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Illustrated News

VOL. XXI.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1880.

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THE CROPPY BOY.—By Mrs. Schreiber, O.A., Toronto.
DIPLOMA PICTURE OF THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

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NOTICE.

To prevent mistakes we may inform our readers that if they desire indexes of the two preceding volumes they will receive them on making application at this office.

TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

April 18th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 34°	14°	24°	Mon.. 46°	30°	38°
Tues. 42°	28°	35°	Tues. 48°	28°	38°
Wed.. 41°	28°	34°	Wed. 40°	26°	33°
Thur. 58°	27°	42°	Thur.. 47°	32°	39°
Fri.. 57°	30°	43°	Fri.. 49°	35°	42°
Sat... 45°	35°	40°	Sat... 48°	32°	40°
Sun... 53°	33°	43°	Sun... 48°	33°	40°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 24, 1880.

THE WEEK.

We are glad to learn that there is no truth in the rumour of a strike for higher fees among the pilots of the Lower St. Lawrence. At a time when a combined movement is being made to reduce the cost of transportation by water and to render Montreal practically a free port, it would be exceedingly awkward if so necessary a class as our pilots should take it into their heads to put obstacles in the way. Rather should they heartily combine with our Harbour Commissioners in increasing the facilities of navigation, the result of which would benefit none more directly than themselves.

We have published in the two last numbers of the News, and we reproduce in the present issue, reduced copies of a number of the paintings which figured at the first Exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Arts, at Ottawa. Most of the same pictures are being at present exhibited at the Art Gallery of this city. Anybody who wishes to convince himself of the progress and promise of art in our midst should not fail to visit this exhibition. It makes one feel proud of his country to witness such abundant variety and general excellence. We shall endeavour in our next to give a review of the exhibition.

We publish to-day the sketch of a plan to tunnelize the St. Lawrence between Hochelaga and Longueuil. We do this rather as a matter of information and of curiosity than through any faith in its feasibility. Two rival companies have given notice of their intention to apply for a charter, and before their claims are fully laid before the public, it would be premature to pronounce definitively upon the subject; but we rather think that the scheme will require a more profound investigation before it is attempted. The engineering aspect of the case is simple enough. It is the financial prospect that is a matter of scepticism.

THERE has been a curious compensation of nature in the Newfoundland seal fisheries this season. The spring fleet has

failed in its usual harvest, having passed the seals on its way northward. But, to make up for this, all along the shore, we are told that seals have been taken by the people in thousands, a fact never occurring before. It is computed that from Bonavista to Cape Race 80,000 seals have been taken in this way. The advantages are many to the takers. In the steamers, the men get one-third of the gross valuation of the seals; in the other case, they get all. These seals being valued at from \$2 to \$2.50 apiece, the total foots up a handsome sum, which flows directly into the island.

THERE is reason for wonder that no steps are being taken—at least, so far as we are aware—to secure for Canada a portion of the unprecedented emigration which is taking place from Germany. The Western States are seemingly getting it all. During one week of the present month five thousand eight hundred persons left Bremen for England and America, being driven away by Bismarck's new army bill. Our experience of German emigration has been eminently favourable, as the prosperous settlements in central and western Ontario amply prove. No better class of colonists could be desired—industrious, thrifty, honest, and law-abiding. There are, besides, many skilled workmen among the present emigrants.

THERE is no use disguising the fact that the Province of Quebec is in desperate straits. The deficiencies in the exchequer are far greater than was anticipated. The government are making heroic efforts to meet the situation, but so far, we fear, with indifferent success. The last attempt is said to be a mission to France, confided to the able hands of Mr. Wurtele, M.P.P. for Yamaska, who sailed on Saturday with the double purpose of establishing a Credit Foncier here, and of enlisting the sympathies of French capitalists in behalf of the Province. Who knows? There might be something in that. There is plenty of capital in Paris waiting for investment, and old France might be persuaded to lend a helping hand to La Nouvelle France.

THE *Mail* has scored one. Referring to the famous printing contract at Ottawa, upon which it had animadverted in language of just severity, it lays down the programme which it purposes following in future: "No man shall do the country a wrong, or outrage public opinion, and receive the shelter of these columns, because he happens to be a Conservative; and this applies not only to the rank and file of the party, but to all its members, from the Ministers of the Crown, individually and collectively, down to the humblest voter who supports them." We rather like this. It has the true ring. The temptations of public life are so great, that even the highest official needs watching, and it is pre-eminently the function of the press to exercise unsparingly this sacred duty of criticism.

THE presidential campaign in the United States is narrowing down to fierce personal issues. The Democrats are comparatively quiescent, awaiting the action of the Republican convention at Chicago, which meets some three weeks before their own at Cincinnati. The three leading Republican candidates are Grant, Blaine and Sherman, with the chances nearly all in favour of the former. It does not require much gift of prophecy to forecast the result. It is three to one that Grant will be nominated. If nominated, it is morally certain that he will be elected. There will be outcries, of course, and loud protestations against the "Third Term;" but a few weeks before the election, the old war-spirit will be evoked, and will sweep off all opposition as a hurricane. Grant will be elected, not on his former presidential record, but as the "saviour of the Union" and the conqueror of the South. It is no use saying that this is a morbid issue. Men are men.

Of all the changes which the recent elections in the United Kingdom will entail, there is, perhaps, none so admirably fitting as the appointment of Lord Dufferin to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, as foreshadowed in the latest despatches. In the first place, on general principles, no better man could be chosen, as all will admit who have critically followed his Canadian career. He seems to have special qualities for that rather complex species of administration. In the second place, he is an Irishman, and it is only right that, in the new order of things, Mr. GLADSTONE—whom we assume as the future Prime Minister—should inaugurate the sensible policy of placing an Irishman to represent his Sovereign at the Castle. Englishmen have long enjoyed the monopoly of this office and it would be a gracious change to give an Irishman a chance. We presume that Lord Dufferin can now be spared from St. Petersburg, having fulfilled his delicate duties there to the satisfaction of all parties. It is a further advantage that the noble earl is in no sense a Home Ruler, a circumstance that should give additional weight to his impartiality.

We apprehend that one of the chief outcomes of the recent elections in Britain will be a large and speedy share of political relief for Ireland. It is true that the Liberals are quite independent of the Home Rule vote, and could brave it, even if—which is improbable, and, perhaps, impossible—it were backed by the solid Conservative phalanx. But our conviction is that they have no disposition to brave it. It must be remembered that a large portion of the Home Rulers are Liberals in disguise, even among the Parnellites, and that they will exercise a powerful influence on Liberal councils. We believe that a beginning will at once be made by appointing one Irishman to the Lord-Lieutenancy, and another to the Secretaryship of Ireland. This alone would bind the whole of Ireland to the Liberal party for the time being. We next expect the extension of the Ulster land laws to all parts of the Island, which would be an immense step in advance. We are further of opinion that something approaching to household suffrage will be granted, in which case the boast of Mr. PARNELL will prove no idle one, that the Liberal-Home Rule party will thenceforth carry every constituency in the country. And, what is more, we shall be mistaken if public opinion at home and abroad does not sustain the Liberal Government in these measures of justice to Ireland.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

PACIFIC RAILWAY DEBATE—COST OF THE WORKS—MR. BLAKE'S RESOLUTION—THE CHIEF ENGINEER—BANKING CURRENCY RESOLUTIONS—DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER'S BILL.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, April 17th, 1880.—The great event of this week has been the topic foreshadowed in my last letter, viz., the opening of the debate on the Pacific Railway. It is not only the great question for the Parliament and people of the Dominion of Canada, but it is not exaggeration to say that it is one which in its bearings affects modern civilization itself, in that its relations are so intimate with the peopling of those vast, or, as they have been called, "almost illimitable" areas, which are comprised in the North-West Territory of Canada. All the parties seem to have gathered up their forces for the issue. It was understood that the debate would commence on Thursday afternoon, and never in any times of excitement were the galleries of the House more crowded, the great interest of the question having also brought Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, who, with her suite, was accommodated with a seat on the floor. Sir Charles Tupper, as Minister of Railways, opened the debate, and he came well to his work, being evidently prepared to be up, if possible, "to the height of his great argument" in such presence and with such surroundings. There is no man in the House who possesses greater powers of speech than Sir Charles, and this time he showed at his best. It is impossible within the limits of my letter to give you even a *resumé* of this speech; but I may say that he established, first, that the Government of Mr. Mackenzie made itself responsible for a much more

expensive Pacific Railway policy than that of the present Government, and that, therefore, the present Government had reason to expect and count upon support instead of opposition from those men. He showed the points to which Mr. Blake had taken exception to the policy of his friends when in power, and also how largely he was responsible for that policy. The Minister next pointed out the cost and progress of the different sections of this great national work, and he showed with convincing clearness, following the arguments of his leader on the Government land policy, a few nights ago, that the sale of lands would prove to be sufficient to defray the cost of construction apart from the large population that would immediately settle in the vast fertile areas of the North-West, whose contributions to the treasury would enrich the Dominion, while their numbers would add to its power. He made a very pointed reference to the article of the *Toronto Globe* to which I referred last week, saying that although that paper had, from a party standpoint, vituperated him for years, yet he could say with truth, that that patriotic article atoned for all. It was pleasant, he added, to find the force of patriotism rising superior to the contests of party. The speech was a sustained and powerful argument, lasting for several hours and he was most loudly applauded at its close.

Sir Charles Tupper stated that he would not move the resolutions he had to propose, until after Mr. Blake had had an opportunity of presenting his to the House. The cost of the several sections was stated by the Minister to be as follows:

Thunder Bay to Selkirk, 406 miles.....	\$17,000,000
Selkirk to Jasper Valley, 1,000 miles.....	13,000,000
Jasper Valley to Kamloops, 335 miles.....	15,000,000
Kamloops to Yale, 115 miles.....	10,000,000
Yale to Port Moody, 90 miles.....	5,000,000

Making a total of \$60,000,000 from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean. The cost of surveys has been \$3,119,000, and of the Pembina Branch \$1,750,000, bringing the amount up to \$64,869,000. The road from Lake Superior to Nipissing would probably cost from \$20,000,000 to \$24,000,000 more, but this may be deferred for some years, unless the increase of the grain trade renders it necessary to proceed with it. As bearing on this amount of cost I may say that the sales of railway lands in the United States, during the last seven years, have amounted to a sum of between \$60,000,000 and \$70,000,000, and the average price at which the lands have sold has been over five dollars an acre. A fact of this kind sets at rest any question as to whether the Canadian lands will build the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Blake's speech was, in my opinion, unworthy of his reputation, and it seems to me that his studies have rather been of a legal nature than those pertaining to the facts connected with the resources of our North-West. Even the greatest minds cannot take in everything, so this need not be a special reproach, except in so far as he has assumed to deal with matters he has not fully apprehended. But apart from this I find two points of special reproach. One was the lightness with which he treated the faith of Canada pledged by the Government of Mr. Mackenzie to Lord Carnarvon after that pledge had become *un fait accompli*, and the other, the saying, "If British Columbia is not satisfied, let her go." If Mr. Blake is impartially tried by these two tests, he will be found to be wanting in the qualifications necessary for the leadership of a party in the State. As respects British Columbia it is certainly cruelly trifling with great interests to say that she should be allowed to go, rather than that \$2,000,000 a year for a few years should be spent in railway construction within her borders, after the faith of the Dominion has been most solemnly pledged, and especially in view of the economic ground that that expenditure, in the mineral development it will cause, will bring in direct returns to a much larger amount. The argument of the *Toronto* paper to which I referred last week is wisdom and patriotism compared with this. The whole of this exhibition, moreover, is perfectly futile, in the face of a well-known, good understanding in the House on this question.

On Friday, Mr. Blake again took up his tale, and evidently wearied himself by attempting to make a great oration. It is impossible to deny that he possesses in an eminent degree the gift of eloquent words. But I know of no gift so calculated to lead a man away from the conclusions of careful thought, based upon careful examination of facts. Take a specimen. Mr. Blake said that the United States Government had only realized sixteen and a half millions of dollars from the sale of their public lands in eleven years; and he asked how in the face of this we could expect to realize thirty-eight millions of dollars as contended by the First Minister in a similar period? Is it possible that Mr. Blake could be unaware of the fact that the United States Government had given nearly two hundred millions of acres to companies to build long railway lines—Pacific Railways among others—and that within the last seven years, as I stated, in reference to Thursday's debate, between sixty and seventy millions of dollars in cash had been received from the sale of those lands within a period of about seven years? The Government of Canada offer far larger areas of better lands for the specific purpose of building the Canadian road, and Mr. Blake will find that millions will settle on them, and millions of dollars flow from them, long after his words will have gone into the nothing.

ness to which they belong. Mr. Blake next made a statement showing that the public debt of Canada increased in a more rapid ratio than in the old settled countries in Europe! But what if it has? Is there the first point of true comparison? And can it be possible that this eloquent gentleman is not aware that the interest of the combined States and Federal debt in the United States *per capita*, is about the same as the principal of the debt of Canada? This speech, in fact, is full of eloquence of this texture; but I have not space to follow it further. He concluded by moving a resolution to the effect that the work of constructing the railway in British Columbia be postponed.

