, make things more agreeable for the Dominion, with its 75,000,000 acres.

Sir Charles Tupper stated that the exemption from taxation of the steel rails, fish plates, ties, telegraph wire, and some other materials that would be required, and also of the 25,000,000 acres of land made over to the Syndicate, until they should be sold, were simply intended to place it in the same position the Government would have occupied in relation to the construction of this road. That, as a theory, pertaining to values in a bargain, is very well, but exceptional arrangements in relation to Customs duties or taxations, are always doubtful. I don't think the value given is too much, but I would have preferred, if possible, to find some other mode. The point, however, is not worth discussing as a counterpoise in relation to bargain. And to call it an attack on the N. P. is absurd.

There was another point put by Mr. Blake in his speech, and which has been urged with considerable force by the Toronto organ of the Opposition, and that is, that men who have great interest in the Syndicate, who were responsible for the Red River monopoly, and are responsible for the high charges on the railroad between St. Paul and Manitoba, these being twice, and, in some cases, thrice the Grand Trunk charges on similar traffic.

A point in Sir Charles Tupper's speech contained the answer the Government made to this argument. It was, that the Company would have interest in the rapid sale of their lands and the general development of the country as essential to their own prosperity. This is a commercial principle in which the Company have the highest interest, and probably there is no other, certainly no better, guarantee. This is, in fact, a principle which governs most of the objections which have been urged against the contract, apart from those which have relation to the "good bargain." Sir Charles Tupper's speech was, on the whole, a masterly effort, and it has gone far to settle the minds of his followers.

Mr. Blake's speech on Thursday night was one of his most elaborate efforts; but, notwithstanding his undoubted power of words, he was not able to command the attention of the House throughout. After an hour or so the seats began to get empty, and some of the members, including his late leader, Mr. Mackenzie, gave evidence of sleepiness. His speech was very much an echo of the arguments which have appeared in the Toronto Opposition organ, and they contained a great deal of very unworthy insinuations of corruption. If the lands are worth enormously more than estimated by the Government, and if it will cost very little to finish the road, then there is a bad bargain. But is it worth while to spend much time on this kind of argument, in the face of our past experience and the facts plain before us? Even if the value which we give to the Company were at Mr. Blake's highest estimate, \$162,500,000, there would still be very little to say if they gave us the railroad and the settlement of 25,000,000 acres of land. It would cost the Government many millions to settle those acres. In view of what the Company undertake to do in the settlement of lands, it is not an evil, but an advantage, that they should have the best of bargains and a wide margin. Mr. Blake contended there was not sufficient security for the fulfilment of the contract. That might be a consideration; but if the Company get such a splendid bargain as he alleges, they would scarcely want to halt. At the conclusion of his speech, he argued the advisability of communication by the Sault on the south side, through United States territory, rather than north of Lake Superior. But why this, if we can build the whole for \$53,000,000 in cash and 25,000,000 acres of land! And especially in view of such arguments as those of Mr. T. C. Keefer, in a letter to the Globe.

The space at my disposal will not permit me to follow the arguments of Mr. Langevin in his speech last night, nor the very personal remarks of Sir Richard Cartwright in reply. He made insinuations of personal corruption, which led to a scene, arising from the bitter retort of Sir Charles Tupper. This style of thing is not discussion of the Pacific Railway question, but it stands greatly in the way of that real elucidation, which is in the best interest of the country.

Sir J. Tilley said, when the adjournment was moved, the Government would announce at the beginning of the week the arrangements for the holidays. This question cannot be ended before they come.

THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS HOUSES OF MONTREAL.

We are happy to present our readers this week with a double-page supplement, representing the principal business houses of this great metropolis. We invite attention to the engravings, both as specimens of architecture and as indexes of the commercial enterprise of our leading merchants and manufacturers. We subjoin a key to the buildings.

1.—M'LACHLAN BROTHERS & CO. McLaughlin Brothers & Co. are Wholesale Importers of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, 480 St. Paul, and 297 Commissioners streets.

2.—ROBERTSONS, LINTON & CO. Robertsons, Linton & Co., Wholesale Importers of British and Foreign Dry Goods, and manufacturer's agents for Canadian tweeds, cottons, &c., corner Lemoine and St. Helen streets.

3.—OTTAWA HOTEL. Ottawa Hotel, St. James and Notre Dame streets, the principal thoroughfares of the city. A first-class hotel, on the American plan, with elevators and all modern hotel appliances; convenient to the public buildings and objects of interest.

4.—HENRY MORGAN & CO. Henry Morgan & Co., Colonial House, corner of St. James street and Victoria Square, Importers of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods. This firm is carrying the most extensive stock of carpets, oil-cloths and upholsterer's goods, as well as dry goods, in the Province, and are well-known throughout the Dominion.

5.—BARRY, SMITH & CO. Barry, Smith & Co., Leather Belting Manufacturers, 594, 596 and 598 St. Joseph street. This is the largest establishment of the kind in Canada, and, through the practical experience and business ability of the managers, the house has attained an enviable position with the trade, their business this year has been almost doubled, and is steadily extending amongst the machinists, engineers, mill-wrights, cotton mill, woollen mill, saw mill and flour mill proprietors, and manufacturers in general. They were awarded the first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition for leather belting, and belting leather, also a diploma for belting in use driving the machinery in Machinery Hall. It is the only house in Canada making a speciality of turning out almost exclusively short lap belting. Only the best pure bark tanned leather being used.

6.—MILLS & HUTCHISON, AND M. FISHER, SONS & CO. Mills & Hutchison, Canadian Woollens, Tweeds, Flannels, Hosiery, &c., 186 McGill street. This is the only firm in the Dominion exclusively in the Canadian woollen business.

M. Fisher, Sons & Co., Importers and Manufacturers of Woollens, &c., 184 McGill street.

7.—AMES, HOLDEN & CO. Ames, Holden & Co., Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in every description of Boots and Shoes, Victoria Square. This firm was established in 1853; their facilities for producing the very best quality of boots and shoes are unsurpassed in the Dominion.

8.—LYMAN SONS & CO. Lyman, Sons & Co., Manufacturing Chemists and Wholesale Druggists, 352, 354 and 356 St. Paul street.

9.—PATERSON BROTHERS. Paterson Brothers, Importers of Millinery, Straw Goods, Silks, Velvets, Ribbons and Fancy Dry Goods, 22 St. Helen street, also 58 and 60 Wellington street, Toronto.

10.—S. GREENSHIELDS, SON & CO. S. Greenshields, Son & Co., 17 Victoria Square, a well-known Wholesale Dry Goods House, one of the largest in the Dominion.

11.—CASSILS, STINSON & CO. Cassils, Stinson & Co., Importers of Foreign Leathers, Prunellas, and Shoe Findings, also Leather Commission Merchants, 13 and 15 St. Helen street.

12.—TOOKE BROTHERS. Tooke Brothers, Shirt and Collar Manufacturers, 520 to 530 St. Paul street, manufacturers of all kinds of white and coloured shirts, collars and cuffs; employing upwards of 400 work-people.

13.—EAGLE FOUNDRY. George Brush, Eagle Foundry and Engine and Boiler Works, 24 to 34 King street, and 43 Queen street, manufacturer of steam engines, steam boilers, hoisting engines, steam pumps, circular saws mills, water wheels, mill gearing, &c.

14.—JOHN MURPHY & CO. John Murphy & Co., Importers of New and Fashionable Dry Goods, from all the leading markets of the world. The best makes of staples of all kinds in cottons, linens and woollens, unsurpassed for value. Latest novelties in fancy goods; kid gloves and gloves of all kinds a speciality; hosiery and under-clothing for ladies, gentlemen and children. 403 and 405 Notre Dame street.

15.—ALBION HOTEL. Albion Hotel, Stearns & Murray, proprietors, McGill and St. Paul streets.

16.—EMIL POLIWKA & CO.

Emil Poliwka & Co., 32, 34 and 36 St. Sacramento street, branch house 314 Broadway, Albany, N.Y. This firm is doing the largest glue business in Canada, and have obtained first prizes for glue at the Dominion Exhibition, Ottawa, 1879, and Montreal, 1880. Their extensive stock consists of all the various grades of glues used by cabinet manufacturers, piano manufacturers, joiners, bookbinders and roller composition-makers; also the different sorts of white and red gelatines, Imperial borax, alum, glycerine, neat's foot, olive and castor oils. Having recently added a grocery department in which may be found the popular beverage "Kaoka," canned fruits, prunes, Excelsior bird food, and several other specialties.

17.—M'INTYRE, FRENCH & CO., AND ROBERT MILLER, SON & CO.

McIntyre, French & Co., Wholesale Importers, 13 Victoria Square. The firm own and occupy this magnificent store. It is a first-class business house, unsurpassed in the trade for staple and fancy dry goods.

Robert Miller Son & Co., Wholesale and Manufacturing Stationers, Paper Merchants, Paper-Hanging Manufacturers Agents, and Wholesale Booksellers, 15 Victoria Square. This well-known house was established by the present senior partner, Mr. R. Miller, in 1841, and carry on a very extensive business. They are sole agents in the Dominion for the well-known Paper Hanging Manufacturers, Wylie & Lochhead, Glasgow, Scotland, and also represent the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co. of New York, and Carter, Dinsmore & Co., manufacturers of Carter's ink and maulage, Boston.

18.—ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY AND ONTARIO BANK.

The Royal Insurance Company, corner of Place d'Armes and Notre Dame street, the head office of the Company in Canada. Messrs. M. H. Gault, M.P., and Wm. Tatley, chief agents and managers for the Dominion. This Company transacts the largest business in Canada, and has invested in the Dominion, chiefly with the Government, for the special protection of its Canadian policy-holders over \$600,000. It has also the largest surplus of assets over liabilities of any Fire Insurance Company in the world. Ontario Bank, Charles Holland, Manager, 5 Place d'Armes.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY, corner of Place d'Armes and St. James street. Hon. Henry Starnes, Chairman; G. F. C. Smith, Resident Secretary. This wealthy Company was organized in 1836, and has done business in Canada since 1851. The invested funds of the institution amount to \$30,000,000, of which \$200,000 are invested in Canada, the largest amount placed in this country by any foreign Insurance Company.

THE MERCANTILE AGENCY, (Dun, Wiman & Co.) W. W. Johnson, Manager, 114 St. James street, the oldest and largest institution of the kind in the world. Reports regularly received by a trained staff, and collections of past due accounts made a speciality.

J. JOSEPH & SONS, manufacturers of every description of jewellery and importers of diamonds, 12 Place d'Armes. This firm has been in existence upwards of 70 years, having extensive branches in South Africa and Australia, and employing at their factory, St. Paul's Works, Birmingham, England, on an average 300 work-people. Their enterprise and extensive knowledge of the requirements of this country has been of material benefit to the retail trade generally, enabling them to offer to their customers goods eminently suited to the market both in price and quality.

BRITON LIFE ASSOCIATION (Limited), AND BRITON MEDICAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSOCIATION, James B. M. Chapman, Manager for Canada, 12 Place d'Armes.

LA BANQUE NATIONALE, J. B. Sancer, Manager, 10 Place d'Armes.

20.—H. A. NELSON & SONS.

H. A. Nelson & Sons. (Established 1840.) Wholesale Importers and Dealers in European and American Toys, Fancy Goods and Small-wares; manufacturers of corn brooms, brushes and woodenware, 59 to 63 St. Peter street; branch opened at 56 and 53 Front street west, Toronto, in 1868.

21.—OWEN M'GARVEY & SON.

Owen McGarvey & Son, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers and Dealers in Plain and Fancy Furniture of every description, 7, 9 and 11 St. Joseph street. This firm, the oldest in the city, being established in 1845, have always a most complete assortment of parlour, dining-room, library and chamber furniture which are all guaranteed to be as represented. The reputation which this house has attained is carefully guarded by every attention being paid to customers and the filling of orders. The seven prizes and diplomas awarded to this house for the largest and best assortment of furniture at the late Dominion Exhibition is further proof of the extent and quality of their stock.

22.—THE CANADIAN RUBBER COMPANY.

The Canadian Rubber Company of Montreal, Papineau Square; office and warehouse, 335 St. Paul street; branch house, 45 Yonge street, Toronto. Sir Hugh Allan, President; Francis Scholes, Manager; J. O. Gravel, Secretary and Treasurer. The most extensive manufacturers in Canada of rubber shoes, felt boots, machine

belting, steam packing, engine, hydrant, and suction hose, and other vulcanized rubber articles adapted to mechanical and manufacturing purposes.

D. MORRICE & CO.

D. Morrice & Co., General Merchants and Manufacturers Agents, 39 St. Joseph street.

24.—JOHN H. JONES & CO. (Successors to Robt. Wilkes & Co.)

John H. Jones & Co., Importers and Manufacturers' Agents, 196 and 198 McGill Street. This firm are extensive dealers in gold, silver and plated jewellery; gold and silver watches and clocks, (American and Foreign) cutlery, (pocket and table); silverware and electro-plate hollow and table goods; Stationer's and Druggists' sundries; music goods, violins, accordions and concertinas; dolls and toys of every description; and smallwares and notions.

25.—FAIRBANKS & CO.

Fairbanks & Co., Ora P. Patton, manager, manufacturers of the celebrated Fairbanks' Standard Scales, 377 St. Paul street.

26.—NUN'S BUILDING.

HODGSON, SUMNER & CO., Importers of General Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Smallwares, Nuns' Buildings, 347 and 349 St. Paul street. This firm, long known under the name of Foulds & Hodgson, and more recently under that of Hodgson, Murphy & Sumner, has been established upwards of 23 years; they do a very extensive wholesale business, having much the largest and most varied assortment of goods of any house in the Dominion. Their warehouse, in the well-known Nuns' Block, was recently enlarged to double its former size to meet the demands of their trade, and now ranks among the finest and most commodious of the kind in the country.

JOHN CASSIDY & CO., Importers of China, Glass and Earthenware, Nuns' Building, 339 and 341 St. Paul street.

27.—JOHN M'LEAN & CO.

John McLean & Co., Importers of Fancy Dry Goods, Flowers, Feathers, &c., St. Helen and Recollet streets.

CHRISTMAS NOTES.

Popular and cheap music at Rivard's, 564½ Craig street. Send for catalogue.

Curtain stretchers, wire goods, and everything for the household at L. J. A. Surveyer's, 524 Craig street.

"Dress makes the man." Many of our best-dressed citizens patronize the establishment of Beauvais, 190 St. Joseph street.

For Holiday festivities and New Year's calls. No better place to buy gloves, ties, &c., than at Ladlams's, 249 St. James street.

The display at W. J. Clarke's, 758 Dorchester street, is very fine, all new goods; gift books, desks, dressing-cases, &c., in large variety and cheap.

GENTLEMEN, do you want nice-fitting, well-made garments at reasonable prices? Go to L. Robinson, practical tailor, late of London, England, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

It were well for those who know when bargains are offered to call at Ronayne Bros., 192 St. Joseph street, and get prices, before purchasing their boots and shoes elsewhere.

At 232 St. James street, G. W. Clarke is offering an elegant assortment of annuals, albums, fancy goods, &c., specially adapted, and most acceptable for Christmas presents.

FOR STYLISH and well-finished Gentlemen's Clothing, made after the London and American fashions, go to L. Robinson, the practical London tailor, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

To "lovers of good cheer." The list of choice, staple and fancy groceries, wines, &c., &c., and reasonable prices, quoted by our enterprising citizen, Alex. McElhannon, is enough to tempt the soul of an anchorite to indulge in the holiday festivities.

To the students of household decoration a visit to the art rooms of W. Scott, 393 Notre Dame street, will be a delight. To attempt to faithfully describe their intrinsic merits or enumerate the different articles, would far exceed the limits of our space.

Everything new, choice, and desirable in clocks, watches, chains, &c., at Richard Hensley's 173 St. Joseph street. Excellent selections can be made at very moderate outlay. The celebrated Waltham Watches in gold and silver cases, for which this firm is special agent, always in stock.

There is nothing that has more attractions for youngsters than an establishment where candies, cakes and goodies of all kinds are sold, and it is among the earliest and most pleasurable recollections of our most staid citizens. The goods of C. Alexander are known far and wide as being the best, and the preparations made for the holiday season are most ample in confectionery and cake of all kinds.

Always to the front at Christmas and New Year with the choicest and best articles, Drydale has this year made such additions to his premises and stock as to outstrip his former efforts. His display of gift books, annuals, albums, Christmas Cards, &c., are most attractive, suitable alike for old and young, grave and gay, and at popular prices. The address is 232 St. James street, and 1423 St. Catherine street.

From an experience of many years in our city there are few in the fur trade who has a more extensive reputation for first-class goods than A. Brahadi, 249 Notre Dame street. In ladies' seal saques and satin de Lyon silk circulars, fur lined, are shown most stylish garments. The "Princess" has been established as a favourite cap with our belles. The Sara Bernhardt Cap, from its piquant style, will be very generally admired this season.

Occupying one of the most conspicuous corners in the business quarter of our city the windows of R. W. Cowan & Co. form quite an attraction to numerous passers-by from the elegant display of ladies', gentlemen's and children's fur goods of all descriptions. The stock carried by this firm is such as to meet the wants of all classes of buyers, rich and poor. In this rigorous climate nothing could be more thoughtful and acceptable for a Christmas gift than some selection from their well-filled shelves.

Numerous as are the various sewing machines before the public are, none are more popular than the C. W. Williams Sewing Machine. In every particular that goes to make up utility, durability, ease of working, and handsome appearance, they are ahead. Its manufacture has been for several years one of the most flourishing industries of Montreal. Their sales extend far beyond the limits of Canada, being shipped in large numbers to the United States, Europe, Australia, and West Indies. Every description of these machines for manufacturing or domestic use are to be seen at the rooms of the company, 317 Notre Dame street.

DEACON WESTON'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

"I'll have no Popish doings in my house, Christmas or no Christmas, and so I tell you, Harriett Phillips."

"Harriett Weston, if you please, father," replied the person addressed, making a sudden movement across the room and kneeling beside the armchair where Farmer Weston sat, nursing his gouty foot upon a stool.

The young woman was tall, slender, and comely, with the steady hazel eyes, wide chin, and clean-cut lips that tell of decided character, and the capacity to rule or to submit as the will may direct.

The old man was tall also, but neither slender nor comely, for his form was gnarled and bent like one of the ancient cedars of his native New England Coast; his face was tanned to the colour and texture of old parchment, his mouth was hard and obstinate, and his eyes full of that war anxiety which at seventy years of age has become the habit of life with men who wrest a living from New England soil.

As his handsome daughter-in-law knelt beside him, and clasped her firm, white hands upon his arm, looked up in his face, the farmer nestled uneasily to the other side of the chair, and replied in a peevish tone:

"Well, Harriett Weston, then, though I must say the doings you talked of were a good deal more like your own folks than your man's."

"Are they? Why should they be?" asked Harriett demurely; "wasn't the birth of Christ as great a blessing to Presbyterians as Episcopalians! And if so, why shouldn't they seem just as glad on Christmas Day?"

"I don't know as I've said they shouldn't, have I?" retorted the old man, testily. "But what I do say and what I mean is, I ain't going to have any Popish crosses and wreaths and fixings generally put up in my house. I should look to see my father and gran'ther rise right out of their graves, let alone my gran'ther's gran'ther, who came over here o' purpose to get away from Popish tyranny and wickedness. It's all well enough for you, seeing your father's a minister, and I suppose holds to all the English ways of his Church; but I tell you, girl, I'm going to hold to the ways of my own people and my own religion."

Without reply Harriett got up and arranged the cushion under the gouty foot, mended the fire of hickory logs, swept up the hearth, and, taking some sewing from the table, began stitching diligently at the sleeve of a dressing-gown she had planned, and was helping Melitable to make for the invalid. Presently she began to hum softly, and the farmer, who had tried to read, tried to think, tried to doze, and failed in all, said, with elaborate carelessness:

"Sing out, can't ye, Harry? I love to hear you sing."

"It's only an old hymn, and I dare say you know it," replied Harry, as carelessly and with a rich contralto voice she began to sing—

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground."

Before she had finished the verse, a grumbling noise from the armchair reminded one of the rocks and cedars that responded to Amphion's melody; and by the time they came to—

"Good-will, henceforth, from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

the bass ones almost overpowered the mezzo, and united they filled the wide, old kitchen and echoed back like fairy music from the array of burnished tin upon the dresser. The tramping of snowy feet in the porch heralded a new-comer, and as the voices blended on the last note, the door was thrown open, and a good-looking young fellow tramped into the room, his arms full of small branches of henlock, arbour vitae, and ground pine.

