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CANADIAN

ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Christmas

NUMBER 1881

Vol. 22, No. 4

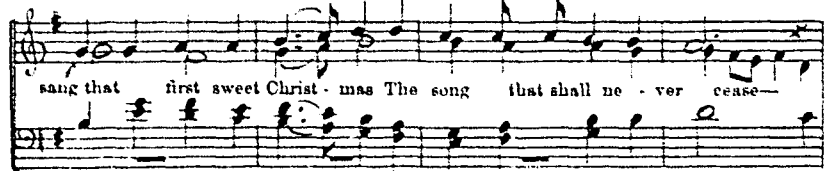
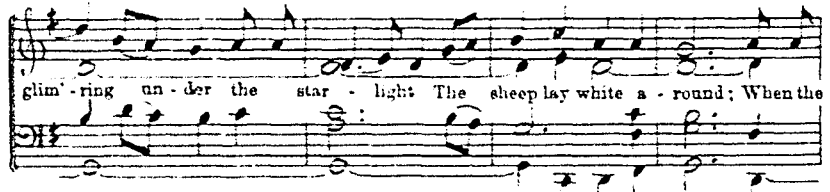
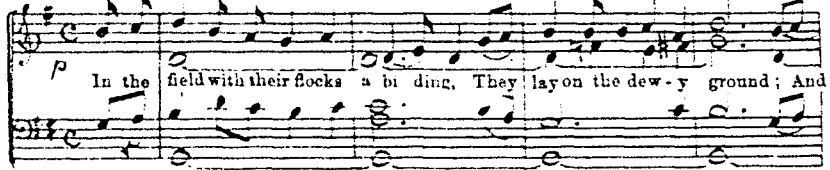
Dec. 21, 1881

A Christmas Carol.

(SEE PAGE 403.)

To be sung in Unison

Allegretto



The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Dec. 18th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880				
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.		
Mon..	34°	10°	22°	Mon..	56°	14°	35°
Tue..	40°	22°	36°	Tue..	30°	20°	25°
Wed..	51°	35°	43°	Wed..	33°	27°	30°
Thur..	26°	20°	23°	Thur..	38°	32°	35°
Fri..	24°	10°	17°	Fri..	36°	17°	26°
Sat..	36°	12°	24°	Sat..	19°	13°	16°
Sun..	44°	30°	37°	Sun..	18°	7°	12°

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Christmas Carol—Dan Wheeler's Bear Story—Coming Home at Christmas—The Sleeping Beauty—The Revolt in Lower Canada—Round the Camp Fire.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Editorial—Christmas—Smoke—News of the Week—A Christmas Carol—Miscellany—A Bear Story—Coming Home at Christmas—The Tenor—By the Sad Sea Waves—Varieties—A Christmas Box—The Robbery at the Hall—The Nativity—Local Notices—Our Chess Column.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such subliminary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditures, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the NEWS, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

This notice, we regret to say, has not been as freely responded to as we expected. We are determined, however, to make a last appeal to our dilatory debtors to save us the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; to remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in their hands. Your money must support it. It is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, ASSURING THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS REQUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY EXISTENCE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 24, 1881.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

It is Christmas time. The general aspect of the world outside, as well as the appearance of this number, sufficiently indicates the fact, but it is an acknowledged necessity that the editorial address of the Christmas number should at least allude to it. The trouble is that it has all been done before. It is quite true that Christmas "comes but once a year" but what it lacks in frequency of occurrence it makes up in extreme regularity of arrival. Once a year for eighteen hundred and odd years it has put in a regular appearance at this date, and once a year for a considerable portion of that period thousands of unfortunate editors have had to record the fact.

It is scarcely remarkable that under the circumstances a good many of them have said the same thing. Those of us who are inclined to risk the accusation of preaching, have repeated the message of "Peace on earth, and good will towards men." The balance have been content to wish their readers "a Merry Christmas," and this at least we can do now as heretofore.

"What is Christmas, father?" whispered the sick boy in one of BRET HARTE'S most pathetic tales, and his father replies "Oh! Christmas, it's a—a—day you know." We know more than that, thank God, but a good many of us forget it, it is to be feared. Christmas is but a day to many of us, a day of rejoicing and holiday making, a day of plum pudding and mince pies, of Christmas trees and party giving. Don't we sometimes lose sight of the friend in whose honour this is all done? For it is a friend's birthday that we are celebrating, the greatest friend we ever had or shall have, and our festivities are incomplete without his presence at the table.

Well, these things perhaps are better said in other places. We have no desire to usurp the proper functions of the pulpit. Let us rejoice and be glad over the day and its message, each in his own way, and the old wish is here for you still

"A merry Christmas to you all."

We have tried to make this number specially suited to the season—to a time when politics are at a discount and even news is put aside for the time. Christmas is essentially a Home season, and the news that interests us most is the last report on the condition of the plum pudding, or the prospect of a visit from Santa Claus.

This is a hint moreover that our editorial is already long enough. The only reading, we take it, which you will look for at this date, you will find in the stories with which this number is filled. And if you have any fault to find with what we have said above, remember at least that our ending was unexceptionable

"A merry Christmas to you all."

CHRISTMAS.

With what feelings of happiness does this festival of all others return to the many thousand heaving hearts in Christendom? To them it is a signal to dispel all despondent reflections, all recollection of the varied trials and afflictions the past year brought with it to them. It is indeed to them a joyful signal, accompanied, as it inevitably is, with the restoration of lost friendships, mutual thanksgivings and congratulations. It is also the sequel for the reunion of the stray members of every household, and, best of all, for the harnessing of Santa Claus' fairy reindeer, and the loading well-nigh to groaning of his festive sledge. It is truly the advent of a new existence, rendered joyful by the happy anticipations for the future, which this festive season is wont to excite. Who is there who has not felt it as the dawn of a new and brighter existence, who would not willingly efface all petty animosities, and forgive all his wronged enemies? Who is there who has not felt the warm grasp of a fast friend's hand on a Christmas morning a thousand degrees warmer than on ordinary occasions, as though his heart's blood mingled with his good intentions in wishing "you a merry Christmas"? O, would that the warmth of that shake could exert its

influence on us till the recurrence of that thrice happy festival! But how soon do we forget it, and but a few days after are content to offer the cold hand of indifference! Oh! what a happy state of society, and what a glorious epoch in the world's history this would be, did the warmth of that Christmas grasp disseminate itself through our every action from Christmas to Christmas, that so the members of the world's grand society could work their work harmoniously, live their lives peacefully and cheerfully and assist each other disinterestedly.

Though Christmas does come but once a year, every one on Christmas morning seems as though he had attained the acme of his glory. Nothing more is required to add to the profusion of his happiness, nor to intensify its excellence—everything seems in thorough conformity with his most enthusiastic wishes, and there seems nothing wanting to make his life the happiest of the happy.

Everything around us seems to afford the most unbounded pleasure, and what at other times to us would seem odious, assumes as by magic the most charming appearance. Yes, Christmas morning brings to many the only pleasures that are theirs during the whole long year. Whether it be in the slums of the bustling city, or in the cold, peasant's hut in the remote country, or in the lonely shanty-man's hut in the far backwoods, or in the massive mansion of the proud millionaire, Christmas brings its joys—joys which the possession of untold wealth could not furnish at any other season of the year.

Since the first recognition of this most glorious anniversary, it has been accepted by every nation in Christendom and by every people as the hub of festivities. And why should this not be, that the anniversary of our Lord's birth should be considered the feast of feasts, when we look forward so rapturously to such comparatively minor festivities as the Queen's Birthday, Dominion Day, New Year's Day, etc.

Did Christmas bring us no other joys than those it affords us in witnessing the ecstatic raptures of the many thousand children in this vast universe over the profusion of chocolates, caramels, jumping jacks, and the thousand and one other little Christmas valuables with which Santa Claus is wont to visit those of his children who, during the year past, making way for the ensuing one, have been faithful to his mythical service, indeed, I say its recurrence would be anticipated by us with the profoundest delight. But, in addition to this delight, Christmas brings with it an infinite variety of the richest amusement, and every one seems so constituted at this particular season of the year, that his inclinations seem satisfied to the utmost, and not the slightest objection is taken to sports, that at another season of the year would seem absurd.

SMOKE.

BY NED B. MAH.

"I cannot think," a lady once exclaimed in our hearing "how girls can kiss gentlemen who smoke!" She was being courted then, and her lover was a non-smoker. She is married now and her husband has turned smoker. She kisses him still, and in every nook and corner of their house smoking is allowed, nay encouraged.

Sometimes this order of things is reversed. The girl only chaffs her lover good naturedly about his idolatry of the weed until they are married and then nags at him until he is worried into giving up the habit. Sometimes, if he is a very good fellow, he really does give it up; but nine times out of ten he only does so ostensibly, and lights up and puffs away when she is absent or out of sight—almost always the cure is not effectual and at first subject to continual relapses. Or, sometimes, where the man's character is of the decisive type, he succeeds in conquering his proclivity for the narcotic leaf with one mighty effort and suffers a martyrdom for years, until some night when his wife is on a visit, or at the seaside with the chickabiddies, and he sits in his den lonely and dressing-gowned, the yearning comes back to him with irresistible force. He reviews his early years. He remembers his first essay—how the flavor was disappointing and the effects not altogether agreeable. How nevertheless there was a subtle fascination about the forbidden act—partly perhaps because it was forbidden. How, as the nauseating effects disappeared with practice the real delights of the wondrous luxury became revealed. A thousand pleasant scenes of his bachelor life with which the pipe or the cigar are intimately associated rise like bewitching phantoms. A myriad of social memories connected with the genial perfume mock him to scorn. He remembers poor Tom Deelmaccare as he lay with broken leg which had to be amputated where it was impossible to obtain chloroform and how he said "All right, doctor, cut away! Only for Heaven's sake put a lighted cigar in my mouth." He thinks of that story of Bismarck upon the battle field with his one cigar which he was saving to celebrate the victory, who saw a poor dragoon lying with both arms crushed, moaning for something to refresh him; and he imagines his ecstatic smile as the statesman puts that last cigar between his lips alight. He thinks of all the joys that have been his during the days of his devotion to the weed—how it soothed his sorrows, moderated his transports, accompanied his pleasures, digested his dinners and gave him a philosophic dignity generally. He reviews the moments of irritability, the pangs of indigestion, the unsoothed

agonies of his recent existence, and presently, with one wild cry of "What an ass I've been!" darts at the shelf where his forgotten meerschaums lie 'neath the dust of ages and crumming an old favorite with the relics of a mixture that lurks in the recesses of a powder jar, proceeds to smoke voraciously, until the coiling is no longer visible, and the placidity of a peace ineffable steals over his whole being.

Woe be to the wife of that man for his last state is worse than his first, and nothing short of death or a miracle can destroy his affection for this vaporous rival now.

MISCELLANY.

LONDON papers state that during the severe gale of the 14th of October a large portion of the lead was stripped from the roof of the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. The damage was not discovered until the heavy rain which came a week later, found its way through the magnificent painted ceiling to the floor of the chapel. This ceiling was painted by Sir Peter Paul Rubens when he was Ambassador at the British Court. The subject is the apotheosis of James I., and the painter received £3,000 for his work. It was afterwards repaired by Cipriani at a cost of £2,000.

Mr. Tucket has given some curious figures with regard to the sizes of hats worn by several eminent men which may interest the curious in these:—Lord Chelmsford, 6½ full; Dean Stanley, 6½; Lord Beaconsfield, 7; Prince of Wales, 7 full; Charles Dickens, 7½; Lord Selborne, 7½; John Bright, 7½; Earl Russell, 7½; Lord Macaulay, 7½; Mr. Gladstone, 7½; Mr. Thackeray, 7½; Louis Philippe, 7½; M. Jullien, 7½; Archbishop of York, 8 full. Whatever may be the case with regard to brains, it would certainly seem from these figures that hats are a criterion of brain-power.

THE GREAT ACTRESS DANCERS.—Charlotte Grisi was the first interpreter of Theophile Gautier's *Giselle*, or *the White*, and the author's admiration for her was intense. Looking back with the regret of a true artist to her theatrical career, he says in his "Portraits Contemporains":—"Elle avait la voix et elle avait les ailes; c'était un oiseau parfait." Fanny Elssler had no voice, but she was a more finished actress; and then the strange tie which had bound her to Friedrich von Gentz threw a sort of romance about her early dancing days. It was about 1829 that Gentz ran away from courts and congresses, from kings and statesmen, and poets and men of letters, to hide himself with Fanny Elssler in a villa in the outskirts of Vienna. It was no vulgar *amour de théâtre*. What attracted her at the very debut of her life to sit and listen for hours at the feet of a man who had exhausted every distraction and outlived every illusion of life, is not easy to explain. Her attraction for him lay not so much in her beauty or her grace, or even in her keen and delicate sense of humour, as in her infantile pleasure in flowers and birds and country life which he loved too. "Enfin je suis comploté à l'âme," he writes; and he probably did not overstate the case when he described his attachment to a ballet-girl of the Vienna theatre as the one enthusiasm of his life.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A LARGE number of firearms and Fenian documents have been discovered in Dublin.

THE illness of a juror's wife will probably cause a temporary suspension of the Guineas trial.

ANOTHER plot for the assassination of the Emperor of Russia has been unearthed in St. Petersburg.

ALL hope of the safety of the missing great steamer *Both City* seems to be dissipated.

THE London *Standard* announces that Lord Lorne will, at his own request, complete his term of office as Governor General of Canada.

BLAINE has been invited to deliver a eulogy on Garfield before both the Senate and Congress.

United Ireland was issued as usual yesterday, the places of the clerks and editorial staff being filled by lady leaguers.

THE Dean Stanley memorial project is being enthusiastically received in England.

MRS. LANTRY'S *Abul* on the stage is flatteringly spoken of by the London press.

THE Lord Mayor of Dublin has refused to call another meeting of the corporation to consider the question of conferring the freedom of the city on Parnell and Dillon.

THE London correspondent of the *Globe* cables that H.R.H. the Princess Louise is to spend the winter in the south of France on the advice of Sir William Jenner.

MR. BIGGAR, M.P., is reported as being opposed to any member of the English Royal family opening the proposed Irish Industrial Exhibition, on the ground that they are foreigners so far as Ireland is concerned.

THE Buffalo case, in which Parker is implicated, is a most mysterious one, and the investigation promises to reveal a deep-laid scheme to defraud several life insurance companies by murder and personation.

THERE were eight arrests in Ireland under the Coercion Act recently, including Mr. O'Sullivan, a prominent member of the Land League and the agent of *United Ireland* at Charleville, County Cork.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In the field with their flocks abiding, They lay on the dewy ground; And patient under the starlight The sheep lay white around;

He sang, that first sweet Christmas The song that shall never cease— "Glory to God in the highest On earth good will and peace."

"To you in the city of David A Saviour is born today!" And suddenly a host of the heavenly ones Flashed forth to join in the lay;

For they sang that Christmas Carol That never on earth shall cease: "Glory to God in the highest On earth good will and peace."

And the shepherds came to the manger, And gazed on the Holy Child, And calmly o'er that cradle rude The Virgin Mother smiled;

Oh they sang—and I ween that never The Carol on earth shall cease— "Glory to God in the highest On earth good will and peace."

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF BULLETS.—At the battle of Peach Orchard when McClellan was making a change of base, a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot stone dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment changed position. The ball which hit him first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and struck a button off his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man just over the heart, and was stopped there by a song book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three quarters of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue spot disappeared. At Pittsburg Landing, a member of the Twelfth Michigan Regiment of Infantry stooped to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in the act, a bullet aimed at his breast, struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open, and dropped to the ground in halves. At the second battle of Bull Run, as a New York infantryman was passing his plug of tobacco to a comrade, a bullet struck the plug, glanced off, and buried itself in a knapsack. The tobacco was rolled up like a ball of shavings, and carried a hundred feet away. Directly in the line of the bullet was the head of a lieutenant, and had not the bullet been deflected, he would certainly have received it. As it was he had both eyes filled with tobacco dust, and had to be led to the rear. At Brandy Station one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup-strap cut away by a grape-shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering his skin as if a red-hot iron had been used. He dismounted to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and as he bent over, a bullet knocked off his hat and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with a toothache. In a hand-to-hand fight he received a pistol ball in his right cheek. It knocked off his aching double tooth and passed out of the left-hand corner of his mouth taking along a part of an upper tooth. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed. An object, however trifling, will turn the bullet from its true course. This was shown one day at the remount camp in Pleasant Valley. They had a "bull pen" there, in which about 500 bounty jumpers and other hard cases were under guard. Once in a while one of these men would make a break for liberty. Every sentinel in position would open fire, and it did not matter in the least if the man ran toward the crowded camp. On this occasion the prisoner made for the camp and as many as six shots were fired at him without effect. One of the bullets entered the tent of a captain in the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry. He was lying down, and the course of the bullet would have buried it in his chest. Fortunately for him a candle by which he was reading sat on a stand between him and where the bullet entered. This was struck and cut square in two, and the lighted end dropped to the floor without being snuffed out. The ball was deflected and buried in the pillow under the officer's head, passed out of that and through his tent into the one behind it, passed between two and brought up against a camp kettle. There is in Detroit, Mich., a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes, at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered his left arm; the second gave him a scalp wound; the third hit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear, the first two men who took him were killed. While his wounds were being dressed, an exploded shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear, a runaway ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet he is seemingly hale and hearty and walks without a limp.—Phrenological Journal (New York).

UNDER THE CHRISTMAS SNOW.

The wild, black night stoops down without a star, Above the Tyrol's snows— Down from the icy lands of night afar The angry north wind blows;

Under their snow-fringed eyes, far down the valley, The window panes shine ruddy through the storm, And everywhere the little rosy faces Crowd in the freighted warms—

The wind sweeps roaring round the rocking belfry, The bells awake and ring; Each iron tongue takes up the glad old story Of Christ, the Child—of Christ, the Lord of Glory—

Float faint and sweet along the frosty air; There in the little cradle lies the Babe, By kneeling peasants worshipped, as of old The Three Wise Kings from out the morning-lands

But up above, among the roaring pines, The drifted depths of snow, No censers swing, no yellow taper shines, No lighted altars glow;

There at the wayside Road one woman lying, Like Magdalene of old, Hears the storm's angry voices sweeping, dying, Far up the mountain-peak's eternal cold.