Mr. Langevin followed him in a very sharply defined and critical speech, and his task seemed easy, following such a flood of eloquence. He established Mr. Blake's inconsistency, and in fact, disloyalty to his own party and its acts. And he particularly reproached him for disloyalty to the best interests of Canada in that the whole tenor of his speech was to decry its resources and call in question its ability and its credit—the whole upon no better foundation than an array of flimsy fancies. Mr. Bunster, Mr. McInnes and Mr. DeCosmos showed that Mr. Blake had altogether misapprehended and mistated the resources of British Columbia.

The attacks upon Mr. Sanford Fleming, the Chief Engineer, reached such head as to call for a caucus of the party in order to have a good understanding as to how they should be met. This caucus has had two meetings, and at the last of these, a very carefully written defence of Mr. Fleming by himself was placed in the hands of members. I do not think that his statements can be successfully met. He admits there have been some mistakes, but he cannot be blamed for them, and he contends that the expenses which have been made a reproach in that portion of the work at the head of Lake Superior will prove to have been economy in the end. For my own part I do not mind so much the immediate expenditure of money for avoiding a grade or a curve so as to give us a cheap carrying line for a great traffic, as the precious time lost in construction. And as respects the crossing at Selkirk, Mr. Fleming simply re-asserts his opinion without offering any fresh arguments, or even recapitulating the old. It is understood that he will maintain his position, but there is talk of associating with him a Board of Engineers. There is one thing about Mr. Fleming. He is free from even the suspicion of being affected by a taint of jobbery.

The Banking resolutions of Sir Leonard Tilley have been printed. They are short but very important. They provide that the charters of the banks which would have expired in 1881, shall be renewed until 1891. The banks will not, after the renewal, be allowed to issue any notes for a less sum than five dollars, or for any sum not being a multiple of five dollars. Their cash reserves are never to be less than 40 per cent. in Dominion notes. The forms of their monthly returns are to be made more particular, and the notes they issue to be a first charge on all their assets. These points appear to be agreed upon between the Government and several leading bankers who have been to Ottawa.

Sir Leonard Tilley's proposed resolutions on the subject of Dominion Notes is also printed and is of great importance. It provides that the amount of Dominion Notes may be increased to \$20,000,000, that is an increase of \$8,000,000, provided that the Finance Minister shall always hold for the redemption of such notes an amount in gold, or securities guaranteed by the United Kingdom, equal to 25 per cent. of the issue, and that at least 15 per cent. of the total amount of outstanding notes shall be held in gold.

Another motion of which Sir John Macdonald has given notice is for a resolution to enable the Montreal Harbour Commissioners to pay to the widow of the late Hon. John Young, a gratuity equal to 6 per cent. on \$10,000, to be reckoned from the time of Mr. Young's decease. Probably nobody will object to this, and coming from Sir John Macdonald, it is, at least, a generous thing to do; but I do see very grave doubts as to the advisability of establishing a precedent of this nature.

The Marriage of Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill was finally passed by the Commons on Wednesday last, by the very decisive vote of 102 to 40. There were amendments moved, but they had simple reference to gaining time in order to allow the country, and particularly one or two religious bodies, to make a formal expression of their opinion. But, as respects arguments on the merits of the bill itself, those members who opposed it appear to have utterly broken down, and to have narrowed their opposition into a plea for delay. Sir Leonard Tilley, speaking at the close of the debate, said that he had seen no valid objection against the bill, but yet he thought it better to vote for postponement, in order to give time for the expression of opinion outside. The House, however, was not in a temper to listen to this. The Ministers divided in their votes. Messrs. Bowell, Langevin, O'Connor and J. H. Pope voted for the delay; Messrs. Baby and Jas. Macdonald voted against it. The other Ministers were not present. It now remains to be seen what the Senate will do.

It may be mentioned that the Supreme Court have given a decision affirming the constitutionality of what has been known as the "Scott Law," which has been called in question. People can, therefore, under that law, go on to prohibit the sale of liquor in localities.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN HORTICULTURE.

One of the most beautiful results of scientific research has just been announced and experimentally demonstrated before the Royal Society by the distinguished physicist, Dr. SIEMENS, of London. Several months ago he began an extensive series of experiments to ascertain whether the electric light was capable of promoting the growth and maturing of plants exposed to its beams. The method pursued was to plant quick-growing seeds and plants, such as mustard, carrots, beans and cucumbers in pots, dividing the pots into four groups, each group being subjected to different degrees of illumination. One of these was exposed to the electric light only, one to daylight only, one kept in the dark, and the last group to both electric and solar light in succession, the electric rays being thrown on the plants for six hours every night. The general results were that those kept in total darkness soon died, while those brought under the electric light alone, flourished as well as those kept under sunlight only; but the plants which were constantly subjected to electric and solar light successively developed with amazing vigor and rapidity, as the specimens exhibited by the experimenter fully attested. Dr. SIEMENS stated that tulip buds, exposed in his laboratory to the electric light for two hours, expanded into full bloom; and the *London Times*, in reporting his address, says: "Before concluding, Dr. SIEMENS placed a pot of budding tulips in the full brightness of an electric lamp in the meeting and in about forty minutes the buds had expanded into full bloom." The reality and great value of his discovery are substantiated by *Nature*, the leading scientific journal of England. But the experiments speak for themselves.

The apparent mystery of this fecundating or quickening power of electric light is not so occult as it seems. The light of the sun and the artificial light are both one, and the result reached by Dr. SIEMENS it has long been suspected would be realized; indeed other investigators, though with less skill and inadequate contrivances, have sought it. In the recent experiments, great care was taken to eliminate the element of stove heat, but the electric light itself kept up the temperature of the room in which the test was made to 72 degrees, thus fully proving that plants do not require diurnal repose, as animals do, but thrive under continuous exposure to sunlight by day and electric light by night. This, perhaps, is the most important deduction arrived at by Dr. SIEMENS' inquiries, as it promises to open up a new art, which has been fitly termed "electro-horticulture."

This able scientist modestly sums up the conclusions which are clearly derivable from his researches, the first of which is that electric illumination is efficacious in producing the leaf-green of plants and promoting growth without pushing the vegetative process so fast as to endanger their vitality or health. He also concludes that "the radiation of heat from powerful electric arcs can be made available to correct night frosts, and is likely to promote the ripening of fruit in the open air." No doubt for a considerable time this application of electric light-force must be restricted to the gardens and parterres of the wealthy classes. But where the mechanical power for supplying the electric machines is cheap (as from water-falls) the wider utilization of the new agency will not be neglected by nurserymen and horticulturists.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT.

The city of Hamilton has a population of about 33,000. At a rough estimate it may be safe to say that number is made up as follows:

14,300 women.
13,200 men.
5,500 children.

Total... 33,000

Before proceeding further, perhaps, it will be well to mention that the above calculation is based upon observations made from my hotel window, which looks out upon the central portion of the popular thoroughfare called James street. Almost everybody, who is out doors at all, is pretty sure to strike this street at some hour of the day. They roll past in carriages, cabs, hotel omnibuses, street cars, baby carriages and freight wagons; but the great bulk of the passers-by are pedestrians. How amusing it is to watch them. The list comprises beggars, the poor, the ne'er-do-wells, the industrious, the moderately well off, the prosperous, and the wealthy. The good, bad, and indifferent crowd and jostle one another just the same as in the streets of larger cities. The extremes are not quite so great; the travelled eye may look in vain for the newest fashions, but it has no difficulty in discovering the antiquated; the crowd is not so cosmopolitan in complexion as that to be seen in a great metropolis,—for I believe the 33,000 of a population includes but two orientals,—still, there is a great variety of form, visage, carriage and character. Italy—sunny Italy, which poets delight to sing about—contributes a few organ grinders and peanut vendors and Africa's dusky hue is, here and there, visible; but the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic, are the predominating elements. Look out upon the street on a sunny afternoon and

observe the crowd. It is made up of much the same class of people only occupying different stations in life. See the ragged, uncared for urchins; neatly dressed children; fair young faces; middle aged, old and feeble; cripples and paupers. What a motley throng! Gazing out upon it, one finds himself almost unconsciously quoting Gay's lines:

"Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a morbid mind!
The next in court fidelity exerts,
The public rides, and his country sells."

But, of course, that is altogether too severe to apply to this interesting little city. Perhaps no place in Canada has equally as good grounds to boast of its church accommodation, its temperance organizations, its Sabbath observance society, its prevention of cruelty to animals society, and other institutions, which are putting forth their best endeavours to purify the moral atmosphere.

But what are the people talking about? Let us take a bird's eye view of the subjects of conversation as well as of the inhabitants themselves. Step into any of the twenty-one pretentious, and innumerable unpretentious, churches on a Sunday and see how the majority of the buildings are crowded. The people have the Gospel served out to them, each Sabbath, in the following proportions: About 18 Methodist sermons, 12 Presbyterian do., 4 Baptist do., 2 Congregational do., 4 Roman Catholic services, 10 Episcopalian do., not to speak of the "Plymouth Brothers," the "True Believers," the "Bible Christians" and other sects, the names of which cannot be thought of just now. If a stranger is not satisfied with any of the foregoing he can step into a hall and be one of a promiscuous crowd to listen to a lecture after the style of Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses," or he can go into another building and take a hand at a kind of a "gem puzzle" offer of a prize of fifty dollars for the discovery of the word "hell" in the New Testament. Besides all the above variety of religious diet, the Y. M. C. A. never let an opportunity slip by without making some kind of an effort to capture the outlying sinners. Should the stranger still be longing for excitement he can pay the small sum of five cents and thereby gain admission to an opera chair, in the Mechanics' Hall, and listen to an entertainment given by the temperance people, at four o'clock every Sunday afternoon. At these entertainments a company of clever coloured people, who call themselves "The Jubilee Singers," treat the large audience to some delightful old plantation ditties, &c., &c., and are followed by sundry jubilant speakers who claim to have recently triumphed over the demon intemperance. Should the stranger survive the exercises of the Sabbath, and, on Monday, or some other week night, still find his thirst for amusement unslaked, he can revisit some of the fashionable churches and spend an evening in what they call their "Church Parlours" where, for a small admission fee, he will be treated to some goody-goody speeches, wishy-washy music and tarts.

W. F. McM.

Hamilton, April, 1880.
(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHEN pastors preach against the vanity of false things, the ladies know which is which.

It is just as safe, says Prof. Huxley, to marry on a three week courtship as to wait longer.

It is very easy to recollect an actress' age. Get it once fixed in your mind and you've got it for ever.

WORTH is said to have made this remark to a lady who was dowdily dressed: "Madame, I cannot risk my reputation on you."

THE *Dunbury News* asserts that there is a man in Connecticut who sneezes so loud as to sour milk.

TAKE care of the pennies, and your wife will take care of the dollars every time she wants a new bonnet.

A CONNECTICUT farmer recently jumped into a well because his wife ran him into debt. He found however, that he couldn't keep his head above water any better after he got there.

A LITTLE child was asked, "Where do you live?" Turning to its mother, who stood near by, the little one said, "Where mother is, there is where I live."

ADA (aged four), who was doing something, and was told to desist by her mother. Mother: "Ada, am I to speak to you again?" Ada: "Yes, ma, you may if you like."

"THE grass is turning green," was the observant remark of a young man escorting a pretty damsel across the common, and the saucy miss replied that he had got ahead of the grass by a number of days.

IN the gallery of the Louvre, before the statue of the Venus of Milo. Little boy: "What did they cut her arms off for?" Mother: "Because she put her fingers in the sugar-bowl."

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not a boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not a girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this age!

Maine News.

Aop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastically in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Ad.*

THE CROPPY BOY.

Our front page is decorated by a Diploma Picture, the work of Mrs. C. N. B. Schreiber, C.A., of Toronto, which attracted the most flattering attention at the late Exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Arts. The subject is taken from an old ballad of the time of the Irish Rebellion:—

The youth has knelt to tell his sins,
"Nomine Dei" the youth begins,
"At the Siege of Ross, did my father fall,
And at Garry my loving brothers all,
I, alone, am left of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford to take their place."

Now, Father, bless me before I go
To die, if God has ordained it so."
The Priest said naught, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare;
With fiery glare, and with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing he breathed a curse,
"Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live."

HUMOROUS.

A TRAMP called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

PEOPLE do not like to acknowledge that they are poor, except to book agents.

A DOG which won't run away from an elephant will break his back to get away from an oyster-can.

THERE'S the sickle, the bicycle and the tricycle, but the most worthy of these is the sickle.

A UTICA bootblack who was driven out of that city claims consideration now as a Polish refugee.

FABER has made a great deal of money from lead pencils. What is the difference between Faber and reporters?

THE world is full of compensations. The more prices go up the more we have to come down for everything.

THE biggest moustache on record is the one Michael Angelo cut on his statue of Moses. It weighs a ton and a half.

AN Englishman, who is boarding, says he can stand Ash Wednesday once in a while, but 'ash Monday every week is too 'ard.

AND now they have improved upon "You may bet your sweet life," and say "You may gamble your saccharine existence."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, April 12.—The Swedish Ministry has resigned. The new German Army Bill is causing many to emigrate.—Prince Gortschakoff's death may be expected at any moment.—By an explosion near North Woolwich, eleven lives were lost.—Prince Bismarck is opposed to the disarmament of Germany.—The Austrian Ministry has been defeated on the question of secret service funds.