"Bravo, father!" exclaimed he. "I haven't heard your voice come out so since you left the singing seats when I was a boy. I tell you, this girl of mine can make old folks young and dumb folks rejoice."

"Oh, I always was one to sing psalms when others did. Paul says for all Christian folks to do that," replied the father, a little shamefacedly; and the son hurriedly assented with—

"That's so, father; Paul and you are about right. Well, Harry, my girl, here is some of your green stuff to go to work on, and there's plenty more at the barn that I'll fetch as it's wanted."

"I'm sorry you had the trouble, Dick," replied Harriett, steadily, "for we're not going to put up any greens. Father thinks it's best not."

"Ho!" exclaimed the son in dismay; but a warning look from his wife checked any further expression of discontent, and he was stooping to gather up the branches already heaped in a corner, when farmer Weston, clearing a throat somewhat husky from its late exertions, in a sort of off-hand style:

"Oh, I don't say but what you can do as you've a mind to in your own room, Harriett; and the fore-room, too, is more yours than our'n now. Mother won't never go in there again, poor soul, till she lays in the middle of it, where all her children but two have laid, and one of 'em had better had been there. Yes, you may do as you like in the fore-room and your own room, children, though I'd a *teeble* rather you didn't put anything up to the windows, on

account of the speech of people, I being at deacon so, and all."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, father!" exclaimed Mrs. Dick, coming to kiss the narrow furrowed brow, that actually reddened under the salute; "and you may be sure I will put up nothing that can show from the outside. I am so much obliged, for it would have seemed sad enough to do nothing for Christmas. I don't doubt those shepherds did something in the way of rejoicing."

"Well, I'll go back to the barn, old lady, and when I come to dinner I'll bring a lot more branches. If you want me before, just blow the horn at the back door, or let Melitable run over and tell me."

But long before dinner time—in fact only at very short time from his departure—Dick Weston opened the kitchen door and looked in with a face strangely blanched and altered from its previous ruddy joviality. His wife sat on her own side of the fire deftly tying the sprigs of evergreen into thick, firm bands, of which any sort of festoon, trimming or wreath could be readily formed, and the old man at the other side of the fire, his bony hand shading his eyes from the blaze, watched the graceful work with a smile of placid content. It was a pretty picture, but Dick did not pause to contemplate it, but passing through the room to the passage at the front of the house, summoned his wife with a look as he passed behind his father's chair. Quietly brushing the greens from her white apron Harriett obeyed, and not until they were well out of hearing, did she exclaim, "What is the matter, Dick! You are as white as a ghost!"

"A ghost!" echoed the young man, laughing nervously. "Well, no wonder. Come up to our own room and I will tell you."

Ten minutes later Harriett re-entered the kitchen to take a warm shawl from its peg, slip her feet into snow-boots and throw a knitted fabric, called a rigollette, over her head. The farmer watched all these operations with interest, as he did all his daughter-in-law's movements, and presently asked:

"What now, Mrs. Dick? Going out?"

"Only to the barn, father," replied the young woman, careful not to turn toward him, her glistening eyes and burning cheeks. "I have a new idea for my Christmas decorations, and am going to see what Dick has out there. You said I might do what I liked in my own room and the parlour."

"Yes, whatever you like, so that you don't bother me. When are you going to finish that stuff?"

"Oh, pretty soon. Is it in the way? Shall I carry it up-stairs before I go out?"

"No, no; I'd just as lief you sit there and do it. It don't trouble me none, and pleases you."

Truth to tell, it was something more than not being bothered; it was a positive pleasure to the crippled old man to see that shapely figure and blooming face seated opposite him, to watch the white, strong fingers at their work, and listen or join in the Christmas hymns and carols the clergyman's daughter had for so many years sung and taught in their parish choir. So, as the minutes passed into half an hour, and still her chair remained vacant, the old man grew restless, impatient, and finally downright cross. Melitable, who was baking pies in the brick oven of the outside kitchen, looked in from time to time, now at him, and now at the paralytic wife, who lay so patiently in the bedroom opening into the front kitchen, and had lain since Christmas three years before, when she was stricken down, body and soul, by what her neighbours justly described as a shock. But to all Melitable's kind, if somewhat independent, offer of refreshment, amusement, or conversation, the farmer returned but surly answers, and presently inquired:

"What on earth is Mrs. Dick doing out to the barn all this time! She'll get her death o' cold, and there'll be another one laid up, and who's to nuss her?"

"Oh, Mrs. Dick! She came in quite a spell back," replied Melitable, craning her neck at the window to try to see the barn door. "Run round to the front o' the house as spry's a fox, and straight upstairs. Well, I declare for't, there's Mr. Dick, with a whole lot o' green stuff on the sled, and Bill hitched up, and he's a driving of it round to the front. Wha's that fer?"

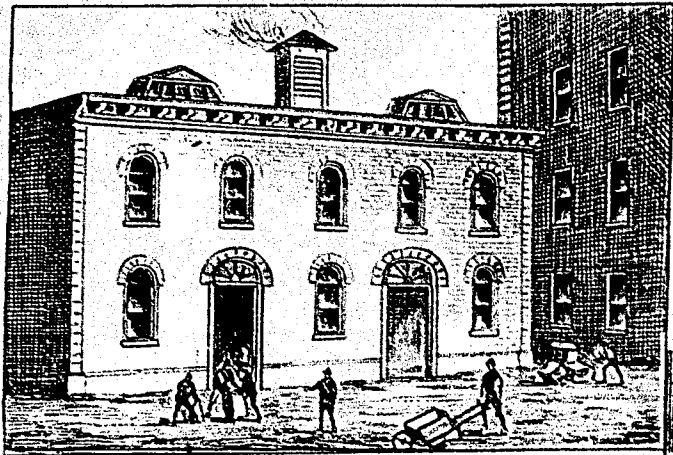
"Oh, they're a fixing up their own room for Christmas; I give 'em leave," replied the old man, testily. "You'd better get in and see if Mrs. Weston don't want some gruel or something."

"I was in just this minute, and I guess I'd better squat into the oven first," replied the "help." "Seems to me I smell them pies a scorchin'."

Just before dinner-time Harriett again appeared, her face radiant, her voice jubilant, and, gathering up her greens, heaped them all into a basket. The surly deacon, absorbed in the week-old newspaper, never raised his eyes, but presently found a glass at his lips, while his daughter-in-law's blithe voice declared:

"Here's your medicine, father. Half-past eleven and more. You must get up an appetite for dinner."

"Much you care whether I do or not," grumbled the deacon, yet took the draught, and then sat watching the graceful form moving so swiftly, yet so deftly, around the room, laying the table for dinner, arranging the curtains to screen the sunshine from his eyes, gliding into the bedroom to say a few cheery words to the

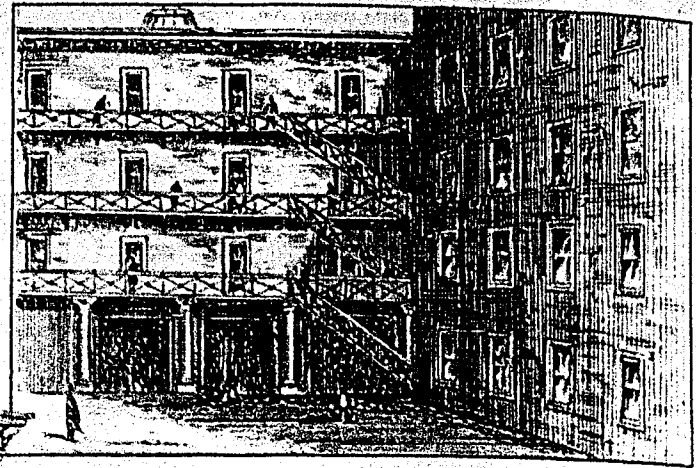


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We present to our readers illustrations of one of our important city industries; the premises are in the business centre, and few know the extent of the factory buildings in the rear.

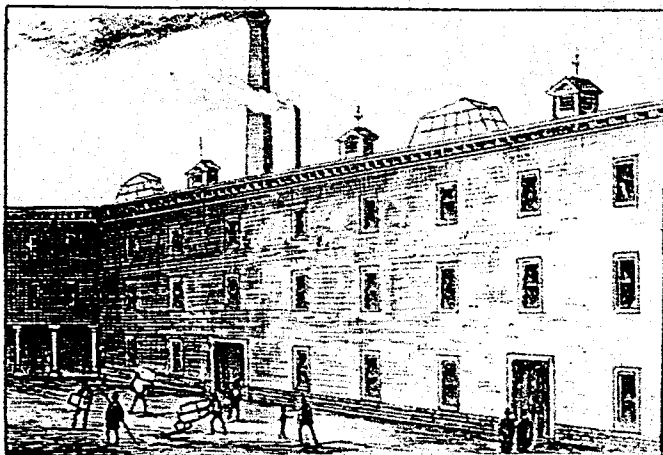
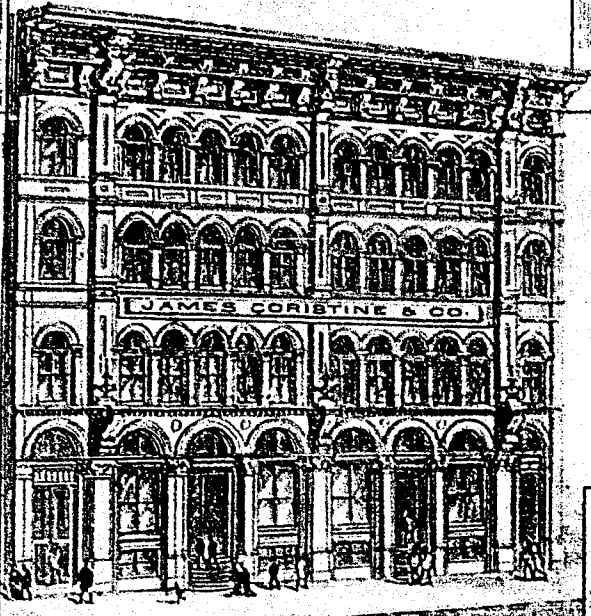
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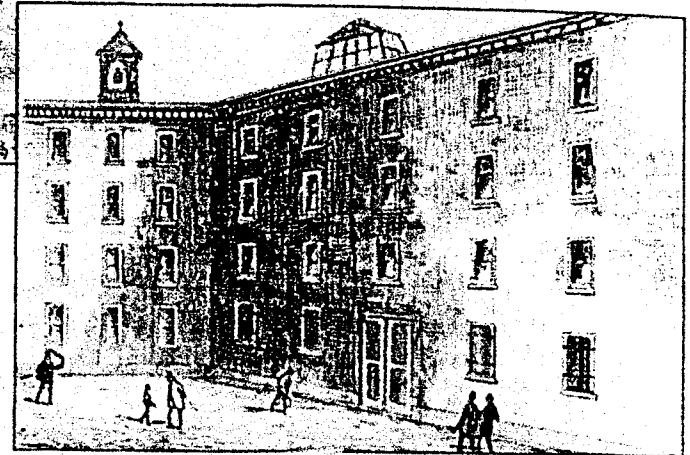
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WOOL HAT FACTORY.

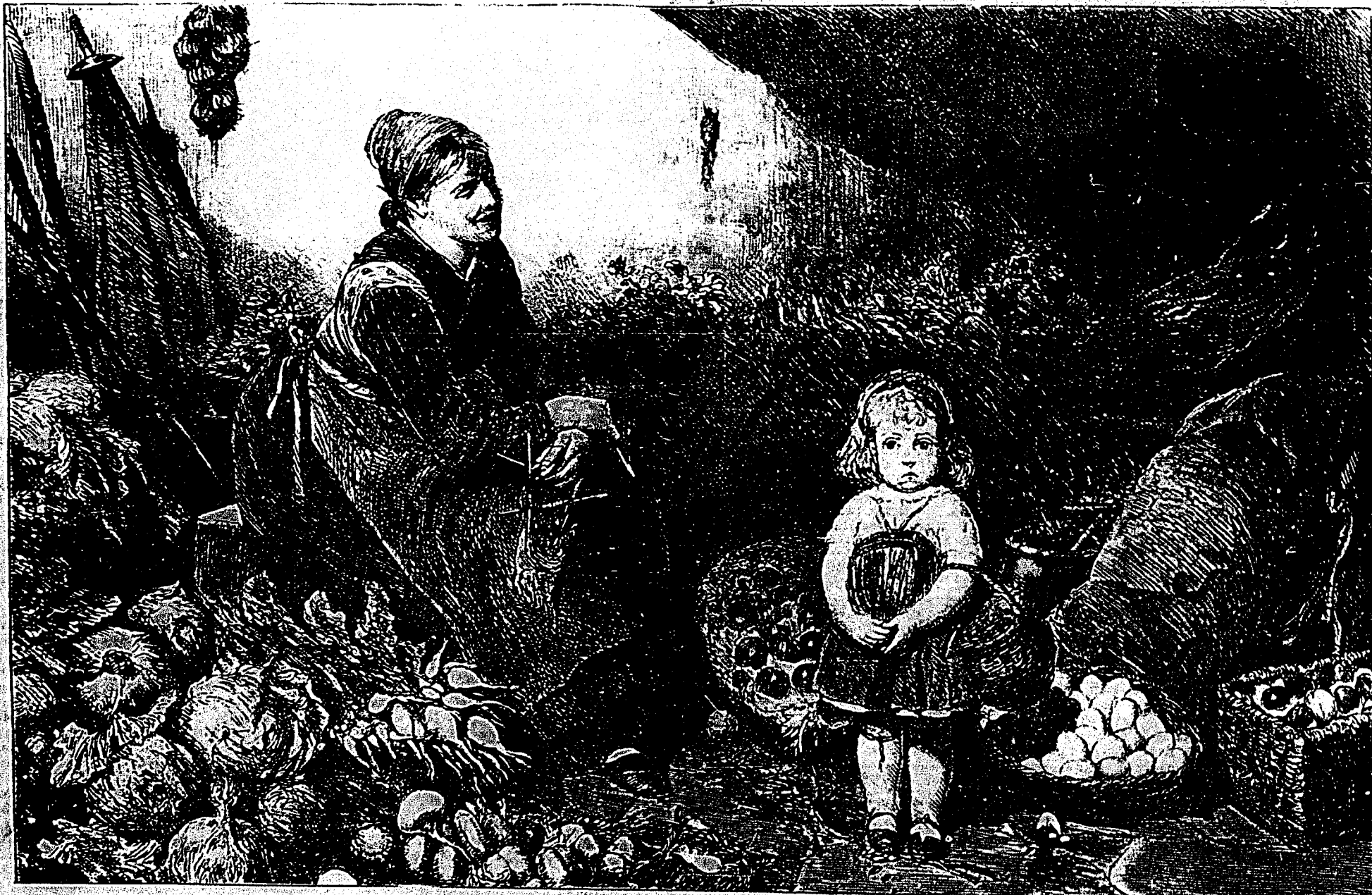
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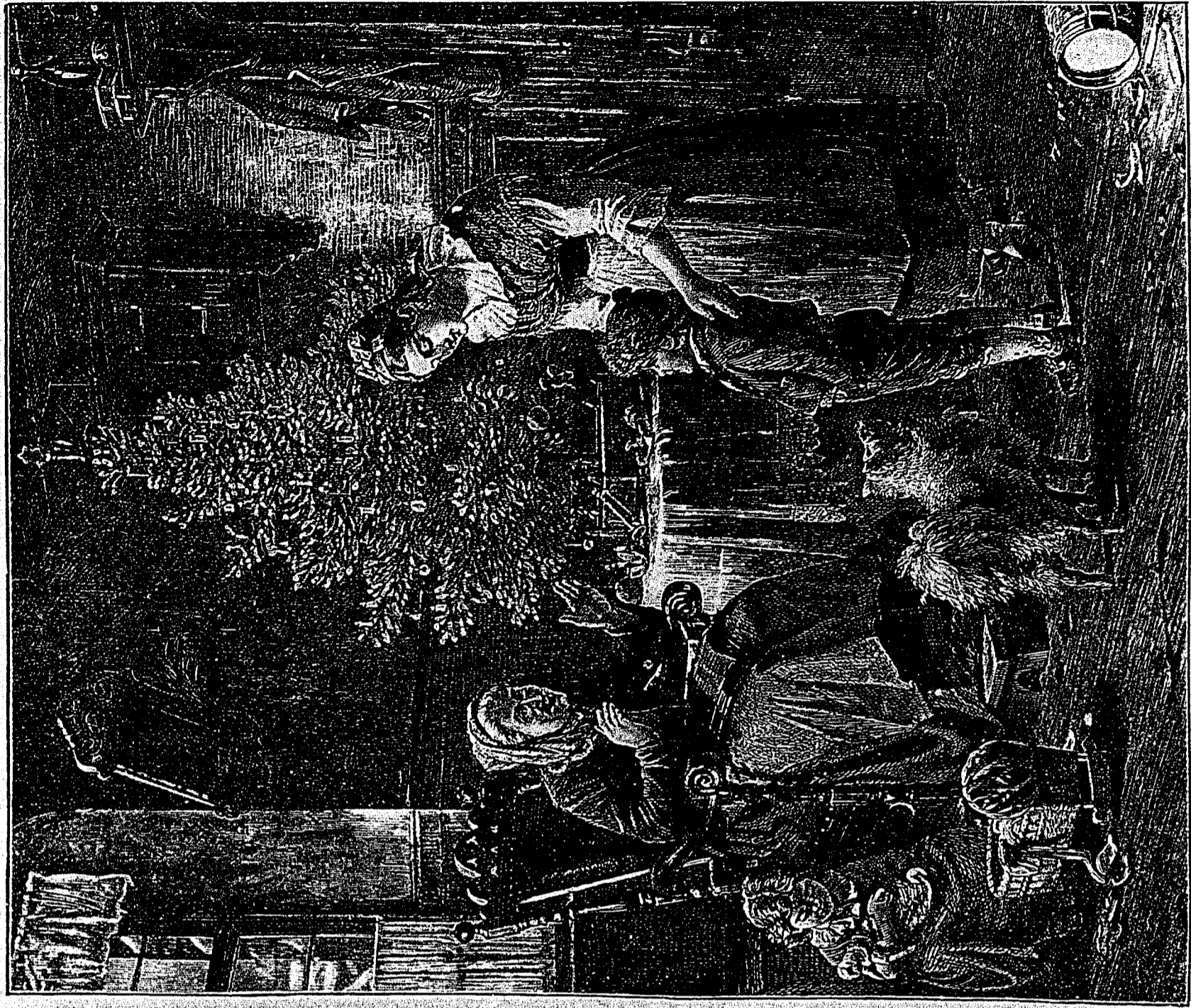


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PREPARING CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

patient invalid, and then back to add some symmetrical touches to Mehitable's somewhat slapdash style of putting dinner upon the table. Then she ran to the back-door to blow the horn for Dick, who presently appeared, shivering with cold and cleanliness. The stern demand for blessing was uttered by the deacon's lips, and the meal proceeded, Harriett's first care being to prepare a dainty tray for Mrs. Weston, who dined under Mehitable's superintendence at the same time, thus sparing the feelings of that young woman, who, until Harriett's arrival, had sat at the table with the farmer and his son, and fancied that she had, herself, instituted the present arrangement.

"Timothy has dressed the turkey for to-morrow, Harry," remarked her husband. "A good ten-pounder it is, and as tender as chicken."

"I guess them shepherds didn't have turkey for dinner, nor think of it," said the deacon with a grim smile, as he turned to his daughter-in-law.

"No, but they could feast their eyes and ears and did it," replied she. "They were more glad than we, and we try to imitate their joy with our evergreens, and our good dinner, and our happy hearts and faces."

"Easy enough for them to be happy that have nothing to worry them," replied the old man, with a sigh that was almost a groan; and Harriett, rolling her chair back to the hearth-corner, softly sang:

"Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

"You don't know nothing about it, child, not the first thing," muttered the old man, clasping the fresh, young hand in his bony and callous one: "God and sinners ain't reconciled so easy as all that."

"No, father, dear," returned the girl in a whisper, but after Christmas comes Good Friday, and after the cradle the Cross." Then she turned again to the table and hastily carried some articles into the pantry whence she presently came, with a basket, showing some branches of evergreen at the top. The old man watched her jealously.

"Now, what are you going to do?" asked he. "Why don't you come and sit down and tie your evergreens here?"