The weary, uphill road lies dark behind her, Traveled in toil and pain, And down the valley slopes the chimneys seem calling Her feet home again.

"Gloria in Excelsis—Domine!" The dying lips take up the angels' song: "Hear me, Lord Christ, from out Thy home in glory, And lift me—Thou art strong!"

"It is so cold! The snow is drifting—drifting— My feet sink deep—so deep!" Stoop down, dear Lord! My arms are weary lifting The little lamb asleep!

The night lies dark on her eyelids, The snowdusts choke her breath; But she lifts the child like a glowing rose From her chilled bosom's death:

The wild, black night stoops down without a star, The earth lies dead and cold; And cold above the mother and the child The vast, white drifts are rolled.

Behind the splintered ice peaks slowly turning The day rolls up its fire; Along the eternal snow-fields walks the morning, And, high in heaven, and higher, The crimson glory floods the dying blue.

At His dear feet in peace the mother lies, And on His breast, the child!

THE RING IN MARRIAGE.—The objection to the use of a ring in the marriage ceremony was felt by Puritans generally, in England as well as here, even by those who had no scruples about the solemnization of the rite by a minister.

The main ground of this objection was the common idea that the ring was symbolical in such a sense as to imply the sacramental character of marriage. The ring was used in espousals by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but was not used by them as a part of the marriage ceremony.

Our camp was fixed in a little clearing pretty nigh the top of a hill that sloped down gradual may be three parts of a mile or more towards the blueberry swamp I told you of.

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been formed; but in the marriage rite itself it was probably not used until about the tenth century. The introduction of the marriage-ring was probably derived from the custom of giving the ring, with the staff to bishops at their consecration. Whether correctly or not, the ceremony of placing the ring on the bride's finger was held to indicate the symbolic and sacramental nature of marriage itself.

DAN WHEELER'S BEAR STORY.

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

Bears don't never show fight unless there druv'! Wal, p'raps you know a good deal, young man, and p'raps again you aint altogether a Solomon.

Wal, yes, I reckon I hev' seen a bear turn on a feller promiscuous like, and what's more the feller was just the party you're speaking to, and he don't want another slice off the same cake, you bet.

Wal, about that bear. It was quite a while ago, somewhere about fifty years, I should judge. How old am I now? Wal boss, I reckon you'll hev' to take your own bearings and strike an average. Anyways I was a youngster then, 'way back on Red River. It was pretty rough work living up around there, you can believe, but the huntin' was first rate, and we had a pretty lively crowd, mostly young fellers like myself, and we figured out to have to'ble good times, and make money too most o' the while, for furs were plenty and the Company paid up fair and square.

I remember the particler day, I'm telling you about same as if it was yesterday. One of the half-breeds, "Skinny Pete" as he was known in camp, come in late one night all excited like 'bout the trail of a large bear that he had struck on the out-kirts of the blueberry swamp, that lay about a mile and a half to the north of our camping ground.

Wal, maybe turnin' in is sunthin' of a large word, seem' as how we only had to roll ourselves up in our buffalos and court the embraces o' Murphy, as young Doctor Weston, the scholar of our party used to call it. He was a smart feller, that doctor, knowed most everything, and could write out a Latin prescription most as straight as he could shoot, and that was straight-ish, you can bet your boots.

Wal, I put right straight up the path runnin' pretty smart. I could hear the bear and the dogs crashin' along, and once in a while I heard a stray cuss from some o' the boys, when they got stuck in the bush. He was makin' right straight for the river, I could hear that plain enough, so I chucked a piece at the idee o' getting the first chance at him away from the rest o' the fellers.

Wal, we started as I said, Pete leadin' with the dogs a following him, p'raps a half a dozen in all, and the rest of us, five altogether, or six maybe, in Indian file, sneakin' along thro' the cracklin' branches and dead leaves, as quiet as field mice, and never a word spoke among us. It was just about the commencement of the fall, and there was a heap o' leaves and dead bush that made it thunderin' hard work to travel quiet like.

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comin' out on the plain 'bout a mile and a half to the south. It ran through a kind o' ravine, maybe a hundred feet or more of perpendicular rock hangin' right over it.

The whole hill was covered with a pretty thick bush, stretchin' away for miles to the north, and 'most impossible to push through 'thout usin' an axe. Howsumdover, right along the edge o' the cliff the bush war pretty thin, and we used to use this for a path to and from the camp. There was a pretty large stretch of prairie 'way below, what we used to call our larder, for we were most sure of a deer there when we ran anyways short. You see the deer used to come down to water in the evenin', and stay in the open mostly all night, so's we could stalk 'em early in the mornin' from the broken ground at the end of the ravine, or lie in the edge of the bush, and pot 'em as they come in.

Wal, boys, I aint anyways good on descriptions, but I hed to wade in and try my level best to shew you the way things war fixed, so's you'd kinder understand what happened a while later.

We took the reg'lar way down along the edge o' the cliff, as I was saying, and Weston, who was just a head of me, stopped 'bout half way down to look over into the river.

He give a look over, and whispered to me, "That 'ud be an ugly place for tumble, eh! Dan." "Wal, it would, that's a fact," sez I, "though its a mighty pretty sight too." And so it was, boys, the river tumblin' over them boulders 'way down below, all froth and foam. And the cliff, jest a perpendicular wall o' sandstone, with little ledges projectin' here an' there where the rock was a piece harder, and the water couldn't wash it away, so the doctor told me. And most every one of them ledges hed a little saplin' or a bunch of grass or the like growin' on it. Jest as pretty as anything as I told you boys, but it gave me a shudder to think of tumblin' over them, and so I told "Doc."

Wal, we marched along pretty quiet till we got down to the open ground.

Then we held up awhile on the edge of the bush, and put our heads together to lay out our plans. The tracks Pete hed noticed when he was comin' home was crossin' from the bush into the blueberry patch, and the way he come on 'em was by making a short cut, in his durned Indian fashion, up along the edge o' the swamp to the camp, which lay pretty near in a line with it. Most like the old bear hed put in the night fillin' hisself with his favorite grub, and we calculated to find him still settin' in the swamp.

After a bit o' talk, we concluded to spread out along the edge of the prairie and send Pete on ahead with the dogs to strike the swamp on the far side, to see 'ef he couldn't drive that there bear to break on our side, so's we'd get a chance to tackle him in the open.

Course after bear got afoot, we were to shift for ourselves, best way we could.

I guess it was hardly five minutes after we got fixed that we heard one of the dogs give a yelp, and then another, and then Pete aollerin' and cheerin' to 'em, and a minute after Charlie Thoms, Charlie was standin' right on the corner o' the swamp—hollers out, "There he goes, boys." With that he runs forward a few yards and fires his rifle, kind of a snap shot seemin'ly, and then 'thout stoppin' to load agin, tears along the edge of the swamp like mad.

Weston and I was a bit further up towards the river, and couldn't see a thing on'y we heard crash, crash in the bush, as the old brute thundered along through the undergrowth.

"Doc" and the rest of the boys tumbled right in after him, jest where they happened be standin', but I thought I know'd a trick worth two o' that. The bear was making straight for the river, and, as I was telling you the bush was terrible thick right there. I was a piece behind the rest of the party, and not far from the bank we'd come along by, so I concluded to try back up the path and head the old critter off when he struck the top of the hill.

Wal, I put right straight up the path runnin' pretty smart. I could hear the bear and the dogs crashin' along, and once in a while I heard a stray cuss from some o' the boys, when they got stuck in the bush. He was makin' right straight for the river, I could hear that plain enough, so I chucked a piece at the idee o' getting the first chance at him away from the rest o' the fellers.

All on a sudden the cry to the dogs commenced to get fainter. I stopped and listened a spell. That was no mistake it, the bear had turned off toward the other side of the bush, 'way off beyond the camp.

You may believe I was riled. I jest set down and cursed for quite a while. To think that I was clean out of it, the first bear hunt of the season too, and a rattlin' fine bear at that, for I could tell by the way he crashed through the underbrush that he was a stunner and no mistake. It was all my infernal foolishness leavin' the dogs, to go cavortin' up the hill and get on the wrong track after all. Maybe the boys wouldn't smile—durn 'em all.

After a spell I got through cussin' and concluded to make the best of a bad job. I reckoned I'd strike back to camp and get breakfast before the boys got in. I got my legs moving and started up the hill piece, till I got most opposite where the Doctor and I had pro-spected over the ravine in the mornin'. Jest around here I thought I might as well light my pipe, so I fetched up sittin' on a log that lay right along side the edge.



"It's a main lucky thing I've got enough matches anyway," I grumbled, a routin' in my pocket after a box pretty nigh full, I'd shoved in jest before I quit. I struck a light, give a couple 'o puffs, may be three, and looked up—

Boys, there stood that bear as large as life and twice as nateral, cur'ously obsarvin' me 'bout fifteen paces out.

Cur'ously obsarvin'. Wal I guess that ain't hardly correct. First of all he warn't so much lookin' interested as vicious—on one side of his face the blood was streamin' from a bullet wound and I never saw a bear look so mad before. Nor don't ever want to again nuther unless he's some place pretty much out of reach o' my carkiss. Beside that he did n't stop to look long, for before I had time to figure on what was to come next, he puts his head down and comes right toward me, showin' his teeth and tearin' around like everything.

He was just mad thet's a fact, and he didn't give me a heap o' time to think nuther. My rifle lay a couple of yards off, and I jumped to my feet with a sort of an idee of grippin' it, tho' I didn't have any very clear notions any way, Didn't have no time, you may believe.

Wal! I dunno' as I can tell jest how it happened: the bear was on me before I could so much as get right end up, and with that my foot caught in the stump on which I was sittin' or sumthin' and the minute after I was over the edge of the cliff. Wal, boys, it's a fact, so ye needn't look at me that way, and as I said I can't jest get the hang of how it happened myself. That's so. The first thing I knew was, that I was hangin' on one of them little ledges the Doctor and me had noticed 'bout twenty feet below the edge of the cliff.

You may believe I was considerably astonished, but the fun of it was that that bear was considerable more astonished than I was myself. I could hear him quite awhile a-sniffin' around 'bout the place where I'd been sittin' and a-swearin' to himself in bear language—likely sayin' "Where in thunder's that fellow flown to!" After awhile seems as though he'd got the idee; and then he pokes his nose over the edge, and looks down as vicious as ever. Wal, at that I started to laugh, tho' I was pretty considerable bruised by my fall, and I laughed till my sides ached to think how I'd fooled him.

Wal, boys, if that critter warn't all the same as a human, for whether you believe it or not, my laughin' made him real mad, and he tore around cussin' and swearin', so to speak, for quite a while. After I got through laughin' I started to look about me. The ledge I'd stuck on

the chance. It might be quite awhile before any of the boys happened that way, sence they'd seemin'ly got off the track o' the bear, most probable on to another, and I hadn't even my shooter to give 'em a signal with; while as for climbin' up or down that—

Great God! I was looking up to the overhangin' cliff to see if I had any chance that way, when I saw—I tell you, boys, it makes me sick to think of it even now—I saw the wrong end of that bear comin' over the edge right above where I was sittin'.



I'd given up botherin' about the ornery old brute, thinkin' I was rid of him anyway, but the critter warn't so easy fooled as I'd calculated. He was bound to see the thing through, and I reckon he was a bit extra riled by my laughin' at him, and thought he'd try to get the laugh on his own side, yet. He waited around awhile to see if I meant to come up and save him the trouble, and when he saw that I was likely to stay he concluded to come down after me. There was no blinking it. He meant biz, I could tell that by the crunch of his teeth, and the vicious way he clawed around with his hind paws to get a foothold on his way down.

I warn't much of a prayin' sort in those days, but I come pretty near sayin' a prayer then, boys, I tell yer, only it seemed takin' a kind o' mean advantage of the Lord, to start out prayin' when I got hitched, seein' I'd probable like take it all back ef ever I got clar through—I tell you, boys, it makes a man feel right mean when he's landed just so, to feel as how he's got no right

shots and dogs barking, and tryin' to holler, but everything's got sorter mixed.

The balance of the story I got from the boys a while after. That old bear that came so near makin' cold meat of me was the same one Charlie had shot, that had managed somehow to get away from the dogs. Them critters, jest as I'd reckoned, had got off on the track of another, a little feller. The boys finished him off, and allowed at first that Charlie was 'blowin' about the one he'd shot bein' as big again. Charlie stuck to it though, and after a spell the hull



was one of the largest anywheres in the neighbourhood, as you may say, and give me plenty of room to stretch myself and move around kinder comfortable. There'd been quite a piece of growth on it seemingly, but I reckon the frost or sumthin' had killed it, and nothin' was left but a bunch of dried twigs and withered leaves and grass. Howsumdever I calculated to make myself pretty comfortable for a piece, but

I felt kinder mean when I commenced to look around to see how I was goin' to get back to terry firmy. I'd fooled that thunderin' old idiot of a bear, but it seemed as though I hadn't altogether struck a bonanza in the matter of locality. Four feet square of ledge on the side of a precipice ain't the sort of place a man wants to pass any considerable length of time sittin' on—more especially when a feller's started out before breakfast and his stomach keeps a-remindin' him all the time of that interestin' fact. No, I didn't feel not to say luxur'ously comfortable, so as I wouldn't want to move ef I got the chance. The hull trouble of it was how to get

to pray—howsumdever, I didn't start out to preach, but to tell you a yarn, and you're wonderin' by this time whether I'm the biggest liar in Canada, or how in thunder I come through this time with a whole skin.

Wal, I'd made up my mind to fight it out (I didn't have much choice anyway), though I'd nothing but my knife, and it was a bad fightin' ground, when my eye struck on that there box o' matches that had fallen down with me, and was lyin' just along side of me on the ledge.

Wal, boys the idee came on me all in a moment—may be the Lord wanted to give me another chance, spite o' my goin' back on Him so long—seemed like a kinder inspiration anyhow—I gripped a handful of dry grass and stuff and struck a match to it. It blazed up like tinder, and as the bear hung over the edge feelin' around for a hole for his toes, I held the blazin' torch at arms length, right under the place where his tail oughter been ef it hadn't been abbreviated after the manner of bears.

Boys, you never see a bear take on so. His dry fur reg'lar blazed up, and when he smelt that and felt his hind quarters a cookin', he didn't stop to say "good mornin'," as you may say.

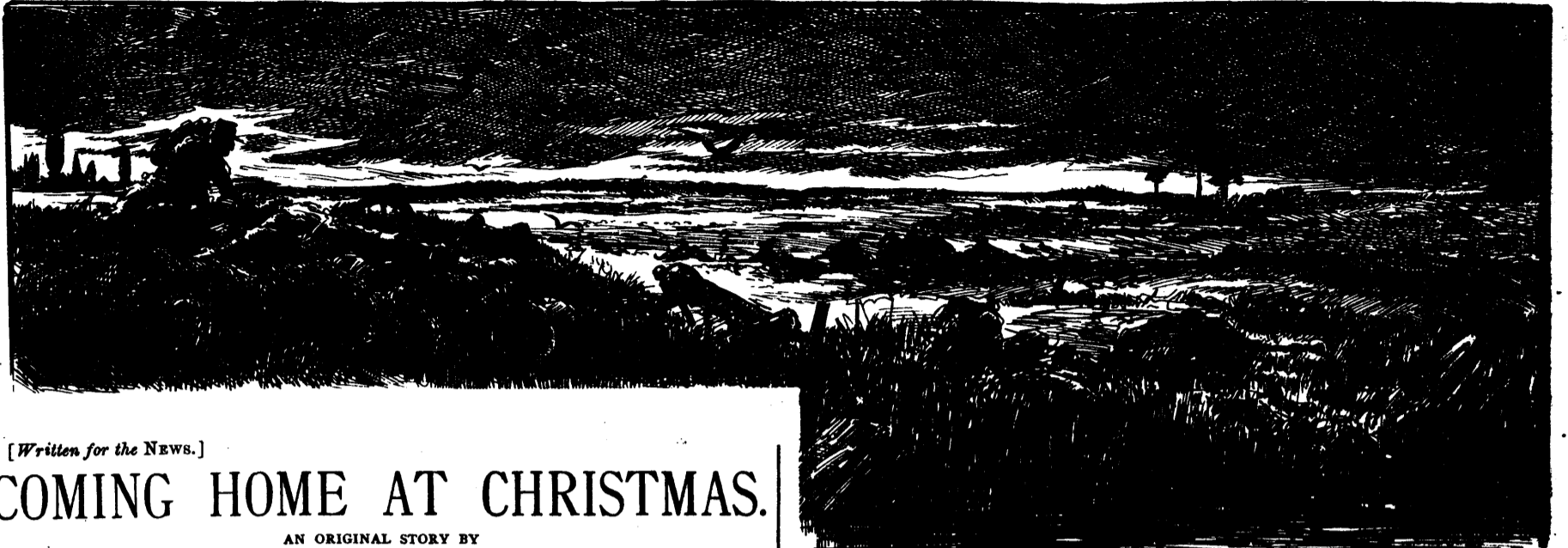
Wal, it makes you laugh now boys, but I couldn't see the joke so plain then as I do now. I gave one yell that helped to move the bear—I reckon he thought the devil himself had him by the hind leg, same way as the old gentleman got served himself by St. Dunstan—and then, what with the excitement and the fall, I felt the rocks, and the sky and the bear goin' round before my eyes, and I don't rightly know what happened after that. I had a vague feelin' o'

crowd agreed to try back for the trail. All of 'em but Pete that is. That durned nigger started for camp mutterin', "Charlie plenty dam fool—no more bear—Pete plenty hungry—eat breakfast." Howsumdever the breakfast he got ready came in mighty handy when we struck the camp a while later. Wal! they found the trail easy enough, and got to the edge of the cliff just in time to hear my yell, and see the bear scramblin' up from below with his tail end in a blaze—"for all the world like a comet," as the Doctor used to say, tellin' the story—roarin' and tearing around same as ef a legion o' devils had hold of it.

I guess he scared the boys pretty considerable, most as much as he was scared himself, for seemin'ly the Doctor was the only one cool enough to put a head on the critter, which he did sure enough.