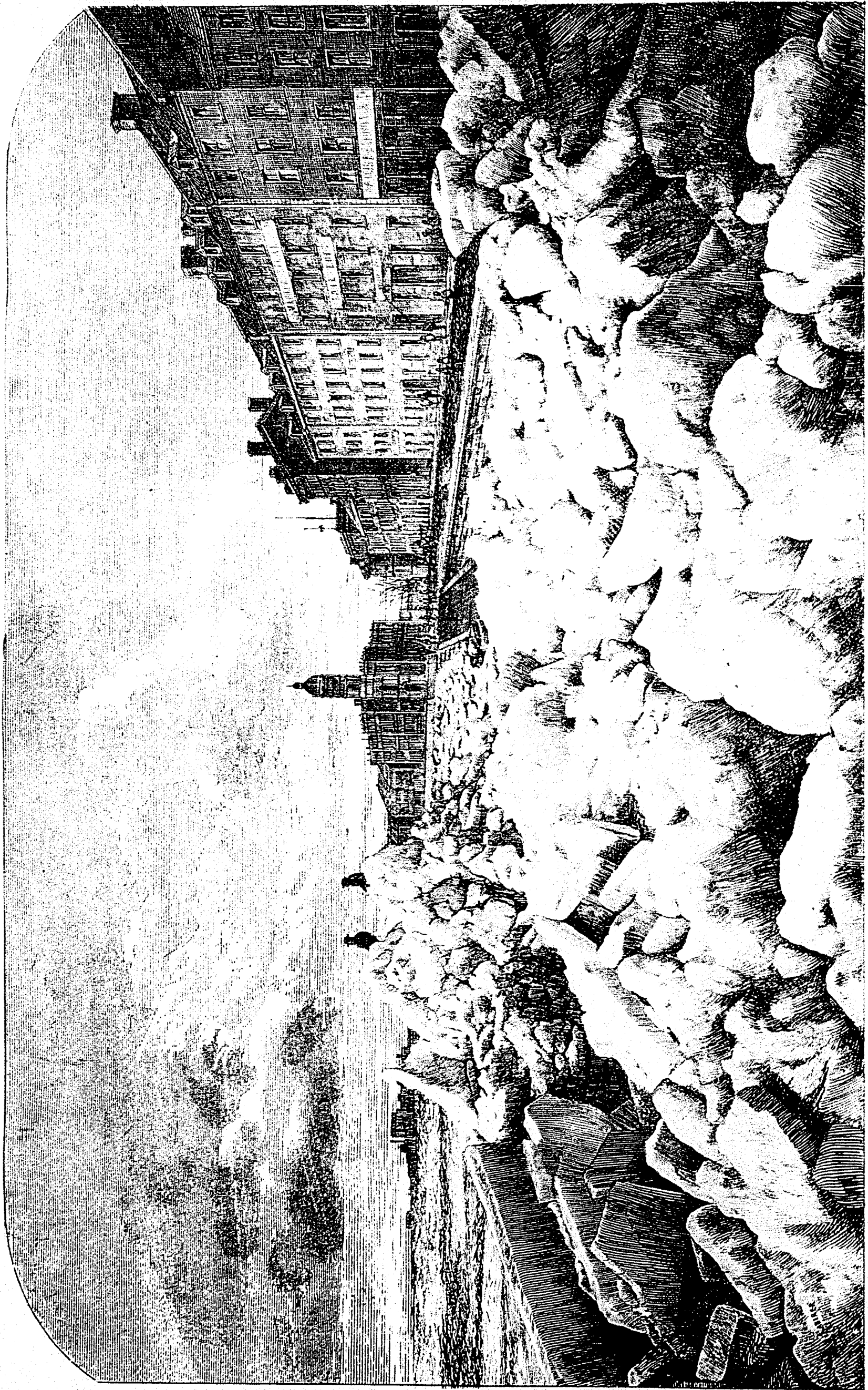
TUESDAY, April 13.—Russia and Portugal will probably combine to expel the Chinese from Macao, calling in Japan to their aid.—The British troops are to be withdrawn from Afghanistan as soon as the Afghan chiefs shall have elected a friendly Ameer.—The *Agence Russe* denies that the Emperors of Russia, Germany and Austria are to meet for the purpose of discussing European affairs.—Russia will not consent to restore Kuldja under Chinese threats. In case of war, it is feared that foreigners residing in China will be massacred.—Gambetta predicts a dissolution of the French Chambers.—Emigration is taking place on a large scale from Sweden.

WEDNESDAY, April 14.—In contradiction to previous rumours, it is now said Russia will go to war with China.—Election petitions will be presented against returns from seven constituencies in England.—Lordillard's Wallenstein won the handicap race at the Newmarket Craven Meeting yesterday.—The United States Congress awaits Franco's proposal with regard to a treaty of commerce.—It is expected that the International Exhibition to be held at Melbourne, Victoria, will be a great success.—A serious collision took place on the Thames, yesterday, between a sailor and a steamer; no lives lost.—Otero, the would-be assassin of King Alfonso, of Spain, was executed yesterday, notwithstanding the earnest desire of the Queen that his sentence should be commuted.

THURSDAY, April 15.—Cork County has rejected the Parnellite candidate.—Canon Ryle has been appointed to the new bishopric of Liverpool.—Lord John Manners and Sir Stafford Northcote have each received the G.C.B.—The Marlborough Relief committee has been dissolved, owing to the political changes.—The news from Russia is gloomy; a famine, nihilist arrests and court-martials are the order of the day.—It has been decided by the Spanish Ministry that the Cuban municipal elections shall be postponed until May 1881.—A member of the German Reichstag considers England a source of anxiety and danger with Gladstone at her head.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris predicts internal troubles for France in case the decrees against the unauthorized orders should be executed.

FRIDAY, April 16.—An attempt has been made to poison the Czar.—The Reichstag has passed the German Army Bill.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has arrived at the Cape.—The Atlantic cable of 1873 is again in working order.—The steamer *Scotia* is shortly to engage in the laying of the new Anglo-American cable.—Dr. Kenealy, of Tichborne fame, is dead. The cause of his death was mortification of the right foot.—A boat has been washed ashore at Vienna, on the Portuguese coast, and it is surmised that it belongs to the missing training-ship *Atalanta*. Nothing definite has yet been ascertained.

SATURDAY, April 17.—Lord Beaconsfield has placed his resignation in the hands of the Queen.—It is said Lord Dufferin will be the next Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.—Parnell's flowers number 24, and Shaw's, the leader of the Moderate Home Rule party, 36.—A number of the Afghan chiefs are aiding the advance of the British troops on Ghuznee.—Count de Lesseps says he has obtained subscriptions in America to the amount of 300,000,000 francs.—Bulgarians are sacking Mussulman villages, and Mouktar Pasha has demanded reinforcements for them.—Dean Stanley will abandon his idea of erecting a monument to the late Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey.—It is rumoured a battle has taken place at Moquequa, Peru, with adverse results to the Chilians, who seem to be getting worsted on land as well as on sea.—On Saturday, Quebec, Halifax, Toronto and Ottawa were visited, like Montreal, with severe storms. From the Californian Sierras comes the report of the severest storm of the season.



MONTREAL.—ICE SHOVE IN FRONT OF THE CITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.

PALLAS.

I sat at home, in easy chair,
Near Pallas with her golden hair.

The mellow lamplight on her tress
Trembled with untold tenderness.

Her eyes, with far-off, distant gaze,
Were penetrating future days.

"Reveal," quoth I, "what vision lies
Within the dreams you catechise?"

What wondrous land of love and song
Has traced my dreaming bride so long?"

She slowly turned her graceful head,
That Phidias might have carved, and said:

"I had a foolish, passing thought—
A vain regret the moment brought.

Our quiet lives have no great needs;
Our kindly friends do no great deeds;

I do not care to walk where kings
Receive the homage power brings;

But long to know those few of earth
Within whose minds grand thoughts have birth.

To breathe with them an ampler air,
To feel with them a nobler care.

But we are chained by circumstance;
We stand, but seem not to advance."

I pointed where the open door
Showed shelves well stocked with motley lore;

"There is the company you seek,
The ancient Roman and the Greek;

There, by the sunny southern wall,
The blind old Homer waits your call;

Imperial Caesar bows most low
Beside the courtly Cicero;

While, strangely out of place with these,
Mark Twain cracks jokes at Sophocles;

There stands the king of bards, sublime,
'Not of an age, but of all time!'

Rare Jonson, side by side with Poe,
And Hawthorne chatting with Defoe;

Poor Goldsmith claims our tender heart,
And Fielding charms us by his art.

There Humboldt, erst inspired of God,
Now learns what wids our Stanley nod;

While Newton bows his mighty head
To catch the last word Tyndall said;

The monarchs of the ages these—
One perfect line from Socrates!

The old world and the new one, too,
Are waiting on those shelves for you."

She spoke intensely then: "A man
Must find his learning where he can;

A woman, in her slightest looks,
Sees what is written not in books;

And I would rather learn to know
By keenly watching one great brow,

When inspiration flashed its light
Like some great meteor in the night,

Then sit, and plod, like common clay,
On what the master cast away."

She rose, and passed from out the room,
Which straightway seemed enwrapped in gloom.

Ere long I heard her rich voice rise,
Breathing angelic melodies.

She sang with sympathetic tone,
The notes divine of Mendelssohn.

I stole to where the door ajar,
Revealed her like a glorious star.

I knew she felt within her heart
Impassioned longings after art.

As, mute, I stood to hear her sing,
She was to me a holy thing;

And, as I gazed, I breathed a prayer
And benediction on her there.

THE HERMIT OF TREASURE PEAKS.

In 1858, a couple of ragged and vermin-inhabited prospectors, wandering about one of the spurs of the Sierra, discovered gold, an article for which they had been assiduously searching for some months. Immediately on fixing their hungry optics to the fragment of auriferous rock, they gave a shout of delight, drove down a stake, fixed a notice of location, and announced the birth of a new town, calling the same Treasure Peaks.

When the place was dubbed Treasure Peaks, even the visionary minds of the two unkempt gold hunters did not for a moment imagine that the mountain side would ever be graced by any more than one or perhaps two miners' cabins. They were not selfish men, and the next time they visited the town of Forks Flat they proclaimed their golden discovery at the first public bar of the place.

The idle population of Forks Flat was not slow in availing itself of the travelling facilities which led to Treasure Peaks. The trail up the mountain side was a rugged and tedious one and took the better part of two days to traverse; yet inside of six months a passable waggon-road was worn to the camp, and the place witnessed all the scenes of life and activity incidental to the birth of a new city.

When Treasure Peaks contained about a thousand inhabitants, the little town began to swell with importance. The mining prospects were, indeed, flattering, and the quartz ledges in the hills were rapidly being developed. Besides, they were productive, and the deeper the workers went, the richer and wider grew the veins. New cabins grew up every day, the prospect-holes became shafts, the bucket and windlass gave way to the donkey-engine, people poured in from all directions, and the village

child began to assume the airs of the municipal man.

In the midst of the bustle of business and money-making, the inhabitants of the Peaks did not forget that they had a rival—a small one, it was true—in the shape of the town of Forks Flat, and to wipe out the Flat from all commercial and geographical recognition was their sole aim. Joe Beggs, a man whose opinions had the advantage of considerable weight—as he ran a first-class blue-chip faro game—insisted on a newspaper:

"What we want for this growing camp is a first-class newspaper, that can properly set forth the interests of this mountain metropolis."

One of the crowd suggested that a man named Lightner in San Francisco was the party wanted.

"Has he got the classical education necessary to run a newspaper in a town like Treasure Peaks? Is he a man of elevated thought and vigorous expression? Is he a man that's well read?—one that we can refer gambling disputes to with a guarantee of a proper rendering of the points."

The party who had suggested the name of Lightner vouched for the thorough capacity of the man, and by the next day \$3,000 were raised as a bonus to induce him to come. Lightner was sent for, and in about a month the citizens of the Peaks began to look for the advent of the printing-office.

One sultry afternoon, a horseman came up the grade at a brisk pace, to announce that the printing establishment was on the way, and would arrive in a few hours. This intelligence caused an extraordinary commotion in the camp, and as soon as the first flush of excitement was over, preparations commenced for giving the new editor a fitting reception—something which would glorify the Peaks forever, and correspondingly humiliate the commercial pride of Forks Flat.

It was just at nightfall when John Lightner, with two loaded freight waggons, came in view at a bend of the grade, half a mile below town. The sighting of the teams from the top of the hill was signalized by the explosion of an anvil—a mode of firing salutes much in vogue at that period. In an instant more, an American flag was hoisted to the top of a pole, while on a neighbouring eminence the welcoming bonfires were lighted, and there was a general rush to the foot of the main street.

When the teams halted, steaming and panting, at the town level, the journalist was considerably astonished to find a delegation of citizens drawn up to receive him. It had been agreed that Joe Beggs, the leading faro-dealer in the town, should deliver the address of welcome; and, for the first time since attaining his majority, the man of notable nerve and coolness was in a state of excitement which required a stiff horn of brandy, taken every fifteen minutes, to allay. When Lightner got down over the wheel, however, Beggs advanced, and with half-lifted hat, grasped him warmly by the hand, cleared his throat for the first oratorical effort of his life, and, after a slight pause began:

"MR. LIGHTNER.—In behalf of the citizens of this growing commercial metropolis and mining centre, I bid you thrice welcome to Treasure Peaks. [Here he threw his weight over on the other leg.] I assure you that the fact of my being the first man to be afforded the opportunity of welcoming a writer of your brains and ability to our midst, causes my breast to swell with a pride which would be impossible for me to conceal, even if I so desired. It is the happiest moment of my checkered and eventful existence, and I will not efface it from the tablets of my memory till my dying day."