"I will, pretty soon, father," replied Harry. "But I have something to do upstairs first, and then Dick is coming to help me in the parlor. You'll let us take you in to see the decorations, when they're all ready, won't you?" The old man nestled in his chair, scowled, and muttered something inaudible, but the next moment Harry was kneeling at his chair arm, the pretty hands clasped upon his breast, and those clear, brown eyes fixed beseechingly upon his.

"You'll come with the shepherds and your children to welcome the Christmas baby, won't you, father dear?"

"If it'll do you any good, da'ter, I'll go in and look when it's all fixed," replied the deacon, a smile softening his rugged features like Christmas sunshine.

Harry rewarded him with a kiss upon the brow and went her way. Presently the deacon heard his son's voice guiding Bill, the white-faced farm-horse, round to the front door, and than Harry's blithe tones, directing, as it seemed, the bringing in of some large objects that scraped noisily against the doors.

"Sakes! What be they doing out there?" demanded Mehitable, pausing, with the tablecloth gathered in both hands, and turning her head over her shoulder.

"Fetching in trees to fix up the parlor," replied the deacon, as composedly as if he had arranged the whole programme. "Wonder if there was evergreen trees around that ere stable."

"Round the stable? You don't mean to say Mr. Dick's been cutting down the trees round the stable! Well, well, well! New lords make new laws, and that's a fact. That's Mrs. Dick's work, now!"

"I reckon your work's out in the wash-room, and you'd better be seeing to it there, Mehitable Joyce," replied the deacon, in an irate voice. "If every one in this house was as particular to foller out my wishes as Mrs. Weston is, things would jog a little easier."

"My sakes!" exclaimed Mehitable, slapping down the leaves of the table, and setting it up with a bang. "I'm glad Mrs. Dick's such a favourite. I'm sure. I only hope it'll last, right along." With which charitable aspiration Miss Joyce slammed the door, and was heard revenging her wounded dignity upon the dishes, which she washed with such vehemence that they had good need to be of stout delf, or they had never survived to bear the Christmas turkey. The deacon listened with an ugly scowl, and glanced angrily at his swathed foot; but from behind the door, at his other hand, rose Harry's blithe voice:

"The Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The Holly bears the crown—"

"I wish we had more of it, deacon! Pity it doesn't grow in New England, and has to be bought with a price!"

"The Holly bears a blossom
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good."

Chorus.

"O the rising of the sun,
The morning of the deer,
The playing of the merry pipes
Sweet singing in the choir!"

"The Holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all."

"Where did I get that! Oh, it's an old, old English Carol. I know ever so many of them. Did you ever hear—"

"I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning."

"Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three
On Christmas Day in the morning?"

"O they sailed into Bethlehem—"

"And so on through nine verses. And then there is—"

"A Virgin most pure, as the prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a Babe, as it hath her befall.
To be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapped us all in."

"Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside;
Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born at this tide."

"In Bethlehem city—in Jewry it was—
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxed, with many one mo',
For Caesar commanded the same should be so."

"Rejoice and be merry, etc."

"There! That's just right. Now go, like a dear child, and bring the little branches, and don't forget your hammer and nails, and I'll run up for the curtains. Oh, it will be just splendid when it's done, deacon, won't it?"

A moment's interval followed, broken by a soft sound, at which the deacon grimly smiled, and leaning back, with a dreamy look upon his face, fell a-musing of his own young days, when, for a little while, soft words and softer kisses, and merry laughter and light-hearted singing, had been the atmosphere of these old walls, so still and sad of late, with the wife of his youth lying stricken there, and his own health broken, and Dick away so much of the time, and—But at that point the cloud settled back upon the narrow brow, and smiting the arm of his chair with a clinched fist, the deacon muttered:

"No wonder the sunshine all went out of this house when Satan came in; no wonder Susan got a stroke, and I broke down all to once! It's all very well to say you'd ought to be reconciled and all, but—"

"Our swelling pride to cure
With that pure love of Thine:
O, be Thou born within our hearts,
Most holy Child Divine."

So sang Harry, and the deacon unclimbed his hand and, folding it with the other, lay back in his chair looking so sad, so lonely, so broken, that Mehitable, coming to put wood on the fire, relented, and said, not unkindly:

"You look kind o' forlorn, deacon. Can't I get you nothing?"

"No, no," replied the old man, drawing his hand across his eyes. "Well, you might push my chair into the bedroom; I guess I'll talk to mother a spell. Maybe she's lonesome, too."

So Harry, glancing like sunlight into the kitchen presently, found it empty, and, hearing voices from the bedroom, went and peeped in, drew back and thought for a moment, with finger on lip, then quietly fetched the big Bible with pictures in it, and carrying it in, laid it upon the foot of the bed, open at the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel.

"Don't you want to read a little to mother?" asked she, gently, of the old man. "I'm so busy or I would."

"I'd just as lief," replied the aged deacon, with alacrity; and, putting the old silver bowed spectacles astride his nose, began the chapter, while Harry went out to Mehitable in the back-kitchen to make a confidential communication, at which Miss Joyce forgot her anger, jealousy and all sorts of uncharitableness, in pure joy, not unmixed with a good deal of human delight, at a mystery and an event.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Dick," exclaimed she, wringing out and snapping the last dish-towel. "I'll help you every way I'm able, and main glad o' the chance. Seems kind o' keeping Christmas in 'arnest, don't it?"

"Yes, keeping the soul as well as the body of it," replied Harriett, with a far-away look in her brown eyes.

The short December day waned, and in the twilight the young wife and her husband came to sit beside the hearth with their father, who had returned to his corner, and sat meditatively staring into the fire, which, freshly fed with dry fuel, sent its great banner of flame flaring up the wide-throated chimney, rejoicing in its own fashion that Christmas Eve had come again.

Dick, too, was very silent, furtively watching his wife, whose bright face was paler than its wont, and whose ordinarily steady lips and calm eyes showed unaccustomed nervousness and anxiety; even the white fingers so strongly interlaced upon her knees spoke of some deep emotion powerfully repressed. The deacon was first to speak.

"Can't you give us another of your Christmas hymns, daughter?" said he. "I don't know as I ever thought or heard so much about Christmas as I have to-day."

But Harry's voice and heart were not attuned to carols just then, and she softly sang to a quaint, yearning old tone:

"There is a stream whose waters rise
Amidst the hills of Paradise,
Where foot of man hath never trod,
Proceeding from the Throne of God,
Oh, give me sickness here or strife,
So I may reach that Spring of Life!"

There is a people who have cast
All strife and toll away at last—
On whom, so calm their rest and sweet,
The sun shines not nor any heat;
Give me with these at length to be,
And send me here what pleaseth Thee."

A long silence followed the last sweet note, and then Mehitable bustled in, and tea was ready.

"Well, when am I going in to look at your doings in the fore-room, Mrs. Dick?" asked the deacon, as his chair was rolled away from the table.

"Very soon, father," replied Harry, cheerily. "I am going now to finish my preparations. Mehitable, you will come pretty soon, won't you?"

"Just as soon as I've done up the dishes, and I can rattle them off in no time, if I set out."

"Hope you'll rattle some more out'n the store when you've smashed all these," suggested the farmer, with a grim smile, which, with the jocose remark, proved him to be in a state of unwonted hilarity.

But it was nearly two hours more before Dick appeared in the living room, as this kitchen of ceremony was called, and announced that all was now ready, and he had come to wheel his father's chair into the fore-room where Harriett awaited him.

"I'd most forgot about it. It's about bedtime, ain't it?" disingenuously replied the deacon, who had done nothing but watch and listen for an hour past. But as his chair was wheeled into the parlor and the door softly closed behind him, all affectation of indifference vanished, and Deacon Weston came as near profanity as ever in his life, for he exclaimed, "Good Lord, deliver us!" and did not mean to quote the litany.

No wonder he was surprised. What was this place into which he had entered by the familiar door leading to his own kitchen? Not the fore-room, whose staid and comfortable arrangement was so familiar and so congenial to his eyes.

A heavy curtain screened off nearly all the space before him, and about him lay almost total darkness, through which the voice of an unseen singer rang merrily out:

"O sing me a carol blithe and free,
And fit for our Christmas morn;
For the world is as cold as the world can be,
Though its Lord on this day was born.
'Tis a wintry time for the rich and poor,
And who shall be turned from a Christian's door?
For 'twas winter-time for the rich and poor
When the shepherds came to the stable-door."

"Yes, winter-time," went on the voice, speaking out of the darkness. "But the shepherds forgot the cold and misery of the frosty night, for they had seen the Angels, and they told them how the Glory of God had appeared on earth, and Peace and Good-will were to reign among men. And when they asked whence should this Glory and peace come to sinful men, they were told from the Cradle of the Babe of Bethlehem, and they might go and worship there. So, through the cold and darkness they came, the angel guiding them, past the houses of the rich and comfortable, past the door of the inn where was no room, until they came to the cave where were stabled the ox and the ass, and there, in a lowly manger-bed, they found a little Babe."

At the word, the curtains slid softly aside, and the deacon, rubbing his eyes in astonishment, saw a grotto, its doorway hung about with icicles and snow-wreaths, its walls hidden in masses of evergreen, which also carpeted the floor.

At the back, between two spruce trees, appeared the heads of an ox and a horse, contentedly munching some hay.

A powerful yet soft light, its source unseen, flooded the place, and in the centre, in a wooden trough filled with straw, lay a sleeping child, whose features, distinctly seen by that strange light, reminded the deacon of a boy on whom he once had rested more of pride and hope than belongs to any creature, and on whose still face he had twenty years before wept in this very room such tears as sear the eyes that weep them.

"And when the shepherds saw that Babe," went on the voice, in a tone of tender awe, they remembered the words the angel had said to them, 'You shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger,' and they fell on their knees and worshipped God, singing the Song of Angels."

And at the word, the unseen voice swelled into a note of ecstasy, and with it joined another deeper voice, and yet another, broken and tremulous with sobs, and all shouting:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!"

As the strain died away, a figure muffled from head to foot in black, glided upon the scene, and, kneeling at the foot of the cradle, bowed her face upon her hands, while the sound of suppressed sobs stirred the air and mingled like a minor strain in the melody of the speaker's voice.

"A poor lost child, wandering in the cold and darkness of that Winter night, heard the shepherds as they sang, and heard the wondrous promise of peace they proclaimed; so she, too, drew near to the lowly manger and kneeling at the Babe's feet she said in her heart, 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, yet forgive me, not for my own sake, but because the Babe of Bethlehem has come to bring peace upon earth. Forgive as He forgives!'"

The baby, wakened by the shepherds' song, lay cooing in his cradle, and looking about him

with the dewy, lustrous eyes of infancy, the lily in his hand gently waving like the very ensign of peace.

With a swift, impulsive movement, the kneeling figure started to her feet, snatched the child to her heart, and in a moment was kneeling at the old man's feet, holding up the smiling baby, and sobbing:

"For his sake, father—for his sake!"

The deep hard sobs of age mingled with her own, and as the baby, crowing with some mysterious joy, laid his tiny grasp upon the wrinkled face bent over him, the deacon laid one hand upon that bowed head, and one upon the baby's brow, and said:

"The Lord bless and forgive you, my child, and forgive me for my hardness of heart."

Then from behind the trees glided Harry, her carols all quenched in happier tears; and after her came Dick, and knelt beside their sister, and Mehitable's angular figure appeared in the background, and her voice strangely softened by tears, exclaimed:

"Unite us in prayer, deacon; for if ever folks was called to give thanks for Christmas, it's us."

But all that the deacon found to say was: "We thank Thee, Oh, God! For this, my child, was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found!"

"And now, daughter Harriett," said he, presently, "for your reward you shall go and tell mother yourself. Dear heart! but she'll be glad."

So glad, that the shock went far to undo the mischief of that other terrible shock three years before, when it was discovered that her only daughter, had fled in the night from her father's house, following the fortunes of an unworthy adventurer, whom her father had sternly forbidden his house, and never from that day to this had he mentioned her name, nor had the poor mother knowledge even of her child's life or death, honor or shame; for when a letter came in her handwriting, the deacon sternly laid it upon the fire unopened, and watched till it was consumed. So the joy of receiving back her darling was intensified by the lifting of an awful terror from the mother's heart, and as she kissed her girl again and again, she murmured:

"I'd have forgiven you all the same, my precious; but I'm so glad you're an honest woman."

"And I'm so glad," added Harry, wiping her eyes, "that father forgave her and blessed her before he knew whether she was or not!"

"Ah! son Dick!" exclaimed the old man, as he heard her, "you did a good thing for this house, when you brought this daughter into it. It's she that's done it all. Come, now, my girl, give us one more of those Christmas songs to dry up all these tears, and then we'll to bed."

"Wait until I go and take poor Daisy and Bill back to their stable," said Dick, anxious in his own way to bring down all these excited brains to every day. "Just fancy, mother, those poor creatures with their heads in at the open window, eating hay in your front-parlour as genteelly as you please!"

"Lot, Mr. Dick!" interposed Mehitable, dryly, "you needn't think there's nobody round but you. I made Josh Tomkins carry them critters away just as soon as the deacon was trundled off. They're all safe."

"Then listen, and I'll sing you the best carol of all, and one of the very, very oldest!" exclaimed Harry, blithely. And, dancing the boy upon her knee, she sang in a strong, ringing voice:

"From far away we come to you,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
To tell of glad tidings strange and true;
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor
For as we wandered in and wide.
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
What hap do you deem should us betide?
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,
Under a bent when the night was deep.
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
O ye shepherds, what have you seen—
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
To slay your sorrow and hush your keen?
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor
In an ox-stall this night we saw.
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
A Babe, and a Maid without a flaw;
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,
There was an old man there beside.
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
His hair was white and his hood was wide;
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,
And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
These twain knelt down to the little One,
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor,
And a marvellous song we there did hear,
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
That slew our sorrow and healed our care—
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.
News of a fair and marvellous thing;
The snow in the street and the wind at the door,
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell we sing!
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor."

"You Don't Know Their Value."

"They cured me of Ague, Billiousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, whom the doctors and neighbours said could not be cured. I am confident I should have lost both of them one night if I had not had the Hop Bitters in my house to use. I found they did them so much good I continued with them, and they are now well. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them highly enough."—B., Rochester, N. Y.

GOOD WISHES.

"Good wishes"—I, this Christmas-tide,
Have volumes to be said beside,
So much my ardent pen inspires
Of love and hope and fond desires,
(I may deserve a mild rebuff,
And yet have not have said enough.

"Good wishes!"—True, 'twas said before,
By repetition wishing more,
A good wish in a song or speech
Is a good gift all hearts to reach;
So I will make no more defence,
But with "good wishes" I'll commence.

"Good wishes!"—Yet my pen delays,
Halt strangely here these Christmas days;
A little worn, may be, the lute,
But the heart-music, not yet mute,
Utters alike to foes and friends
"Good wishes!"—so begins and ends.

H. M.

MY UNCLE'S WILL.

BY HAROLD RAINHAM.

My uncle was a millionaire, and rejoiced in the euphonious name of Smith. Not an aristocratic name, do you say, gentle reader? He was uncle on my mother's side; but both my parents having died during the infancy of my elder brother and myself, the kind old bachelor had taken charge of us, paid for our education, and announced his intention of making Harry his heir. As for me, being only a younger son, so soon as I arrived at years of discretion he declared that I ought to labour for my own subsistence; therefore he persuaded a gentleman who had just been appointed Consul at Yokohama, to take me with him as a sort of under secretary in his establishment. I liked Japan much; the climate is genial, and the scenery around Kanagawa magnificent; and though we dared not venture far inland, on account of the hostile Damios, yet we found plenty of amusement to wile away our spare time.

When my superior recalled I obtained a position in a mercantile house, and worked my way upwards for five years, at the end of which time I received a letter from my uncle's family lawyer in London, telling me of that relative's death, and, much to my astonishment, notifying me that my brother Harry had been disinherited on account of a *mesalliance* he had contracted, and that I was named sole heir upon consideration of my accepting certain conditions; which were, that I should consent to marry my cousin, Cecilia Brooke, a young lady I had scarcely heard of, much less seen; and in the event of my refusing to do so, the whole of his vast wealth was to be distributed among various charities.

I shed a silent tear to my uncle's memory. The good old man had been very kind to me in days gone by; yet I could not help thinking what a stupid thing it was to link together for life two strangers whose tastes and feelings might be diametrically opposed. However, I was perforce heart-whole, not having seen an unmarried lady for years.

Having plenty of funds and time at my disposal, I took passage by one of the P. and O. steamers, intending to leave her at Alexandria, and travel slowly through the continent of Europe, a part of the world I had often longed to visit.

I prosecuted my journey with much pleasure. I gloried amid the hallowed antiquities of Rome. I sauntered by fair Geneva's limpid flood, climbed Mont Blanc, ruined my boots upon the crenated Mer de Glace, and finally halted at the quaint old town of Heidelberg. I had not been solitary in my peregrinations. A young Englishman, whose acquaintance I made at Leghorn, accompanied me on the tour; and as he was rich and well connected, he was able to introduce me into the best society. At Mannheim he fell in with a widow lady and her niece, whom Lockhart had met in England; they were English. So, claiming them as my countrywomen, we soon became fast friends, accompanied them to Heidelberg, and took rooms in the same hotel. Mrs. Grantham was a most charming brunette; young, lively, and possessed of such powers of fascination that she would come under the designation "dangerous," had not her late lamented partner left her so well provided for that he who became meshed in her toils might be considered a fortunate fellow. But the enchanting loveliness of the niece eclipsed the maturer charms of the aunt. She had the sweetest blue eyes that ever beamed beneath a forehead of snowy whiteness, over which rippling wavelets of golden hair fell, less in curls than in masses of lanky richness—laughing, languishing, mischief-loving blue, with long lashes, and a look in them that was wont to leave its impression rather longer than you exactly knew of; and they soon made havoc with the heart which I ought to have guarded with such jealous care, for the sake of my cousin and my late uncle's estate.

I was not long in discovering that Lockhart had a decided *penchant* for the pretty widow; and I was glad it was so, for we used to pair off, and while he basked in the sunshine of that lady's smile, I was wont to roam at will with Miss Grantham, and enjoy the glorious scenic beauties of Heidelberg all the more for having uninterrupted possession of her as a companion. She was highly educated; and her erudition, her winning, artless simplicity, and other attributes, made my heart yearn instinctively to her, while a rebellious spirit rose within me, prompting me to disobey my uncle's wishes and sacrifice my heirloom for her sweet sake.

"How do you know that unseen cousin of

yours will consent to marry you?" said Lockhart, when I confided my sorrows to him.

Oddly enough, that idea had never entered my head before. If I made myself disagreeable to her, and she was not mercenary enough to sacrifice her happiness for the sake of my wealth, but refused me, the difficulty would be obviated; for of course, under those circumstances, my uncle's will would be void as far as the matrimonial clause was concerned.

It was on the last day of our sojourn in Heidelberg—a bright, warm July afternoon—that Miss Grantham consented to accompany me for a stroll up to the castle. We passed through the Carl Thor, and wended our way up the tortuous path overhung by dense foliage, until we gained the grand ivy-clad ruins of what was once a noble pile. Never had my fair companion seemed to me so beautiful as then; her gay, happy laugh rang through the still turrets and battlements, and they seemed to echo her words with delight when she sang to me a sweet German ballad.

We were half sitting, half reclining upon a hoary, moss-grown block of decaying granite; the smooth, green carpet at our feet was enamelled with bright-hued flowers, that filled the air with fragrance; the setting sun was bathing the sky in a rich flood of crimson and gold; while the silvery Neckar glided beneath us, as it wound round its fir-crowned banks in the far distance. A dreamy sense of perfect peace and repose seemed to pervade all things.

I looked up into my companion's face, and the soft, sweet glance I received from her cerulean eyes as the sweeping fringes raised, sealed my fate. Resign her for the sake of riches! Permit myself to wed a girl I knew nothing of! Never! Away with the filthy lucre. Money could not buy such a precious gem as this! I was not so poor, after all, and would toil for her dear sake. I hurriedly reasoned thus, and then I told her of my love.

Passionately I poured forth my appeal. She seemed to grow closer to me at each word, and ere I ended, my arm was circling her taper waist, her blushing cheek was pillowed on my breast, and her wavy hair hung over my shoulder like rivulets of molten gold, as she whispered words of affection back to my willing ear.

Home once more! How pleasant Old England looked, as I entered Dover harbour! I had not parted from my good friends in Heidelberg without a sigh; but Miss Grantham had promised to be true to me, though she wished the secret of her betrothal to be kept from her aunt; and as it was their intention to return to England during the autumn, I looked anxiously forward to the happy day of her arrival.