It was Weston too that smelt me out, allowin' from the holler they'd heard, and the frizzled state of the bear's carkiss, that he'd left someone with a box o' matches around where he hailed from, and reck'nin' that someone 'ud likely be me. The boys got ropes and hauled me up, but I didn't get over that scare for a couple o' days, and it larnt me one thing anyway. It's just an idee that a bear won't go for a human unless he's mighty hungry or hard pushed. Now that bear had no call to be hungry, for he was chuckfull of blue berries and sich, and I tell you he never waited to be pushed. So I guess that idee's pretty much exploded. No offence young man, you jest spoke out way you was brought up. On'y the next time a feller tells you that bears don't show fight 'ceptin' they're druv', jest you speak up and tell him what Dan. Wheeler's telled you. That's bears and bears, boys, but that 'un was a bear you may believe.





[Written for the NEWS.]

COMING HOME AT CHRISTMAS.

AN ORIGINAL STORY BY

INGOLDSBY NORTH.

I.

I do not suppose that ever two sisters were more affectionately attached than Euphemis and myself. Though now so many years ago, it seems but yesterday that I, a child of five years old, was led softly into a darkened bedroom, to see and kiss a little something that nestled in my mother's bosom, and to find a new love awakening within me which at first I did not recognize. It seems but yesterday I was trusted to hold in my arms a plump, soft bundle just for a minute, and know it for Baby Phemie. It seems but little more than yesterday that we children grew and grew, always fond, always together, until at last I knew with a new knowledge, and could see with new vision, that, while united, we were apart, and, though loving each other dearly, wide as the poles asunder.

Yet we were a firmly united family. There were only four of us—father, mother and we two girls. He was a most affectionate, genial parent, who never found fault with us. I think indeed that it might have been better if he had, but there some natures so confident in final adjustments, so full of hopeful life, that they really do not see why troubles should weigh down the spirits of those around them, and so, as we fancy, sympathize or criticize but lightly if at all. Our mother was just the reverse—anxious, and perpetually seeking for thorns and brambles in her own path and that of everybody else. We lived in a pleasant house with a small but pretty garden—just the sort of a neat suitable for people of moderate though assured means; had comfortable neighbours who interchanged visits without fuss, and were friends in the ordinary social sense. No matter where this home was, I shall not say, except that it was not a hundred miles from Montreal Island, "the Garden of Canada." Imagine a long low-built cottage, covered with ivy, from which a dozen little diamond-paned windows glittered in the evening sunshine, clustering flowers and velvet grass and shady walk in front, and beyond these a belt of trees wherein the breezes sang, and whose fluttering leaves discoursed like murmurings from a distant shore. Beyond all this, a vista, half lane, half street, at the end a garden gate.

Every home is a kingdom; a world in itself, but there are, as our father used to say, territorial alliances. He used also to laugh at the close alliance we had formed with the kingdom whose domain lay beyond that little rustic barrier. For the two inhabitants, the queen who reigned and the prince who governed, were very dear to us. Mrs. Deroche, a stately widow and her

only son. The word "stately" expresses all I want to say of her, except that she was a very kind woman also, and doted on "Prince Hugh," ruled him with a rod of iron and obeyed his every word and wish.

How shall I describe him? There is no need. We women have I suppose "a bright ideal of our dreams," and even I, black-browed, stern and cold, may have



"He pressed Phemie to his heart."

figured to myself some fair Apollo in a half shame-faced, disagreeable manner. That "he" was handsome, noble of aspect even, generous—well, well!

As may be guessed, we three young people, "through daisied meads of childhood wandering," were seldom apart. Our little sports, our little hopes and fears, our little quarrels, how all important then, how trifling now though unforgettably! Would I live them all over again! I do not know. I am not much given to receive confidences upon such matters, but I do know that of the few whose experiences have been related to me by themselves, not one sincerely wished to retrace the old pathway, for that the shadows of later times could never wholly pass away, and would cloud the fairest sunshine. What we have lived we have lived. What is done is done. We would not be children again, for some prophetic mysterious instinct would tell us, "children though we were again, of pains and sorrows yet to be repeated."

And so, like the boy in the fairy wood, we travelled and travelled from year to year, reaching at last a strange country, an unknown land. Alas it was we who were changed, and not the landscape. We were older. The child was

child no more. "The frank simplicity that gave its kiss" was gone forever, and we became shy, furtive, sometimes a little sad. Why dwell upon all this, which is the experience of all? Why not confess at once—yet what?

Phemie was the sunshine of our household, so light of heart, so fair, so playful was she. With this there was in her character—I wish

all about it. Hugh and she were plighted to each other;—what should she do, she was so terrified! I calmed her, told her I was happy for her sake, and undertook—yes I even did that too—to smooth matters with our dear father and mother.

Not that there was anything to smooth over. The gentleman was quite "eligible;" there was no one provided with a reason against the match; and there was no secrecy, no excitement, no romance about the affair at all. Only, there was to be some delay. Hugh had been placed in the office of one of our greatest Montreal lawyers, and shown high promise of distinction. But he had not earned the robe which would alone make him visible to the Court's eye, and till then our father could not see the propriety of his marriage to our Phemie. And so of the two families for a time,—

"Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

II.

At the beginning of the year 1864, the great war which had desolated so many fair fields and brought anguish to so many homes of our neighbouring cousins, was still raging. While numerous victories had been gained by the Union armies, there was still great anxiety among the loyal States, and it was felt that greater efforts than ever must be employed before the contest could be terminated by their final success. At the same time the sentiment in favour of their cause had become strong among ourselves. The abolition of slavery no doubt added to this feeling—at all events there were numerous young men in the Province who longed to identify themselves with the struggle for free institutions, and among these was Hugh. How it came about no one could quote accurately say, though I had my own thoughts upon the subject. He said he wanted some relief from legal drudgery, and certainly he did spare little time with us. Then his talk was continually, when he did come to the house, about politics upon what he called the grand scale. Phemie did not appear to enter into his feelings, and rather laughed at him than otherwise. "What had he to do with such matters?" and so on. I thought he chafed at her manner, and, indeed, did not like it myself. What would the world be without heroism for the sake of principle! Then Hugh grew more and more restless, until we could all see that a strong determination was

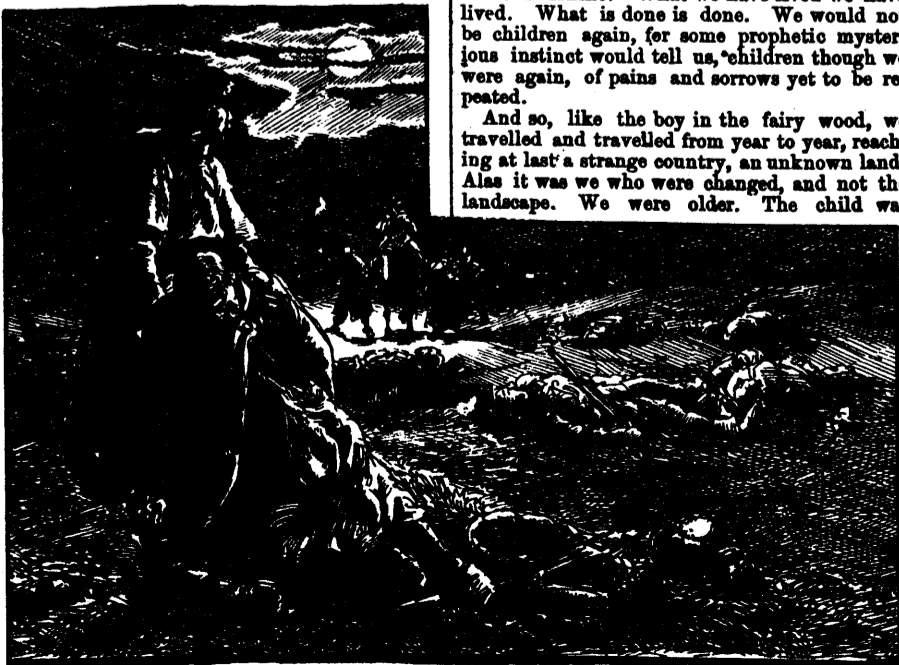
there were a more analytically expressive word—a something which even now I hardly understand. Seemingly she was not, yet her sense of possession was a sort of instinct. Loving she was, yet I doubt whether she knew the meaning of self-sacrifice. Passionate she never was, but her will, obstinacy, less kind judges would wrongly call it, bent those who opposed her down. At all events she grew to love Hugh. That is certain. She *did* love him. It was I alone who found it out first, nor am I ashamed to say how or why. Love honest, true love is not a thing to be ashamed of; and why should I conceal the truth? Who was harmed if I kept my own heart under lock and key and never told what was treasured there! I don't believe in "Viola." In the first place I haven't got a "damaak cheek," and if I had would never "let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud" feed on it. I could be silent, and did. But I found her out. I say "found her out," because—still, she was only keeping her secret as well as I, who should be the last to judge her for so doing.

It happened very simply. A stolen meeting witnessed by me only, and lovers' vows overheard, upon my solemn word of honour without intention. Having heard, however, I must for all our sakes invite her confidence, and then with blushing face upon my breast she told me



"Here."

forming in his mind. The result appeared before long in his announcement that he intended "to have a look at a battle or two." That was his way of putting it. We all objected, argued and pleaded. But to no avail. He would listen to no one, and, with a gayety too evidently assumed, made his preparations for departure. Phemie was heart-broken, of course.



She said so a hundred times and wept abundantly. As for me, I saw that what must be would be, and deemed it wisest to cease opposition. And when, on the evening before he went he wrung my hand and whispered "do you think me right?" I thought of the poor French mother in a little poem I read once, who sobbed:

"I do not understand these things: I only know
He spoke of Freedom, and I bade him go."

And I said, "Yes I do." He put his arms around my neck, and kissed me. It was dark and lonely after that, for there was only left of him his tears which had mingled with mine upon my cheek.

Ah me! Waiting and watching. Listening for the echoes of far-off strife; picturing horrors; looking for ghosts in the night! I saw "The Corsican Brothers" acted about this time—never, never again will I look upon the terrors of that play. Our dear one had joined the army before Richmond under Grant. What might not happen?

This is what did. We had heard from him now and then, in letters full of camp incidents, but without much to relieve our anxieties. Then came news of the ghastly "battles in the wilderness," and hope that we should ever see him more almost died out, for he wrote not a line nor, though we tried hard, could we gain information. All at once came a telegram—"On my way home, not much hurt, have wounded friend with me." I declare I have no recollection of what happened for hours after. I never realized the grotesque truth of poor Mrs. Nickleby's statement: "It came upon me like a flash of fire and almost froze my blood!" Let me pass all that.

He came; they came. It was the middle of June. Telegram after telegram had told us of how nearer and nearer they were to us, until at last a little thread of steam winding along in the distance told me that a time of trial was at hand, a time of endurance. They, I mean my father and mother and Phemie, had gone to the station. It was Phemie's business to meet him, not mine. I had excused myself from seeing the first of him. "You," said I to Phemie, "have the first claim," to which she answered with a light laugh, and "I wonder what his friend is like." Nevertheless I did stand upon the veranda of our house, and when a handkerchief waved from the window of a carriage slowly passing toward the little rustic gate of his home, I waved mine back, and trembled as any other fool might have done.

Presently my people came back, all three of them, full of news. Hugh's friend was a "splendid fellow," said father. "A perfect hero. Shot all to pieces! Only saved by a miracle! Sent away to recover! A Toronto boy. An old friend of Hugh's. His folks poor—at least not rich, and away in Europe. No place would suit Hugh for him, no care be of use to him, but Hugh's mother's house and Hugh's nursing. Hugh hurt! Yes, of course he was, a mere scratch. It was his general health that had suffered: some kind of low fever. Looked ill. Got a furlough for a month, and would be right as a trivet in no time"—that was father's talk, and as for Phemie—she said but little, but sat down at the piano, and softly sang a verse from an old ditty:

"Wounded sore my laddie,
As they bore him from the field."

Somehow I felt sure of what would happen, and it did. That evening Hugh himself came into our parlour, silently, unannounced, and was beside me before I was aware. The first I knew of it was hearing a voice say, almost in a whisper, "And what of you, also, Grace?" I could not speak, but gave him my hand coldly, and turned away, though an iron hand seemed clutching at my heart. "Is this our meeting?" I heard him mutter, and as he sat down he rather reeled than sank into the chair that mother placed for him. "It is nothing," he replied to her startled inquiry. "Perhaps I was rash to venture out so soon." But she looked at him with an expression new to me; and, laying her kind hand upon his brow, said gently, "Perhaps you did, but take courage. All will yet be well." "You think so? You know it?" he eagerly whispered. "Yes, my son; I am sure of it. I know." What did she know? Had I so worn "my heart upon my sleeve" that others could see what should die a secret with me? No. A thousand times, NO! But that night, poor mother looked more cheerful than usual as she kissed me good night, and that night, too, making some trivial excuse she crept to my bedside, and with a glance at Phemie, sweetly slumbering with a smile upon her face, said, very softly, "Yes, I am sure of it. I know." And so was gone.

She did not know. She did not know me or Hugh. Was I a thief, to steal what was not mine nor could be? Was he "a knight whose vows could faithless be? Never, never.

"A few short years of silent grief for me;
They might have been long years of care for him—
Keep down, and heart of mine; be quiet, lest
I should forget perhaps 'twas for the best."

III.

Shakespeare is called the poet of all time for a very sufficient reason—next to none, his are the utterances of the unspoken human heart. Very soon the circle of the united families was completed, and Charley Forbes was able, what Hugh never would, to tell of his experiences of "the big wars" in which the two young men had borne their part. Mental physiologists tell us that there are packed away in the brains of

all of us, myriads of photographs of events in our past lives, and which come forward at the mysterious bidding of some power yet undiscovered. "None of a woman's business to talk or even think of matters, which belong to the repertoire of the psychologist alone," some male person may inform me. I deny it, and I choose to read and improve my mind as I think proper. And more than this, I assert my wish that women studied Shakespeare more than the little they do now. This, however, *en passant*. I am only led to jot it down by my recollection (reproduced photograph, if you will allow me, "male person" aforesaid) of a scene.

It was August, and the first cool breathings of Autumn were just beginning to stir the leaves of eventide. We were all sitting in the old veranda, with Charley in our midst, telling stories, true ones, we all hanging on his words, as picture after picture was drawn of old Virginia, torn by shot and steel. Now, said he, in a low voice at first, but which as he proceeded, rang "louder and louder, like a trumpet call," the last which I have kept is best of all.

"The simplest way to explain the affair to you," said he, "is to describe the scenery, and even that is difficult without the map. The main fact is that Grant's army in the course of its advance upon the Rapidan River, which formed one of the great manœuvres toward Richmond, was confronted by the region known as the 'Wilderness,' and which extended for from a dozen to twenty miles within an irregular square, of which the Rapidan, Spotsylvania, Mine Run and Chancellorsville were the corners. All this region, except a couple of plank roads intersecting it, is covered by a dense growth of weeds, scrub and underbrush—so dense that no bird can wing its flight within its gloomy, deadly shades. Here were we on one edge, and on the other was Lee, watching for a chance to pounce upon the flanks of any force that might be creeping along the roads I speak of. It was a vital point and well the old Virginian hero knew it. Through that horrible trap one more step was gained by his dogged antagonists. In that trap his dogged antagonist should be caught and crushed. Both armies knew all this as well as their leaders, and in those leaders both had faith, and if they were going to inevitable death, so be it.

"I really cannot picture to you all that we felt. As for me, I was not exactly reckless, but there was I thought a tough time coming, and it had to be made the best of. Hugh I remember said—it was early in the morning on Thursday, the 5th of May, ladies!"

"Never mind what I said. Stick to the facts," roughly interrupted Hugh.

"Well, then, on the morning of the 5th of May we began to move. Soon we began to taste pepper. I don't know how far our—it was Warren's—brigade had got into the tangled darkness, and were wondering where on earth it led to, when crash! came a storm of twigs and leaves, and mud and smoke, driven by a roar, or rattle—I don't know what to call it, except that it was like the breaking loose of a little hell. In that horrible obscurity, that wilderness of tangled woods and clinging underbrush, through whose mazes the pioneer's axe and the lurking skirmisher could hardly penetrate, we had been ordered to force our way. Do you know, ladies, what is the meaning of a commanding general's order? It is that

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die!

And so with us. We knew Grant. We knew that when he telegraphed that brief sentence, which has become one of his imperishable decorations—"I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all Summer," fate was in those words. We knew that there was something beyond the mere animal conflict of rage and bloodshed. We were not ourselves—we were, if I may so express myself, *apart* in respect to whose mission and duty our little personal affairs were nothing. I don't know ladies, but, somehow, I recognize in this the spirit that through many centuries has built up the stately edifices of our national glory fame and honour. I am, friends, of Scottish descent. Do I not to this day remember the story of that bonny Prince Charlie, who willful, heedless, forgetful of his friends though he was—

"Almost as bad as a Canadian politician," broke in father, at this.

"No, sir," said Hugh. "Politics in those old days meant, and was reality. Then, conscience, patriotism were overshadowed by the cord, the axe and the block. And, later, can you not perceive, in the stern self-sacrifice of a Napier, a Colin Campbell, a Havelock, that there was a nobler politics than is now that of the word canvasser, the caucus engineer. The 'contract' schemer, the newspaper proprietor who retails "news" on "commercial principles," the Cabinet Minister who shakes hands with any crazy loafer who has a vote, the—

"Hugh, my boy," began father, with a flush of irritation upon his usually genial countenance—

"Charley," said I, "never mind politics; 'go on with your story.'"

"Well, I will. It was a fierce grapple of armed hosts and bloody battles in many tangled woods. In that horrid thicket there lurked two hundred thousand men, and through it lurid fires played; and though no array of battle could be seen, there came the crackle and roll of musketry like the noisy boiling of some hell-chaldron that told the dread story of death."

• W. S. Watson.

All through that fearful day it was load and fire, stilled by sulphurous gunpowder, staggering with fatigue, craving for water, cauteous exhausted, faint with hunger, while fast almost as clock-beats, came the dull thuds of comrades falling, like logs, headlong upon the trampled ground. So it was all day long. Looking back upon that scene, I think of it as a dream in the night. Was it I who, side by side with my old friend Hugh, went on with our fighting as if it were a mere task or labourer's work—so many shots to be fired, in a mechanical fashion, not knowing where or whom they struck? Nothing but a huge turmoil, of which we lost as it were the meaning and heeded not at all, so deadened to all sound were our stunned senses. Fighting with shadows! Fighting with an invisible foe among the woods!