At this point, the speaker, whose remarks had fully realized the most sanguine expectations of his friends, looked about him in a dazed way, and it was quite evident, to those who knew him best, that his stock of English had given out. Nothing daunted, however, he plunged boldly into the more congenial and familiar parlance of his profession, and struck out as follows:

"You will find the journalistic lay-out in this section a bang-up game to buck at, and with a man of your heft in the look-out chair we can call the turn on the whole coast. We boys, propose to play you open-up from the start and chip up our subscriptions to the last cove in the camp and to the full limit of the game. As long as you don't ring in a brace deal and keep clean cases you can bet heavy on the square-up support of this camp, and don't you forget it."

Three rousing cheers greeted Beggs' closing words, and one of his critical admirers critically remarked:

"He made some awful wild play at the start, but called the turn beautiful at the close."

Lightner thanked them cordially in a few quiet, well-turned remarks, and introduced his wife, who had remained on the elevated seat of the freight waggon, curiously contemplating the lionizing of her husband. She heard the three cheers given in her honour, saw the waving hats and bristling hands of welcome, and wished, more than at any other time in her life, that she had a thick veil to cover her beauty and blushes. Then came a fusillade of small arms, as a sort of gunpowder supplement to the cheering, and the boom of another anvil shook the air. A moment later her hand was grasped by the supple fingers of Beggs, who hastened to extend his apologies for the incompleteness of the preparations for the reception, and the utter poverty of their execution.

After having made the speech and chatted with the first respectable woman ever seen at the Peaks, Beggs seriously considered the propriety of securing a municipal charter for the town and getting elected mayor. When the reception was over and the ruddy light of the bonfires had ceased to gild the rough crags lying behind the Peaks, the crowd dispersed and for the rest of the night the public sentiment could be summed up in a remark of Beggs: "Now we'll make them Forks Flat fellers sick."

It took some weeks to set the little printing office on its legs and the constant presence of squads of inquisitive visitors did not materially facilitate matters. Over a hundred men came in to suggest a name, and such names! *The Tidal Wave, The Mountain Thunderbolt, The Mining Blast, The Sierra Snow Slide, The Voice of Truth, The Forks Flat Crusher, and The Treasure Peaks Howitzer* were a few proposed. The excitement incidental to the baptism of the new journal ran so high that one man was shot dead in his tracks, in a street debate over it.

The editor finally announced *The Treasure Peaks Standard*, and the first issue was hailed with a general outlay of enthusiasm, liquor and gunpowder. The proprietor of the leading saloon purchased the first copy, damp from the press, for twenty dollars, and put it proudly on exhibition in his cabinet of curiosities. The leading article dilating upon the prospects of the town, its growing industries, and inexhaustible resources, was voted "just the business" by everybody. Subscriptions and advertising poured in, and Lightner came to the conclusion that he had reached a spot where a small fortune awaited him.

Time showed that the editor had, indeed, wielded a prophetic pen. Treasure Peaks progressed with a steady development, and the founders of the city began to regret that they had not built on some spot where there was more room, instead of being huddled up in the confines of a mountain, with a precipice below, and a wall of rock behind them. Claims increased in value, corner lots advanced, the saloons were crowded and the gambling-hells resounded with strains of music and revelry; while the abodes of vice and the resorts of commercial industry literally made money "hand-over-fist."

The *Standard* was a weekly and Lightner and his wife did the work, both setting type, and each assisting the other in the odd jobs which are found in a printing office. As business increased Lightner concluded that his wife was overtaking herself, and finally the following was inserted in the paper:

WANTED.—A good, steady compositor to whom the highest wages will be paid. Apply at this office immediately.

Next day a young man called, and said he had come to answer the advertisement.

"I've been keeping cases at Beggs'," he said, frankly. "I could get nothing else to do, except mining, and my health won't stand it."

He said his name was Houghson, and he was from Maine. He was set to work at once, and proved to be a rapid, careful compositor, and just the man for the place.

There was no longer any necessity for Mrs. Lightner working as a type-setter, yet, after a few days, she came down and took a case by the side of Houghson. Presently, Houghson changed his slouched attire for new clothes, and manifested a decided interest in clean shirts.

One day Mrs. Lightner left a composing stick half full, and when she returned from dinner noticed that the balance of the type had been set. Next day Houghson found some wild flowers on his case. The new compositor assisted Mrs. Lightner whenever she "pied" a line, or fell into any vexatious troubles with the type. She needed assistance quite often, and Lightner was delighted with the thrifty ways and accommodating spirit of his new employe. On one occasion, in correcting Mrs. Lightner's type, their hands touched, but she made no effort to withdraw hers, and they lingered in contact. The woman's eyes met Houghson's, and in her confusion she "pied" a line, and the type, rattling upon the floor, caused her husband to look up. He saw, however, nothing but two people absorbed in their work.

Soon after, the new compositor resolved on a desperate adventure. He was setting some reprint, and a fresh piece of copy began with the words "I love you." He set them in his stick, and held it where she could see it. She gazed at it steadily a few seconds, and bit her lip with an angered expression, as if she considered such a liberty unwarrantable. Lightner went out a moment after, and Houghson took advantage of the opportunity afforded to make an explanation and apology, saying that the words he had set were in his copy.

"Then you did not mean it seriously?" she said.

"No."

The anger which Mrs. Lightner had assumed a few moments before now changed to genuine discomfiture. Houghson saw that the point so daringly won had been lost by sheer cowardice. She noticed his troubled face, and a few minutes later they exchanged smiles which spoke louder than the type.

It was a day or so before they began to renew their conversation, and then they did so by touching, successively, the boxes containing the letters, thus spelling words and sentences quite rapidly. Houghson grew bolder every day, and finally, using their system of dumb signals with-

in a few feet of the unsuspecting husband, they talked without reserve; the expressions of affection, born of a finger-touch upon piles of inanimate type, leaving no trace.

One night the woman contrived to have Houghson invited to the house. After accepting, Houghson gave her to understand that she must search the right pocket of his overcoat for a letter, when he came. That evening he called, and, taking off his coat, handed it to his employer, who was assisting him. He passed it to his wife, instructing her to hang it up, and, the instant his back was turned, the letter was extracted and another put in its place. Houghson smiled in the husband's honest face at the idea of making a letter-carrier of him, and Lightner smiled cordially in return.

After that, Houghson spent his evenings at Lightner's quite frequently—the husband pressing him to come, and the wife professing that she considered him a bore. They exchanged letters daily—each seeming to be endeavouring to outdo the other in expressions of affection; and all this time the woman treated her lover so coldly in the presence of her husband that on one occasion he took her to task for it.

"If you don't like the man, you should at least remember that he is a gentleman, and treat him with politeness."

"I can't endure his ways," was the reply, and the subject dropped.

The crisis in events was bound to come, sooner or later, and it came in due time.

One night, Lightner was standing on a knoll, in the rear of the printing office. It was an evening sweet with the delicious atmosphere which characterizes the mountains, and the strong scents of the pines loaded the breeze with a fragrance so suggestive of woods and glens that one could almost see the splendid scenery with closed eyes. He watched the rush of busy life beneath him. The roar of machinery, the clamour of the stamp-mills, and the cheery songs of the men blended grandly together. As the doors of the furnaces were opened at intervals, the glow of the fires penetrated the dark recesses of foliage beyond, and lit up the bleak rocks with mellow reflections. Lightner's mind reverted to the business of the past year, while he considered the prospects of the future; and when he thought of his cheerful though humble home, and devoted wife, he was indeed a happy man.

As he sat gazing upon the works below, he fancied that the glare upon the pines and rocks suddenly grew more pronounced. A moment later the shout of fire rang out; it was the first time that cry had ever been raised in the Peaks, and the camp was a scene of confusion at once.

The main mine of the place was burning; and there being nothing to check the rush of the flames, and no water facilities to speak of, the whole line of works went, one after the other. All night the pillars of fire shot upward from the shafts—as the underground workings communicated with each other—and these pillars rose above the tallest crags, while the thick, dun smoke shut out the sky. Below, the mines were filled with men perishing in the flames that swept from drift to drift, or suffocated long before in the sulphurous gases that on such occasions find their way to the remotest corners.

In the morning the flames were flaring from the shafts. The town had escaped, but every vestige of the mining industry had been swept away. It would not pay to rebuild. There was no longer any reason to conceal a fact, well known to the insiders, that the vein had "pinched out." Treasure Peaks was already a thing of the past, and the exodus began. The grade was filled with men and horses, leaving the stricken town as fast as possible. They did not even remain to take out the dead from the lower levels.

"Why should we dig 'em up from the ground to bury 'em again?"

No one could answer such a question, and the subject was not agitated. Business men did not sell out, they simply vacated the premises—finding, in many instances, that it was cheaper to leave provisions and merchandise than to remove them—something not at all uncommon in those days. Stores were gutted, and barrels of liquor rolled out for the mob. The streets were filled with howling drunkards, most of them singing snatches of the wild refrains which were born of the rush and riot of '49. Thus the town passed out of existence, with the inhabitants singing, fighting, drinking and drowning their troubles in a delirium of revelry.

The night after the fire Lightner's wife advised him to go down to the office and look after affairs. As he left she remarked that she was indisposed and would go to bed early, but he need not hurry back.

Half an hour later, as Lightner was sitting in his murky office, he thought he heard the clatter of hoofs, and went to the door; as he did so he saw two figures disappear over the grade, but thought no more of it.

By midnight he had put things to rights about the place, determining to move away with the rest in a day or two. As he went home he thought of his brave little woman who had faced the trials and privations of the past two years, and all for him. He entered the room where she was sleeping, but did not light the candle, for fear of waking her. He sat for half an hour beside the bed, filled with gloomy reflections and miserable foreshadowings. Then he bent over the pillow where he knew her head lay, and tried to kiss her cheek. He found nothing, and his hands wandered nervously over the bed-clothes a moment. Rushing to the window he

tore aside the curtain, and let the moonlight stream in. The bed was empty.

Three days later a man wandered aimlessly about the streets of the deserted city. It was Lightner, gone mad from the events of the past week, and the sole surviving inhabitant of the dead camp. He roamed about the streets all the forenoon, and then drifted back to his little office. Sitting down at his desk, as he had before a thousand times done, he wrote:

"CHEERING PROSPECTS.—Treasure Peaks was never on a more substantial basis than at present. Its population is constantly increasing; buildings are going up at a rate which speaks a population, by next fall, of double that which we can boast at present. The strike in the Lone Pine yesterday is one of immense importance, and more will be said of it in our next issue."

He hung this on the hook, and went out to "rustle" for more items, going from one empty store to another, and returning in an hour or so to scribble his impressions on paper. He moved about all day, and returned home at night, wholly oblivious of the fact that he was the only inhabitant of the dead and desolate city.

Occasionally the Indians would pay the Peaks a visit, but seldom, as the dreariness of the place was to them more lonely than the unexplored forest. These savages, who never harm a demented man, brought Lightner provisions, and treated him with great respect. He usually alluded to their visits as the arrival of New York capitalists seeking investments in mining property.

There was an old hall at the Peaks, which had been occasionally used for theatrical performances by local talent. Not unfrequently, Lightner would repair to this building, and, taking a front seat in the dress circle, sit for a couple of hours under the supposition that a play was in progress. Here, indeed, was the "beggarly array of empty benches." The moon, shining through the gaps of dismantled windows, threw but an indifferent light upon the stage and over the interior of the building, and occasionally Lightner would allude, in his paper, to the fact that it was a pity that the leading place of amusement in the city was not better lighted. He was always very guarded in his comments, however, as he seemed to fear that, unless he remained on good terms with the manager, he might lose his advertising patronage. Sometimes he would hang about the empty box-office for days, with a bill which he was anxious to collect.

On one occasion he delivered a lecture in the theatre, on the "Life of Charlemagne," and roared and gesticulated for an hour and a half, by the light of a tallow candle, to absolute emptiness, weaving his mad oratory to the irresponsible air, and trying vainly to call down the applause of the silent gallery.

On the Fourth of July he decorated his office with evergreens; pulled out an old American flag, which he hoisted early in the morning; read the Declaration of Independence to a band of Washoe Indians; marched them up and down the main street, and wanted to get gloriously drunk, but lacked the spirituous auxiliaries.

During the next few months the town shrank away like a withered vegetable. The buildings twisted and warped with the summer's heat, and the dry rot set in. Here and there patches of grass could be seen in the streets, a sort of verdigris collecting upon the town. Day after day the signs and awnings were shaken by the mountain winds, and fell to the ground alongside the sinking buildings. Vines and weeds began to mantle and choke the charred and blackened ruins of the hoisting works, and cover the grim wrecks of machinery.