I went, of course, soon after my advent to London, to Mr. Capel, the lawyer who had charge of my late uncle's affairs. He was one of the executors, and received me kindly, congratulated me upon my accession to such a splendid property; but his parchment face presented a ludicrous picture of dismay, when I coolly informed him that I did not mean to accept the entail upon the conditions named in my uncle's will.

"You are surely not already married?" he cried.

"No, not yet; but I am engaged to a young lady, and would not give her up on any account," I replied.

"But, my dear sir, circumstances alter cases," pleaded the astute man of law. "This is probably some attachment you formed prior to your uncle's death, and no doubt the lady will forego her claim when she hears how you are circumstanced. You can afford to pay heavy damages, and it would be a pity to let the estate, which has been so long in the hands of your ancestors, be cut up into bequests to hospitals."

I smiled at his clever method of trying to subvert my faith from Missie, for I knew he was interested in my decision, as he wished to still retain the management of the property.

"Well, at all events, Mr. Rainham, you will hold possession until you do marry. I know how useless it is attempting to reason with a man in love, but I'd advise you to go down and see the old place; then perhaps you may change your mind," added the sly advocate, as he bowed me out of his musty office.

I went down to Mantonville. The splendid mansion and spacious demense seemed still more magnificent than ever after my long absence; but my faith never wavered, and I held true to my allegiance to Missie. She knew nothing of my belongings or affairs, save that I had inherited a large estate, and was well to do in the world; this much she had learned from Lockhart. When I saw Mrs. Grantham's arrival announced in the fashionable paper, I at once proceeded to London, and repaired to her home in Portman Square. She gave me a cordial welcome; and Missie—dear girl—flung her arms round my neck and tenderly embraced me as soon as her aunt left her alone. I felt I could refuse kingdoms to possess my darling.

Mrs. Grantham pressed me to stay to luncheon; but I excused myself on the plea of urgent business, promising her, however, to return to dinner.

"Mind you come, for I have so much to tell you," whispered Missie, as I descended the stairs.

I went direct to Mr. Capel's office.

"You may consider me no longer your client. I'm going to plunge headlong into matrimony," I said, on entering.

"Without seeing Miss Brooke? I hear she has arrived, and was on the point of visiting her. Wait a while, and don't do anything

rash. Who knows but that she may have a beau, and refuse to marry you?" he replied.

I laughed; but he evidently did not like the ringing, careless tone of my merriment; it sounded like a funeral knell to his cherished hope of still retaining the position of legal adviser to a millionaire.

I went to my hotel, dressed, and then returned to Mrs. Grantham's. I was sitting in the gloaming of evening on a low sofa, with my arm round my darling, reiterating the vows I had taken amid Heidelberg's ruins. The faint crimson rays of the setting sun were streaming across the room, glinting on the golden tresses of my love till they shone like a nimbus of glory, and I was gazing, spell-bound by her beauty, when the door opened, and Mr. Capel appeared on the threshold.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Brooke; the servant told me you were alone," he said, and then stopped, mute with astonishment on recognizing me.

"This isn't Miss Brooke, but my intended, Miss Grantham. Permit me to introduce you, Missie. This is my lawyer, Mr. Capel," I said. They bowed to each other—Mr. Capel with a most mystified expression of countenance.

"Am I dreaming, Miss Brooke?" he said at last.

Cissie blushed.

"I ought to have told you before, Harold. I meant to have done so just now. Mrs. Grantham is not my aunt—only a friend who I was travelling with. She wished me to pass as her niece on our journeys, but my real name is Brooke. Can you forgive me not having told this, even to you?" she said.

The whole truth flashed upon me at once. Could I forgive her, indeed! Why, I covered her rosy cheeks with kisses then and there, bringing tears to the eyes of the lawyer by the warmth with which I grasped his hand.

"Why, Cissie, darling, you are my own cousin—the identical one that Uncle John ordered me to marry, and who I pictured to myself a fat, dairy-maid sort of girl!" I cried in glee.

"Shall I still have you for a client?" said Mr. Capel, with a roguish twinkle in his eye. "You may trust his affection, Miss Brooke; for he intended to resign all claim to one of the finest estates in England to enable him to marry you," he added.

Ah, how the love-light beamed in Cissie's eyes when she heard that! I see it often again now, when she is bending over our baby-boy. I saw it but a few hours ago, when she told me our old friend Lockhart had come to England to make the pretty widow Grantham his bride.

VARIETIES.

A DUMFRIES TERRIER.—The Dumfries *Standard* furnishes us with the following story:—A family recently left Dumfries for a fortnight's holiday, and the servant took with her their little dog while she went to stay with her friends in Annan. He remained with her in Annan till that day week, going out and in, when she took him with her to Langholm by a very circuitous route. They went by train to Kirkpatrick Fleming, then walked to Chapelknowe, where a friend drove them to Gilnockie station, and they arrived by train at Langholm when it was quite dark. The next day, after enjoying a good dinner, the little fellow disappeared a few minutes before two o'clock, and turned up in Annan at her father's house precisely at five, so tired that he showed no inclination to ramble any more, at least for that day. The dog is half-terrier, and was brought from Langholm when only a few weeks old. He has never been there or in Annan since, except on this occasion. The distance between the two places is eighteen miles by the shortest road, so that while engaged in ferreting out his way back, he must at the same time have gone at the rate of six miles an hour. Such an instance of canine sagacity is by no means rare, but it is certainly very astonishing and well fitted to read a lesson of humility to man with all his boasted pride of intellect and of reason.

A SINGULAR discovery has been made at the Odéon Theatre, Paris. From time to time the sound of hammering had been heard apparently coming from the roof of the theatre, the other night the now manager, Mr. La Ronnat, heard it during the performance of *Britannicus*. Inquiries were made. "It is the cobbler," said a scene-shifter. The manager and the stage-manager looked at each other in astonishment. "What cobbler?" Inquiries were made of the door-keeper. "Yes, it is the cobbler." "What cobbler?" The *concierge* did not know. Guided by the noise, the manager arrived at a little room with a skylight. In it indeed there was a cobbler, working gaily enough. "Who are you?" asked the manager. "I am the cobbler." "Again?" The cobbler was requested to clear out. The question now was how he had got there. Everybody knew him by sight. At last one of the oldest members of the theatre traced the cobbler back to the days of George Sand's piece, *Les Deux Messieurs du Bois-doré*. A great many boots were needed in this piece. At the dress rehearsal most of the boots were found too small. The stage-manager sent for a cobbler, and in order to prevent the noise of his hammering from interrupting the rehearsal, he had been sent upstairs to enlarge the boots. He had remained there during twenty years. The people in the theatre had been accustomed to see him with his leather apron; and, as he interfered with nobody, nobody interfered with him.

THE DREAM OF SISTER AGNES.

In the snowy moonlit midnight
Faint and far the chimes are ringing;
In the cloister's gray old chapel
Clear and sweet the nuns are singing;
In the shimmer of the candles,
High above the altar, stands,
White and sad, the Christ, outstretching
On the cross His patient hands.

And the pale Sister Agnes,
Watches, with weary eyes,
Between her face and His image,
The rolling incense rise;
And she hears her own soul sobbing
As the music swells and sighs:

"The stones are cold in the chancel,
Cold as the cruel snow;
The moon is cold in heaven—
And the frozen earth below
Lies dead on the breast of midnight.
Frozen to death, I know!
"Even the yellow candles
Look cold, like those icy stars
That all night long are watching
Beyond my window-bars;
The writhing incense shivers
Like an outcast soul in pain—
The cold crept into my bosom
And wound about my brain.

"And that is why I am dreaming;
I have forgotten the prayer,
And the faces around me waver
Far off in the misty air.
There stands the blazing altar,
But it is not that I see—
Only the twinkling tapers
In the boughs of a Christmas tree.
There hang the wreaths of holly,
And the white-starred mistletoe,
And the shadows dart and flicker
In the great fire's ruddy glow—
It kindles even the midnight,
And warms the breast of the snow!"

"I'm dreaming—only dreaming—
Hark! what do the voices say?
The wails sing under my window.
Out in the dawning gray—
Singing of Bethlehem's stable,
And the Child who was born to-day!
Or is it the nuns who are chanting,
Chanting sweet and slow,
A rhyme of forgotten childhood,
Lost so long ago?"

"Under the holly branches,
In the yule-log's flame and flare,
Under the Christmas tapers
Shine the old faces fair!
Round me the warmth comes creeping
Of arms, that clasped and clung
Stronger than arms of a mother,
When love and dreams were young!
So warm—so strong!—they held me
Till Death breathed cold between,
And I think I died, with the dreaming,
And all that might have been!"

"Now it is cold for ever,
And the world lies white and dead,
With the snow for a shroud wrapped round her,
And the stars lit at her head.
Are they stars, or the Christmas candles,
That shine in the icy air!
The Christ from His cross has vanished,
And a little Child stands there—
Stretching His hand to lead me
Out of the cold—ah, where?"

Clearly through the frosty silence
In the tower the chimes are ringing;
In the gray old chapel's choir
Loud and sweet the nuns are singing;
Only one is kneeling dumbly—
In her wide and weary eyes,
On her lips, like marble carved,
Death's unfathomed wonder lies—
For the mystic Guide hath led her
Smiling, into Paradise.

Out of the gates of sunrise
The herald dawn breaks sweet;
Over the hills and valleys
Days come with shining feet;
Over the heaving ocean
And the plains of ice and snow,
And over the Holy City
Where Christ walked long ago,
Over the eyes unseeing
Wakens the Christmas morn—
Unto the dead and living
Stretches the Hand forgiving—
And the Child is born!

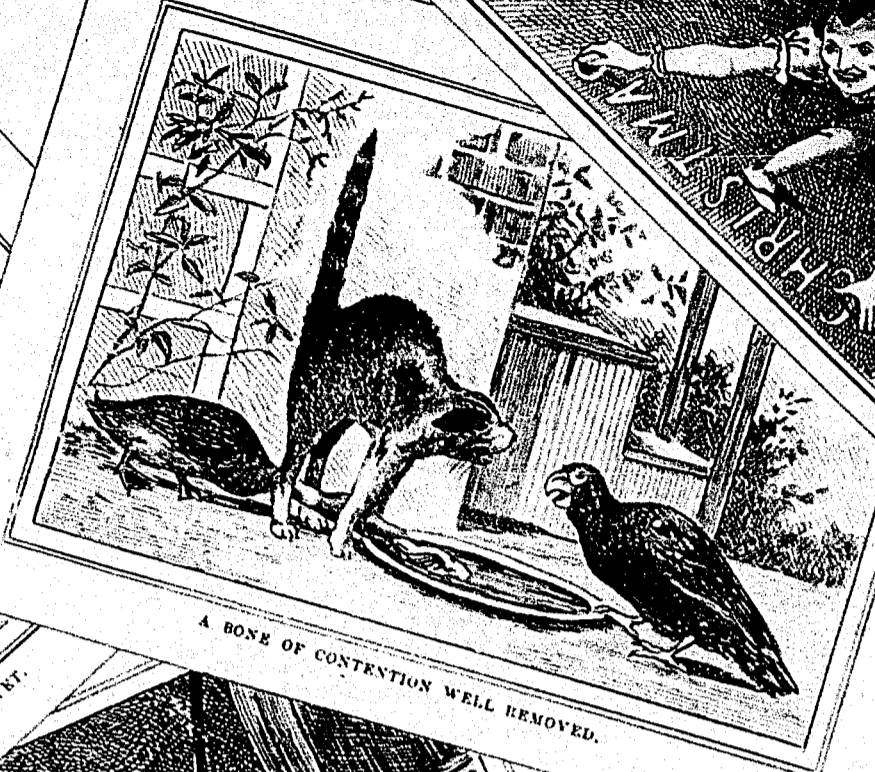
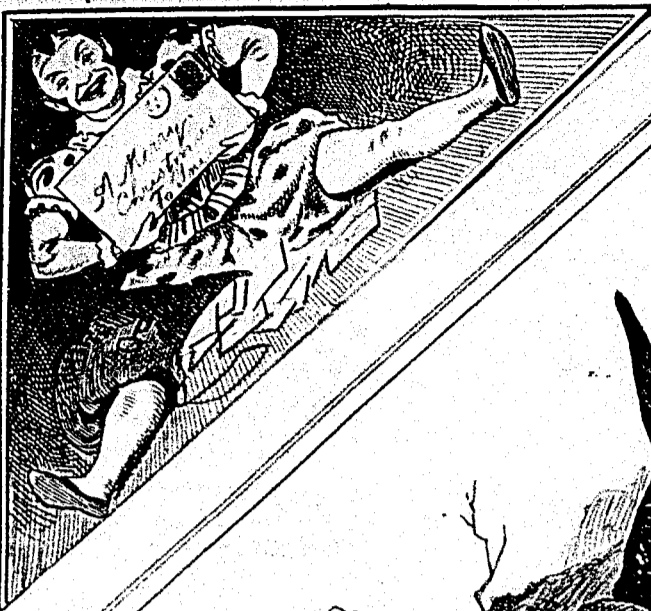
G. A. DAVIS.

HOW HE SECURED A DINNER.—It is an awkward thing sometimes to be absent-minded. A certain noble lord, it is stated, found this out to his cost the other day. It so chanced that the dining-room of the club which he frequents was quite full, when a man who knows his failings pretty well happened to come in very hungry. Of course the waiter said there was no room at present. Suddenly the newcomer espied Lord X. Said he to the waiter, "Has Lord X. dined?" "No, sir." "Well, never mind—take him his bill, and tell him he has had his dinner." The waiter hesitated for a moment, but complied, and handed Lord X. his bill. Quoth Lord X., "What is this for?" "Your dinner, my lord," replied the waiter. "My dinner!" said the forgetful one. "Have I really had it?" "Yes my lord," said the waiter. "Dear me," was the reply, "I thought I was just going to have it; but I must have made a mistake;" and he got up and went out, leaving the table for the use of the genius who had profited by his absent-mindedness.

GREAT MERIT.

All the fails give the first premiums and special awards of great merit to Hop Bitters as the purest and best family medicine, and we most heartily approve of the awards for we know they deserve it. They are now on exhibition at the State Fairs, and we advise all to test them. See another column.

FIRST CLASS TAILORING.—A fine assortment of English, Scotch and French tweeds on hand, and made up to order on the premises, under my own personal supervision, at very reasonable rates, at L. Robinson's, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.



A BONE OF CONTENTION WELL REMOVED.



MISS FIDELITY! NOT CAUGHT YET.



LIVE AND LET LIVE.



WHEW!

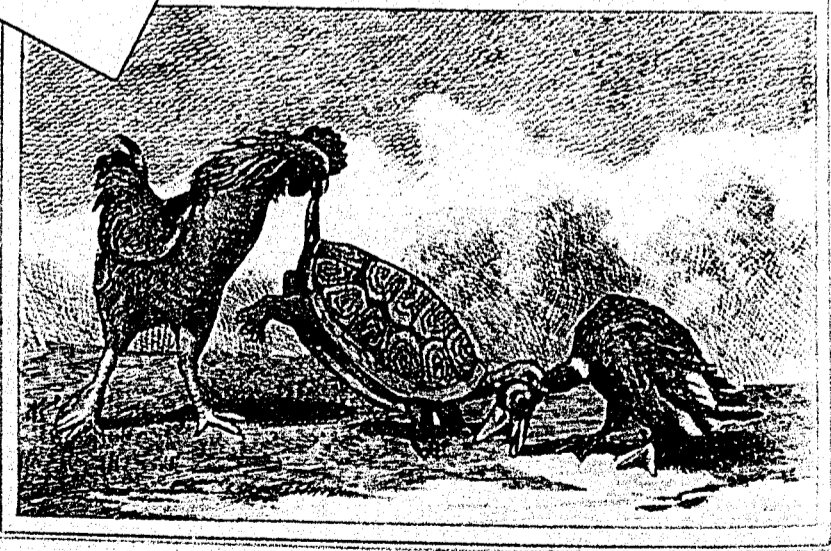


IN LADIES' EYES THE BANGER LIES.