"Suddenly what little consciousness I had left was gone, and all was a blank. What it was that struck me I did not realize. I only know that when I came to myself Hugh and I were alone, except for heaps of prostrate and writhing forms, or forms still and silent till the trumpets of God's archangels should sound the 'grand reveille of the dead.'"

We shuddered—even Phemie's cheek paled a little. Hugh only laughed a little, and said "leave all that out, old boy. It isn't interesting at all." "Is it not, my friend?" Charley answered. "Interesting? Well, I don't agree with you. There was I, flattened out. It is a positive fact that as my faculties awoke, and I found myself unable to stir a limb, night come, and only a few stars visible overhead through the shattered boughs, Hugh bending feebly over me, I thought for a moment that I was dead, and he and I had mysteriously passed into the 'silent land.' At all events I knew little after this, and it was days before I found myself in a hospital tent, just realizing that I had been in a battle and got hurt.

They told me afterwards that Hugh had been found toiling along, wounded though he was, dragging me with him, and that when they took his burthen from him he fell fainting, utterly prostrate. Yes. But for him this small person would have never—"

"That's enough, Charley," again interposed Hugh; "You are grossly exaggerating, and, besides, there were lots of fellows in our regiment who did more than that; so, to speak vulgarly, dry up, and that quick: do you hear?"

"I hear. There's little more to be said. I got able to be moved, and he insisted upon bringing me here, and here I am."

By a spontaneous impulse we all shook hands with him and Hugh, while tears dimmed the eyes of every one of us.

And the days went on. Hugh's furlough was drawing to a close, and Charley, too, was "fit for duty" once more.

IV.

Some one has compared a human life to the course of the seasons, and there are few, perhaps, who have not made the comparison for themselves. With us, the Autumn was passing away, and cold chills of doubt and something like distrust began to presage a time of wintry discontent. Why Hugh and Charley should be less friendly was difficult to understand, but so it was. The engagement of Phemie was perfectly well understood. Charley had even congratulated Hugh upon it, saying she was a delightful girl, he was a lucky fellow, and so forth. Charley went even further than this, and said he wished he were the "lucky fellow" in question. Hugh did not quite like this latter expression evidently. It was natural that he should not, especially as Charley spoke with an *emphasis* of hardly called for under the circumstances. An engagement is an engagement, and confers a mutual right of possession upon the parties so bound to each other. One or the other may not value "the property," so to speak, but trespassers must be warned off. Phemie belonged to Hugh, and, whether there was now much love for her or not, there *could* be jealousy.

I do not think Phemie was to blame when this apparent coldness began to exist between the two friends. I have already hinted at her nature, and will not enlarge upon its characteristics. She was *incapable* of seeing what mischief was being wrought by her permitting a tone and manner of something more than friendship in Charley. They need not have seemed so confidential when talking together; and when he was earnestly gazing at her face she need not have put on so winning and tender a demeanour. She did not love Charley, and she *did* love Hugh. This I said to myself a hundred times, and I argued with myself as to how could it be otherwise? There was no comparison possible between the two men. One was a heart of gold, the other what people call a very nice, pleasant fellow, without bestowing much thought upon the meaning of the phrase. Surely Phemie could appreciate the difference. Why should I be secretly angry, if she perhaps did not?

There was not much time left, however, for these self-communings, this meddling in my own mind with what was no concern of mine. The day of departure drew near, at length was come. We had agreed that the leave-taking should be at our house, and that thus the hurried farewells at a bustling station should be avoided. The hack came to the door. Hugh folded his mother in a close embrace, and then turning to Phemie, kissed her gently on the forehead with a gently-spoken "Good-bye, darling." My turn came next and last. No kiss for me, but as he took me by the hand he whis-

pered, "It is to you, Grace, that I shall look for letters; will you write?" I could only just speak, as I said, "I will write; you may have faith in me."

And then they were gone. Was it a trick of imagination, or did I really see Charley press Phemie to his heart for a brief instant, no one but I looking their way, and while all was confusion? Was it I who felt glad at the sight? Was it Phemie who waved her handkerchief from our porch, and then danced into the house like a careless child?

Now came the hardest trial of all. I had, in the first place, promised to write—in what character was I to do so? To my sister's lover, calling myself "his sister that was to be?" That was, of course, the proper way. Then, how about Phemie's correspondence with her affianced husband? What would she say in her letters? Would she sustain the affectionate tone of an affianced wife? I must, I thought, hold her to her *duty*. It was *my* duty to hold her to it. I could not, would not, have her, for I loved her dearly, in spite of all—mind that—throw away a treasure that a true woman should prize beyond her very life. I neither would nor could have him able to reproach himself for failure of faith or honour. Why not confess it? In the old play, "Philaster," Bellario says:

"After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so. Alas! I found it love."

And so had I. But, all the more, he whom I loved should never be able to say he broke his promise. That stain upon his honour should never be my work. I did write many letters; and she wrote some, though not too willingly. Nor did she, in the one or two she showed me, use very loving words, such as one would suppose she ought. It might be fancy on my part, but those to her from him were not over fond either, while at the same time the expressions were tender enough. The words did not seem of genuine metal somehow. Father said his letters were "admirable." Mother only remarked, "Yes, they are very nice, but, Phemie, I wouldn't leave them all over to the house for anybody to read, if I were you."

Phemie only laughed. "Nobody keeps letters now-a-days," she said.

"Nobody keeps letters!" I thought. "I keep mine, at all events." And while so thinking I formed a resolution.

How odd it seems, yet how commonly the fact, that when the hour for sleep has arrived, one has the most to talk about. We two girls almost always had a good long gossip in the solitude of our room before we lay down to rest. The habit had of late been rather seldom indulged in, for my sister either was, or feigned to be, frequently too tired for conversation. I meant, however, to speak seriously upon what was pressing heavily on my mind.

"Why did you laugh, Phemie dear, to-day, when we were speaking about keeping letters?" I began.

"I'm sure I don't know. It wasn't worth making a fuss over, anyway."

"Fuss? No. The word is inappropriate, and don't you think a little—well, cold?"

"How cold?"

"Under the circumstances I mean. Your engagement?"

"Yes, we *are* engaged, of course. And shall be married some day, I suppose."

"You hope, don't you, Phemie?"

"Now, Grace," and here Phemie's manner changed, and she shot a sharp, quick glance at me: "now, Grace, you are going to be inquisitive, and even scold me, perhaps. Get through it at once, my sister, while I do up your hair." Our eyes met in the looking-glass, before which I was sitting, and there was something of hard defiance in her's, though for an instant only. I felt irritated, and took up the challenge.

"Plainly, then, you know, I think you know—that I have some very decided views upon many subjects, and of those subjects the feelings entertained mutually by lovers is one. When I say lovers, I would imply that they are also engaged persons."

"Well," and the brush in her hand ceased to move.

"I say 'engaged,' as well as 'lovers.' There may be cases in which there is a distinction to be drawn."

"Again, well?"

"And if the two characters should not unite in the same person—"

"No," she burst forth with an angry tone that I had never heard from her before. "So I am one of the 'cases,' I suppose, and, of course, Hugh another! Because I am careless about letters, and don't go into raptures over them, or lay them away tied up with bright ribbons, or wear them next my heart, I am to be analyzed, condemned, told there are to be distinctions drawn! I utterly refuse to be so treated. How dare you, Grace; how dare you!"

"Nay, dearest, listen. I did not say so. Do you not know how anxious I am to see you happy, both of you? If I, older, graver, more of a naturally anxious, far looking temperament than you, express myself badly, forgive me. I mean no harm, but all the best that life can give for you. There should be confidence between us, Phemie, at least until one dearer than I shall claim your every thought."

We were silent for a little while, and I knew instinctively that she was wrestling with some feeling of rebellion in her inmost soul. But soon I heard her sob, and catching her to my bosom, whispered, "Let me help you, darling." But, with what I know, also, was an effort, she

lifted her face, and said firmly, "I do love Hugh. I will do my duty to him as a faithful wife. If, dear Grace, that is what you wanted to be sure of, be sure of it. You have sought my confidence, and I have given it you. All is settled. Let us say no more."

For all that I was certain that the tears were moistening her pillow for an hour afterwards; and when her eyes were closed at last in slumber she sighed as though her dreams were not of happiness and peace. I, too! Yes, I had got her confidence, and how much good had come of it! As for giving her my own, the bargain was only carried out on one side. Well, I must lock my skeleton's closet closer than ever and try to be content.

V.

As once more the two households were alone, for loneliness it was in the absence of Hugh, and of Charley also, for he had become one of us in reality, there came a season of melancholy days and weeks. The war news was scanty, and the letters we got spoke only of unimportant movements in Virginia, where, so far as we could tell, the opposing armies of Grant and Lee were entrenched, watching each other, expectant of the struggle not far off, which one intended and the other felt must be final. Pickett duty, the holding and strengthening of fortified lines, with an occasional sally and skirmish, were the incidents described. As December commenced we were led to expect another visit, not for a very cheerful reason, however. Hugh's health was again failing, and one of Charley's wounds troubled him more than was expected. Neither had been relieved from duty, but they had hopes of a short furlough, not an easy matter to obtain. If they succeeded, they would be with us at Christmas. Who could tell! At all events we, I chiefly, wrote letter after letter, begging Charley to use every endeavour to be with us. General Warren, their corps commander, was so no longer, for Sheridan had deprived him of his command just after he, General Warren, had, at Five Forks, as the place was called, achieved one of the most brilliant victories of the war. Somebody blundered, as often before, and Warren's reputation gained rather than lost by the insult cast upon him. Did I not with maps and thought, and many a shrewd criticism from our apparently careless father, form many a judgment of what happened upon those dark days? Did I not know that Warren, the hero *sans peur et sans reproche*, was one of the great soldiers, the glory of whose deeds was appropriated by the stolid "hammer," to whom the sacrifice of lives was nothing, and in whose brain scientific war was ignored in favour of mere slaughter. Never till now have I written what in my secret heart I felt then, that Mr. Lincoln knew all, and shuddered with horror. I know, too, that he must be aware of the insult to Warren.

Anyway, I wrote to General Warren; I wrote to Mr. Lincoln, also, in behalf of our two wounded and ailing boys. And there came—oh, joy, joy, and thanks to God! a brief note: "We have got leave; shall be home on the twenty-third, sure." That blessed message reached us on the 20th of December.

The very next day, to our great surprise, Hugh suddenly made his appearance—alone! We were bewildered, us, stopping the hack at his door he, without getting out, shouted, "I am going to mother first, back directly, bad news of Charley," and then was gone.

We had all rushed out to hear this, and instinctively turning to look at Phemie I saw that she was white to the very lips.

He was not long away, and then the dismal story was told. The furlough had been granted. They had made ready for departure. Many messages of comrades to dear ones at home had been confided to them, and many a little *souvenir* entrusted to their care. One little task of reconnoitering duty and they were free. Forth from the entrenched lines had they gone with a party of sharpshooters in charge. It was night. A straggling moonbeam now and then lighted their perilous way, save for which all was dark. Another party similarly purposed were on the way towards them. An affair of a minute. The hoarse challenge; the defiant reply. A scattering volley; a rush and a struggle, and then blackness of darkness everywhere. Nothing left for both sides but to draw off and count the cost. Ay! the cost. A dozen corpses. Half a dozen "missing," of the half dozen missing our Charley was one.

So, then! Oh, bitter festive season! Oh, mockery of Christmas cheerfulness! Hugh was safe; but what avails it, when Charley was lost, perhaps, nay, too surely, never to be found again.

I dread even now, to recall that dreary week. For, as I said before, he was one of us, and for two women he held the key which should open the door of their sad or happy future.

Notwithstanding this, which I now know, our father had understood all along. There was, as he said, to be as much got out of the season as we could get. He was right. I think that we none of us knew him thoroughly; but I am sure that beneath all his not exactly joviality, not exactly heedlessness, or light disregard of what the morrow might bring forth, there was always a watchful care that we should not magnify our troubles, and a constant tender heedfulness to avert, smooth over, heal up, the little paltry outbreaks and unkindnesses which occur in all families, and which, if let grow, blossom, like foul weeds, the very atmosphere of home. "Did you think I was blind, Gracie?"

he said laughingly long after. And he added, "I fancy you all thought me so, but though you may call me a conceited old gentleman for saying so, I never was blind, and I never am."

Christmas! "Ach Gott!" as the Germans say, what a Christmas! However, there were the usual "kitchen worries"—not that I disliked them, for it is a pleasure to see our own culinary handiwork enjoyed, and I was not a bad domestic pastry-cook, though I say it who should not. There was also some little attempt at parlour decoration; not to speak of Mrs. Deroche's jubilant millinery—for she, of course, and Hugh, were with us.

Well, I pass over the dinner. It was a good one really, and of the time-honoured sort. After that was done with, we gathered round the fire. The little circle was not a happy one. Father wanted some music, but there was none in our hearts, and, after some attempts at miscellaneous conversation, he said it was so evident that while talking nothing was being all thinking of something else, and the best way was to open our minds all round. "So," he added, "tell us once more, Hugh, how the disaster to poor Charley came to pass."

"That is not easy," replied Hugh. In fact, almost impossible. We were on that night quietly smoking before turning in for our allotted hours of rest, when an order came for two companies to advance silently to observe some movement which was fancied to be in progress, at a point of the Confederate fortifications, facing and very near to where our brigade lay. Not that much importance was attached to it, whatever it might be. Probably some night surprise on a small scale was intended. "What do you say, Hugh?" said Charley. "Neither of us in good trim for the duty, but it would be a plucky act to volunteer, now wouldn't it?"

"I strenuously opposed this notion. It was even a foolhardy proposition, considering his weak condition, nor do I think I was cowardly in doubting my own strength. No! He would insist; nor when the Colonel was disposed to refuse permission to 'a couple of invalids,' as he very properly called us, would he accept refusal. Our superior officer might have made his veto absolute, but did not, and what could I do but go along with Charley? Our companies were silently assembled, and we cautiously issued forth from the covering breastwork. For a short distance we saw nothing, though we could hear the sentries' voices now and then from the enemy's lines. We were, indeed, just considering the propriety of retiring and reporting nothing moving in front. All on a sudden, a crowd of dark forms were close to us, as if they had risen out of the earth, and we were blinded almost by a fire of musketry. Then it was cold steel, clubbed pieces, a brief struggling to and fro, and men dropping heavily on the ground, and as suddenly as they had appeared our foes were gone. A pause of expectancy ensued, but nothing more came of it. All was over, apparently, and I turned to look for Charley—he was 'missing.' Not a trace of him, though we scattered in search, after hunting among those who had been struck down. We had—there was no alternative—to go back with the miserable story. It was dreadful horrible. Charley a prisoner! I feel, friends, like a guilty man before you now. I feel that I ought not to be here. And for him—where, where is he?"

"Here!"

"What was this? Who was this? Whose shriek was it that thrilled through the room?"

It was Charley, standing in our midst, while with sobs and cries of "Oh, my love! my love!" Phemie flew into his arms and held him in a close embrace.

I shall not try to describe the scene that followed—of confusion, and tears and joy. It was a supreme moment. A life crowded into a few heart-beats. It was a revelation, too; and when we all calmed down we knew that there was peace ineffable in store. For without an explanation had not she claimed him as her own, and did not father, smiling with wet cheeks at Hugh and me, whisper to us, "Are you contented now, you two?"

We were.
"Content, the purest of all human bliss,
Was ours at last!"

There is little more to say. Our soldier boys never went back, for there was still a period of suffering and sickness that forbade it. There came a time when

"Flowers were springing, birds were singing,
And all the world was May."

for Hugh was mine and I was his,

"'Till he or she
Shall whisper to the other, love, good-bye,
I shall not linger; I will follow soon."

INGOLSBY NORTH.

THE TENOR.

The tenor is generally a cooper, a baker, a cabman, or a tanner, who has been caught singing over his tubs, his hot rolls, or his hides. Why is the tenor so rarely a law student, an architect, or an apothecary's assistant? The problem is one for physiologists to solve. The only thing quite certain is that the tenor is never a prodigy of learning. Grammar especially perplexes him; orthography drives him to despair. He therefore adopts a phonetic system of his own invention. "Let him take less us, then," you say. Very good; but taking lessons in spelling is a confession that he cannot spell.

His prestige would suffer. What would his idolatrous crowd think of their idol on learning that, in a letter to his mother, he had written, "hevery mornin i heat a raw hegg for the sake of my elth." And his fellow-singers in the green-room! Wouldn't they make fun of him? Consequently, the tenor abstains from writing; or, if absolutely obliged to write, he takes refuge in a prudent laconism. One sweet-voiced gentleman, compelled to answer a manager who had proposed, by letter, a reduction of his salary, thought of sending his card with the simple phrase, "I maintain my pretensions." But the last syllable of the last word sorely puzzled him. Not liking the look of it with a *t*, he tried it with a double *s*, and finally decided on a *c*, "pretencions." His geographical knowledge is equally at fault. He is offered an advantageous engagement at New Orleans, and without reflection signs at once. "You are going to see a lovely country," says the manager. "No doubt, I have often heard speak of the Maid of New Orleans, and I am particularly fond of New Orleans plums." "Ah!" says the manager, opening wide his eyes. "We start in three weeks' time. Send your luggage at once to Liverpool." "Liverpool? I don't know him. Where is his office?" "Liverpool? I the seaport where we take the ship." "No ship for me, if you please; you can go by sea if you prefer it; I shall take the express train instead." It was the same individual who fancied that horticulture was the art of cultivating *orties* (nettles), and who thought to give dignity to Robert the Devil, who was a chevalier, by wearing the cross of the Legion of Honour. Another drawback to the tenor's happiness is, that he himself is the slave of his organ. That voice, which is the source of all his success, has to be guarded and nursed with jealous care. Sobriety, even austerity, have to be strictly observed. Syrups, gurgles, lozenges, liquorice, potions, and flannel neck-ties are his fate. Besides which are to be reckoned his professional labours, mental and physical. Thus, between 1839 and '70, Mario, the famous tenor, learnt by heart, studied, rehearsed, dressed and performed more than one hundred grand operas by Meyerbeer, Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, and a host of composers too numerous to mention, to say nothing of minor pieces, concerts and the like. Was that the life of a sybarite? And his final destiny is to be forgotten. The painter leaves his picture behind him, the sculptor his statue, the author his book, the composer his score. What permanent record of the tenor remains, not merely after his death, but after his operatic life has ended! History speaks of Sophocles, Pheidias, Appelles; but what historian, two thousand years hence, will rescue Rubini from oblivion? How many of our younger readers have ever even heard of Rubini? Unhappy vocalist, in the midst of thy triumph "*Memento, tenore, quia pulvis es!*" Remember, O tenor, thou art but dust!"—*Times*.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

MR. SPOOPENDYKE BATHES MRS. SPOOPENDYKE.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bounced out of the bathing-house and thumped on the door of one occupied by Mrs. Spoopendyke, "are you ready? We must hurry into the water and out again, or we won't be through in time for dinner."