In the midst of all this, the demented editor prolonged his solitary existence, subsisting on the scanty allowance which the Indians furnished him, and occasionally issuing the *Standard*, printing it on odd pieces of paper, and distributing it by throwing it into the yawning doorways. Its circulation was generally about a dozen copies, and it came out as the humour seized him.

When not at work on his journal, he was digging among the ruins for the body of his wife, whom he firmly believed had been burned in the fire. One day he found some bones, probably belonging to a miner, and, believing them to be the remains of his lost helpmate, he buried them in a little knoll back of his office, and began to plant flowers there, watering the spot daily. These flowers soon completely engaged his attention, and, one day, seeing them through the open window, he wrote:

"The flowers are coming up close by our door again. All hail! As, in our wild and uncertain struggle for wealth, we toil in the lower levels, let us not forget the priceless treasures of the upper earth. The gold of the mine is not half so bright as the yellow buttercups that fleck the sod above it. The cold crystals, the gleaming pyrites, and the many-coloured tracers of wealth and beauty that blend in the soulless rocks, make poor compare with the vines and grasses, which, a hundred feet above, tell us of God's divine sympathy and nature's exhaustless bounty. The gold and silver last forever because neither have ever lived. The flowers spring up and die because they are immortal. Does not the spirit of the rose, upon the hill yonder, live and breathe as a man lives and breathes? Does it not feel every movement and change of the air which surrounds it, and die as the blast smites it? Does not the spiritual essence of its fragrance haunt the earth, while

its seed is quickened for another spring? Let every man have his share, for the treasures of nature are illimitable."

In the fall he imagined that he was nominated for Congress, and for about six weeks he conducted a vigorous political campaign. He went on a canvassing tour through the mountains, and wherever he struck an Indian camp he made a speech—a rousing and ringing Republican oration—which was generally listened to with marked attention by groups of stolid savages.

On election day he distributed his tickets through the saloons, laying a pile on each dusty counter, and covering them with small stones to hold them in place.

In a day or so he imagined himself elected, and thanked the solitudes about him as follows:

"It is with a feeling of no inconsiderable pride that the editor of the *Standard* is able to announce that he has been chosen by the people of Nevada as their congressional representative. We did not seek the office, and, in accepting it, we but bend to the royal will of the popular majority, who were determined to do us honour, in return for our labours in behalf of the growing country during the past four years. Our record as a pioneer, a journalist, and a citizen we feel proud of, and shall make it our endeavour to retain the confidence of our constituents in the future as we have in the past."

That night he packed a small black valise, and determined to set out for Washington on the early stage. He went behind the office, and stood for half an hour by the grave which he supposed to be that of his wife, and then turned sadly back to the dingy old printing shop. Sitting down at his desk, he seized a scrap of paper, and began to write. He wrote slowly for about half an hour, and then, throwing away the manuscript, wrote again. Then he carefully read his copy, and hung it on the hook.

"Julia," said he, "set that up in leaded minion, and then we'll go home."

He looked over toward the case where his wife had so often worked, and his dimming eyes tried to pierce the gloom. Folding his arms upon the table, he laid his head down upon them with a sigh of weariness, and was soon asleep.

Three years later, a man and a woman came up the grade on horseback and entered the deserted town. They walked where the ruins of the hoisting-works crumbled beneath masses of waving grass, and inert machinery lay in the close embrace of creeping vines. The pair rode through the flowers and weeds in the main street, and neared the office of the *Standard*. The woman's quick eye caught sight of the grave at the top of the knoll, and she walked up to it. On the head-board she saw the inscription cut deeply into the wood:

JULIA LIGHTNER,
MY BELOVED WIFE.
Died April 16th.

The two looked in each other's faces, when the man remarked:

"The day of the fire."

They walked through the office, passed the cases, thick with spider's webs, the rusty press, and the pied masses of type. They saw something bowed over the editorial table. It was a human figure, half-skeleton, half mummy, over which clung some ragged remnants of clothes.

"My husband!" said the woman. A horrible shiver came over the man, and the woman, ashy pale, clung to him for protection, as if she expected the figure would rise up and confront them.

Presently, Houghson walked up closer, and seeing a sheet of paper on the hook, took it off, shook the dust free, and, with some difficulty, read as follows:

"HOME.—Love is a sleep, in which a man dreams of joys which rise before him in the air, in endless architecture which the imagination never tires of rearing upon the clouds. He awakes, is at home, and the unsubstantial castles of his dreams become a solid masonry, when he views the cheerful hearth, hears the prattle of his children, and presses the responsive lips of his faithful wife. This is the glad consummation of all his hopes, and all other joys which wealth and power and satiated ambition tempt us with, pale before the splendour of such a sun as this whose fire the grave itself quenches not, and whose light pierces the shadows of eternity."

As he read, Houghson had moved toward the light which came through the broken window, and his back was turned away from the woman whose affections he had won. Suddenly the crash of a pistol's report caused him to leap back as if the ball had pierced him.

As he turned, the woman fell to the floor at the skeleton's feet, the blood which streamed from her mouth mingling with a bubbling froth which swelled from her nostrils. She made no motion after the fall, except to inflate her chest once or twice.

Houghson gazed, transfixed, upon the corpse for a few minutes, incapable of motion. The sun had set, and the scene was shrouded in the gathering shadows. He made a step to approach the body, met the fixed gaze of the eyes, and, recoiling, reeled through the open door. The two horses were close at hand; one he liberated, and the other he mounted. He turned one more look at the office, and paused, as if he would go back; and then, wheeling his horse about, dashed through the crumbling and rotting city at a pace which made the frail houses tremble as he passed, and in the misty twilight disappeared down the lonely grade.

SAM DAVIS.

WAS SHE A COQUETTE?

BY MURPHY.

Miss C—, permit me to introduce Mr. M—.
Mr. M—, Miss C—.

Short and informal as this introduction was, and occurring as it did—being merely in conformity with the conventional usages of society,—one would not suppose results other than agreeable would follow from it, or that heart ache and despondency, consequent upon an attack of that universal malady—love—was very severely attacking myself, the before-mentioned Mr. M. Having, in the course of my life, met many ladies, numbers of them beautiful, I, not naturally of an amorous nature, with a cool head; critically exact in my estimate and appreciation of the fair sex, it was not to be for a moment imagined, that the charms of Miss C. (and they are legion) would make an immediate impression upon me, or that my heart—already almost ossified—would prove so susceptible as to bring me at once to her feet, and subject me to a thralldom so complete in its nature, that my very life seemed dependent on her favor.

I am not a demonstrative man, neither am I impulsive, but one whose coolness in the ordinary affairs of life, would lead to the inference that in an *affaire de cœur*, where a hope existed of it resulting in a *vinculum matrimonii*, my mental equilibrium would not be disturbed. The smoothest exterior at times covers the most troubled heart. No vapor rises from the molten gold; no turbulent waves sweep over its surface; its mirror-like smoothness gives no indication of its latent heat, and yet it possesses a wonderful power to destroy. So it was with me. To all outward appearances, calm and unmoved, my very vitality was being destroyed by the passion I could not control. As the sportsman lures on the unsuspecting game by an imitation of its cry, so was I led on by a mesmeric power that was perfectly irresistible. At times my spirits would be buoyed up on the wings of a bright hope, born of some slight favor extended to me,—a kind word, a languid look. Alas, how evanescent were my moments of pleasure!

At others, a frown would dispel the illusion of my happiness, and an anguish as of despair, distracting and agonizing in the extreme, would supervene. For days and weeks—in fact I was entirely oblivious of time—the seeds of my destiny were being sown, perhaps all unconsciously by the young lady; perhaps with a perfect knowledge of the consequences—let us hope the former,—in a soil that, although barren and unyielding to the fascinations of others, was at last compelled, by some occult power to develop and produce fruit terrifying in its reality. The impulse to see her was uncontrollable; the desire to be near her could not be overcome; my destiny seemed fixed; my "affinity" (I conceived) was found, and nought but the great leveller death, could keep me from her side, where, I fondly flattered myself, I was ever welcome. What an hallucination! What an egotistical phantom! How my poor brain whirled as in my mind I painted the object of my constant thoughts; what grand castles I built, surrounding them and embellishing them with the offerings of love; with what ecstatic pleasure I anticipated a realization of my hopes, none can ever know; and yet, even now I am in that dreadful state of uncertainty, that at every thought of her, my heart flutters as do the sails of a ship as she heads the wind. A description of my *anamorata* would not, I think be out of place here. Of medium height, a form perfect in its contour; dark brown hair, luxuriant and glossy in its graceful and becoming arrangement; clear, trustful, limpid eyes, of an ethereal blueness, whose soft yet penetrating gaze would send the blood with lightning speed coursing through one's veins, and create a longing desire to fold their possessor in an eternal embrace; features, although not faultless in outline, or perfect in their separate form, yet blended together with a unity that created beauty, not incomparable, but fascinating and dazzling in its brightness, and classic in the animation imparted to them by the healthful glow of the carmine fluid as it flowed and ebbed beneath the clear, transparent skin. A wonderful neatness and taste in dress, with a happy blending of colors, made a *tout ensemble* bewitchingly charming. In her disposition, she was at times very peculiar; in fact, not only peculiar, but enigmatical. As I have already said, attracting one to her by some incomprehensible, magnetic power; holding him spell bound, at her pleasure, and then, without any evident effort, repelling him with a frigidity and ease worthy of an ocean of icebergs. Such, was, and is Miss C. What could be done by the writer, but fall head, body and all, into the maelstrom, and be carried round and round unceasingly!

At last the climax was reached, as I thought. An opportunity offered, and the words were spoken. Again was displayed the skill of a great commander. At times the reply to a particularly soft question (it would not look well on paper) would so elate me, that my spirits would rise far above the boiling point—I would just more than effervesce and bubble over with joy,—while a corresponding expansion of feeling towards the whole world in general would make everything appear bright, and pleasant, and happy. I would, at such moments, enjoy an Elysian bliss, transitory, however, I am sorry to say, for perhaps ere two days had passed, the "winter of my discontent," would be upon me, and the change in her bearing towards me would be as great as the atmospheric difference between midsummer

and midwinter, while the reaction would almost make me a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. (I hope, gentle reader, you do not think I am one already.) These are not merely "pouting" spells, to be overcome by a little caressing; they are not passing clouds obscuring the sun of my happiness, which will reappear in all its brilliancy; neither are they spontaneous ebullitions of Quixotic temper that rise from, yet leave the surface intact. They are as pre-meditated negatives, as the opposite mood is an inferred affirmative to my hopes. They crush me with their power; they submerge me with their weight; they congeal my blood with their icy coldness. I stand aghast, trembling like an aspen. An impassable gulf suddenly appears between us, and I attempt a retreat from my threatening proximity to its brink, when presto, change; suddenly the sky clears up; the "yawning abyss" is bridged by a ray of light from her eyes; I approach her; I emb—; (let the reader imagine the rest) mutual regrets are expressed; promises made; and again everything is lovely, and the goose hangs (on her neck) high.

What reply can be given to the interrogatory heading; this dyed-in-the-wool "tail"! There is a very large margin for conjecture. This, indeed, presents a good subject for discussion by one of your debating clubs, and, perhaps, there might be found amongst the members, some one whose experience is reflected by the above, (I cast no reflection upon them, however;) let them pause and reflect.

My head feels easier, thank you, and like the lady whose health was improved by giving her neighbour "a bit of her mind," I feel "aiseyer," now that I have spread myself by detailing a very melancholy chapter of facts,—and stern, stubborn things they are.

Beaurivage, P. Q.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE joy of the spiritual life does not eclipse the joy of the earthly life; on the contrary, did we live as we should, the one would rather illumine the other and make it more conspicuous, as the sun lights the earth and reveals its beauty.

If we would direct any one how to reach a far-distant city, we must first know from what point he will start; so, if we would advise any one wisely concerning his conduct in life, we must know whereabouts he now stands, in order to show him the right direction to take.

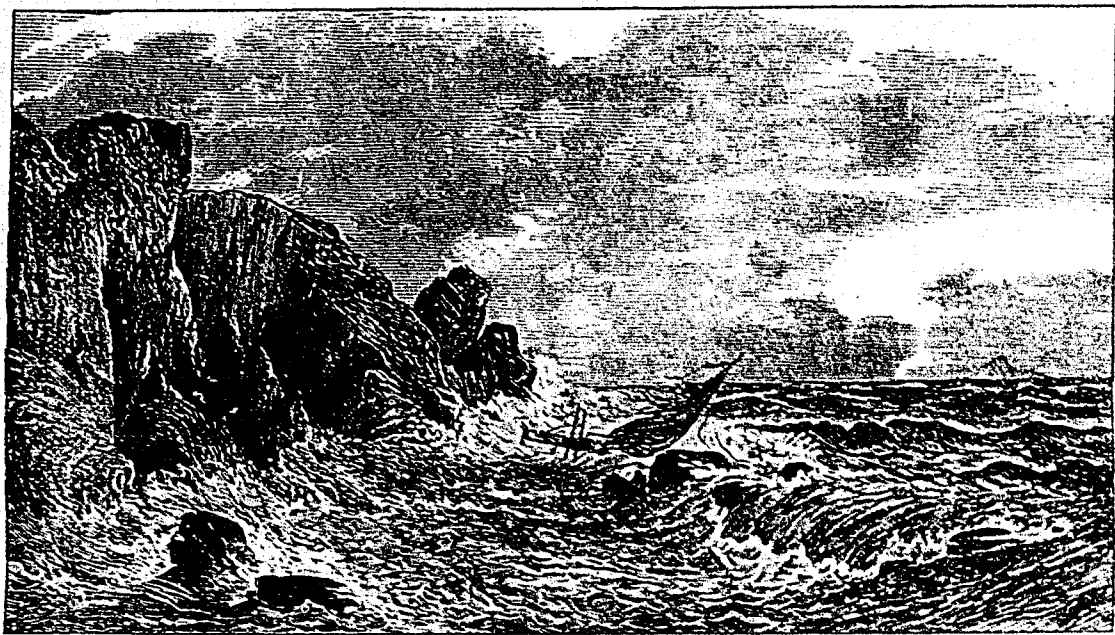
TALENT is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready-money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent in the proportion of ten to one.