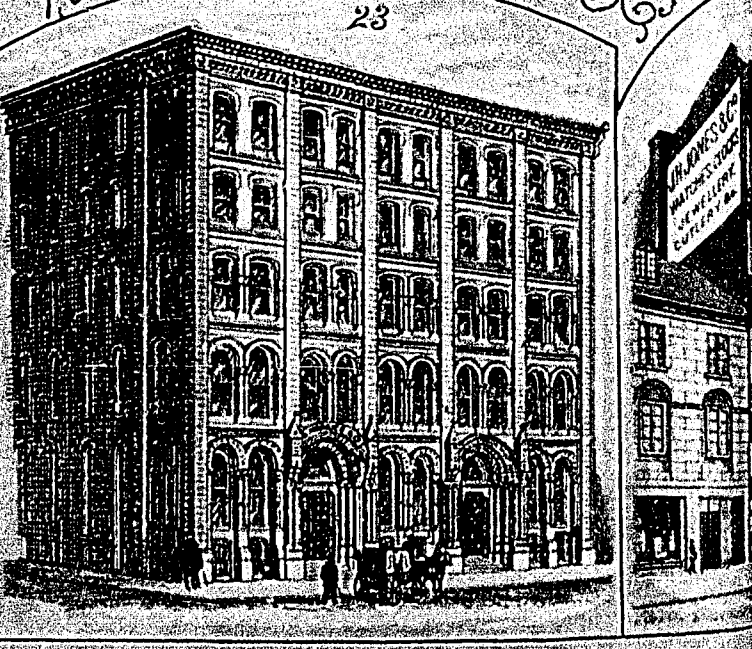
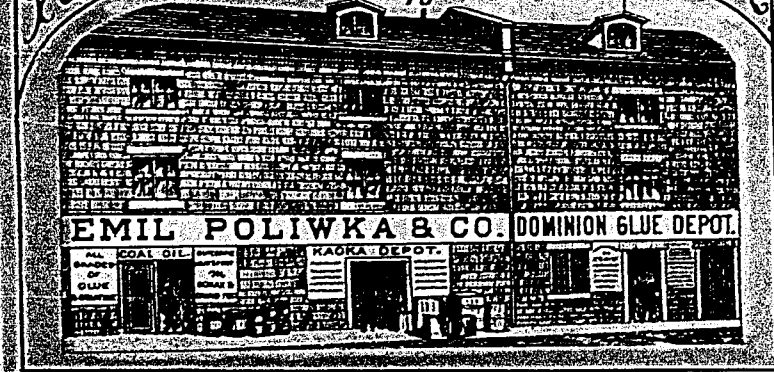
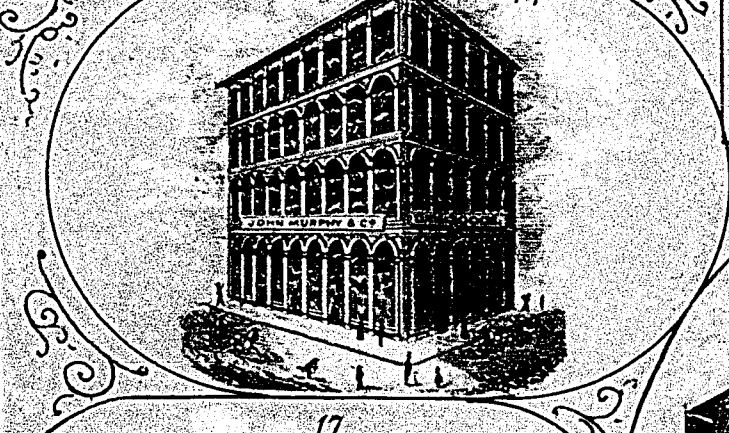
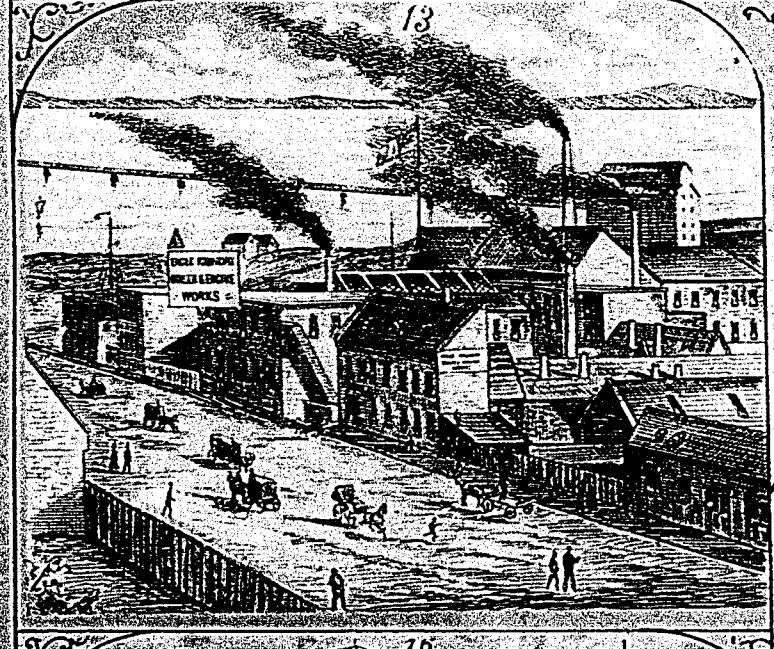
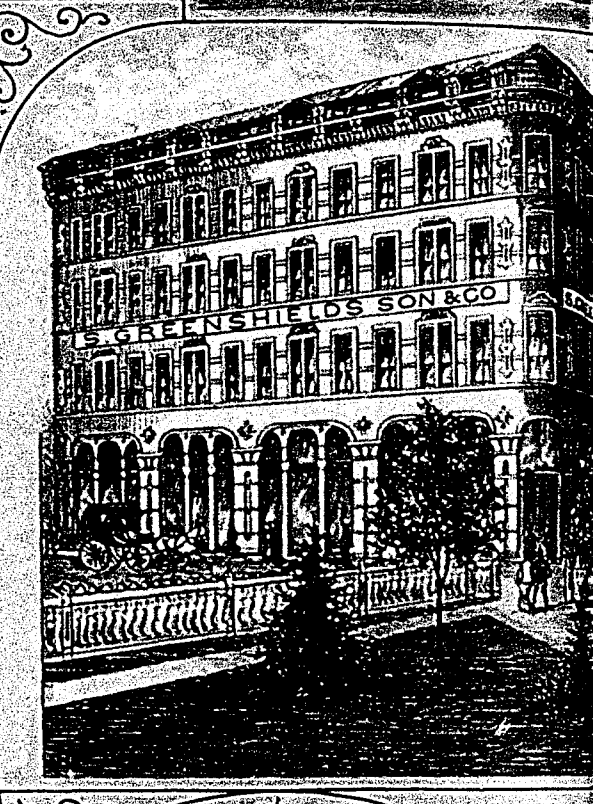
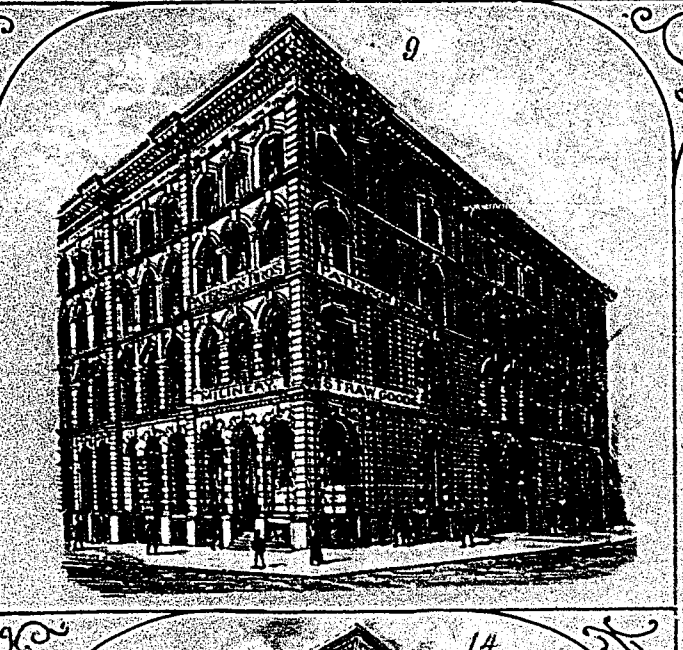
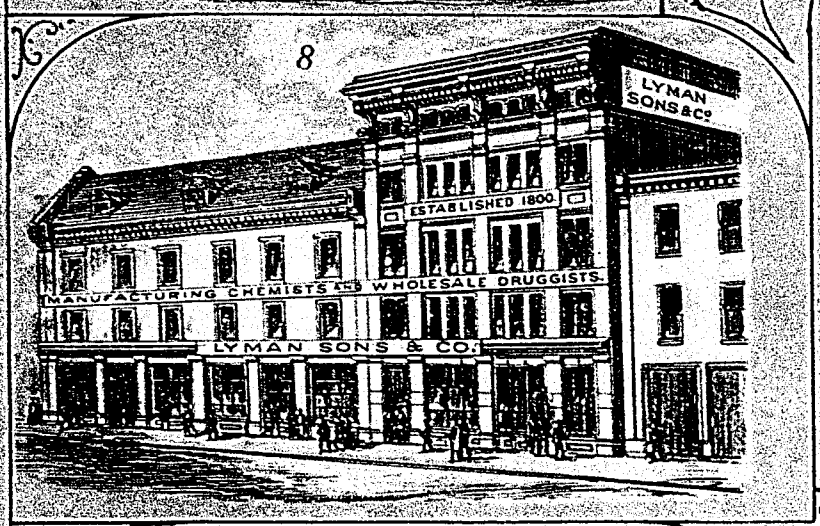
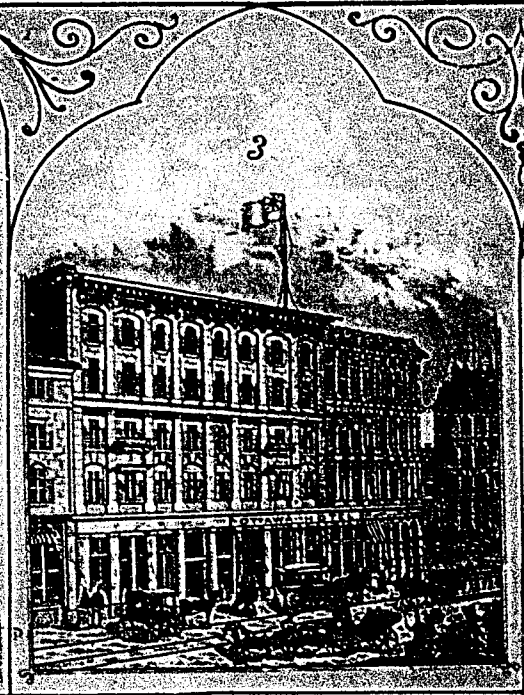
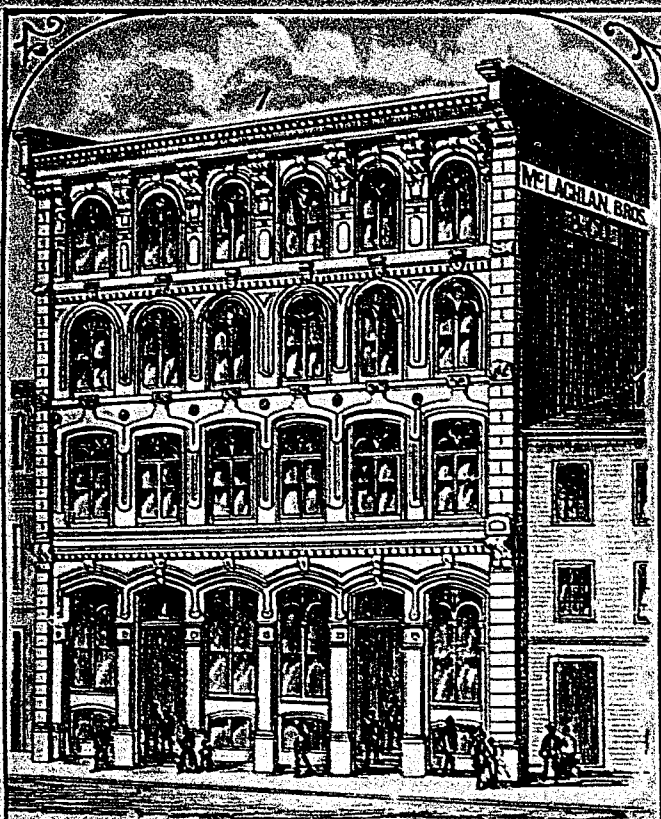
Happy
CHRISTMAS
to all our friends.

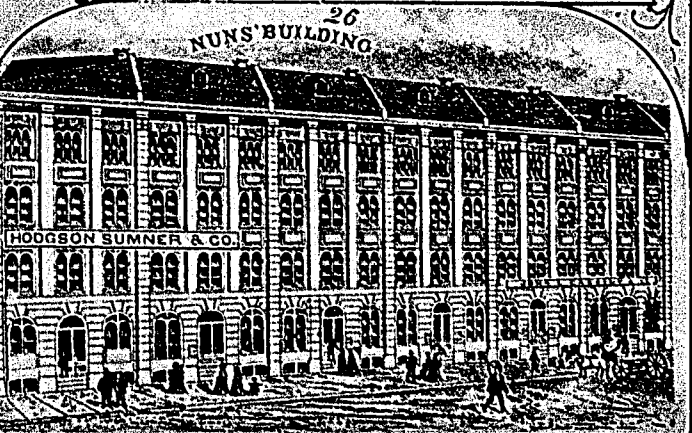
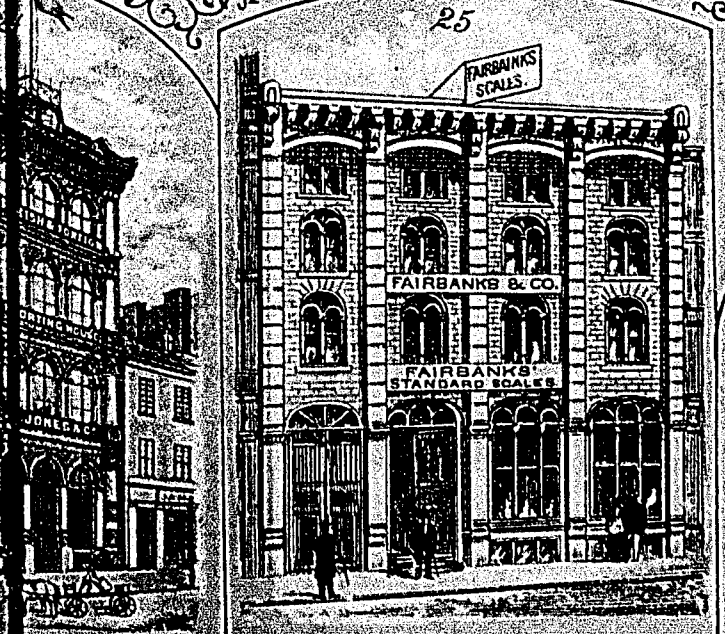
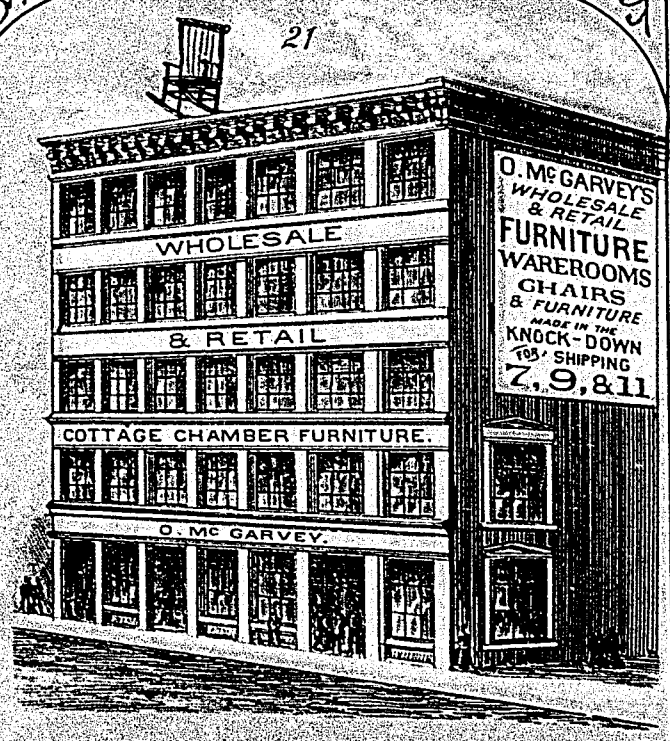
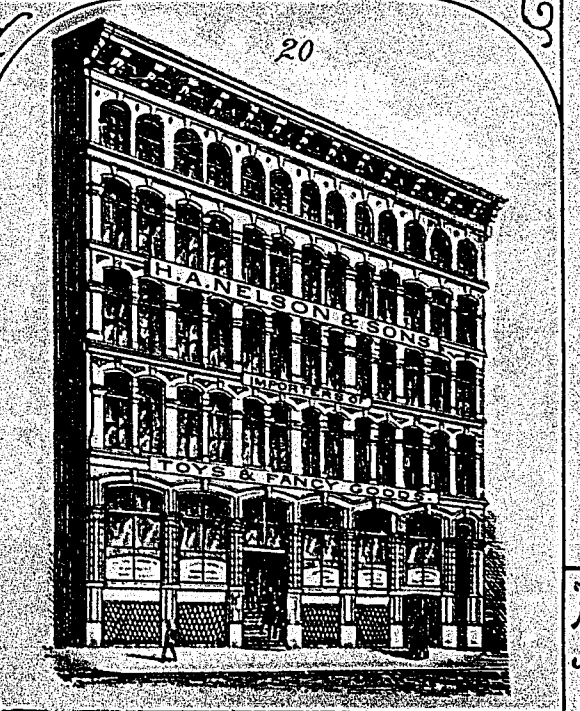
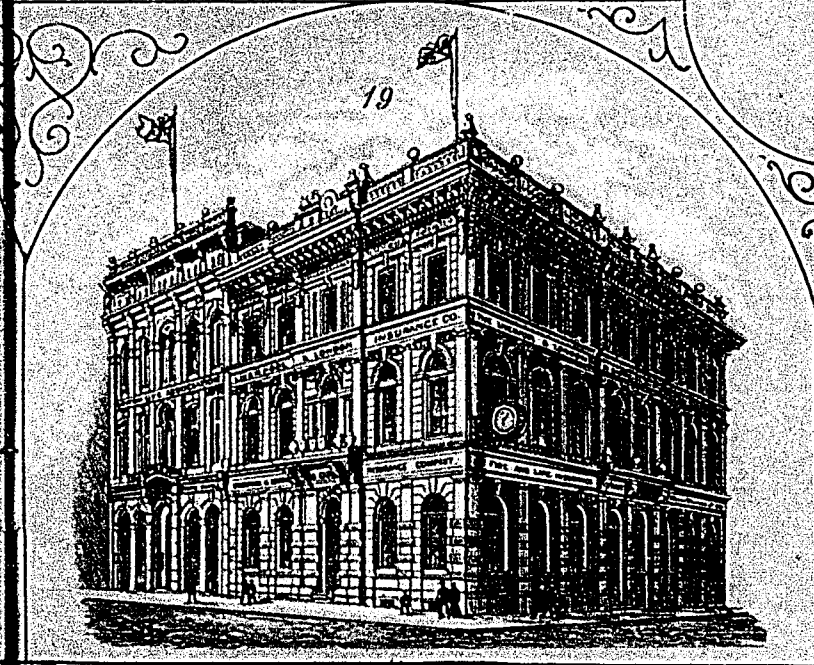
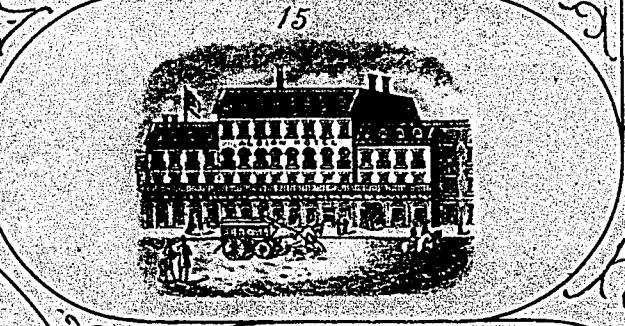
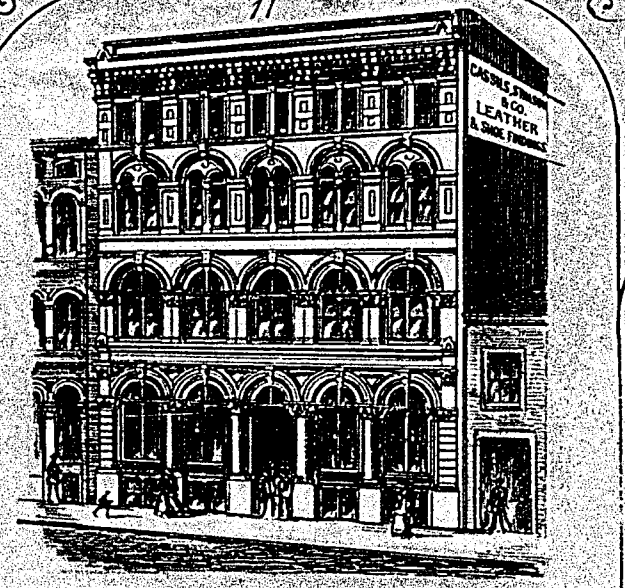
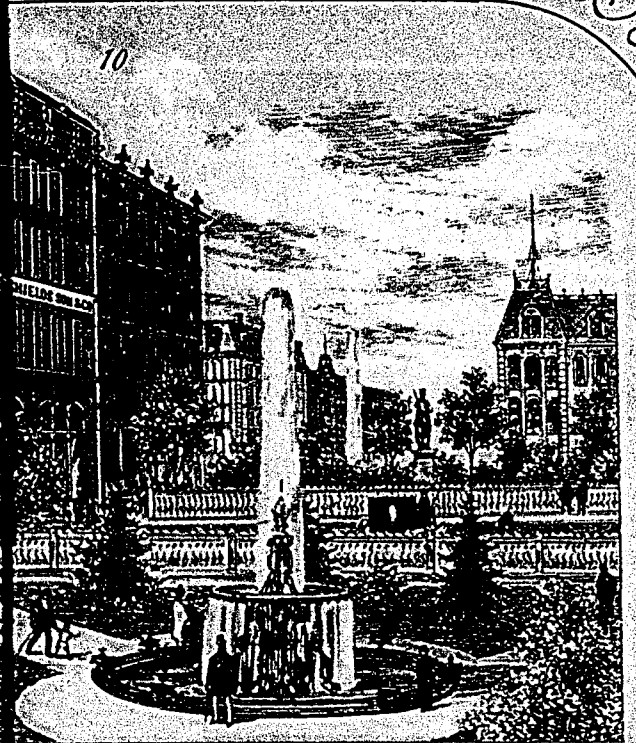
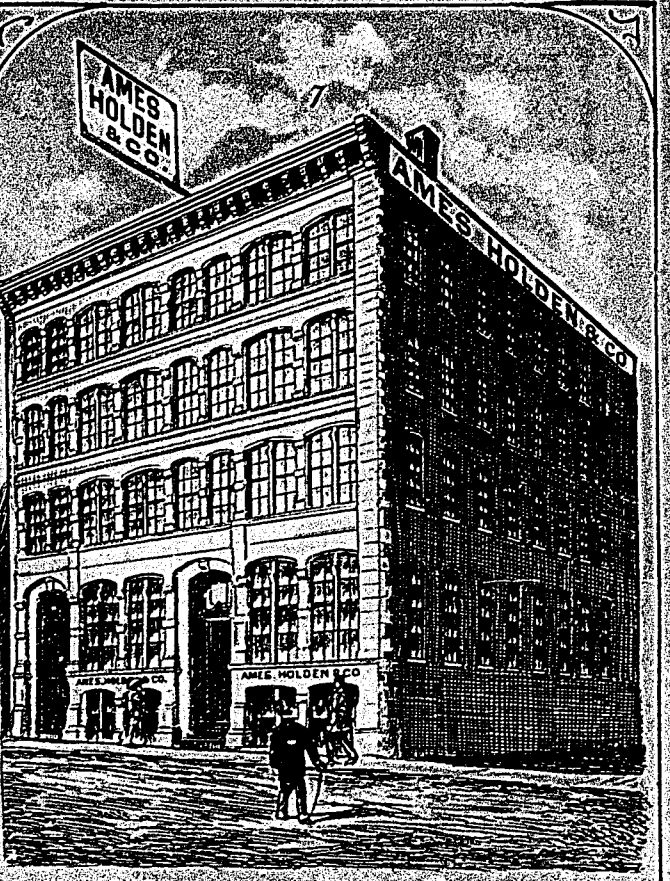
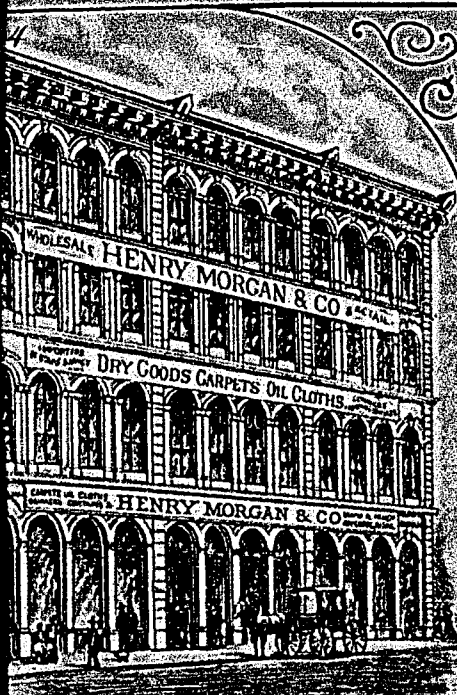


TAKE NO MORE THAN IS GOOD FOR YOU.