Mrs. Spoopendyke emerged, bent almost double and shivering with the cold.

"Isn't it rather chilly?" she asked.
"Not at all, Mrs. Spoopendyke, not at all; the air is rather cool, but the water is warm. If you are going with me you want to move along."

As they reached the beach, Mr. Spoopendyke left his wife and boldly strode into the surf. A wave broke over him, dilling his eyes, nose, ears and mouth, and then he strode out.

"What are you standing there for, eh?" he demanded. "What do you take yourself for—a big lighthouse! Did ye come down to take a bath, or are ye waiting for some ship to tie up to you. What is the matter with you anyways?"

"I'm afraid of the waves," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "they're so big."

"Oh, they're too big for you, ain't they?" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Wait till I get a man to saw off a little one. Better get measured for one to suit, hadn't ye! It's the big waves you want, I tell you. Look here!" and Mr. Spoopendyke went boldly into the sea again. Another wave caught him and landed him high and dripping on the beach.

"Why didn't ye come when I called ye? What d'ye want to make me walk all the way up here after you for!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Are you wanting to be launched like a ship? Can't you walk as far as that? What are you hoisting up the legs of your pants for? They ain't skirts. Now look at me. See how I go in, and you follow when I beckon to you. Watch me now."

Mr. Spoopendyke ploughed in and swished around a few minutes in safety, but the treacherous water was biting its over. Another wave caught him and rolled him over, pumping itself into his stomach, drew him under, whirled him round, and finally deposited him howling on the sand.

"Got most ready to join in," he jerked out, as he climbed up himself and assumed the perpendicular. "Think I'm going to slum around here all day, like a waterspout, waiting for you! What did you come here for? Find any fun

standing out there like a soda water sign? Why don't you get into the water if you're going to! Come on, now."

"I'm afraid," snivelled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "If I go in I know I will be drowned."

"No, you won't get drowned, either. Can't you hold on to me? What did you put on the shirt and trousers for if you meant to get drowned? What are you doing around here? Now when I go in again you come along, or else you go home."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged into the surf, but as he came up he missed the rope. For a second or two he sprawled around, and then began to yell. Mrs. Spoopendyke eyed him a moment, and then her fear for him overcome her fears for herself, and with a yell she dashed in and hauled him out by the hair.

"Dod gast the water!" choked Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'm full of the m-easty stuff. So you got in! didn't ye! Let go my hair, will ye. What d'ye think you are, anyway—a steam barber's shop? Going to let go of that hair sometime?"

But, frightened out of all reason, Mrs. Spoopendyke clung still, and hauled Mr. Spoopendyke to his bath-house.

"Oh, if I hadn't saved you!" she sobbed.

"Oh, yes, you saved me, didn't you?" sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "All you need is four airtight compartments and two sets of thole-pins to be a patent life-raft. Are you going to let go of that hair?"

As she released him they went to their separate apartments.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

VARIETIES.

THE FINE REMITTED.—Tom Marshall was engaged in the trial of a case in the interior of Kentucky, when the decision of a judge struck him so bad that he rose and said, "There never was such a ruling as that since the days of Pontius Pilate." "Mr. Clerk," responded the judge, "fine Mr. Marshall ten dollars for contempt of court." "I confess, your honour," continued Tom, "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate is contempt of court." "Mr. Clerk, make the fine twenty dollars for continued contempt," said the judge solemnly. "Well, judge," Tom added, "as you won all my money last night at poker, lead me the twenty." "Mr. Clerk," cried the judge hastily, "remit the fine. The State can afford to lose the money better than I can." "I congratulate the court upon its return to a sane condition," said Tom, resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.

THE PLUG HAT.—An exchange paper says that the plug hat is virtually a sort of social guarantee for the preservation of peace and order. He who puts one on has given a hostage to the community for his good behaviour. The wearer of a plug hat must move with a certain sedateness and propriety. He cannot run, or jump, or romp, or get into a fight, except at the peril of his head-gear. All the hidden influences of the beaver tend towards respectability. He who wears one is obliged to keep the rest of his body in decent trim, that there may be no incongruity between head and body. He is apt to become thoughtful through the necessity of watching the sky whenever he goes out. The chances are that he will buy an umbrella, which is another guarantee for good behaviour, and the care of hat and umbrella—perpetual and exacting as it must ever be—adds to the sweetness of his character. The man who wears a plug hat naturally takes to society of women, with all its elevated tendencies. He cannot go hunting or fishing without abandoning his beloved hat, but in the moderate enjoyment of croquet and lawn tennis he may sport his beaver with impunity. In other words, the constant use of a plug hat makes a man composed in manner, quiet and gentlemanly in conduct, and a companion of the ladies. The inevitable result is prosperity, marriage, and church membership.

No article ever attained such unbounded popularity in so short a time as Burdock Blood Bitters, and that too during the existence of countless numbers of widely advertised bitters and blood purifiers. It is evident that this medicine begins its work at once, and leaves the desirable effect unattained.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

THE causes of colds are getting overheated in hot rooms or crowded assemblies, sitting in a draught, or cooling too rapidly after exercise, muffling up warm and changing to lighter wrappings, cold and damp feet. No matter what is the cause Haggard's Pectoral Balsam is the cure for all throat and lung diseases, that induce consumption.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—AN ORIGINAL DRAMA FOR CHILDREN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Six Fairies, or Little People; Herald; King; Queen; Mistress of the Robes; a Doll in baby clothes; Nobles and Courtiers, *ad libitum*; Beauty; Lady Nellie; Lady Blossom; Lady May; Prince Halbert; Footman; Page; Wicked Fairy.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.

Curtain rises, disclosing six Fairies grouped about a kettle drum table taking 5 o'clock tea out of tiny cups.

1ST FAIRY.—*After doing the honours of the table.*
What fairy work have you all found
In mankind's paths, where sins abound?
Were there lovely maids to succour,
Or some gentler deed to do?
Severed friendships there to mend,
Or some faithless tryst make true?

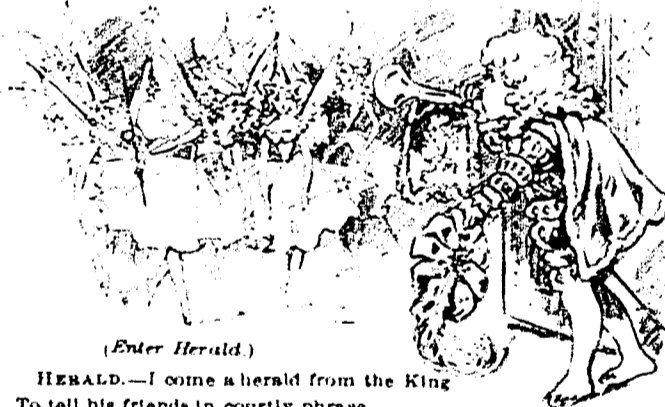
ALL.—Ay! ay! and so methinks have you.
2ND FAIRY.—I have dried a maiden's tears.
3RD FAIRY.—I chased away a coward's fears.
4TH FAIRY.—To a lone mother I returned her child,
And of a breaking heart its grief beguiled.
5TH FAIRY.—I have in Lethe laved all vain regrets.
6TH FAIRY.—I, from this tiny purse have paid men's debts.



1ST FAIRY.—In many a frolic I have borne a part,
Held sweet dominion o'er each childish heart,
Smoothed puckered brows, checked angry words
That cut both ways, like two-edged swords;
Made loving arms cling closer still;
Bent by love's charm the stubborn will;
Given to the birds a sweeter song,
The weak the power of the strong;
Have lent my aid where'er I could,
In little things done nought but good.
Enough! Now tell me what's the news,
What trifle doth the world amuse?
2ND FAIRY.—The good ship Victory is found again;
3RD FAIRY.—The fields are ripe with golden grain;
4TH FAIRY.—Rumours of war on every side,
Of arming men both far and wide.
5TH FAIRY.—Wisdom, 'tis said, will soon inspire
A man with wits to use a wire,
Across the world a message send
In instant flash from end to end.

6TH FAIRY.—Oreylund's monarch, by all men blest,
In fine old age has gone to rest.

1ST FAIRY.—His son, then—*(A knock is heard at the door)* But hark! what cheer!
A knock upon the panel! Hear!



(Enter Herald.)

HERALD.—I come a herald from the King
To tell his friends in courtly phrase
Of the good-will he bears them.
Tender his grateful thanks for all
The kindly deeds that they have done;
To ask their aid that now he reigns
In his good father's stead,
Who, ripe with years,
Now sleeps amid his subjects' tears;
That when his reign is o'er, the sun
May set in sky as bright and clear
As closed the evening of his father's days.

ALL.—Yes, we'll help him, one and
If he be true he cannot fail. [all]

HERALD.—And furthermore,
he'd have you know
His daughter is but ten days old,
To-morrow noon he holds high court
To present her to his nobles bold,
And would request your presence too,
If you will condescend to grace
His palace, and his child befriend.

1ST FAIRY.—Shall we go?
ALL.—It is best. [the King]
1ST FAIRY.—Then, Herald, to my lord
You will from us this answer bring,
That we are most honoured by
His bidding. That our sympathy
Is with him in his sorrow.
Further, at his court to-morrow
We will right willingly attend,
Express our thanks and then extend
Our wands of fairy fate, and bring,
Gifts to the daughter of our King.

Curtain.

SCENE SECOND.

1ST FAIRY.—*(Stepping forward to touch the table and wand)*

Your nobles bold, most gracious King,
Have fealty sworn to this tiny thing;
The richest gifts of gold and land
Given by your courtiers bland,
My gift is small, but may it prove
All that I would—It is but Love
And sweetest temper o'er possess
By man or maid by fairy blest.

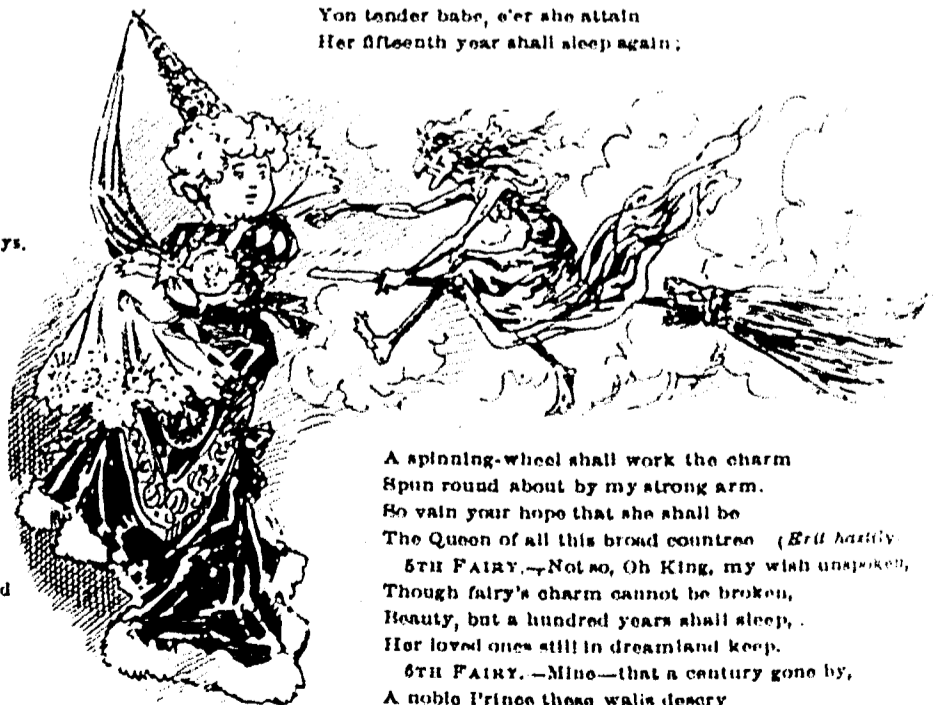
2ND FAIRY.—Mine, to add a lovely face,
A princely mien and subtle grace.

3RD FAIRY.—Mine—that while she lives the land
Will have wise men to guide her hand.

4TH FAIRY.—Mine—but wealth to speed aright,
Gladden the poor and make life bright.

5TH FAIRY.—Mine—but a—*(The door is opened suddenly. Enter the Wicked Fairy.)*

WICKED F.—I come unbidden, but to be
Revenge'd for such discourtesy. *(Waving her wand)*
Yon tender babe, o'er she attain
Her fifteenth year shall sleep again;



A spinning-wheel shall work the charm
Spun round about by my strong arm.
So vain your hope that she shall be
The Queen of all this broad country. *(Exit hastily)*
5TH FAIRY.—Not so, Oh King, my wish unspoken,
Though fairy's charm cannot be broken,
Beauty, but a hundred years shall sleep,
Her loved ones still in dreamland keep.
6TH FAIRY.—Mine—that a century gone by,
A noble Prince these walls desery
And enter by the postern gate
Through sleeping forms to meet his fate;
See here a face so fair as this
And wake the Princess with a kiss.

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST

The Wicked Fairy as a little old woman sitting spinning R. in rather an empty room. Door S.

WICKED FAIRY.—And so the old King thought By laws and proclamations fraught With heavy penalties, to baulk Me of my vengeance!

(Voices and laughter heard outside door L.) 1ST VOICE.—Here's a door, Beauty. Where does it lead to? This is a hall we never saw before.

2ND VOICE.—Shall we try the handle and peep in?

3RD VOICE.—Yes, quickly! why wait? we'll likely find some lumber, nothing more. (Door opens and one or two faces peep in and are withdrawn again.)

2ND VOICE.—There's the funniest old woman!

3RD VOICE.—What is she doing?

2ND VOICE.—Twirling about a strange looking wheel and crooning like a—

3RD VOICE.—Oh, hush, Nellie! you forget she might hear. (Door opens, and they come in cautiously on tip-toe.)

WICKED FAIRY.—(aside) Good mother! (aloud) Ay, that you may; a spinning-wheel is nothing strange. Nobler hands than mine, my gentle lady, have held the threads.

(They all gather round her facing audience, Beauty C. while she speaks.)

LADY NELLIE.—How easy it seems. Let me try, mother.

LADY MAY.—Oh, yes, do show us how to do it!

LADY BLOSSOM.—And me, too, please!

BEAUTY.—If it would not spoil your work, we would like to turn the wheel awhile.



SCENE SECOND.

Beauty on a low lounge asleep. C. Ladies Blossom, Nellie and May grouped near in pretty attitudes. Curtain rises to the same distant lullaby. Door L. opens, and Prince Halbert enters in cap and sword.



PRINCE HALBERT.—(Coming on guard to front of stage and pushing aside his cloak impatiently.)

I've ridden far o'er land and stream To prove the truth of but a dream, Through forest wild and mountain dale To find if true the old man's tale: Sealed high the silent castle's wall, To prove if the spell can o'er me fall; Or if charm of health and youth, Girded with the sword of truth, More potent is than fairy spell, I'll wake to life the sleeping dell. Neglect here reigns on every side, Killed by weeds the flowers have died; The gaping gates, where sentry sleeps, While at her post the portress keeps A faithless watch, with half-closed eyes, 'Neath winter clouds and summer skies; The horse boy's head against the steed That stoops its head to take its feed. The coachmen in the door-way stand Waving to housemaid gallant hand; The cook, on mystery intent O'er sav'ry sauce has grey head bent; The scullery-maid with pot half-cleaned, Has paused in tale from gossip gleaned, The footmen, pages, maidsens in the hall, The same dread spell has fallen on them all.

What sleep! I were a laggart knight If I could close my eyes on such a sight! My faith, I'd lose them, ne'er find another pair, If they've e'er seen a maiden half so fair! (Advancing towards lounge.) But Hark! I would not yet awake Such grace, such loveliness; nor take A moment from that hour of bliss (A pause) My heart! what beautiful form is this? (Advancing slowly to back of lounge, still facing audience.) Nearer I will creep, on light tip-toe steal, Close to this goddess; If the dream be real And I can touch those dainty finger-tips, Then, as the bee from rose-leaf honey sips I'll press upon her cheek my loving lips! (Leans forward and kisses Beauty, who opens her eyes.)

Curtain.



FINAL TABLEAU.

Beauty and Prince C.; King and Queen R. C. L.; Ladies Nellie, Blossom and May on either side; Fairies in foreground; Wicked Fairy high up in background, with threatening broomstick in hand. Nobles, Courtiers, Maids of Honour, Servants and Pages grouped at sides. Music—Wedding March.

THE END.



WICKED FAIRY.—Well, just a moment, lady. Stand you here and hold these threads, your foot just here. There, the thread is broken. Catch it quickly. I will turn. (Giving it a quicker turn Beauty strikes her finger against the reel and hurts it.)

BEAUTY.—Oh, Nellie, I have hurt my hand!

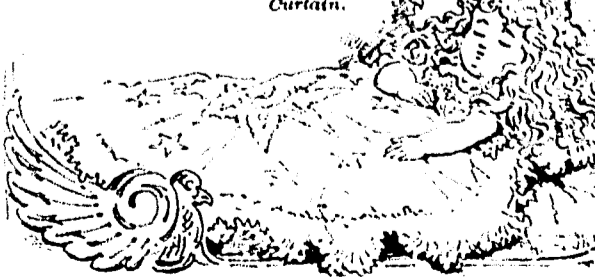
LADY NELLIE (Anxiously).—Not much?