WHEN we so adapt our expenses to our means as to have no overburdening cares, when we prize consistency above luxury, and comfort above display, when we welcome our friends to our homes as they are, not as they may be strained to appear, we are at once invested with a freedom and self-respect that make all our arrangements pleasing and our hospitality graceful.

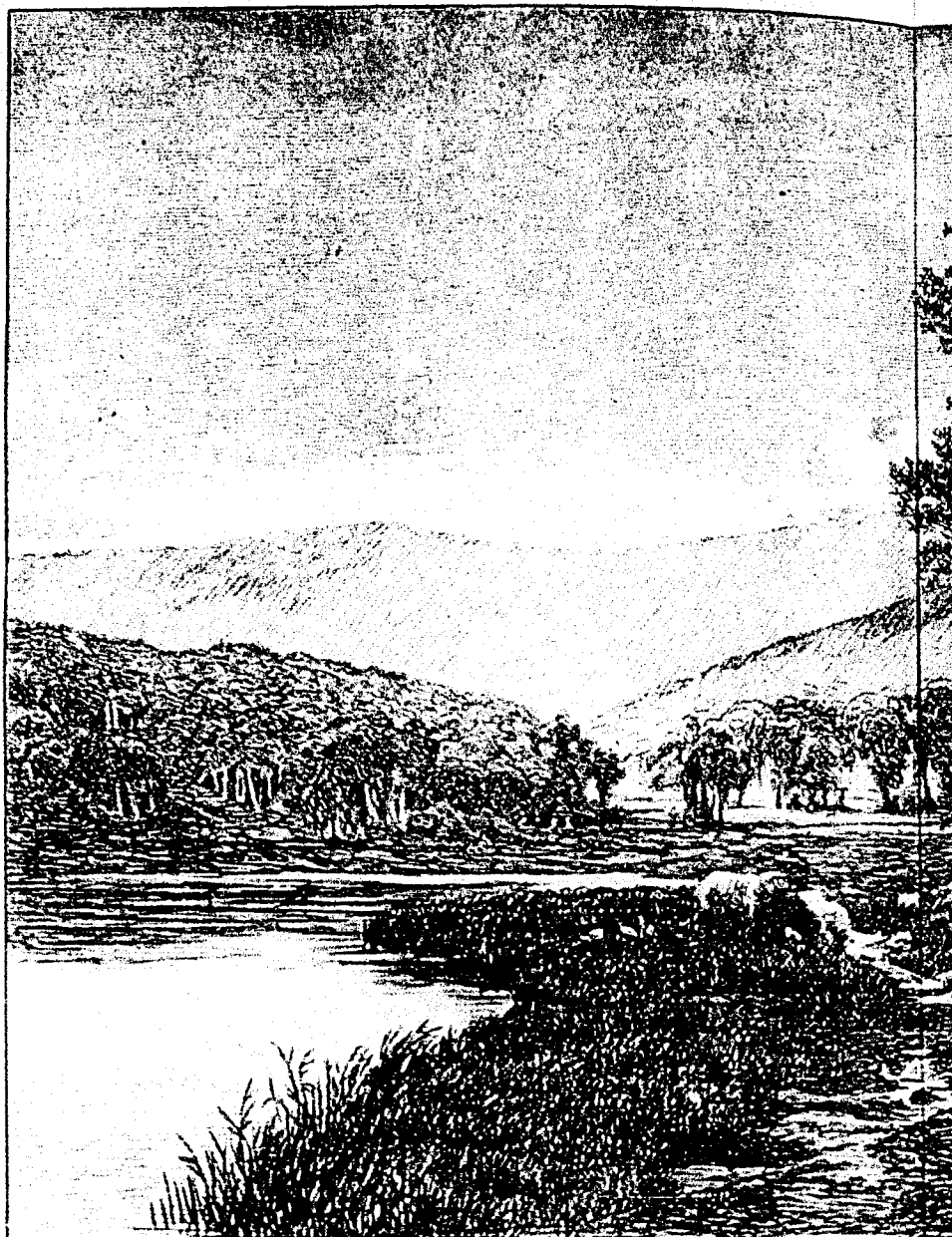
THE diligent striving to accomplish any task worthily reveals new fields to conquer, and protects us against self-sufficiency. The study of the lives of great and good men, the contemplation of nature's wonderful works, the search into her mysteries, the culture of the faculties—all tend to the same result. Whatever opens up new fields, and higher views; whatever broadens our minds, and deepens our thoughts; whatever raises our ideal of what we may be, also sobers our opinion of what we are.

THOUGHT.—Thought is a constant, though silent, agent in making us what we are. It is with us in every waking hour. We have the power to cherish one class of thoughts and to dismiss another, to encourage those that lift us up and restrain those that drag us down. We can never stop thinking any more than we can stop breathing; but, as we can in a measure control the quality of the air we breathe, so to a great extent we can determine what we will think about. It is quite as needful to turn away from evil or puerile thoughts as from books or companions of the same sort, and it is possible to occupy the mind so fully with what is good, noble, and uplifting that there shall be no room nor desire to harbour what is false, low, or injurious.

COMMON SENSE.—The phrase "common sense" is generally applied to individuals, and used to indicate a certain style of character. It designates a man who is well ballasted and moves on an even keel, one who is not carried away by the winds of passion or warped by prejudice, one who does not change his mind very often, and is not easily led astray by dreamy and speculative people. When the coast is clear and the light is strong, he moves boldly and confidently—but he always feels his way in the dark. He is circumspect—that is, as the etymology of the word indicates, he looks all around before acting, and not merely in one direction. This is rarely, if ever, makes a fool of himself—this is a great thing to say of a man. He is not given to bluster, and does not parade himself ostentatiously before the public, he is superior to shams, however high-sounding. He judges men according to what they are, and not according to what they call themselves.



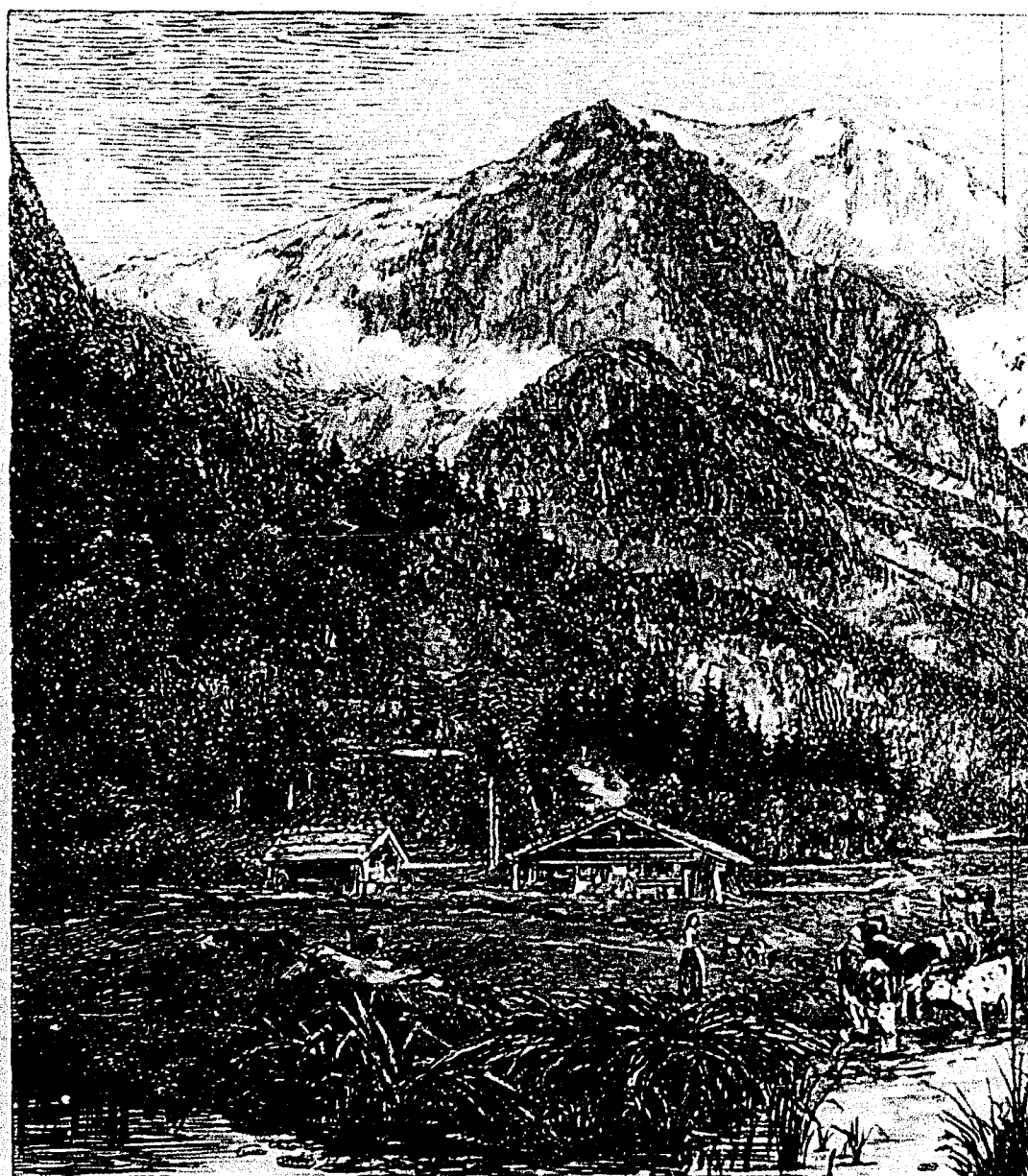
1. THE LAST OF THE BRIG, MT. DESERT, MAINE.—By W. A. Creswell, C.A.



2. WHITE MOUNTAINS.—By A.



4. GREY MORNING, DROPPING TIDE.—By J. A. Fraser, C.A.



7. THE VALLEY OF CHAMPIGNY, SWITZERLAND.



6. STUDY ON OLD PORTLAND ROAD, N.H.—By M. Matthews, A.C.A.

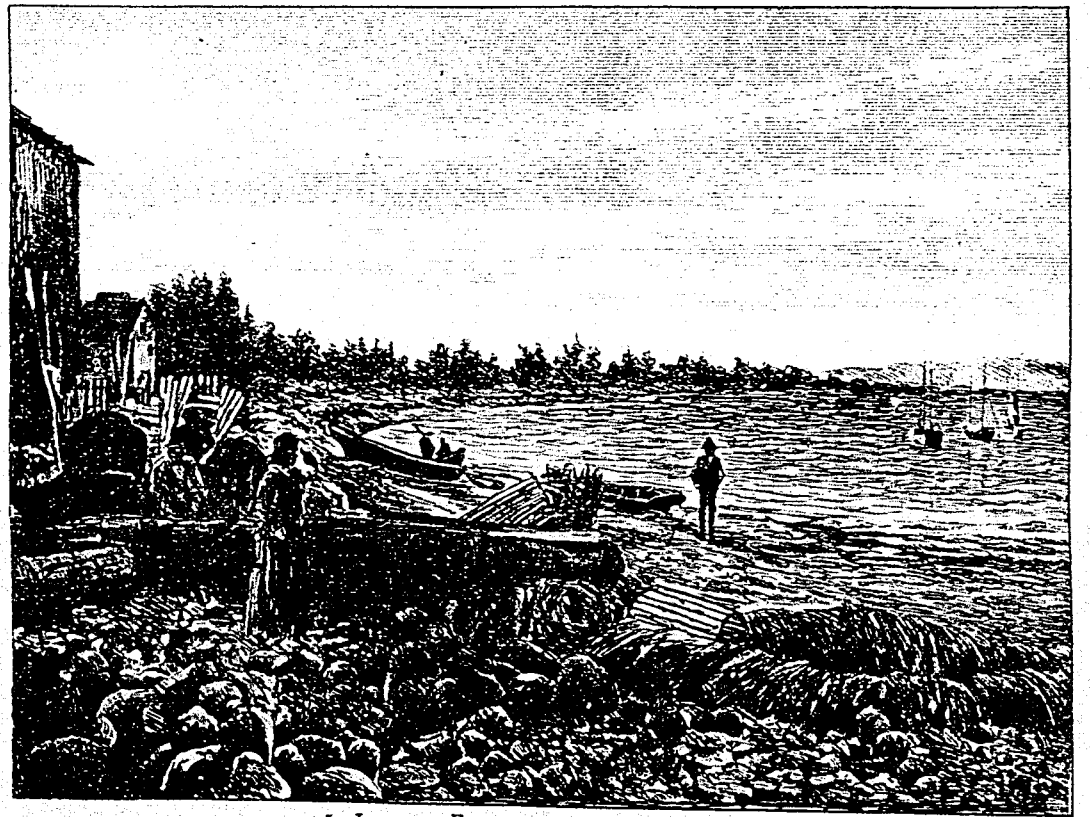
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CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,
THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY
THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,Rector of La Porte, Ind., U.S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*,

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D. D., of Lindsay, Ont.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PAINFUL SUSPENSE.