MAY GOOD DIGESTION WAIT ON APPETITE.







RETURN FROM MIDNIGHT MASS IN MANITOBA.

CHRISTMAS.

Cold Christmas hast thou come once more
With whispers that a year is dead?
I start, for I have scanty store.
And seasons of my youth are fled.
Both cheer and grief, with throbs of pain,
Have slipped along life's lengthening coil,
And left me here with little gain.
In answer to my questioning word;
Like beads, the moments dropped away.
And through these idle fingers went.
While I forgot the passing day,
Wrapped warm within my own content.

There hangs my ill-used rosary,
Made up with twine and bits of glass,
And hollows of dark wood—ah me,
How could I string and let them pass!
I cannot find one globe of gold
Amid the row suspended there,
I do not know the beads I told,
I hear no echo of a prayer.
The wood looks soiled, the glass shines dim,
No diamond lustre can I see—
One tear drop is the only gem
That sparkles in my rosary!

MARY BARTOL.

LADY BERTHA'S PICTURE.

BY LOUISA CROW.

The snows of a Canadian winter lay hard and crisp in all the streets of Montreal, and the November night was bitterly keen, when Laurence Dennison dropped the newspaper he had been reading, and, with a little shiver, drew his chair nearer to the stove, and chafed his hands.

The movement aroused the other two inmates of the small, sparsely furnished, but cheerful parlour. Mr. Dennison the elder laid down his pen, and pushed aside the problem he was solving; and Emma, his daughter, a pretty, vivacious brunette of eighteen, looked up from the work at which for the last hour she had been busily stitching.

"How silent we are to-night! she exclaimed. "Has there been no news stirring to-day, papa? Is there no cheerful subject you can start to enliven us, eh, Laurence?"

"It is not often that you require such help," retorted Laurence, with a smile. "I think the fault of our dullness originates with you. What ails you to-night, Emma?"

"Nothing," she answered; but there was a tear twinkling in her bright eye; and, when Laurence pressed the question, and even Mr. Dennison looked at her anxiously, she acknowledged that she was not in her usual spirits.

Victor le Marchant, the young physician to whom she was betrothed, was going to push his fortunes further West; but he was too much crippled in his means to take a bride with him, and the idea of a separation for an indefinite period weighed upon the heart of the brave little maiden.

"No, don't pity me, dear papa," she said, darting from his tender caress; "I'm scarcely resigned enough yet to be able to bear that. You had far better scold me for murmuring at what cannot be helped."

Laurence put his hands into his pockets, and, leaning against the stove, looked thoughtfully at the glowing embers. He could bear with straightened circumstances, and resign without a murmur the pleasures other men of his age enjoyed, to enable his clever but unworldly father to devote himself to the scientific labours which some day were to make his name famous. But now that these straightened circumstances were threatening to undermine his sister's happiness, he began to view them in a more serious light.

The question that puzzled him was, how to give efficient help to Emma and her betrothed. Laurence rose from his seat and walked the room, turning over and over the few coins that lay at the bottom of his pocket, and recalling cases he had known of men suddenly achieving riches. Could he not do the same? Ah, but how?

"It's very annoying to be so poor!" he sighed at last. "And it's harder to see no way of altering it. Now if I could but enter upon some successful speculation, or work out some particularly clever invention, or even realize my golden dream, what a happy fellow I should be!"

"Your golden what?" cried the puzzled Emma.

"Did I not repeat to you my last night's dream? You will call me foolish, perhaps, when I tell you that it made so great an impression on me, that I have not been able to forget it."

Emma laughed at the earnestness with which he spoke.

"I never knew you to lay such a stress upon your nightly visions before. A golden dream, do you call it? Did you fancy yourself a red-shirted digger in California, finding enormous nuggets, or a wealthy banker, handling your notes with a complacent air?"

"Nothing of the kind. My dream was of a picture, the portrait of a fair woman dressed in quaint costume, and holding in her slender fingers a guitar, to which, from her slightly parted lips, she appeared to be singing. This picture was at the end of a long gallery, and a stained glass window close by threw upon it an iris of changing tints, which, as I drew nearer resolved themselves into a glittering halo around the chestnut hair. I cannot tell you how beautiful it looked. And I thought that when I had approached the picture, and was gazing admiringly at it, it suddenly became embodied. Light shone in the eyes, smiles wreathed around the rosy lips, and instead of the guitar, my beauty's slender hands were full of gold, which she held out to me and bade me take."

"Did you obey her?"

"Ah, now you ask what I cannot tell; for I was so bewitched with the fair creature herself, that I was meditating how to address her, when your unromantic 'Laurence, it is seven o'clock,' awakened me."

"Describe that picture again, my son," said Mr. Dennison, who had been listening with unusual attention to the young man's account of his vision.

"It is strange," he exclaimed, when Laurence had obeyed; "very strange. There is just such a portrait as you describe at the end of the gallery at Haffenden Grange. It is the portrait of one of our ancestresses, and is always called 'Lady Bertha's picture.'"

Laurence and Emma both looked interested. They knew that their father was not a Canadian by birth, but came of some good English family; and they had also accidentally learned that he quitted his native land in consequence of the offence he had given to his uncle by marrying a pretty, portionless girl, whose early death he was still mourning. But Mr. Dennison was naturally very taciturn, and his children had never presumed to question him. Now, however, Laurence ventured to hint a desire to know more.

"There's very little to tell you, my son. Haffenden Grange was the residence of the uncle who adopted me, and it was universally expected that I should be his heir. But I disobeyed him, and I am here."

"Did he die without forgiving you, papa?" asked Emma.

"No, my love, no. He sent me his forgiveness and his blessing when he was on his death-bed."

"And yet willed his property to some one else?" Laurence exclaimed, with natural surprise.

"No, he did not. In fact he could not have made a will at all, for there was not one to be found amongst his papers."

"Who, then, holds the Grange?"

"A distant relative, who was with him during his last illness."

"But has this person a right to retain the property?" Laurence inquired.

Mr. Dennison looked perplexed.

"I don't know. I suppose so. I think the claim is founded on something my uncle said ere he died. Old Tim Flaherty, who was for many years gardener at The Grange, will have it that my uncle did make a will, bequeathing everything to me; but I believe that the old man, who has always been greatly attached to me, believes what he wishes."

"And yet Tim is intelligent and trustworthy," said Emma, who was fond of the industrious old man, who had followed her father to Canada, and testified his love for her father's children by every means in his power.

"True, my dear, he is; but his memory is very defective. I have several times tried to teach him the Linnæan system; but he never seems able to retain the Latin names of the classes."

Emma smiled, for she thought that if an inability to recollect Latin words of five and six syllables was the only proof that could be advanced of Tim Flaherty's forgetfulness, her own memory was equally at fault. But Laurence now spoke again.

"Have you ever consulted a lawyer? Ever tried to prove your right to this property?"

"Certainly not; I have too great a dread of law to engage in it; and riches, my dear boy, I have never coveted. We have enough for our daily wants; what more do we need?"

"You forget Emma, sir," said Laurence, a little reproachfully; "for her sake, we ought to ascertain whether you have not a just claim to your uncle's estate."

"Ah, yes, poor child!" her father said, laying his hand upon her arm; "I had indeed forgotten her. But, my dear boy, what am I to do? After being in undisturbed possession of The Grange for some years, it is not likely that our relative will be found willing to give it up; and I have neither the money nor the inclination to attempt to oust her by force."

"Her?" his children simultaneously exclaimed; "then the relative you have been speaking of is a female?"

"Did I not say so before? Yes, a certain Bertha Dennison, named, I suppose, after the picture in your dream."

"Some artful woman," I fear, who has taken every advantage of your absence from England," said Laurence. "Do you know her?"

"No, nor have I gleaned anything from Tim Flaherty. In fact, he is so bitter against the interloper, as he calls her, that I have found it best to ask but few questions, and to forbid him to name the subject to either of my children."

"May I go and speak to him about it, now that we have heard the principal circumstances from your own lips?" asked Laurence, respectfully.

"To what purpose, my dear boy? Would it not be wiser to follow my example, and try to forget everything connected with it? I fear I have been to blame for mentioning it."

"For what purpose, did you say?" cried Laurence, with kindling eye. "That if Haffenden Grange is really our inheritance, we may wrest it from those who unjustly withhold it. Once convinced of this, I shall never let you rest until you consent for me to go to England, and try by every means in my power to secure it."

Mr. Dennison so positively declared that he would never consent to such a wild attempt, that Laurence was silenced; but he gained his father's permission to see and question Tim

Flaherty, in whose judgment he had no little reliance.

Accordingly he visited the old Irishman on the following day, at his cottage in the environs of the city, and found him, with his short black pipe in his mouth, sitting in the queer little hot-house, which, with much ingenuity and labour, he had contrived to erect. He was contemplating a species of sensitive plant which it had cost him infinite pains to rear.

He started up with unfeigned pleasure at the young man's appearance.

"Tis glad I am to see you, Mither Laury; I was thinking about ye, I wer', when your feet crossed the threshold. An' how's the mather and Miss Emma, bless the purty eyes of her?"

"Well, quite well, thank you, Tim. Are you busy, or may I stay and have a chat with you?"

"It isn't, often I'd be too busy to indulge myself with the 'ciety of a rale gentleman,'" said Tim, with a sly twinkle of his eye; "and 'tis little or nothing there is for me to do in this cold country, where there's no digging the airth, or seeing the colour of it, for months an' months together. I was just amusing myself with studying the geometry of this cratur;" and he pointed to the sensitive plant.

"Its geometry?" Tim queried Laurence.

"Faith, yes; 'tis the queerest animal I ever had before the eyes of me, and makes me think of the only two out of all mather's long words that I contrived to disremember. Let the cratur alone, and its laves are all perpericular, which means, Mather Laury, standing up stout and strong like your own self; but only let me put my coarse finger near it, and down drops the every lave of it, shrinking and modest, though purty as ever, just like Miss Emma, and that's what the mather calls orrizontal. But 'tis chattering I am, when may be there's something you be wanting me to do for ye."

Laurence began to unfold his errand; but he had no sooner mentioned the name of Haffenden Grange, than Tim's pipe was dashed on the ground, and with a snap of his fingers, and a look of intense delight, the old man made a leap into the air.

"Hurroo! it's done at last! it's into the right hands now; and I'll see myself yet cutting cow-cumbers and picking strawberries in my own mather's garding! 'Tis longing and longing I've been all these years to let on to ye about it; but my word was given that I wouldn't without the mather's lave, and that kep' my mouth shut."

"Tell me then, Tim, if you think Mr. John Rainsforth, my father's uncle, did make a will?"

"Do I think so? Don't I know that he did! Wasn't it himself that said to me, the last time he was drawn in his chair round the lawn, 'Them sycamores are growing very old, Tim; but when my nephew comes back, bid him preserve them, because I love them.' And didn't Evans, the bailiff that broke his ribs and died just after the old mather,—didn't he tell me wid his own tongue that he was one of the witnesses to the will?"

"But who was the other, Tim—who was the other?" the young man eagerly queried.

"Who should it be but that bundle of all sin and wickedness, Mistress Willis, that's been the contriver of it all! Didn't I say to her, 'Mistress, 'tis lying ye are when ye pretends that there's no will, and that there's nothing for the young mather.' And didn't she pay me my wages there and then, and dare me to set fut on the premises again?—and me wid a bed o' sparrow-grass just fit to cut, that it went to the heart of me to lave!"

"But who is Mrs. Willis, Tim? My father did not name such a person."

"Who will she be but the lady's adviser, an' housekeeper, an' ill counsellor, that goes peerin' and prying about the house, an' knows the up-shot of everything, and kep' every one from the ould mather's bed-side 'cept herself and the lady."

"And what sort of a person is Miss Bertha Dennison?"

Tim shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "A plebby sort of a body, but little to look at wid her white face, and her straight hair, and her creeping ways. 'Tisn't the likes of she that should be mistress of Haffenden Grange. And now it's dying I am to know what ye're going to do, Mather Laury!"

"I shall go to England as soon as I can win my father's consent, and raise sufficient cash for the voyage," said Laurence decidedly.

"Whillaloo! and ould Tim Flaherty 'll go wid ye; and have the grin of them interlopers at last! When will ye start? When will ye start! There's three-and-thirty shillings and four half-crowns in that ould flower-pot on the shelf; an' if that won't carry ye across the say, I'll work my passage to make it out."

Laurence thanked him warmly; but Mr. Dennison's opposition was still to be overcome, and this proved no easy matter. Indeed, Laurence was almost in despair, and Emma losing the faint hope she had cherished of Victor's journey being set aside by her own improved fortune, when an unexpected event came to her aid.

The merchants in whose house the young man held a clerkship had large dealings with a Liverpool firm; and some complication of accounts occurred, which rendered it necessary that they should send some one to England who possessed sufficient ability to unravel it. Their choice fell upon Laurence, of whose intelligence and honesty they had several proofs; and the overjoyed youth thankfully accepted the trust, and made immediate preparations for his voyage.

Tim Flaherty was dreadfully disappointed when he found that he was to be left behind; Laurence very judiciously resolving not to draw attention to his proceedings, until he saw for himself how matters stood. But he consoled his faithful friend by leaving Emma and her father in his charge, and promising that, if all went well, his first step should be to reinstate Tim in his office as gardener at The Grange.

It was late in the spring when, with Emma's kiss on his lips, and his father's blessing on his endeavours, Laurence Dennison departed; and after a quick passage, found himself safe in the bustling seaport where his employers' business had to be transacted. Not till this was satisfactorily arranged did he attend to his own; but as soon as he was free, he went to London, and had an interview with the solicitors of his father's uncle. They received him politely, and listened to him with evident interest, nor did they hesitate to express their belief that Mr. Rainsforth had either made, or meditated making, a will in his nephew's favour. But they assured Laurence that Miss Dennison and her companion—the Mrs. Willis of whom Tim Flaherty had spoken so bitterly—had assisted their search for the document instead of opposing it; and that they had, in the interests of Mr. Dennison, persisted in it till it became hopeless.

While admitting that Mr. Dennison's claim to the property was superior to that of the present possessor, they told him how Mrs. Willis had declared that she had received from Mr. Rainsforth a document, which she was only to produce in the event of Miss Dennison's ownership being contested. "If this document," the solicitor went on to say,—this document which she refused to let us examine, should prove to be a legally executed one, of course your father's claims fall to the ground."

Laurence mused over this unwelcome piece of information. He had not the money necessary for commencing a suit which threatened to be tedious and uncertain; but, on the other hand, his hopeful spirit revolted at the idea of returning home without having attempted anything.

"I'll go down to Haffenden Grange, and see Miss Dennison," he said, at length. "I shall be better able to decide upon my work when I have done so. If she is a good and honourable woman, and really entitled to possess the Rainsforth property, my father would never consent to take proceedings against her."

The solicitor thoughtfully rubbed his chin, looked steadfastly at the tall, handsome young man before him, and then, with a curious smile, commended his resolution.

"Go by all means, my dear sir. Perhaps you and Miss Dennison may find some way of arranging the matter without having recourse to law at all. If she is as impressive as most of her sex, I really must say that you stand a fair chance of having the affair all your own way."

With a very frigid "Good morning," Laurence picked up his hat, and turned on his heel. He was seriously offended at the hint he had just received. This lawyer was very much mistaken in fancying that he would flatter and cajole a woman—old enough, for aught he knew, to be his mother—for the sake of her money. He would rather be poor for the rest of his life!

So much had this suggestion annoyed him, that he was half inclined to renounce his intention of going to Haffenden Grange. But then came a thought of poor little Emma, waiting and wearying for good news; and he resolved to persevere.

Haffenden Grange was beautifully situated in one of the midland counties. The house stood half-way up a wooded eminence, and was a picturesque and ancient structure. Originally a moat had been dug around it, but this was now converted into flower gardens, which, in the twilight that was prevailing when Laurence Dennison passed through them, looked like some gorgeous picture, so dazzling was the array of blossoms with which they were adorned.

"Miss Dennison was evidently fond of flowers," he said to himself, as he glanced inquisitively at the trellised casements of the reception rooms. "What was her other tastes? Did she live here alone, or, at least, with no better companionship than Mrs. Willis?"

At the village where he had stopped to dine, he might have obtained answers to all these questions, for the landlord was loquacious, and evidently interested on hearing his guest inquire the way to The Grange. But Laurence detested gossip, and preferred forming his opinions for himself.

Stepping into the wide, open porch, he pulled the wire that hung there. A resonant bell clanged loudly, and echoed through the silent house; and ere long a rustic-looking girl peeped at him through a window close by, but drew her head in as soon as she saw herself observed.

Laurence waited a little while; but no one coming to admit him, he rang again. This time he heard a colloquy at the window.

"Go to the door, Lizzy. He's a very reasonable young man. Go and see what he wants."

"And get my head snapped off for my pains by Mrs. Willis, when she comes home! Ha'n't she always forbid us letting any one in when she's away? And didn't she tell us that the London thieves always look like fine gentlemen?"

"Anyhow, this one don't look like a thief," her companion observed.

"May be not; but I won't risk it. When he has rung till he's tired, he'll have no option but to go away."

Just as Laurence was going to hail the speak-

ers, and insist upon seeing Miss Dennison, the door opened, and the *fac simile* of Lady Bertha's picture stood before him. The same sweet, yet penetrating eyes—the same glistening chestnut hair, and parted lips, revealing the white teeth within—and the same square-cut bodice of dark satin, fitting close to the exquisite bust, and partially showing the white neck and shoulders.

So astonished was Laurence at the apparition, that he stood speechlessly gazing at it, till a smile, very transient, very sad, illumined the features for a moment, and a low, soft voice inquired his business.

"I am Bertha Dennison," the young lady said, when he had partly explained it. "You are welcome, sir. Mr. Rainsforth was ever kind to me, from the moment when he took me in a forlorn little orphan, and I am glad to see the son of the nephew he loved beneath my roof. Will you come in?"

She led the way into a pleasant sitting-room, saying, at the same time, that Mrs. Willis had gone to the nearest town to make some purchases, but would soon return. "Till she comes," Miss Dennison added, "you must let me entertain you."

She gave her maids orders to prepare a meal for her visitor; and then, coming to where he was standing, looking with natural interest at the cumbersome old furniture, the carved wainscoting and painted ceiling of the room, she said, with pleasant frankness, "I am very, very glad to see you! I have so often wished to know some of my relatives! Mrs. Willis, who has been a mother to me from my infancy, thinks me too young to visit much, and my life here is but a lonely one."

"I fear," said Laurence, a little hesitatingly, "that you will not express so much pleasure in my coming, when you know that I am here to advocate the right of my father to possess this property."

Bertha's delicate cheek grew crimson, and drawing up her slender figure, she said, firmly, "I will not yield what is justly mine to anyone!"

"But is Haffenden Grange really and justly yours? Pardon me for the question, but I am assured that Mr. Rainsforth not only forgave my father, but signed a will in his favour."

Bertha looked first thoughtful, then distressed. "I have heard as much before, and I myself thought that Mr. Rainsforth intended his nephew to be his heir. But Mrs. Willis says she did not witness any such will, and that it was never made. I have asked this again and again, and surely she would not deceive me!"