BEAUTY.—Oh no! I think not. But how strange! the room seems spinning like the wheel. I'll close my eyes; so drowsy I feel. (Falling back towards Nellie, who, catching her, sinks on the lounge behind her and drops her head over Beauty.)

LADY NELLIE.—(Looking up with drowsy voice, says) I too would sleep! (And sinks her head again, the others falling asleep in graceful repose near. A soft lullaby played in the distance.)

WICKED FAIRY.—Spin round, my wheel! Upon them all A century's dreamless sleep shall fall On all within this castle wall, In yard and stable, court and hall, And my revenge is gained!

Curtain.



Across the halls the spider spins his thread, The only life amid the living dead, And in security within its maze Reigns, Crusoe-like o'er all that he surveys. Methinks the spell I too begin to feel, And o'er my limbs delficious languors steal. I, too, could sleep, I'm weary from my ride; I'll doff my hat and lay my sword aside. (Takes off hat, and, turning, sees Beauty; throwing his hat at his feet starts a step nearer, and)



A CHRISTMAS-BOX.

What shall I send as a Christmas-box,
To a bright little fairy with golden locks,
With big blue eyes, and a smile more sweet
Than any plum-pudding can hope to beat?
Then Frank, her brother—that lovely boy—
Should receive as his gift some noiseless toy;
And her sister Nellie, though scarcely three,
Duly considered in turn must be.

Shall I resort, as I've done before,
To the Leather Arcade's unbounded store,
Of dolls that can open and shut their eyes,
Till they thrill the beholder with glad surprise;
Of drums, of trumpets, of tambourines,
And other dainty sound-machines;
And ask where Nook, with all his crew,
Could have made a C-lesno prove them true?

Nay, none of the Christmas boxes here
Will thoroughly meet my plans, I fear,
For father and mother I'd fain prescribe,
As well as for imps of the tiny tribe,
To the Temple of Thespis I'll take my way
(Both elders and youngsters love "the play");
'Twere better, perchance, at this festive time,
If I sent them a Box for a Pantomime!

THE ROBBERY AT THE HALL.

I don't know how often my nephew Charles has asked me to write down my recollections of sundry episodes in my life. Of course I know well enough it is half chaff on his part when he says it is a pity the world should lose them; and I also know, when the subject was mooted to his father (my junior by just two years), he said, in his usual coarse way, "The old fool is conceited enough for anything." Let all this pass. Charles is my favourite nephew, and half a dozen idle words won't make me quarrel with my brother.

We belong to one of the oldest families in the kingdom. It appears that in 1476 a small grant of land was made to one Michael Stonnor, for services rendered to Edward IV. during his French campaign. My ancestors must have been thrifty, for in 1640 it had grown large enough to attract the unwelcome attention of the Round-heads, who destroyed the mansion and appropriated what revenue they could. We came in again with Charles II., and my father succeeded to the estate with scarcely a break in the family tree. He, poor soul, was one of the finest men of his time; but his reverend name is no protection against my brother's love of a good joke. I am sorry to say I have heard him tell story after story at the expense of his memory. One in particular, as showing how the split occurred between us and the Anstruthers, he narrates with greatunction.

It appears that my father was very intimate with a young Edward Anstruther, who died while they were travelling together on the Continent. A visit of condolence to Anstruther Park followed, during which he walked round the famous picture gallery with Sir George, and, stepping before one of the portraits, examined it with considerable emotion. At last, turning to his host, he said: "How happily the artist has caught poor Ned's winning smile." The picture was, unfortunately, a study for the head of Barabbas. Now whether the story is true or not for my part I don't believe one word of it; it is certainly very bad taste for my brother to repeat it. Alas! no ties protect you from a professional raconteur. Even I am not free! In the agonies of gout I am told I am enjoying one of the privileges of the head of the house; and the theft of the family plate, of which more hereafter, and other misfortunes are made the subjects of so many standing jokes.

My father was not only a thorough gentleman of the old school, but in his day the handsomest man about town. I am told I strongly resemble him. This annoys my brother. Poor Robert! he is a good-looking enough man, but plain for a Stonnor.

Then again he belongs to what is called an advanced school of politicians, while the Stonnors from time immemorial have consistently supported the fire old bulwarks of the Constitution. I can give my adherence to neither of the present political parties, and have therefore repeatedly refused to represent my county in Parliament. Parliament indeed! I should as soon think of being elected mayor, or provost, or beadle, of a town, as of being elected M. P. nowadays. Not that I wish to shirk any political question. No. I don't wish to get rid of them as a worthy Scotch friend of mine disposes of the utterances of Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley. He calls them "legs"—an honest enough confession of ignorance, but not one to be used by me. Oratory, too! Don't talk to me about the power of oratory, I know all about it. I have it myself. Many a time in my solitary rambles have tears come to my eyes at the words that have gushed from me on some of the burning topics of the day. But I don't use this power simply because I happen to have it; it is not in a gentleman's province to do so. The same with writing; I have no scruples about it. The Stonnors have always been pretty ready with their pens. Why, my grand-uncle's "Letters on the Times," written after the model of Lord Chesterfield, and considered by some superior to his, had a European celebrity, and a well-preserved copy can be seen even now in most of the libraries of our county gentlemen.

No, I have no scruples. The great thing is to have something to write about; and, notwithstanding my brother's cynical remarks, it is not improbable that the personal recollections of a gentleman in my position, however fragmentary and disconnected, may be eagerly read by a select class of readers.

It is very odd that every little adventure that

befalls me seems to afford him such amusement. The more unpleasant it happens to be the more he exaggerates it, twisting and turning the details till so many standing jokes are scored up against me, and I am thus compelled, in self-defence, to write true versions of them. Questionable taste, to say the least of it, this holding up the head of the house to ridicule; but, as I said before, I will not be a party to an undignified quarrel; besides, at heart, I believe he has an honest affection for me.

Only the other day he kept my table in roars of laughter by narrating the story of the loss of the family plate. Why, he was himself partly the cause of it! It was he who persuaded me to hire a yacht, and if it had not been for that yacht the misfortune would not have occurred.

He bothered me about a boat. My father kept one, and I ought not to let the custom drop. I could afford it, and he couldn't. Then it would be such a grand opportunity for his son Charles, the artist, to explore fresh sketching-ground. Dr. Pascal, the traveller, who was staying with him at the time, backed him up by talking of ozone and iodine and the health-giving properties of salt air.

"Yes," said my brother, "our father went for his health, you know. He liked a yacht, because it possessed such convenient capabilities for eating and sleeping. He would never take any one with him who was not a good sleeper. This was a *ring and non*. You must be able to drop off at a moment's notice, like the fat boy in 'Pickwick.' After meals, during which I have no doubt he enlightened his guests on the general magnificence of the Stonnors, they would put up their legs without moving from their seats, and snore away till the next meal. He was musical in his sleep, too, and old Barton said, when he came back from a cruise with him, that 'Stonnor could blow his own trumpet even in his sleep.'"

"Really, Robert," I said, "I don't think you need entertain Dr. Pascal with our father's peculiarities."

"Oh, but there is a better joke than that," he went on. "Do you know, Pascal, he took a sheep on board, that he might have a fresh kidney for breakfast every morning."

"Ah," laughed Pascal, "I suspect your father's physiological researches had been confined to poultry; but, joking apart, a sea-trip would do your brother good."

"Look here, Peter," said Robert; there is a rare chance for you just now. You can hire the *Fedie*, a forty tonner, lying at her moorings in the Gareloch, all ready for sea. Be off, and show Charles the West Highlands."

"Well, well," I said at last, "don't bother me any more. Send Charles up to Scotland, and if he likes the craft we will try a cruise."

Four days later I joined my nephew on the Gareloch. What a lovely scene it was from the deck of our craft! Beautifully wooded hills on either side of us, here and there crowned with heather, and between them the sea all green and gold sparkling up for five or six miles till stopped by a grand range of purple hills. These stretched right across the landscape, and were called Argyle's Bowling Green.

"A curious name," I said to our skipper, Captain McCosh. "Is it possible that the Argyle family ever played bowls on such extremely rugged ground?"

"Oh, ay!" he replied. "The Macallum More would mount you steep hill before breakfast, and roll the big stones down from the top—just for exercise ye ken. You may see the rocks they hurled down to this very day lying all about the shores of Loch Gail and Loch Long."

Dear me, what Titans these old Scotch fellows must have been! I looked in vain, however, for any remains of their strongholds. Nothing to be seen but the most objectionable of pretty villas, with eagles and statues before the doors, the largest being a sort of Greek temple belonging to the Duke of Argyle himself.

We were amused at the eccentric behaviour of some person sketching on the shore close by us; he would gaze bareheaded at the landscape, rush to his easel, dab on some paint, then fall back on the bank and gaze at the sky. Suddenly he would rise and repeat the operation. We watched and watched, till at last Charles got so interested that we landed to see what he was doing. We found him in a sort of swoon. A young man with fair hair brushed straight back from his forehead, dreamy blue eyes looking into vacancy, an aquiline nose, and a thin-lipped mouth.

"I beg your pardon," Charles began.

"Who is it that speaks?" he said, jumping up. "Ah, gentlemen, it is I who should ask pardon; but my thoughts were far away."

"I see you are an artist," said my nephew, "and I thought perhaps you could give me some hints as to the subjects about here."

"I wish it was in my power to assist you," he replied; but the fact is, I am lately come from Germany, and am seeking sketching-ground myself. You are almost the first person I have spoken to."

"Well, I am sorry we have disturbed you."

"Not at all. It was kind of you to notice a stranger. Will you look at my work! The question is," he went on as we walked to his easel, "the question is, whether you would paint the *Seen* or the *Unseen*? Look at this."

Charles looked puzzled.

"Bless my soul," I exclaimed, "it is a regiment of soldiers!"

"Exactly," he said, "a regiment of soldiers from the great cloud army. There they are clothed in blood red, to do battle with the world.

See how they overthrow the mountains, and blot them out from mortal eyes! See how they frown upon the waters! This is how I see a landscape—not as a copy of hill and water, but as a triumph of spiritualism over the material world!"

"I can't make it out," said Charles bluntly.

"I distinctly see the soldiers," said I.

"It is comforting to meet any one who has your perceptive faculty, sir," said the stranger to me. "Depend upon it, if you say of a landscape, 'how like the spot!' it is a bad picture, because the spiritual has been sacrificed to the material. The same also of a portrait. How easy to make it like by accentuating some commonplace peculiarity. The true painter's aim should be, not only to paint the soul of the man, but also to show what traditions belong to him, and what portent they have. You will pardon my rudeness," he continued, "but your face plainly speaks of a long history."

"You are right!" I answered. "Extraordinary as the guesses, you are perfectly right. I am the representative of one of the oldest families in Britain. The Stonnors, sir, date back to Edward the Fourth—a pretty long history!"

"It is, sir," he said, with a polite bow; "but there was no need of your assuring me of the fact. It is written on your face."

"I'll be hanged if I can make out how you can paint the 'Unseen' though!" said Charles.

"That is because the new light is too dazzling for your eye," replied the stranger; but it will come. However, if you are fond of the 'Seen' I have a folio of German sketches that would interest you. Will you honour me by looking at them?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Come and dine on board the *Fedie*, and we will inspect them during the long evening."

I liked this young fellow. There was a deferential air about him that is sadly missing in most young men of the present day. My nephew did not at first share in my admiration, but began to alter his opinion after looking at the drawings. They were distinctly different from what we had seen on the shore. Small literal transcripts of Dutch scenery, quaint figures, boats, buildings, all drawn with great skill and care, and all signed Edward Hansen. My nephew raved about their artistic merits, and talked German art with Hansen all the evening.

After this we saw a great deal of him. We were detained for provisions, and the young men sketched and fished together, till Charles, with his usual contradictory and impulsive way, took such a liking for the young German that he accompanied us on our cruise.

We had a happy time. We explored the Clyde Lochs, sailed round the Mull of Cantire, and saw most of the coast lately made famous by Mr. Black and Mr. Colin Hunter. Our skipper was invaluable. His memory was marvellous—no place of interest but what he knew every legend and story connected with it. He told us of the Piper of Dunroon, of Dancing Peter of Kilmahonig, and of the strange sounds to be heard at Corneveck. We had no need for guide-books. Hansen drank in these legends with avidity. He was a strange, gentle creature, thoroughly gentlemanlike and unselfish, making himself useful to my nephew and myself in a thousand little ways, till he became almost indispensable to our comfort. We found out that he was in reduced circumstances, and I was glad to be able, at my nephew's suggestion, to purchase the folio of drawings.

His fits of abstraction were absolutely painful to witness. They appeared also to be accompanied with considerable physical suffering, and at these times he would pace the deck for hours, refusing both food and drink.

I remember when at Mull we were looking at Aros Castle from the sea when McCosh observed,

"You're the rock where Maclaine slew his daughter. Will I be tellin' ye about it? Weel, the Maclaines were always famous for their good looks; but this young lassie was the most beautiful cratur that was ever seen whatsoever. She was as graceful as a rose, or one of the siller birks on Ben Linn. Peoples would come from all 'roon about just to look at her face, ye ken, and her lang yellow hair was the pride of the country. The auld laird he was a proud, passionate man. He loved his daughter, but he hated a Sassenach like pain. Was it no unfortunate now that when he was awa' a young English spark should come to the island, and fall strecht off in love wi' bonnie Miss Ellen! She, puir thing, learned to love this stranger, and they used to whisper their vows on yonder rock. But evil tongues did their work. The auld laird he returns all unbeknown to them, and finds Miss Ellen on the rock where she had just parted frae her lover. Ah, man, there was an awfu' scene! the laird he upbraided her, and vowed if she didn't gie up her English lover he would throw her into the water."

"Na," says she: 'I've plighted my troth, and a Maclaine never broke a vow.'

"Then he asked her again, and she wadna. So he seizes her yellow hair, and awirled her round and round over his head, and drops her plump, plash into the water."

"Weel, Mr. Stonnor, after this nothing prospered with the laird. His sons were killed in battle; he lost his money abroad; his cattle died at home; and at last the auld man came back to Aros just to dee."

"Weel, sir, the morning of his death nothing would do but that he must be moved up to yonder window to look ower the sea. And, lo! there upon the rock was seated puir Ellen, with her yellow hair all blowing in the wind. When

the laird saw this, he gave a great cry, and de'd strecht off, and at the vera same moment Ellen's ghast gave a groan, and jumped plump, plash into the water. The folks all say, sir, that she is to be seen to this vera day seated on yonder rock when any trouble is coming to the Maclaines."

"Curiously enough," I said, "there is a legend of a somewhat similar character attached to our family. The story goes that some time during the last century there was a certain Miss Lettice Stonnor who had offended her father in the same way as poor Ellen Maclaine, and was in consequence in a close prison; by him in one of the rooms in Stonnor Hall. She was treated with so much harshness that at last she threw herself out of the window in despair. There used to be some story of a ghost, but not in my time. The room, however, remains untouched, and I can show it to you now. There is a curious old inscription carved in oak over the fireplace. It is worded thus: 'Your lettuce grows within the garden, but our Lettice buds in Paradise!'"

Poor Hansen listened spell-bound, and subsequently had an unusually severe fit of abstraction. So wretchedly ill did he look in the morning that I determined to speak to him.

"Mr. Stonnor," he said, grasping my hand, "the sympathy of a gentleman of your high position is one of the most precious comforts I have experienced. I am a most unfortunate person. You see how these legends affect me. The fact is, sir, I have the misfortune to be *ca raper* with the spiritual world. Why the mantle should have fallen upon me, I cannot tell, but so it is—and the suffering it entails is dreadful. I believe I am the most powerful medium known. The manifestations that have been elicited through me in Germany have had the effect of ruining my health. The expenditure of *ohk* force has rendered me as weak as an infant. I can no longer produce such sketches as those you have lately purchased from me. I flew from Germany to distract my thoughts, and to avoid being made use of by the Spiritualists. In your society I have been happier; but still you see—I suffer."

"Is there anything then," I asked, "in this Spiritualism?"

"Anything, Mr. Stonnor? Oh, I wish there was not!"

"I have always thought that it was considered by our learned men as humbug."

"Yes," he replied sadly, "all the higher truths suffer from modern scepticism. But the position of Spiritualism is very simple. We are acquainted with two classes of phenomena, one visible—such as day and night, the movements of planets and tides; the other mysterious, invisible, and unsolved—we call some of these electricity, galvanism, gravitation; but there still remains an abundance of powerful forces unknown and undeveloped."

Perhaps, by-and-by, science may be able to explain it all!"

"I cannot tell, neither can I account for the manifestations. But surely there may be a higher and more subtle force than either electricity, light, or heat! It may be invoked unconsciously, or the latent force may exist only in a few."

"You interest me; but of course I have not studied the—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you; but that is the very reason why your calm judgment would be invaluable. A great mind like yours, unfettered by study, and free from school traditions, one that has lain dormant in its strength—would bring a new light on the subject."

"I dare say I could do something towards elucidating it," I said. "The Stonnors have generally succeeded in what they undertake."

"I am sure of it," he replied, "and I feel relieved now that I have unburdened my mind to you."

This was the first of many conversations we had on the subject. My interest was roused, not so much at Spiritualism itself as at the knowledge of finding a power of philosophical reasoning within me which I had been hitherto unconscious of. One evening we had a little seance. The manifestations were slight, but quite enough to convince me. He was especially pleased at my explanation of some of the phenomena. "We will pursue the subject," I said, "but in the meantime I should like to see you more cheerful."

"The prospect of parting makes me sad," he replied.

"Surely you are not going to leave us!" I asked.

"I am only too happy where I am," he said; but I have a presentiment that we shall be parted soon."

"Then we shall meet again at Stonnor Hall," I rejoined gaily.

Oddly enough it happened as he predicted, for at Oban I found letters that called me home. One from Julia telling me that my niece had sailed for England and was coming to the Hall. The trouble consequent on the death of her child, some two or three years old, had so preyed upon her health that her husband had packed her off by the first steamer; the other from my brother, saying she had arrived, and offering to come and finish the cruise with his son. I set off at once—arranging that my brother should join the yacht at Oban, and that Hansen should then come and pay a visit to Stonnor Hall.

I found that the young wife had picked up her health and spirits during the voyage, but that she might have a cheerful companion, I asked Mrs. Randall Rawson and her husband to spend a few days with us.