The recollection of the sound she had heard lingered in the mind of Lisette. To her, the excuse that it was an owl which had made the noise appeared absurd, and she treated it with contempt. That it was not that bird of night she was certain; but then what was it? A response to this question in the thought of what it was possible for it to be, came instinctively to the mind of Lisette as she passed a restless night, and she trembled for her apprehensions. Was the purpose of her coming to France about to appear and tax all her courage, and energy, and persistency, to reducing it to practice? The bare possibility of her wishes being realized peopled her imagination with such scenes, and figures as at length filled her soul with happiness. What would not Lisette have given could she have gone directly to the laboratory, and opening the door explore every nook and corner of it. But to attempt any such thing immediately she knew would be as futile as it would be insane, and there remained nothing for her but to exercise patience amidst her painful suspense.

The suspense of Lisette was shared by Monsieur, although the feeling tormenting him did not proceed from the same cause. The dinner party had left him churlish. He knew that to make the display which had brought forth such praises from his friends he had exhausted his resources, and the dinner was not yet paid for. This circumstance ordinarily might not be considered a good excuse for the display of anger; for such as had furnished the supplies had not yet sent in their accounts; but he knew they would send them in, and that he had not the means to meet them did they come. Yet even this was no reason why he should exhibit such churlishness, nor would it have done so existing alone; but he was aware that the report of the dinner would produce unlimited jealousy in the coterie, and exciting speculation among such as spent a great portion of their lives in discussing his affairs, might lead them to push their enquiries to an unpleasant issue.

These thoughts threw a lurid reflection across the mind of Monsieur, which, as the fiery rays of the sun when he sets behind the tempest cloud, made the darkness of his heart appear more dreadful. The friction of these upon his temper made him more churlish, and he snapped in a manner to startle all who dared to approach him on any subject. He now began to feel the folly of having lived to excite the wonder and envy of his neighbors, and for the moment to deplore it; for he well knew that the remotest sign of a falling off in his affairs would fetch him speedily to earth, and make him the scorn and ridicule of the district.

His creditors must wait; this was the only thought that afforded Monsieur the slightest relief. He had for many years paid their accounts with great punctuality, and they must now bear with him. Ordinarily this conclusion would have proved a sufficient emollient for the wound produced in his mind by the attrition of his condition; but hitherto he had paid promptly, and now to ask for credit he was apprehensive might raise an alarm, and exposing him to the shafts of the enemy, smash the fragile reputation he had held at such an extravagant height.

While Monsieur Du Boulay was annoyed by his circumstances, Lisette was not less annoyed by the conduct of his nephew. This for a time so tormented her, that had not her thoughts become absorbed in a more engrossing subject, it would have been intolerable. But of late his ardour had become cooler, and that too through a ludicrous occurrence in his wooing career. Excited almost to madness by the influence Lisette held over him, Henri had yielded the control of his few brains to the power of his passion. Having, therefore, parted with that shred of manhood, nature with a niggard hand had imparted to him, his conduct became ridiculous to a degree. Nor was this weakness removed by the steady refusal of the girl to credit his assertion that his affection for her was sincere. Being passionately entreated of him, Lisette had one evening left him in a manner more than usually abrupt, and as she did so, cast on him a look inviting him to follow her. This aroused his passion to a pitch of excitement uncontrollable. In an instant he flew to the door, but she was gone. Disappointed in not seeing her acted but as fuel to the flame of his desire, and he felt that might he but speak another word to her he would give his life, world, the universe, could be but command it; but it was impossible for him to pursue her further, for she had gone direct to her own apartment.

On entering her room, Lisette soon forgot the young Frenchman, and seating herself on the side of her little bed, looked out on to the labor-

atory as it stood out in the pale moonlight in grim, and to her horrible, distinctness. Her heart sank within her at the thoughts crowding upon her brain; and while the sound she had heard proceeded from that building came again to her recollection, she trembled and was sad. Lost in this painful reverie, she thought nothing of him, who seeing the light still burning in her room paced silently to and fro beneath the window, in the fond hope that she would come forward and look forth before retiring, or that at least her shadow might be seen by him. But this expectation of Henri was vain; as sitting where she did, neither her person, nor her shadow could be seen from without.

Distracted from the vehemence of his passion, Henri once more cast his eyes upward toward that window. Could he but reach that place, and speak but one word with Lisette, he could die happy. Passing beneath the ledge of the roofing, and close by the coveted window, was a wooden water-course, which conveyed the rain water into a large tub placed beneath to receive it. The sight of this aroused afresh his feelings, and as it stood out, grimly pale and weather beaten in the rays of the pale moonlight, it seemed to invite him to reach the apartment in climbing the wall by its aid. The thought aroused his activity, and he determined to accept the temptation, and once more speak with her, even though he should break his neck in the effort. Seizing the trough, therefore, he began gallantly to ascend foot by foot toward the happy spot above him. For a few minutes, Fortune appeared to smile upon his perseverance, and to offer to him the prize of his desire. Higher, and yet higher, noiselessly he climbed; a few feet more and he could lay hold on the window sill and converse with her. Nearer he approached the object of his wishes; but just as he was stretching out his hand to make the final clutch, the spouting gave way, and he came down with a splash.

The noise of Henri falling aroused Lisette, and uttering a faint shriek she rushed to the window to ascertain the cause of the noise. Seeing the gutter torn away, the truth at once flashed upon her mind, and leaning further over she saw a pair of human legs rising above the edge of the water butt. In an instant she hastened from her apartment, and acquainting Monsieur with her suspicion, hastened to the scene of the accident. As she approached she heard a gurgling sound, and then appeared the dismal yet ludicrous fact. With the aid of the uncle the tub was pulled on one side, and the half-drowned prisoner released from his confinement. This cold plunge bath did much to moderate the ardour of Monsieur Henri, and did much to relieve Lisette from his annoyances. Fortunately, being nearly drowned was all the injury he received from his fall. Lisette had now devised a plan for becoming acquainted with the laboratory, and awaited in a state of painful suspense the opportunity for reducing it to practice.

Monsieur Du Boulay also fretted under painful suspense, occasioned by delay in receipt of his income, and was almost distracted in the fear of it altogether failing him. It was evening, when the thundering rap of an important guest was heard at the door of the chateau. On hearing it, a ray of light shot through the soul of Monsieur, and illumined his countenance with the pleasure of a new life. It was too late in the day to be a rap proceeding from a creditor, and the sound was too well known for him to be mistaken. As the last of the series of raps reached the salon, Monsieur himself flew to open the door, and holding high a wax candle, drew back the ponderous bolt, and admitted the visitor.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, startled by the appearance of the figure before him; but quickly recovering from the surprise, in a manner most polite admitted a man with his forehead bandaged, and his arm in a sling. "Good evening to you, sir!" continued Monsieur, this time in English; and the rough response to the polite salutation revealed the skipper of the Nancy.

The wounded condition of Jack Pegden was the result of the favors of Lieutenant Luff, conferred upon him on the night of the conflict with the Revenue men. It was he whom that gallant officer had hurled from the edge of the rampart down to the rocks below. Twice he had shot him as he ascended the steep; the first bullet striking his hand, traversed the knuckles and came out on the other side; the second struck the upper part of his face, removing his left eye; but it was the stroke from the sword of old Luff which sent the ruffian to the beach. Being picked up by his crew, he was taken across the channel to Gravelines. There he had been nursed by his friends until thus far recovered.

As the story of the conflict and its results was told by Jack Pegden, Monsieur rolled his eyes, contracted his brows, and shrugged his

shoulders, in a feeling of perfect horror. Yet although apparently so deeply interested in the adventure, he could not keep his thoughts from silently wondering if the wounded man had brought him any money; but the smuggler did not keep him long in suspense; for drawing forth an old leathern purse, he counted out a number of English guineas and laid them on the table. Giving to him a receipt for cash received, Monsieur grasped the money with an eagerness which told how painful had been his apprehension lest he should never obtain it. This business being transacted the smuggler enquired,

"Well, how are things going on; all right?"

"All right, sir. Never better."

"Everything mum?"

"The utmost secrecy prevails."

"That's good. How's Nan?"

"Madame is well."

"She'll live forever."

"Madame is in health, and does not appear to grow older."

"And never will. She is like some kinds of wood which time can never destroy."

"Bon, Bravo! Monsieur is excellent at a joke."

"Well, I should like to see Nan."

"With pleasure, sir;" and at a signal given by Monsieur, Madame made her appearance.

"Well, Nan; how are you?"

"Why, goodness, gracious me! Jack Pegden; what is the matter with you?"

"Matter, indeed!" and the skipper again related the tale of his misfortune; but this time blended with it fearful curses and threats against all coast-guards, and against old Luff in particular.

"It serves you right," said Madame, when he had finished.

"Why, you old cat; what do you mean?"

"Mean? simply this; that your wickedness will some day find you out."

"Peace, Madame," said Monsieur; who saw at a glance that a storm was brewing in the mind of Jack Pegden.

This judicious act averted the fearful thunders which threatened to burst forth against Madame. But thus prevented from rolling off the abundant expletives collected at the tip of his tongue, the smuggler plainly told out that he was thirsty. With a multitude of regrets, and numerous cutting remarks on his own forgetfulness, and want of hospitality, Monsieur produced liquors, and calling for hot water, Lisette entered the room. On seeing who was present she started,—turned pale,—but quickly recollecting the game she was playing, she immediately resumed herself-command and quitted the apartment.

"That is a fine girl you have," said the smuggler.

"It is true, sire; and she is good, too."

"Is she safe?"

"Perfectly innocent, sir. She is one who knows her position."

"That is well; and it is to your interest her goodness should remain."

"It will, doubtless."

"Where is she from?"

"A neighboring village."

"There is something sharp in her appearance."

"We have watched her, both Madame and myself, and we are certain of her innocence. There is nothing to fear from her, Monsieur, I do assure you."

"Pish! Set Nan to watch; what's the use of her watching? But no doubt you keep a good lookout yourself."

"Rest quiet on that matter. My eyes were made for watching; and they must be exceedingly clever who will take me by surprise."

Without regarding this boastful remark, Jack Pegden replenished his pipe, and smoking as a furnace, sat listening to the chatter of Monsieur. The talk of the latter was of no interest to him, who with that inherent hatred of a foreigner, which appeared to be born with the Englishman of the past century, despised him in his heart. Du Boulay was of advantage to the smuggler and his friends, for trade and other purposes, and from them it was he received the funds which sustained his position to the astonishment of the coterie. It has been already stated, that for reasons known to himself, Monsieur seldom left the chateau. What he did, therefore, in the line of smuggling, was done through the agency of Henri.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE NIGHT SEARCH.

The opportunity so earnestly desired by Lisette at length came. She wrapped her large cloak around her and prepared for her adventure. Noiselessly and stealthily she crept along the corridor and past the door of the room where Monsieur was sleeping.

Leaving the house she groped her way through the darkness along the paddock fence, frequently stumbling because of the irregularity of the ground. Drawing near to the laboratory she listened, but not a sound could be heard.

"Am I deceived?" she whispered. "Can it be that I have been practising a delusion on myself? Peace!" Uttering this word she drew herself closer to a small window. Placing her ear close to the wall, she fancied she heard amidst the wildness of the tempest the faint sound of a human voice. Holding her breath she again eagerly sought to catch the slightest noise, and as her beautiful face, now pale from agitation, rested against the cold bricks, her ex-

citement rose almost beyond restraint. "Hark!" I hear a sound; it is that of a man's voice. Pressing her ear to bricks still higher up the wall, it seemed to her that a man was standing within, near to the window, looking into the darkness and talking to himself. Expectation was now on the alert, and she heard distinctly the words,

"My condition is dreadful! Banished from all I love and shut up in this dismal den as though to deprive me of reason. I am a prisoner without knowing the term of my confinement. The clanking of this chain mocks me; the sound is wearisome and heart sickening; were my strength but equal to my spirit, this unsightly metal should soon be snapped. Could I but hear from home I would be more content; but not a sound reaches me; not a person visits me but the cadaverous wretch who calls himself my keeper."

Lisette raised herself on a stone to the level of the window, secured by iron bars as though it were a den, and gently tapped upon the glass. Again she touched it, for no response was given to her first attempt. On hearing the pane touched the second time, the prisoner approached and as he did so she whispered,

"Hist! a friend is here."

"Good heavens! he replied; has it come to it at last? I thought I heard the whisper of a human voice. Oh! this delusion, it is the first breaking down of reason. Save me from madness, O, my Father."

"Hist! a friend is here," repeated Lisette.

"Cruel mockery! Oh! my brain, my brain."

"Listen to reason. I am a mortal woman who has sought you out and have news for you."