She stood for a few minutes with drooping head, and then repeated the words. "She would not—she dare not deceive me! But you will stay here to-night. I will order the servants to get a room ready for you, and you will see Mrs. Willis, and hear these things from her own lips. There shall be no reservations, Mr. Dennison," she proudly added, "I could never enjoy the wealth Mr. Rainsforth's bounty gave me, if I thought it were dishonourably obtained!"

Mrs. Willis, detained by an accident to one of the ponies with which she had driven to the town, did not return to The Grange until Laurence had been there nearly three hours. Seated beside Bertha in the broad seat of the bay window, through which stole the odour of the violets beneath it, with the moon lighting up the face his dream had shown him, he had almost forgotten his errand, when the distant sound of carriage wheels recalled it to his memory.

It was wonderful how intimate he and Bertha had become in the three hours they had spent together. He had talked to her of his sister's gaiety and good looks; of his father's genius, which the world would yet recognise; and she had described her monotonous life in the school, where, from her parent's death, she had resided, until Mr. Rainsforth—moved by Mrs. Willis' appeal to him on behalf of his little kinswoman—had taken her home to Haffenden Grange.

They had laughed together over the ludicrous mistake Laurence had made in believing her to be an elderly lady, instead of a fair young girl; and he had told her of his dream, to which she listened with such rapt attention and awed looks, that he smilingly asked why it impressed her so!

"It is all so strange, so very strange," she murmured. "I, too, have had something extraordinary occur to me with regard to that picture. Do you know that, ridiculous and superstitious as it may appear, I am tempted to believe that Lady Bertha descends from her frame at night, and paces the long gallery?"

Laurence would have laughed at the notion, if he had not seen that the pretty speaker was pale and trembling. To reassure her, he took her little hand in his firm clasp, and asked, "What makes you think this?"

She cast an apprehensive glance at that part of the room where the shadows lay deepest, and replied, "I will tell you. I could not sleep one night for excessive thirst, and the housemaid had neglected to fill the water carafe. It was just such a moonlight night as this is, and not caring to disturb any one, I thought I would go to Mrs. Willis' room, which is not far from my own. As I opened the door, the moonbeams shone down the whole length of the gallery, and I saw—oh, do not laugh at me, I beg of you—I saw a figure noiselessly gliding towards Lady Bertha's picture, where it suddenly vanished."

"Did you make any attempt to discover who and what it was you beheld?"

"I told Mrs. Willis, and for several nights she slept with me, although she ridiculed my tale, and tried to make me believe that my eyes

had deceived me; but that it was not so, I am certain."

"Have you ever seen this apparition since?" "No; but more than once, when I have been awake, I have heard a step pass my door, and the rustling of a woman's garments, and the step has always died away in the direction of Lady Bertha's picture."

"My dear little cousin," said Laurence, "living such a secluded life evidently affects your nerves. Mrs. Willis should not permit it. You require a change and cheerful society."

Bertha did not reply to this for a little while, and then, in a constrained manner, she observed, "Mrs. Willis thinks her society and— and her son's ought to content me. I wish Mr. Dennison, you had brought your sister with you, or that I had some relative near me, for indeed I am very friendless."

"I thought you found in Mrs. Willis a sincere and attached friend!" the young man observed.

"Yes, she loves me very dearly," Bertha replied; but then she sighed, and lapsed into silence; and Laurence sat gazing at her, and thinking how she was even more charming than the Lady Bertha of his dream, when the carriage was heard in the avenue.

Miss Dennison started up and rang for lights, and in a few minutes Mrs. Willis appeared. She was a tall, black-eyed, resolute-looking woman; and Laurence, although insensibly prejudiced against her by Tim Flaherty's speeches, could not but be impressed by the passionate fondness with which she embraced Bertha, and inquired if she had felt uneasy at being left alone so long.

"I have not been alone," said Bertha, faltering and blushing, as she signed to Laurence to approach. "This gentleman is the son of Mr. Dennison, of Montreal."

Mrs. Willis was evidently disturbed, for she grew excessively pale; but recovering herself almost immediately, she inquired, in cold, measured tones, why they were honoured with Mr. Dennison's presence.

With the frankness that marked his character, and rendered him a poor tactician, Laurence instantly related his motive for coming to Haffenden Grange.

Mrs. Willis bit her lips. "A strange step to take, young sir! Who advised you to it?"

"No one, I thought, and it appears correctly, that Miss Dennison was too upright to seek to withhold from me any papers which confirm or refute her ownership of this estate."

"There are none in existence," said Mrs. Willis, hastily.

"Pardon me, I have it on good authority that Mr. Rainsforth signed a will in my father's favour. If it were not so, and you hold in your hand, as I have also heard, a document which proves Miss Dennison's claim to be a just one, show it me, and I have done."

"Haffenden Grange was bequeathed to Miss Dennison by its owner. If you choose to contest her right, you must do so. You shall neither have help nor opposition from me."

As Mrs. Willis said this, she turned towards the door, which a heavy-looking young man, which she introduced as her son, was just entering: "Don't let the ponies be taken out, Morley. This young gentleman has to return to the village. You had better drive him there ere it grows later."

Before Laurence could take any notice of this indirect hint that his stay at The Grange was not to be prolonged, Bertha interposed.

"I have invited Mr. Dennison to remain. You forget that he is my relative, and is a stranger in England."

There was a gentle firmness in her manner that forbade any resistance to her will, and Mrs. Willis was unwillingly silenced. The son lounged across the room with his hands in his pockets, looked scowlingly at the guest, whispered something in the ear of Bertha, who shrank from him with a look of mingled fear and dislike, and receiving no reply from the young lady, threw himself sulkily into a chair, and did not speak again.

Seeing that his presence was a restraint upon them all, Laurence pleaded fatigue, and asked to be shown to his chamber.

One of the maid-servants, who had debated about admitting him, led the way up the broad, oaken stairs to a handsomely-furnished apartment, which she told him in an awed whisper had been Mr. Rainsforth's own; and, civilly wishing him a good night's rest, skipped away.

She had scarcely disappeared, when Laurence remembered that he had left his small travelling-bag in the room below.

He hastened to recall the girl, but she was already out of sight, and he therefore prepared to descend for it himself. But turning in his hurry to the right instead of the left, he found himself in a long gallery—the gallery of his dream!

An eager desire to see the portrait of Lady Bertha induced him to traverse it. Yes, there it hung, fair still, though faded; and not possessing half the sweetness and intelligence that shone in the face of that living Bertha, who so marvellously resembled it.

He stood gazing at it for some time; and then, retracing his steps, succeeded in finding the stairs which led to the hall below.

He entered the sitting-room unperceived by Bertha or Mrs. Willis, who were standing at the further end in earnest converse.

"You must have been mad to encourage him to remain!" he heard the latter say.

"And why?" Bertha replied. "I have done no wrong. What, then, have I to fear?"

"Poverty, which you would feel worse than in your youth, because now you have grown accustomed to luxury."

"And yet," said Bertha, in mournful accents, "I was happier in my childhood than I am now. Then, I was free as the air; now, I am like a caged bird. Then, your love was so tender, so maternal, that I knew not how to be grateful enough for it. Now, that love is exacting, and strives to force me into a marriage to which I cannot reconcile myself."

"My son is passionately attached to you!" Mrs. Willis began; but Laurence had heard too much already. He snatched up his bag from the chair on which it lay, and retreated.

Thoughts of the fair young girl, whom he was already learning to admire, kept him waking long after every one in the house was buried in slumber. The hour of midnight had been tolled out by the clock in the turret; the dogs in the courtyard had grown tired of baying to the moon, and had crouched down in their kennels; and all was so still, that Laurence could hear the faint tip-tap of the ivy leaves that clustered around his casement.

But now another sound struck upon his watchful ear—the sound of footsteps passing his door. He raised himself on his elbow, and listened. Slowly they went by; and as they went, he could hear the long skirts of a woman's garments trailing along the floor.

He remembered Bertha's tale of the sight she had once beheld, and started from his bed, and slipped on some clothes. Cautiously opening the door, he looked out; nothing was visible but the shadows thrown by the moon, which was beginning to wane. He hesitated a moment, and then stole to the entrance of the gallery where Lady Bertha's picture hung. Slowly pacing down its length went a tall form, clad in white, looking so spectral in the fading light, that the young man felt a chill creep over him.

He saw the phantom reach the panel where the portrait hung, but there he lost it. Unless his eyes and the distance deceived him, it stepped into the frame of the picture, just as if Bertha actually revisited and roamed about the dwelling where in life she had resided.

Laurence summoned courage to go to the spot. The picture smiled down upon him just as it had done a few hours previously. He touched it; he tried to move the frame, but it was nailed to the panel. At last he returned to his chamber thoroughly bewildered.

To Bertha, while they strolled around her flower beds in the morning, he told what he had seen. She drew closer to his side as she listened, and her sweet face grew very pale, while large tears began to gather beneath her eyelids.

"Have I unknowingly sinned in accepting this property, that all looks so dark around me? Mrs. Willis is changed; she is no longer the cheerful affectionate friend she once was; her son"—and now Bertha trembled—"alternately affrights and disgusts me with a suit to which I can never willingly listen; and some strange presence overshadows my dwelling, and makes me fear lest some night, as I lie on my bed, I shall find it beside me."

As Laurence tried to soothe her, she clung to his arm.

"Don't go away," she said, eagerly. "Stay with me, advise me, for I am helpless and ignorant; and together we will search every chest and closet in The Grange, that I may make restitution, if there be indeed a will in existence."

Laurence consented, and in spite of Mrs. Willis' open rudeness, and the covert insolence of her son, he kept his ground. There were times when he could scarcely refrain from resenting the taunts levelled at him; but, for Bertha's sake, he governed his temper, and thus defied them to carry out their design of driving him away.

Several days passed, and Laurence was beginning to tell himself, with a sigh, that he must loiter no longer. The search Bertha proposed had been made unavailingly. Her generous offer to share her possessions with his father had been proudly rejected, and the hour was fast approaching when he must return to Montreal.

He knew that he should go back far poorer than he came, for he would leave behind him not only his hopes of recovering for his father the inheritance he had been brought up to expect, but also his heart. That had passed into the keeping of Bertha, although he could never confess to the wealthy lady how the poor kinsman had learned to love her.

One morning, with forced composure, he fixed the hour for his departure; and Mrs. Willis heard him with evident delight. Bertha was looking very sad, for she had heard the phantom step glide past her door nightly, ever since Laurence Dennison had been at The Grange; and her nerves were unstrung by the alarm these visitations evoked; but she grew dejected when she heard him speak of leaving England, to return no more.

For three successive nights Laurence had watched for the appearance of the phantom. So noiseless were its movements, that it was by some strange instinct, more than by really hearing it, that he detected it coming. Again, and yet again, had he followed it, but always to lose it in the dark gallery as soon as it drew near Lady Bertha's picture.

Afraid to trench upon more painful subjects, Bertha led the way to the gallery that morning, to find, in one of the cabinets at the further end, an ancient missal she had promised to send by Laurence to his father. For Emma she had

packed up some valuable trinkets, which she now pressed upon his acceptance with an affectionate earnestness which made it difficult to resist her pleadings.

"You are very good, Miss Dennison," said Laurence, gently; "but I cannot accept such costly presents. Emma is not in a position to wear them, even if I did."

"They would be her own, to do as she pleased with them; to keep or sell, as she thought best," cried Bertha, eagerly. "Surely you will not refuse me the pleasure of sending them!"

But Laurence was obstinate. "For myself, I need nothing to remind me of a visit which I can never, never forget; for Emma, you shall give up, if you will, this tiny locket with a tress of your hair in it, which you dropped from your watch-chain but now."

Bertha took the locket from his hand, and examined it closely.

"Where did you find this?"

"Here, at your feet," Laurence replied.

"Will you give it to me?" Mrs. Willis was heard calling to her, and she thrust the locket into her bosom, saying, hurriedly, "Not to-day; to-morrow if you ask me for it, it shall be yours."

All that day Bertha was silent and abstracted; and Laurence, depressed and mortified by the unconcealed glee Mrs. Willis and her son testified every time his departure was spoken of, courted solitude, and spent several hours in revisiting the spots he had rambled to with Bertha during his short sojourn at The Grange.

"Are you very weary?" she whispered, as he came to the window where she sat, to bid her good-night.

"Yes. But why do you ask?"

"Because I want you to watch with me to-night for the ghost that haunts the long gallery."

"With you? For you, I suppose you would say."

"No. I shall be your companion. When all the rest have gone to bed, return here, and I will come to you."

Much surprised at her determination, he would have remonstrated; but, putting her finger on her lip, she quitted his side, and he was forced to yield.

As soon as all was still in the house, Laurence returned to the parlour below. There, in a few minutes, he was joined by Bertha. She was trembling from head to foot, but resolute to go through the task she had set herself.

"You will not be here after to-morrow," she said. "Mrs. Willis ridicules my assertions, and I do not choose to accept the services of her son. Therefore, watch to-night, or not at all."

"But what good do you expect to derive from this? Let me watch alone. I will bide myself in the gallery; and I promise you that this ghostly visitor shall not again elude me."

But Bertha was obstinate. "We will both secrete ourselves behind the curtains of the window that is half-way down the gallery. If you oppose me any longer, I shall go there by myself, for I cannot rest until this mystery is elucidated."

Thus compelled to yield, Laurence gave her his arm, and together they sought the gallery. Extinguishing the lamp he carried, he led the trembling but determined girl to the place of concealment she had indicated.

His own heart beat quicker as the hour arrived in which the phantom generally appeared, and the little hands he held in such a tender clasp, were cold and clammy with dread.

Presently the soft gliding step was heard, and, scarcely visible in the dim light, the tall, ghostly figure came slowly towards them. Bertha hid her eyes on Laurence's shoulder, when she first perceived it, and muttered a prayerful ejaculation; but as it came nearer, she whispered, "This is no spirit, but a mortal like ourselves. Have you courage to step forward and bar its advance, while I run to my room for a light?"

The young man instantly sprang in front of the phantom, and with outstretched arms opposed its further progress. As if the apparition saw him not, it came on, still on; and he involuntarily receded before it, at the same time, exclaiming, "Speak! Who, and what are you?" At the sound of his voice the figure stopped short—screaked and would have fled, but now he grasped its trailing garments; and when Bertha came with the light he was firmly holding a struggling, gasping woman, who was none other than Mrs. Willis, awakened from sleep by Laurence's exclamation.

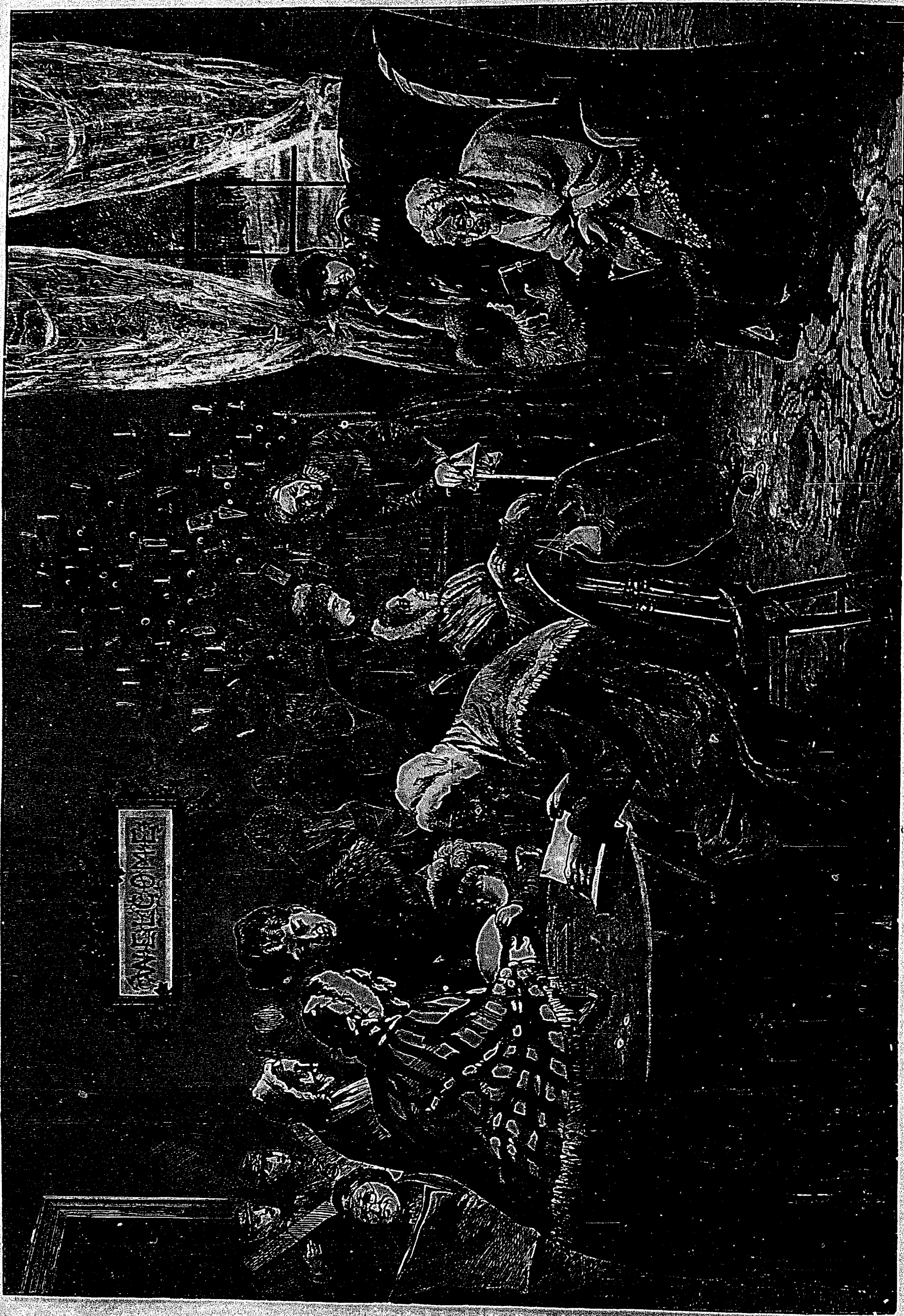
From her condition, it was evident that she had walked thither in a profound slumber; and the terror and surprise she evinced at finding herself in the gallery were genuine. But the agitation she was labouring under increased tenfold, when Bertha, who had aroused all the servants, commanded them to fetch tools and take down the portrait of Lady Bertha.

"Child, this is madness!" Mrs. Willis eagerly whispered to her. "For my sake, for your own sake, desist! You know not what terrible consequences will follow."

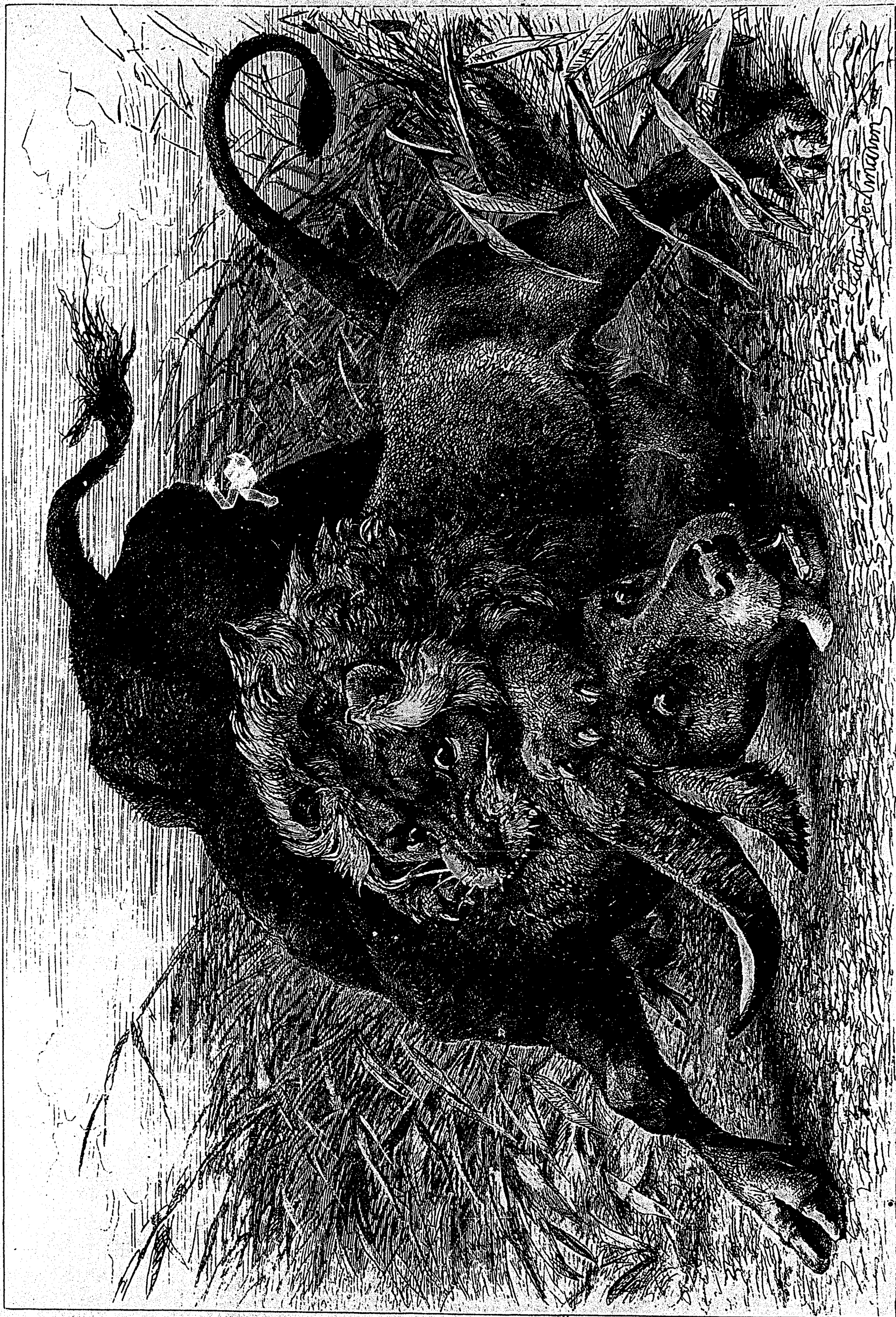
"Take down the picture!" was all Bertha's reply, and she was obeyed. But as the men loosened the nails, one of them touched a spring, concealed in the carved work of the frame. The portrait glided on one side, showing a small room or closet behind it.