(To be continued.)

THE NATIVITY.

Ring out ye chimneys! ring everywhere, Ring out upon the midnight air, Ring out, ring out again!

Bear off that chant O wand'ring gale! Wait—wait it far o'er hill and dale, Away throughout the land;

To those afar on Ocean's breast, Tossed high upon the billow's crest, Glad tidings bear to them;

Whilst we thro' ages past go back, To follow in the shepherds' track, On that thrice blessed morn.

Then ring ye chimneys! ring everywhere, Ring out upon the frosty air, Ring out, ring out again!

LOCAL NOTICES.

The graceful and stylish ladies' boots suitable for the ballroom, reception, or promenade, shown by Angus & Tourville, 361 Notre Dame street, are worthy of special mention.

Gift books, Christmas cards, &c., in endless variety at W. J. Clarke's, 758 Dorchester street.

Gold and silver watches from the best makers at P. W. Wood's, 254 St. James street.

The demand for Vennor's Almanac for 1882 is unprecedented. Large sales are reported in the Dominion and United States, with many localities still to be heard from.

RELYING on their intrinsic merits, the Decker Bros. Pianos have acquired an enviable reputation and widespread popularity. De-Zouche & Co., 233 St. James street, are the sole agents.

Picture framing to order a specialty with W. H. Hope, 38 1/2 Bleury street.

EVERYTHING novel and desirable in gift books, Christmas cards, &c., for the holiday season at Drysdale & Co's. Their 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.

LADIES', gentlemen's and children's furs will be found in large assortment at Robertson & Co's, 234 McGill street.

THERE are few places where such inducements are offered in quality and sterling value as at W. S. Walker's, 321 Notre Dame street. The assortment of watches, chains, jewellery, etc., is large, and prices very reasonable.

At the "Sign of the Admiral," 542 Notre Dame street, Hearn & Harrison are offering this season many novelties in optical goods, opera glasses, &c.

MANY of our citizens have availed themselves of the invitation extended to the public to visit Scott's Art Rooms, 363 Notre Dame street, and inspect the pictures and engravings on view.

THE leading artists and musicians of the day have been unanimous in their testimony that, for power, action, tone and durability the "Weber" Piano is the best. The New York Piano Co., 226 and 228 St. James street, are agents for the Dominion.

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 firm of Savage & Lyman have been identified with the jewellery trade in Montreal for years. The preparations made for the holiday trade as usual are most ample, and the high standing of the house is in itself a guarantee of the uniform excellence and superior quality of these goods. The address is 219 St James street.

SPECIAL notice of the Christmas season would seem incomplete without mention of the well-known wholesale house of H. A. Nelson & Sons, of Montreal and Toronto, so closely identified with the fancy goods branch of business. It is largely from this establishment that numbers of our merchants east and west replenish their supplies, not only at holiday times, but through the year.

THIS is the season, of sloppy weather so productive of colds, and lung troubles; neglected cold or damp feet is a great source of these difficulties. Cure your cough with Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. Pleasant to take and always reliable.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned.

HEAL and Sooth Sore Lungs without loss of time by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil, a standard internal and external remedy for lung complaint, sore chest and throat, incipient bronchitis, catarrh, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness and stiffness of the joints, and a variety of other diseases, as well as external injuries. A single bottle of this invaluable remedy often suffices to overcome the difficulty. Not only is it speedy and thorough in its operation, but perfectly safe, since it contains only the purest and most salutary ingredients. It does not evaporate and lose strength, like medicinal oils containing an alcoholic principle. Physicians of eminence recognize and testify to its merits, and veterinary surgeons recommend it as a remedy for colic, galls, hoof affections, sweeny, garget, and other complaints of horses and cattle. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. W. Halifax.—Letter received. The game shall appear. Thanks.

The following is the programme of the annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association, and we earnestly commend it to the notice of the amateurs of the Dominion, with the hope that this gathering of players on the 27th inst. may be a full and successful one.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Patron, His Excellency the Governor-General. President, T. Leblond Esq. Quebec. Vice Presidents, Messrs. F. Workman, Montreal; Dr. Harbord, Ottawa; Dr. Ryall, Hamilton. Managing Committee, Rev. T. D. Phillips, Ottawa; Messrs. F. X. Lambert, Ottawa; J. B. Cherriman, Ottawa; W. H. Hicks, Montreal; J. Henderson, Montreal; F. H. Andrews, Quebec; E. Pope, Quebec; D. R. Macleod, Quebec. Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. M. J. Murphy, Quebec.

The tenth annual meeting of the Association will be held at 4 p.m., on Tuesday, December 27th, 1881, and following days, in Quebec.

The Tournay will be open to all members of the affiliated Clubs of the Dominion, on payment of an entrance fee of \$1, and will begin as soon as the organization of the meeting and the settlement of preliminaries have been effected.

It is proposed to give three prizes, in the proportion of \$20, \$15, \$10, according to the amount at the disposal of the Association. In addition to these prizes, a trophy, value \$100, will be offered for competition at this and subsequent annual meetings of the Association, to become the property of the player who shall twice win the first prize of the Association. (At least six players must compete for the trophy in each year.)

It is very desirable that clubs and members should at once renew their annual subscriptions. Clubs are expected to contribute a minimum of \$5; individual members pay \$1; life membership is obtained by a single payment of \$30.

The Local Committee hope to be able to make special arrangements for the accommodation of members of the C. C. A. visiting Quebec during the week of meeting. Members will therefore confer a favour by notifying the undersigned, if they wish to avail themselves of this arrangement.

By Order, M. J. MURPHY, Sec. Treasurer. Quebec, Dec. 3rd, 1881.

It is hinted in Turf, Field and Farm that Mephisto, the Automaton Chessplayer, is likely to extend his travels to this side of the Atlantic. If this should be the case, we suppose that his visits would be confined to the most populous cities of the United States, as it would be only in them that chessplayers would be found sufficiently numerous to prevent his journey from being an unprofitable one.

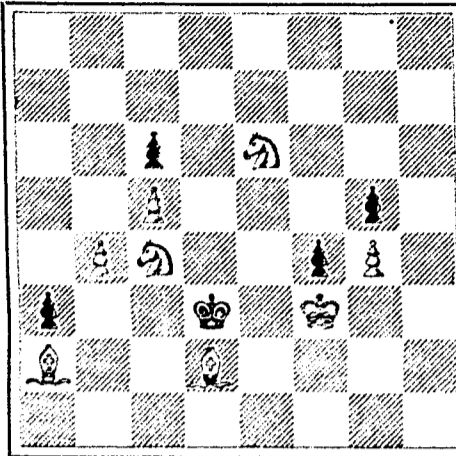
Last week Mr. J. H. Blackburne visited Worcester for the purpose of entertaining the members of the Chess Club of that town. The first item of the programme was a blindfold performance. This came off on the 14th inst. at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Tything. Mr. Blackburne's opponents were the following ten gentlemen: Alderman Dingle, Revs. C. E. Ranken, H. A. Lewis, W. E. Bolland and F. J. Eld, and Messrs. Williams, Nicol, Wood, Hopkins, and Newman. Play commenced at 7 p.m., which strikes us as too late an hour for ten blindfold games. The result was that Mr. Blackburne defeated Messrs. Nicol and Bolland, drew with Messrs. Dingle, Eld, Hopkins, and Newman, and had to leave the other four games unfinished. We under-

stand that in the game with Mr. Lewis Mr. Blackburne had the best of it, and would most probably have won had it gone on, but in the other three games Messrs. Ranken, Williams, and Wood seem to have held their own, so that the blindfold player at the evening's wind up did not appear to have any advantage.—Land and Water, Nov. 26th.

PROBLEM No. 360.

By R. W. Johnson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 485TH.

One of nine blindfold games played recently at Brighton, England, by Mr. Blackburne.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Mr. Erskine.) Blindfold.

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4 2. B to B 4
3. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 3
4. Kt to B 3 4. Q Kt to B 3
5. B to Kt 5 5. B to K Kt 5
6. P to K R 3 6. B takes Kt
7. Q takes B 7. P takes P
8. Q takes P 8. Q to B 3
9. P to Q 3 9. Q takes Q
10. B takes Q 10. K Kt to K 2
11. Castles Q R 11. Castles Q R
12. K R to B sq 12. P to Q R 3
13. B to Q B 4 13. P to B 3
14. B to K 6 ch 14. K to Kt sq
15. Kt to K 2 15. Kt to Q 5
16. Kt takes Kt 16. B takes Kt
17. P to B 3 17. B to Kt 3
18. P to Q 4 18. Kt to Kt 3
19. B to K Kt 3 19. Kt to R sq
20. P to Q Kt 4 20. K R to K sq
21. B to B 5 21. Kt to B sq
22. Q R to K sq 22. P to R 3
23. P to Q R 4 23. P to Q R 4
24. P takes P 24. B takes R P
25. Kt to B 2 25. R to K 2
26. Kt to Q 3 26. Q R to K sq
27. Bt to Kt 4 27. R to Q sq
28. B to B 3 28. Kt to R 2
29. B to B 2 29. K R to K sq
30. R to Q Kt sq 30. R to K 2
31. R to Kt 5 31. K to R 3
32. K R to Q Kt sq 32. P to Q Kt 3
33. P to Q 5 33. Kt to Q 2
34. Kt to B 2 34. R to Q R sq
35. B to Q 4 35. Kt to K 4
36. B takes Kt 36. R takes B
37. K to Q 3 37. R to K 2

Drawn game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 360.

- White. Black.
1. Kt to K Kt 3 1. B or P takes Kt
2. Q to K R 7 2. Any
3. Mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 356.

- White. Black.
1. B to Q B 4 1. K takes R
2. Kt to K 3 ch 2. K moves
3. B mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 357.

- White. Black.
K at K Kt 5 K at K 5
Q at Q R 5 Q at Q R 3
B at K B 2 B at K R 2
B at Q B 4 Pawns at K 4
Kt at Q R 4 Q B 2 and 4 and
Pawu at K 2. Q Kt 5.
and Q Kt 3

White to play and mate in two moves.

Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the FERTILE BELT of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory for sale at

\$2.50 PER ACRE.

Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at six per cent.

A REBATE OF \$1.25 PER ACRE

being allowed, on certain conditions, for cultivation and other improvements.

THE LAND GRANT BONDS of the Company, which can be procured at all the Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, and other Banking Institutions throughout the country, will be

RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT PREMIUM

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

Special arrangements made with Emigration and Land Companies. For full particulars, apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN McTAVISH, Winnipeg; or to the undersigned.

By order of the Board, CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary. Montreal, December 1st, 1881.

GOLDSBORO'S ENGLISH REMEDY.

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, &c.

The above complaints arise chiefly from the failure of the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach to properly utilize solid and liquid food and to enrich and purify the blood, which is the nourisher of the whole system, and upon whose healthy condition depends power to resist and defeat attacks of disease from whatever source. The miseries of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Kidney Diseases, are unfortunately too common. For instance, there may be a pain in the chest, general dull bodily pain; lassitude and depression; sickening and rejection of food; oppression, waterbrash or sour stomach after meals; sleeplessness; nervous anxiety; vertigo; costiveness; irritation of stomach and bowels; piles, pain in the right shoulder; pain and soreness in the lower spine; aching and swelling of the muscles and joints, and many other disorders which, bad enough in themselves, indicate graver and very serious dangers. The Goldsboro's Remedy makes no pretence of being an infallible "cure-all," but what is possible in the way of relief, repair, restoration of cheerfulness, comfort and strength can be done it will do. It is composed of the most valued medical agents, compounded according to a method peculiar to itself, and contains in addition certain long-tested remedies not employed in any other preparation. It is pleasant in taste and perfectly harmless, is not a purgative, and has in it no alcohol.

The proprietor has pleasure in submitting the following unimpeachable testimony from a large collection of letters by best known CITIZENS OF TORONTO:—

Upper Canada College, Toronto, 8th Sept., 1879. Dear Sir, Dr. Goldsboro's Anti-Rheumatic Remedy has proved of great service; a few hours after using it I experienced very much relief, and I am now almost entirely free from pain. I shall certainly take every opportunity of recommending the use of the medicine to all who may be suffering from the pains of chronic rheumatism. To John Webb, Esq., Toronto.

M. BARRETT, M.A., M.D. From Messrs. E. Hooper & Co., the well-known Druggists:

MR. J. WEBB, TORONTO.—Dear Sir, Having so long sold your Goldsboro's English Remedy we can confidently recommend it, knowing it to be a *Bona Fide* medical preparation of true efficacy and value. The numerous sufferers from Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney complaints who have bought it of us, speak in the highest terms of its effects. It is pleasant to deal in so admirable a medicine. We remain, Yours truly, 43 King Street west, Nov. 12, 1881. E. HOOPER & CO. From A. W. LAUDER, Esq., M.P.P.:

I consider the Goldsboro's Remedy a very valuable tonic, having used it with great advantage. Acquaintances to whom I have recommended it speak very highly of it. A. W. LAUDER, M.P.P.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great value of your Goldsboro's English Remedy as a thoroughly effective tonic and restorative of digestive and nervous power. You may be sure I shall recommend so excellent a medicine where I have opportunity. W. W. FAHLEY, Alderman St. Andrew's Ward.

I have very great pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your Anti-Rheumatic Remedy. It has entirely cured me of a very bad attack of rheumatism. JOHN TURNER, ex-Alderman.

H. E. CASTON, Esq., Barrister, Toronto, writes: Dear Sir,—During several recent months I suffered severely from rheumatism, and relief from ordinary treatment not being as satisfactory as I had hoped, I was induced to try "Goldsboro's Remedy," and am pleased to inform you that I received great benefit from it, and which improvement still continues. I think the medicine a very valuable one.

Mr. James Warin, the well known Toronto Boat-builder, says:—Early in the fall (1880), I suffered, chiefly from over-work, from deranged liver, bad digestion, want of sleep, and low spirits, and I felt altogether and utterly played out. After trying other remedies without the least benefit, I heard of and used your medicine. I was very soon much restored and the improvement continued. I have recovered my strength, and feel perfectly well and cheerful. I can hardly say enough in favour of the "Goldsboro's" to which I owe so much. Mr. Humphreys, the well-known sportsman of this city, contracted rheumatism from severe exposure to cold and wet while duck shooting. He writes as follows: Having suffered greatly for the past eight months, being confined to my bed part of the time, I tried almost every other remedy, but without obtaining any relief. I was persuaded to try one of your bottles, from which I obtained instant relief. I have now taken four, and feel better than I have done for years.

TORONTO, Sept. 16, 1879. The Goldsboro's Remedy relieved me in a very few hours of a dyspeptic oppression from which I had suffered for some time, and gave me an excellent appetite. You may say or publish this in any way you think of most service. ALBERT H. FRANKS. 159 George street, Toronto, 20th May, 1880.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in stating that your Goldsboro's English Remedy, as a restorative of the bilious and digestive organs, has proved to me a very valuable remedy, and I take great pleasure in recommending it to others afflicted with complaints of either of the above. JOHN BACON. City Treasurer's Office, Toronto, April 4, 1881.

I have pleasure in stating that Goldsboro's English Remedy has been of great service to me in restoring lost appetite and strength, and affording great relief from chronic rheumatism, from which troubles I had long suffered. J. PATTERSON, Cashier. TORONTO, Sept. 23, 1881.

I had been troubled a long while with a severe sickness which made me feel quite played out, and I seemed all wrong, full of aches and pains and out of spirits all the time, nothing did me good. Often I had been told to try your Goldsboro's medicine, but did not do so till lately. Since taking it I am rapidly recovering health, strength and cheerfulness. CHAS. McCULLOCH. Or via Lands Dept., Toronto, Sept. 16, 1879.

I have pleasure in saying that the Dr. Goldsboro's Remedy did all that was claimed for it. I felt very languid, run down and out of condition, with very little appetite. A few doses thoroughly set me up. I believe it to be a very valuable medicine and one that I can heartily recommend to my friends. THOMAS DEWICK, F.R.G.S., Def. Surveyor Gen., Ont. TORONTO, Jan. 16, 1881.

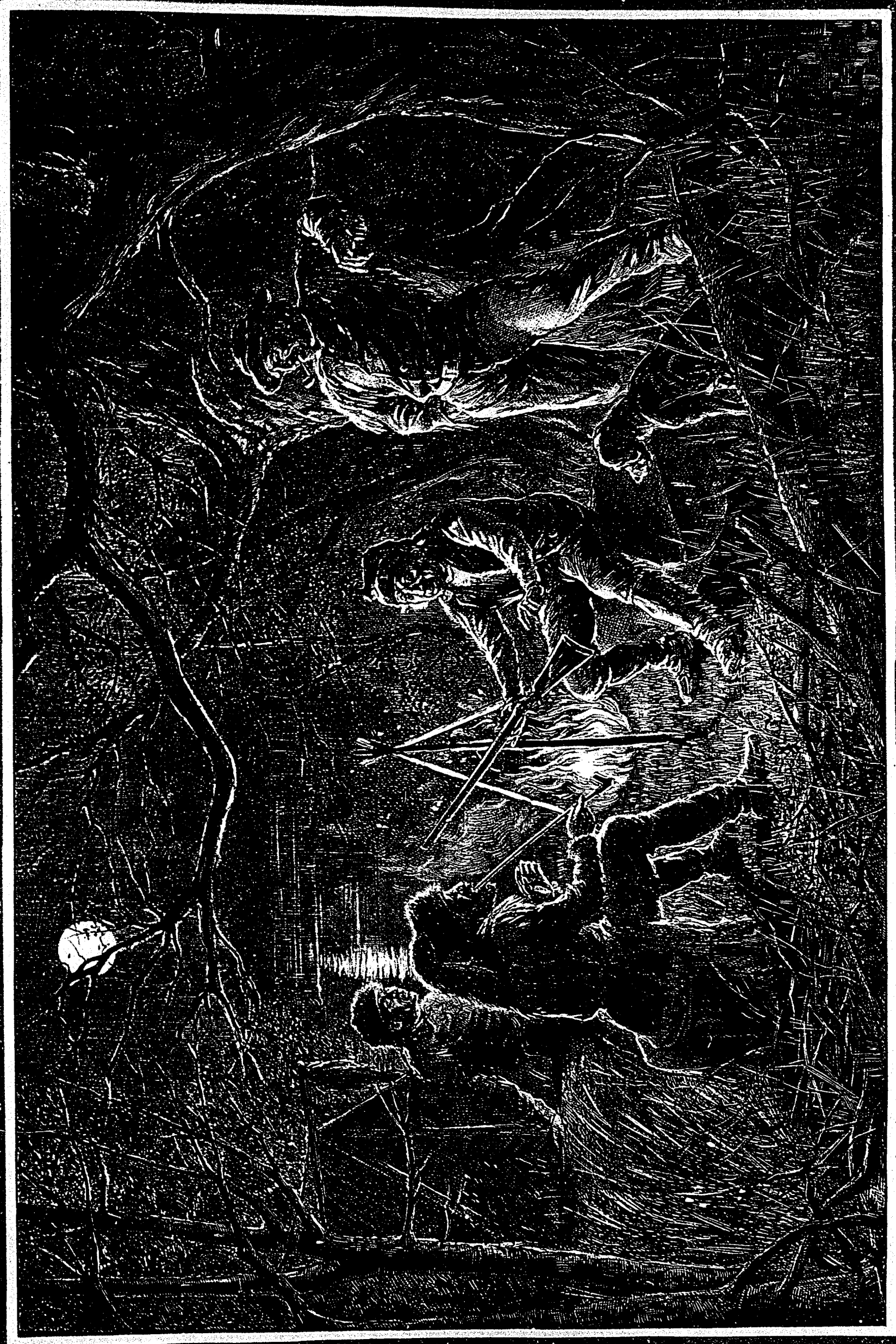
About the end of last July I had suffered for several weeks from severe and very painful neuralgia, so painful in fact, as to almost unfit me for business. Two-thirds of a bottle of the Goldsboro's Remedy gave me perfect relief in a few hours, to my surprise and gratification. The medicine cannot be made too widely known, and I shall do my part towards that end. ALEXANDER DIXON.

Dear Sir,—I am happy to state that the Goldsboro's Remedy which my wife used recently, acted so kindly. I shall have great pleasure in giving personal testimony to the excellence of the Remedy. J. B. RILEY, Proprietor Reverse House, 82 Gerard St., W. Toronto, May 24, 1880.

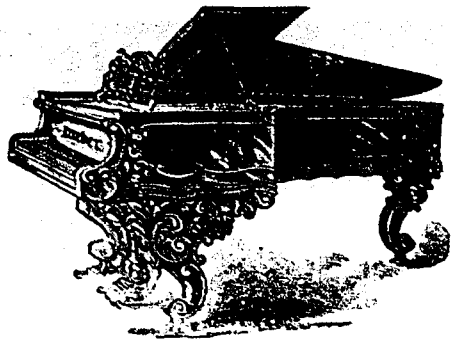
Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in recommending Dr. Goldsboro's Remedy to any one suffering from rheumatism, having suffered myself for five or six years with it in my knee. Trying everything prescribed for me had no effect. I only used one bottle of the above remedy, and now I have not the slightest pain or rheumatic symptom. E. BROWN, Detective Officer. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists, and by the Proprietor John Webb, 64 King St., East, Toronto, Wholesale Agents, Lyman Brothers & Co., Toronto.



CHRISTMAS IN LOWER CANADA—THE REVEILLON.



DAN WHEELER'S BEAR STORY.—(SEE PAGE 411.)



The Two Great Pianos. Weber and Steinway Contrasted.

The Weber and Steinway pianos are not, nor have they ever been, strictly speaking, rivals. In a mechanical sense there is positively little difference between them, and the cost is about the same. Both makers have achieved the utmost limits of perfection so far as durability and good workmanship are concerned, but in respect of tone there can be no comparison between them. The Steinway piano possesses great power and sonority, perhaps equal in this respect to Weber, but here the comparison ends. They cannot approach the Weber for purity, richness and volubility—three qualifications which combined give us that distinct and perfect articulation, which only one bears in vocal organs of the highest order and calibre. Hence all the principal artists of the day prefer the Weber Pianos for their public performances and private use. They are sympathetic, and capable of giving the various lights and shades of expression in so remarkable a manner as to make them incomparably superior to any other piano of the present age.

THE PIANO IN VOGUE IN CHICAGO.

On Thursday night last, says the Chicago World, there were twelve grand Weber pianos used simultaneously at public concerts in this city. How many more were in use at the semi-private concerts, which at this season are so plentiful, we have no means of knowing. This extraordinary vogue of the Weber piano in the concert-rooms of every city is significant. The other leading firms all advertise liberally, and their pianos appear to be endorsed by leading musicians, but when we go to the concert-room they all appear to give way to Weber. It is not our place to explain this preference, nor is it our business to decide which piano is best, but we recognize the fact that the concert people appear to have a decided preference. The late Albert Weber, Sr., took the best of means in its manufacture to put the Weber ahead. It now looks as if the public meant to keep it ahead.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT:

PICTURES of all kinds neatly framed at moderate prices. Only the best finished mouldings used.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS CARDS! Choice and new. To be sold cheap.

ENGRAVINGS AND CHOICE PICTURES FRAMED AND UNFRAMED.

Cheap for the Holidays.

A magnificent OLEOGRAPH, printed in twenty-five colours, the last moments of

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, will be given at a bargain. Also, an assortment of JAPANESE BRACKETS.

W. H. HOPE, 38 1/2 & 40 Bleury Street THE WORKINGMAN'S PICTURE FRAMER.

"If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."—FRANKLIN.

BOOKS, BOOKS! HOLIDAY PRESENTS!!

No gift more acceptable than a good book.

DRYSDALE'S

Assortment the best in the city suited for young or old.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS A SPECIALTY.

W. Drysdale & Co.,

232 ST. JAMES STREET,

—Also Branch Store—

1423 ST. CATHERINE STREET.



FURS! FURS! FURS!

SOMETHING NEW

The Dutchess Cap

A SPECIALITY.

A. BRAHADRI,

FURRIER.

249 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Reqs respectfully to inform the LADIES of Montreal that he is now making

THE NEW DUTCHESS FUR CAP

A NEW STYLE

Which for beauty and comfort cannot be surpassed in Montreal or the Dominion. He also makes the

Improved "Princess" Cap.

Scott's Art Rooms.

WINTER EXHIBITION 1881

Of over one hundred oil paintings and water colour drawings by eminent English and French artists.

—ALSO—

An unusual display of

ART POTTERY,

and CERAMICS,

PARLOUR CABINETS,

EASTERN RUGS,

BENARES BRASS,

AMERICAN BRASS WARE,

And general bric-a-brac.

ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS

The newest publications.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

DIAMONDS,

Gold and Silver Watches,

Fine Gold and Silver Jewellery,

FRENCH CLOCKS AND BRONZES,

Silver and Plated Ware,

A NEW IMPORTATION

—AT—

W. S. WALKER,

321 Notre Dame Street,

ESTABLISHED 1852.

LADIES! USE

They fit better.

They wear longer.

They are more Stylish

Than any other boots.



BURT'S BOOTS!

They cost no more

Than any other fine boots.

Every pair is warranted.

They do not slip on the heel.

ANGUS & TOURVILLE,

Manufacturers and Dealers in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Boots and Shoes. Wholesale and Retail. 301 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Vennor's Almanac 1882.

Circulation 350,000 and Upwards



THE GREAT AMERICAN HORNED OWL. (A drawing from a living bird.)

"Mr. Vennor has fought his way against a great deal of opposition and narrow-mindedness, but to-day he is universally acknowledged the most reliable weather prognosticator living. His almanac is based upon scientific reflection."—Boston Times

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

The very best Christmas Present is one of P. W. WOODS' GOS.

WATCHES.

GENTLEMEN'S, LADIES' AND BOYS' WATCHES IN EVERY VARIETY AT SPECIALLY LOW PRICES DURING THE HOLIDAYS, 254 ST. JAMES STREET, OPPOSITE H. MORGAN & CO'S.

80 SAMPLE Cards.

(No 2 also) hand-made Cards ever sold, for 10c. YOUR name on 70 ALL new style Chromo Cards, Mounted on 10c. Winter scenes, Seascapes, etc. 50 Elegant Chromo cards, new imported designs, a beautiful series, 50c. Mounted in any style 10c. 40 Transparencies 10c. 20 Extra Large Chromo scenes in fancy frames, 10c. Best 25c. for our beautifully bound book of Samples. We give our Agents most elegant premiums or large commissions ever offered. Gordon & Co., Northford Ct. U.S.A.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

- FANCY BOXES! In Pink, Velvet, Leather and Wood.
- PHOTO FRAMES! In Pink, Velvet, Leather and Wood.
- PHOTO ALBUMS! In Pink and Leather.
- DRESSING CASES! In Soft Leather, for Ladies and Gents.
- CHINAWARE! Cup and Saucers, Figures, &c.
- WRITING DESKS! In Wood, Inlaid, &c.
- CLOCKS! In Wood, Nickel and Gilt.
- GLASSWARE! Fine Vases and Toilet Sets.
- CHRISTMAS CARDS! In great Variety, &c.
- AND A FULL LINE FOTHER Fancy Goods, Dolls, Toys, &c.

The largest and best assorted stock in the Dominion.

H. A. NELSON & SONS,

Nos. 59 to 63 St. Peter Street.

Toronto House—56 & 58 Front St. W.

SIGN OF THE ADMIRAL.



- MAGIC LANTERN and Box \$2
- BOX DRAWING TOOLS from \$1
- A POWERFUL ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE \$2.50
- A COMPOUND LENS MICROSCOPE \$2.50
- MODEL ENGINE \$1
- PHYSIOLOGICAL HEAD with Box \$1
- METALLIC WEATHER HOUSE \$1
- OPERA GLASS, looking six Inches \$1
- READING GLASS, with Metal Frame \$1.25
- A RELIABLE THERMOMETER 75c or \$1
- A POCKET FIELD GLASS MAGNETIC BARREL \$1
- PAIR OF GUN SHATTERS \$1
- TABLES \$1.50
- Pair GOLD SPECTACLES from \$1
- STEREOSCOPE, with dozen Views of Montreal \$1
- GRAPHICOPHONE with Stereo scope \$1

HEARN & HARRISON, 242 Notre Dame Street.

REASONS

FOR BUYING A

DECKER BROS. PIANO.

ITS TONE is pure, rich and brilliant, and for delicacy, sweetness, exquisite singing quality, as well as for great strength, is unequalled. ITS WORKMANSHIP is of the highest possible order. It is made of the finest materials that can be procured the world over, constructed with the utmost skill and precision, and finished with elaborate care and taste. It will therefore satisfy the most exacting musical taste and last for a lifetime. A beautiful assortment of Grand, Square, and Uprights at our Warerooms.

DEZOUCHÉ & CO., 233 ST. JAMES STREET.

- ROBERTSON'S
- 50 Caps from \$1.00 to \$1.50
- Person Lamb Caps from \$1.00 to \$1.50
- Outer Caps from \$1.00 to \$1.50
- Grey Lamb Caps from \$1.00 to \$1.50
- Astracan & Bokara Caps from \$1.00 to \$1.50

A LARGE STOCK TO SELECT FROM
ROBERTSON & CO., PRACTICAL FURRIERS, 234 MCGILL STREET.

Watches, Diamonds, Jewellery.

SAVAGE & LYMAN,

Choice precious stones mounted to order.

RINGS FROM \$1 TO \$480.

Oldest Firm in the City. Invariably lowest prices. Goods marked in plain figures. Every article warranted.

219 ST. JAMES STREET, Sign of Illustrated Clock.

CLARKE'S CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Largest variety in the city.

W. J. CLARKE, STATIONER, 758 DORCHESTER STREET.



FURS

We are now offering the most elegant and stylish assortment of Ladies' (Gentlemen's and Children's) FURS to be found in the city.

R. W. COWAN & CO'S, THE HATTERS AND FURRIERS, CORNER OF Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.

CANADA PAPER CO. Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants, 374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street.

MONTREAL, P. O. AND 11 FRONT STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

FOR LAUNDRY, BATH and TOILET USE

STRACHAN'S GILT EDGE SOAP. BEATS THE WORLD!

CHARIS - 10 Lily and imported Glass, 11 Transparent, 20 Motto Scroll & engraved, in colors in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all 150 West & Co. Westville, Ct.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Emory's Bar to Port Moody. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C.P.R."

F. BRAUN, Secretary. Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881.

ALL Chromo Cards. Elegant New Imported designs, your name in fancy type, 10c., or 40 Fun and Filtration Cards, 10c. AGENTS' Complete Sample-Book, 30c. J. R. HUSTED, Nassau, N.Y.

CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE. PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING. His often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?" The reason is that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES the AMOUNT OF NITROGENOUS or FLESH FORMING CONSTITUENTS than the average of other Cocoas which are mixed with sugar and starch.

CANADIAN DEPOT: 34, RADEGONDE ST., MONTREAL. Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the sake of extra profit.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

DECEMBER, 1881.

Table with columns: DELIVERY, MAILS, CLOSING. Rows include: ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c. Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Mails for Bruce Mines, Garden River, Little Current, &c. will leave Parry Sound on Tuesdays.

Mails leave New York by Steamer: For Bahamas, 24th and 25th December. For Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, 17th December. For China and Japan, 3rd and 21st December.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



In consequence of imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—

Lea Perrins



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

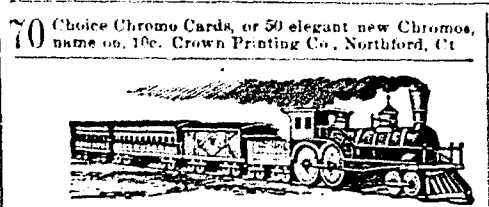
Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT



FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful." - See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time. COMMENCING ON Monday, July 25th, 1881.

Table with columns: MINED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows include: Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa, Arrive at Ottawa, Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga, etc.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place d'Armes, MONTREAL. 302 St. James Street, Quebec.

\$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

"NIL DESPERANDUM." CRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Scintillating Weakness, Spinal Torment, Impotency, and all Diseases which follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, or loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

CASTOR FLUID

A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.

HENRY R. CRAY, Chemist, Sole Manufacturer, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

Private Medical Dispensary. (Established 1860, 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrews' Paraffin, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circumstances Free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address, R. J. Andrews, M. S., Toronto, Ont.

70 NEW STYLE CARDS. (Extra fine Chromo.) Motto, 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 inch, Fringed Hand Bouquet, 6000 Vase of Flowers, etc. Same in fancy type, 10c. 14 words. Agents' Sample Book of 90 style cards, 10c. Price \$4.00. Packed so as to avoid damage. CLAXTON PRINTING Co. Northford Conn.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience. Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, \$3.00 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.



BURTON'S ALL HEALING TAR AND GLYCERINE SOAP. Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth. ASK FOR BURTON'S.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

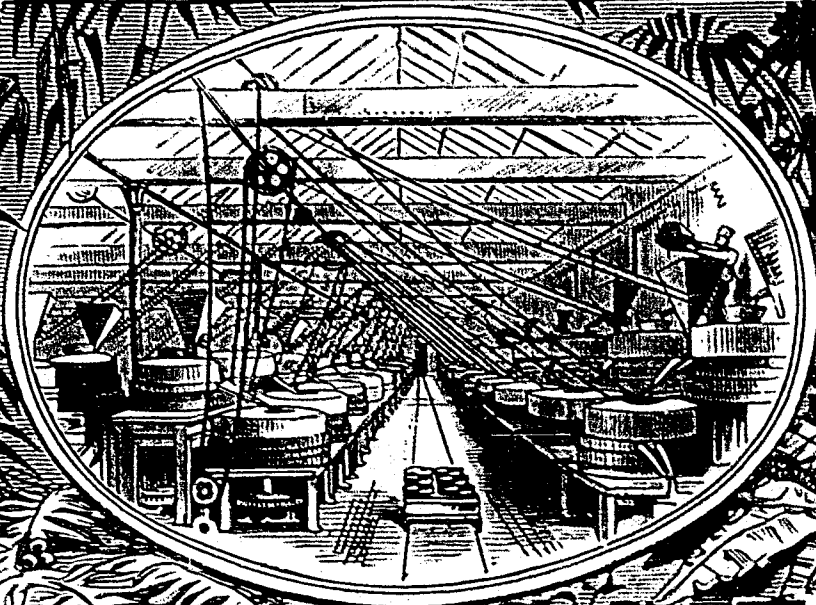
Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual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

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills, 55 College Street.

CRUSHING BY GRANITE MILLS INTO A SMOOTH-PASTE

GIRLS ROOM FOR BOXING LABELING &c 240 FEET LONG BY 60 FEET WIDE



Cadbury's

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

"GENUINE."

"ECONOMICAL."

"NUTRITIOUS."

The Lancet.

Medical Times.

British Medical Journal.

The *Lancet* (July 27th, 1867) says: "We have examined the samples brought under our notice, and find they are genuine, and that the Essence of Cocoa is just what it is declared to be by Messrs. Cadbury Bros."

A large breakfast cup of delicious Cocoa may be secured for the cost of one halfpenny, by using Cadbury's Cocoa Essence, which goes three times as far as the best of the so-called "prepared Cocos." A sixpenny packet makes 14 breakfast cups of strong Cocoa.

Theobromine and Gluten are the stimulating and flesh forming constituents of genuine Cocoa.—Dr. MURKIN has made the following table of comparative values:

	Cocoa Nibs, genuine.	Cocoa Essence, genuine.	Mixture No. 1, Starch & Sugar.	Mixture No. 2, Starch & Sugar.
Theobromine	0.50	1.20	0.43	0.50
Gluten	12.21	18.30	6.45	7.35

and adds: "Thus we clearly see the nonsense talked by those who, for reasons best known to themselves, are found to palliate, and even support in writing, the 'preparation of Cocoa by mixing it with starch and sugar.'" —*Analyst*, April, 1879.

CAUTION. Imitations of Cadbury's Cocoa Essence are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the sake of extra profit. Be sure that you obtain the Original Article, which may be relied upon for excellence of quality, purity, and strength.

CANADIAN DEPOT: 34 RADEGONDE ST., MONTREAL.



Cocoa Essence



CADBURY'S COCOA & CHOCOLATE WORKS

BOURNVILLE NR KINGS NORTON.

MAKERS TO



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.