Mrs. Willis, loudly declaring that everything within it was her own private property, forbade any one entering, but Bertha insisted that Laurence should examine this secret and hitherto undreamed of chamber in the wall.

He did so, and came out in a few minutes, carrying with him a small antique chest.



CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITAL.



THE LION'S CHRISTMAS.

"Open it!" said Bertha.
 "I forbid you to do so, Mr. Dennison," Mrs. Willis exclaimed, furiously; "that chest is mine."
 "It is false!" was Bertha's imperious reply.
 "It was Mr. Rainsforth's; I have long wondered what became of it. And here," she said, as Laurence lifted the lid,— "here is the will that gives Haffenden Grange to his nephew. Take it, Mr. Dennison—take it; and in your joy at its discovery, be merciful to the unhappy woman who has so guiltily withheld it!"
 Mrs. Willis rushed from their presence. Tim Flaherty's statement was correct. She had been one of the witnesses to Mr. Rainsforth's will. The death of the other directly after his master, suggested to her the fraud she had perpetrated. Partly from affection for Bertha, and partly to enrich her son by wedding him to the latter, she had hid the will in the chamber of which Mr. Rainsforth had confided to her the secret. But her perturbed mind would not let her rest; and in her slumbers she had unconsciously visited again and again the place where the document lay hidden. That she was the phantom visitant of the gallery might never have been known, but for the finding of the locket Bertha knew to belong to Mrs. Willis, and also knew that she had worn it affixed to a bracelet on the previous evening. A suspicion of the truth had instantly flashed into her mind; and it was for this reason that she had insisted upon watching in the gallery that night.
 Mrs. Willis and her son left Haffenden Grange within the hour of her detection; and Bertha found a temporary home with the rector and his wife, who had long been interested in the gentle girl, whom her wily *gouvernante's* machinations had rendered almost a prisoner.
 Laurence Dennison returned to Montreal, but only for a time. He came back, accompanied by his father, Emma, and the happy Tim. Victor le Marchant followed them, and has now a flourishing practice at the West End, which Emma's dowry assisted him in purchasing.
 But Enma was not the only bride at the gay nuptials which occurred soon after Mr. Dennison took possession of Haffenden Grange; for Laurence led Bertha to the altar at the same time, telling the blushing girl that in marrying her he had more than realized his golden dream of Lady Bertha's picture.

THE SPECTRAL HAND.

A VERITABLE CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY.

BY NED P. MAH.

Not at all in the humour for work, I was lounging, meerschaum in mouth, among the crowd in the market place at A—, amid a confused medley of women, voluble, vociferous, with kerchiefs on their heads and sabots on their feet; men in blue blouses and blonde moustachios, horses in rope harness, waggons, wooden, screeching, and springless—amid the clacking of fowls, the neighing of steeds, the squealing of pigs, the gabble of buyers and sellers. The market women were, for the most part, luxuriating in the genial warmth arising from the *chaud pieds* beneath their feet, for the air was keen and frosty. But I lounged on, not a bit chilly, though clad only in a tight-fitting suit of shepherd's plaid. You see, the fact is I had been drinking more wine, singing more songs, smoking more cigars and listening to and saying more good things than was well for me overnight, and was now recruiting myself with a mouthful of the fresh, crisp, cool air for the labour at which I should even now have been employed, that of writing my letter to the paper of which I was the foreign correspondent.
 "O, Mr. Mah! O, Ned!" cried a voice at my side, "I am so glad to see you. I hadn't the least notion you were in A—."
 I looked down and saw two black eyes lighted up with an eager fire and a delicate oval face flushing into genuine pleasure.
 It was Harriott, the wife of my best friend.
 I stooped down and kissed her lightly on the forehead.
 There was no harm in it. I had known her long before he did; we had been boy and girl together, we were accustomed to kiss each other when we met and parted, and we stuck to the custom even when she married. That was all.
 Then, as I stood there holding her two hands, and the flush faded out of her face and her thoughts seemed to turn inward again, I first noticed that she looked terribly ill. There was the shadow of some great grief, of some ever-present, wearying care in her sad, sad eyes and her pale, sweet face—nay, more, there was the impress of despair there, while at times a wilder gleam, that told she was the victim of some secret terror, too.
 I looked from her to the boy at her side, and I saw the same things written in his face, too.
 Their expression was the same that I remembered to have once seen in the face of a lunatic who fancied he had committed the unpardonable sin.
 "O, Ned!" she said, "if we had only known you were so near us, when we have so needed a friend! To think that you should have been in the same town and not have eaten our Christmas dinner together! But, come home with me now. You must not refuse me, though I am not altogether unselfish in the request. We are oppressed by a mysterious trouble, and you, with a

brain fresh from the contact of the outside world will be of invaluable assistance to us in its elucidation. Come!" and she placed her hand within my arm.
 "But I am busy; spare me only a few hours. I have my letter to write to the *Trumpet*."
 "You can write in our rooms. We will not disturb you. Only do not refuse us the succour of your presence in our sore need."
 I yielded to the coaxing pressure of the little hand upon my arm, and moved with her in the direction she indicated.
 "Do you believe in spirits?" she said, after a short silence. "Are you a spiritualist?"
 I laughed her to scorn.
 "I used to laugh at it all once," she said. "But lately I have experienced phenomena attributable to no other cause. It is well you are come to us, for I sometimes have feared that if we can get no explanation of the persecutions to which we are subject we shall all go mad."
 Further conversation was here cut short by our arrival at her domicile, which was one of a long series of one story buildings. The whole series had originally formed a carriage warehouse, or some such thing, but the proprietor having failed, the place had been cut up into compartments and let to bachelors or small families. Entering the door, which opened flush upon the street, we found ourselves in a small, but neatly furnished apartment, which had been formed by dividing off a portion of a large room by means of an unpainted wooden partition. A grooved rim of drab, so to speak, ran along the floor, up the walls and across the ceiling, in which were wedged a series of thin planks, the right side of each being grooved to admit the sharpened edge of its fellow. A door, also guileless of paint, gave admittance through the right extremity of this partition to the inside room, which appeared to serve as the living room of the family, the front apartment being apparently intended as a sort of drawing-room.
 It was in this apartment of honour that I, after a few words of greeting from her husband, who added to the peculiarities of expression observable in the faces of his wife and son a more decidedly scared look—was supplied with pen, ink, and paper, and entreated not to bother about their troubles until I had got through my own business. "It is enough," said Harriott, "that we only have you near us. I trust that you may not be disturbed by anything you may see or hear until your task is completed."
 I was soon absorbed in my work. Mrs. S., busied with some fancy-work, occupying a sofa placed half within and half without the room, the rim which formed the partition passing beneath its centre, the door being a wide one, and when fully opened admitting a person sufficient space to pass despite this obstruction. The boy was seated on a stool near by, looking over some picture-book. S. himself, so far as I could judge, being stretched upon the hearth-rug in front of the fire.
 Some half-hour might have passed thus in silence when I heard S. exclaim in an awestricken voice, "There it is again, Harrie."
 "What, dear?" she asked. "The hand—up there by the cornice in the recess by the fireplace."
 Glancing slyly at Mrs. S. I saw her turn several degrees paler than before, while she rose, as though governed by some kind of fascination, and approached the spot indicated. I heard her drag a chair along the carpet, and then mount upon it. "You are right," she said, in the tone of one whose suspicions are confirmed. "I cannot see it. I only know it is there by touching it."
 "What nonsense is all this?" cried I, rising and breaking off my work in the middle of a sentence; "what morbid fancies are you indulging in! If you do not resist them you will die, a prey to your absurd hallucinations, because you give way to the terror they inspire. Have some sense; exercise your reason."
 "Now for the test!" she cried. "If you can neither see nor feel this spectral hand that haunts us night and day, then I will disbelieve even my own senses, and will seek by medicines and removal to other scenes and by seeking fresh companionships to gain the health of mind which I have lost. If, on the contrary, it be sensible to your sight or touch, what then shall we believe?"
 While speaking she descended from her chair, the intensest excitement visible in every nerve, and approached me slowly, one hand was held aloft, and by it she appeared to be dragging an invisible something which forcibly resisted.
 "There," she said, placing her hand close to mine, "if you cannot see, can you not at least feel as I do?"
 I grasped the air immediately on the other side of her little hand. No, it was not air I grasped. It was another hand, shaped like a human hand, but hard and cold as marble. Shuddering at the contact I shook it from me into the air. Then I saw it. A small, white, beautifully formed hand, cut off at the wrist, not broken off, but cut off, with a sharply-defined edge. As I flung it upward with my right hand it revolved several times in the air, and then I put out my left hand and caught it. I threw it seven or eight times thus from one hand to the other, and then, curious to see what the effect would be if I let it fall, I did not attempt to catch it. It did not fall. It vanished.
 "Comical!" I said, grimly enough, for I own I was somewhat disturbed in mind; my nerves were shaken and the cold sweat stood upon my forehead. "Comical! but if that is all these tricky sprites are in the habit of doing for your amusement I think I should meet them with

the contempt they deserve," and I turned back to my work.
 "Well, you see there is something in it after all. Isn't it strange! Isn't it dreadful! Isn't it horrid! What can the explanation be?"
 "We'll try some experiments presently, returned I; "we'll see what that concern is made of. We'll break it, or blow it to pieces with a revolver, or something. Meantime, don't bother. I must finish this letter for the mail, and I plied my pen with desperate energy.
 I was still writing when I was startled by a suppressed shriek from S. He called to his wife: "It is pressing its index finger on my brow, just between the eyes, here. It's heavy and cold—oh, freezing cold! Pull it off for Heaven's sake—pull it off!"
 Harriott rushed to him and commenced (I suppose, for I went on obstinately writing) lugging at the wrist of the phantom. "That is better," said S. "Keep pulling! don't, don't let go your hold!" Then came a heavy fall. Harriott had fallen backward fainting with fright and exertion. A terrible shriek from her husband. I rushed into the room.
 "It is all over," he said in a hoarse whisper. "It is leading my spirit from me, and it whispers it will return for Philip. If she is spared, Ned, take care of her. I bequeath her to you."
 I knelt horror-struck at his side and placed my hand upon his heart, which had ceased to beat.
 Then I rose slowly, oppressed with a nameless terror. Something icy cold touched my right hand. The cold, hard fingers insinuated themselves into my palm, then closed upon mine with a vice-like clasp. Resisting with all my force, I fell back upon the sofa. Coiling my left arm round the sofa head, I collected all my strength, but the hideous force raised me again and again to a sitting posture.
 "Get up, you lazy beggar. It's a delightful clear frosty day, and Carey and the girls are waiting below with the tandem and no end of toboggans. Come, jump up! we'll have some fine fun!"
 "Seedy, eh! Nightmare, was it? Well, I don't wonder. "Didn't I tell you not to mix oysters and grog! Let this be a lesson to you. Drink Chablis, or sherry, if you will, or better still, drown the bivalves in good, honest, treble X stout. But, cocktails and saddle-rocks! Never! Never! Never!"
 Rubbing my eyes I discovered that Charley Goodfellow's cold hand was gripping mine and shaking me awake. Upon the bed were some sheets of paper covered with blots and illegible hieroglyphics which I had vainly endeavoured to convert into copy for the C. I. N. on the previous evening, and by their side reclined a small white hand of some ponderous substance, which your humble servant is in the habit of using as a paper weight. *Hinc illa lachryma.*

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. Correct solution, received of Problem No. 307.
 Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 303.

The activity manifested in chess circles on both sides of the Atlantic at the present time is very cheering, and we venture to predict that this activity will increase year by year, and that the game will ultimately become an every day amusement for all classes of society. Every enthusiastic chessplayer will do something towards bringing about such a wide spread appreciation of his favorite game, but we must chiefly look to chess clubs and chess societies as the means of producing the greatest success in this direction, and this leads us to ask what are we to expect at this fitting season of the year from the operations of the Canadian Chess Association? We asked a question of a similar nature some months ago, but we heard no response from those who were appointed to look after the interests of the Association, and we now repeat it. We have, in answer to kind enquiries, repeatedly said that we believe the Association is still in existence, but we have no means of stating where its vitality will next manifest itself. A President, Vice-President, Secretary and Managing Committee having been appointed, according to its constitution, we ought to know what they purpose doing during the present season. We stated some months ago that we had been informed by a gentleman who was present at the last meeting of the Association at Ottawa that a resolution to the effect that a meeting should be held at the beginning of the year 1881 was passed by the members then present. Such being the case, the carrying out of this resolution most develop upon those now in office. The beginning of the year 1881 is very near now, but Canadian chessplayers, we believe, have heard nothing whatever of the next meeting of the Association.

In the French national tournament, which has just commenced, there are only seven competitors for the works of art offered by M. Gray, President of the French Republic. The prominent names are Messrs. Clero, De Riviere and Rosenthal.

Capt. G. H. Mackenzie, the champion, as was announced in *The American*, arrived in Baltimore last Friday evening, on a visit to the Baltimore Chess Association. A large and enthusiastic assemblage of chessplayers were at the Association's rooms to meet him, and the evening was passed very pleasantly, although no play was indulged in. It has not yet been definitely arranged as to the programme of play to take place next week, but some of the games between the champion and Mr. Alex. G. Sellman will certainly be contested on Monday and Tuesday evenings.—*Baltimore Advertiser*.

The following is the score of Capt. Mackenzie's play with his opponents at Philadelphia:

Mackenzie.....	2	Martinez.....	2	Drawn.....	0
Mackenzie.....	1	Davidson.....	1	Drawn.....	1
Mackenzie.....	0	Reichhelm.....	0	Drawn.....	1
Mackenzie.....	1	Elson.....	0	Drawn.....	1

—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 308.
 By the Rev. F. Bennett.
 BLACK.

 WHITE.
 Write to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 430TH.
 Played at Philadelphia on Friday, the 21st inst. between Capt. Mackenzie and Mr. Martinez.
 White.—(Mr. Martinez.) Black.—(Capt. Mackenzie.)

1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to K 5	3. Kt to B 3
4. Kt to B 3	4. B to Kt 5
5. Kt to Q 5	5. B to B 4
6. P to Q 3	6. P to K R 3
7. P to B 3	7. P to R 3
8. B to R 4	8. P to Q Kt 1
9. B to Kt 3	9. P to Q 3
10. Castles	10. Kt to K 2
11. P to Q 4	11. P takes P
12. Kt takes Q Kt	12. Q takes Kt
13. P takes P	13. B to Kt 3
14. P to K 5	14. P takes P
15. Kt takes P	

Mr. Martinez has now acquired what La Bourdonnais would call "une petite position," and he handles it like a great master.

16. Kt to Kt 6 15. B to K 3
 B takes B wins the exchange, but the line of play adopted is more stylish and is such a combination as Morphy would have made.

17. P takes B 16. B takes B
 18. R to K 5 17. P takes Kt
 19. Q to B 3 18. Kt to K 5
 20. B to B 4 19. R to K B 4
 21. R takes Kt 20. Kt to Q 2
 22. R to K 3 21. Q to B 3

The finishing touch of a gem. It must have been a novel acclamation to the Captain to be an involuntary contributor to such a production.

23. Q to Kt 4 (ch) and wins. 22. R to R 2

SOLUTIONS.
 Solution of Problem No. 303.

White.	Black
1. B to K B 5	1. Auy
2. Mates acc.	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 304.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to Q B 4	1. P to Q Kt 4
2. B to R 4 (ch by dia)	2. K moves
3. B to B 3 mates	

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 305.

White.	Black.
K at Q 5	K at Q R 5
R at Q Kt 3	R at Q 2
B at Q Kt 7	B at K B 6
B at K B 3	B at Q 5
Kt at Q 5	B at Q 7
Pawn at Q R 7	Pawn at K 4

White to play and mate in two moves.

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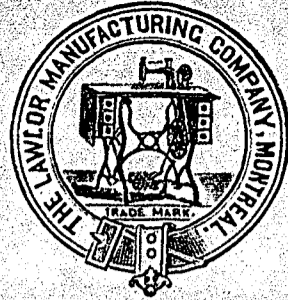
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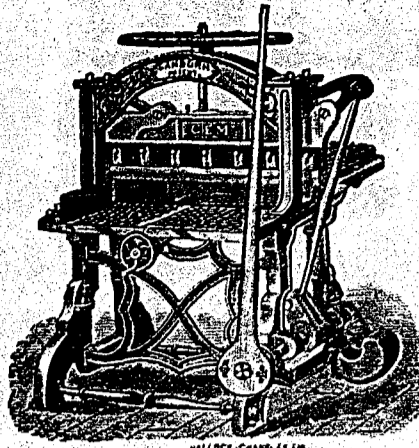
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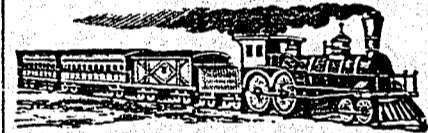
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Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Dec. 13th, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	12.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.10 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	—	—
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.	—	—
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	4.45 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.10 p.m.	—	—
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.	—	—

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)
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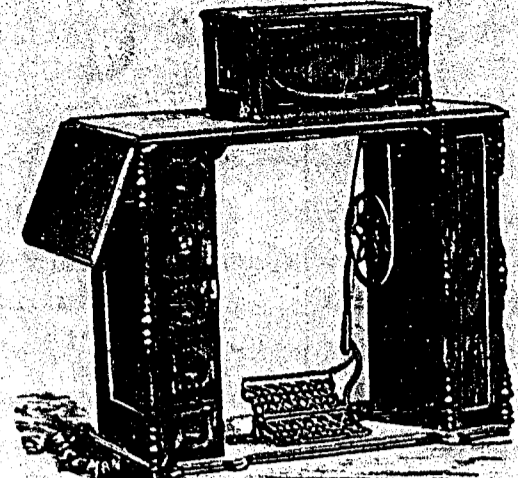
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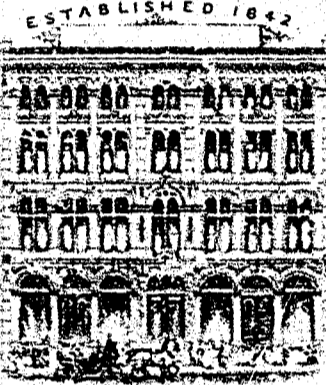
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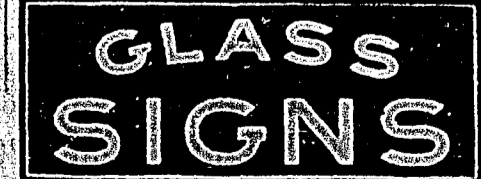
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