"Are you deceiving me? Are you not the phantom which has before vexed my imagination, disordered by the cruel power of solitude?"

"I know Clara Chillington; she has tidings you are living, but knows not where you are."

"Is it possible?"

"Peace! I am your friend and hers, and having now found you am content."

Lisette learnt from Charles Freeman the terrible sufferings he endured in being chained and beaten under pretence of considering him a lunatic. This narrative aroused her womanly sympathy.

Leaving the prisoner, she groped her way back again, drenched with the heavy rain. Alive to every consideration, she had no sooner entered the kitchen than she stripped herself of her wet garments, lest the drainings from them should present an unusual appearance to the lynx eyes of Monsieur and arouse his suspicion. Having reached her little dormitory, she felt thankful for the discovery she had made, and for the success which had thus far attended her effort. Putting on dry clothing, she threw herself on her bed and tried to sleep.

The hands of Lisette moved mechanically in discharging her work next day. Morning rolled away and noon, and the afternoon sun was casting his oblique rays through the windows of the chateau, when Lisette saw approaching the back door of the house a stranger in rags.

On drawing near to the place, the mendicant, for such he was, pleaded for the love of heaven that something might be given him.

To the quick eye of Lisette it instantly appeared that the mendicant was playing a part. He was well made up, and his genuineness might have passed for years unchallenged, but she had seen too much of that kind of thing to be deceived. The beggar, who had bound up his jaw, as though wounded in the face, on first seeing the girl was unable to articulate, his tongue being sealed in surprise; but recovering his self-possession he resumed his plea for aid, and as she drew from her pocket a *sou* and placed it in his palm, she whispered a slang sentence in use among the gypsies. On hearing it the countenance of the beggar became radiant with delight, and while Lisette whispered the words "Yellow-Dick," the beggar replied, "The Princess."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CONSULTATION.

The mutual discovery was a joy to both Lisette and the beggar, and seemed to demand of them an explanation; but the chateau was no place for this, as Lisette quickly informed her newly-found friend. By means of such slang, therefore, as could be understood by them both, an appointment was made to meet at the end of the shrubbery at one o'clock in the morning.

Lisette and Yellow Dick stood once more together, and as the stars of the autumnal night cast forth their brilliancy, they shone upon a youthful pair whose beauty and symmetry might have been envied by such as, in the conceit engendered by circumstances, would have looked down on them in scorn. Lisette was the first to speak, and enquired,

"What brings you to France?"

"I have business here."

"Some rascally business for Sir Harry Chillington?" At the sound of that name Yellow Dick fired up in indignation, and replied,

"Name not that villain to me, except it be to command me to shoot him."

"You are not friendly toward him?"

"Heaven forbid that I should be!"

"What is it?"

"My object in coming into this country is to search for you."

"Who told you that I was here?"

Yellow Dick then related the freak of Mad Tom and the finding of the ear-ring.

"And you concluded from the vagaries of that poor idiot I had come to France?"

"I did."

"Why should you?"

"Lisette, how often must I tell you that my affections embrace you? From childhood my aim has been to serve you and to make you happy."

"What has this to do with coming to a conclusion that I was in France?"

"Strange as it may appear to you; taking the statement of the mad boy, I weighed it in my mind, and instinct, guided by affection rather than reason, told me that, from cause secret unto yourself, you had fled hither."

"And you became determined to search me out?"

"I did; and had it been necessary I would have travelled this continent throughout to have found you."

"For what purpose?"

"Two reasons have been my prompter to this act. That I might find out if you were alive and happy, and that if you were not, I might execute vengeance on such as had injured you."

This declaration, made in such honesty, touched the heart of Lisette and aroused the slumbering affection she had indulged toward the play-fellow of her childhood, until the tears stood in her eyes and she replied,

"It was good of you."

"Thanks, for this expression of feeling."

"Do our friends know whither you have come?"

"No."

"It is strange!"

"What is strange?"

"That you should have come so opportunely."

"Do you require my services?"

"Would you serve me at a risk?"

"Why ask me this question? Is not my presence in France a risk? You can speak the language fluently, but I speak as an idiot. See the shift I was compelled to resort to in bandaging my mouth that I may conceal my ineffectual speech. What is there I would not risk to serve you? Only say that you love me and there shall be no venture too daring, no undertaking too hazardous that I will not engage in to serve you. It would be enough for me to die beneath your smile."

"I do love you; I have ever loved you; but I have a secret to conceal."

"You love another better?"

"That is not the secret. My heart is not another's, neither have I the wish that it should be."

"Good; then conceal the secret until I am able to render you assistance in revealing it."

"My demand on you may be immediate."

"With pleasure I will welcome it; but what brings you to France?"

"Were I to tell you, would your affection for me constrain you to secrecy; and would you assist me in my plan?"

"Do you still doubt me?"

"I do not, but extreme caution is required."

Raising his hand in the fervor of honesty, the gypsy swore the most solemn oath of his tribe to keep the secret and to serve the command of Lisette even at the risk of his life. Being assured of the purpose which had brought her to France, and of her determination, the two entered into an earnest deliberation on the subject. Lisette was now no longer alone in her endeavor to release the prisoner, and the feeling that such was the case took a heavy burden from her mind and dispelled the last shade of apprehension which had lingered over her spirit. To her his release and restoration to his friends now appeared certain, and it was only to wait until the plan became perfected to ensure complete success.

The intercourse between Lisette and the young gypsy became protracted long after their future conduct was mapped out. To the latter that meeting was the moment of his happiness, the time for which he had long sighed, and now it had come to him in a manner he least expected; but the hour had arrived when they must part.

On returning to the chateau, Lisette found the door partly open. This fact filled her mind with alarm, and she hesitated whether to enter or to flee. "Who could have opened it?" she whispered, and her heart returned the answer that it was Monsieur.

Moving her foot at the door, Lisette struck it against an object on the floor, which, being touched made a slight rolling noise. Instantly her attention became attracted by the sound, and stooping in the darkness to ascertain what it might be, her hand came into contact with a piece of metal, the fastening which should have held the latch of the door. The chateau was dropping into decay from neglect; therefore, when Lisette on passing out had closed the door by simply latching it, a sudden breeze from without setting against it had forced it open, wresting the fastening from its place. This discovery reassured Lisette, who noiselessly securing the door crept unheard to her apartment.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD MAID'S CONFESSION.

By "ISIDORE."

Author of "Voices from the Hearth," "An Emigrant's Story," "An Old Miser's Story," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

A RECITATION.

The presence of guests in a house unaccustomed to entertain visitors for any length of time naturally altered the tenor of our lives. Our home-world was not so "cribbed, cabined, and confined," and if we did not breathe a "diviner air," at all events we revelled in an "ampler ether" of pleasant companionship. That repression, modified though it may be by temperament, which is in the nature of all women, was mine no more. My reserve seemed swept away. The exuberant spontaneity of thought and expression which characterised Frank now characterised myself. He possessed the wonderful power, rare in any human being, of being able, without conscious effort, to evoke the best of every one's thoughts that came in contact with his own. He thus aroused all that was brightest in mine, which even to myself seemed to acquire breadth and importance. Attracted thus subtly by his mind, I often found myself lingering in his society, when the other members of our party had scattered themselves elsewhere. And so by degrees there crept over me a constant desire to be in his company. What was this feeling that drew me so willingly to his side, that made me seek the paths he frequented, that held me spell-bound, a rapturous listener to his converse, that set me forever thinking of him when absent? Without trying to analyse this feeling, I presume it must have been that over-mastering passion of our nature which either makes or mars existence. Unconsciously then, and as imperceptibly to myself as the rosebuds unfold their beauty and fragrance to the daylight, my heart was expanding with that ineffable feeling which has formed the crowning theme of every poem since the creation. In plain prose, I was gradually falling in love with Frank Dufresne. I do not think that any one in our house guessed my secret. How could they have done so? We all accompanied one another in our rambles, and if I took the lead sometimes with Frank at the head of the party, when my grandmother was too tired to stir out, had I not the right to do so by virtue of being the elder? And if Mrs. Dufresne, preferring Flora's society to my own, lagged behind with her, was I to blame for this? Besides, this lady was the incarnate personification of a fidget. Her days were tuned to a series of incessant complaints; she was either complaining of the weather or of the world; she was either railing against draughts or railing against mankind. In short, a sort of chronic distress affected her movements, voice, manner, and speech. In my capacity of hostess I certainly endeavoured to be agreeable to her. Unfortunately, I never succeeded, while, strange to say, Flora always was more successful in this respect. I can only account for this by the fact that either my sister was not so alive to her peculiarities as I was, or else that my darling's capacious, loving heart found room for even such an uncomfortable creature as Mrs. Dufresne. I think this must have been the case, and I like to please myself with the thought that it was so.

Thus, during our walks, it always happened that Mrs. Dufresne and my sister walked together, so that it was my good fortune often to be in Frank's company. As I write this faint record of "the days that are no more," how pleasantly bright they seem! Time, that robs everything of its pristine glory, has so mellowed them that they are a possession forever. Yes, those evanescent hours, lit with gleams of happiness which his society shed around me, even now seem glorified through the mist of the changeful years. As I proceed with my narrative there steals between my thoughts and this page a shadow, the first shadow that rested upon my happy horizon. I have said that Flora's temperament was particularly joyous. There was a sportive brightness about her which made her presence irresistibly fascinating to all those who love blithesome innocence for its own sake. I imagined that our guests would, if possible, affect her as they did me, so that my darling would be merrier than ever. Strange to relate, since their arrival there was a visible alteration in her moods. Instead of being lively and buoyant, she suddenly grew staid and sad. The merry prattle of her voice was no longer heard, and she was not only reticent, but even absent-minded at times. I wondered at this change, and could not account for it. For some reason or other, which I cannot explain, I became more than concerned—I grew anxious about her. Here, then, I mark the beginning of the first slight shadow that fell on my life. One evening my anxiety concerning her became intensified, and it happened in this wise. We had all assembled in the drawing-room after tea, and each of us was doing his and her best to entertain one another. By turns the younger members of the family circle sang, played, read aloud, or related some anecdote, while the two old friends, ensconced in opposite arm-chairs, composed the attentive and happy audience. I remember the evening well. A cheerful content pervaded us all, produced by the desire to amuse one another, a desire which animated all of us. Even Mrs. Dufresne, evidently touched by the surrounding pleasant influences, forgot "to tune her distresses and record her woes," so that for once in a way she behaved herself like a human being,

unused to imaginary ills and unmeaning complaints. Flora had been playing some of the choicest of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, giving expression to those delicious tone poems with that mastery of touch which made their rendering perfect, when Frank suddenly said, "What do you say now to a reading? I know a poem that expresses the music of love in the same way as music may interpret its thoughts." We all signified our assent to this proposal. Flora said nothing, but quietly hastening to where I was seated, rested herself upon a footstool at my feet. Frank began. The poem chosen was Coleridge's exquisite lyric, "Love," perhaps one of the finest in the language. The rare accomplishment of being able to read well had been granted to Frank. Familiar as the verses were to me, his matchless rendering of them invested them with a new grace and beauty. All the sweetness of the music which Flora had played seemed to be imbued in the lyric. We heard it again translated into spoken thought. It impressed and thrilled us. My grandmother grew radiant with emotion, and wiped her spectacles very suspiciously more than once. Something like a faint animation spread itself upon the face of Mrs. Dufresne. He read on with a rare and musical accent, until he reached the gradual climax of the exquisite poem:

"His dying words; but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!
"All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;
"And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long.
"She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.
"Her bosom heaved, she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she eyed;
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.
"She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.
"Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.
"I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride."

My darling sister never looked up during the recitation, but I could feel her frame was quivering with emotion. I silently placed her hand in mine, and I felt it turning cold; and the end of the poem had hardly been reached when a sound like a sob suddenly burst on me, and at that moment I caught my fainting darling in my arms. A sudden alarm fell upon all of us; every one officiously wished to be of service. Silently waving my hands to them to keep away, I quickly hurried from the room with her, and soon restored her to her usual composure; and before I closed my eyes in slumber that night, I saw the usual wakeful smile of my darling, when awake, alighting on her peaceful face in her sleep. No trace of any influence, except the influence of happy dreams, crept over her slumbers. And yet I wondered how so slight a cause as the good recitation of a beautiful poem could have so shaken her nerves, and I went to sleep myself, still wondering; and across my thoughts fell a slight shadow, which I could neither dispel nor explain.

CHAPTER IV.

A CONSULTATION.

"Good morning, Doctor."
"Good morning, my dear."
Whereupon Dr. Joshua Ponder, having cordially shaken hands with me, at my bidding noiselessly entered the drawing-room.

The Doctor was a short man, of a lightly-built frame. He possessed clear-cut and rather sharp features; his face was adorned with an apology for a whisker, and in the depths of his brilliant black eyes there seemed to lurk a spirit of suppressed merriment. There was an air of dignity and suavity in his presence and demeanour. He always spoke in very slow, deliberate, measured tones, as if he were ruminating on what he had to say—a kind of speech which often distresses a listener. All the lady patients of our village affected a fondness for the Doctor; the men, on the other hand, called him a humbug. He had been our family physician for years, and was on terms of familiarity and friendship with us all. His regard for me, I knew, was tinged with a warmer sentiment, which he had never avowed because I had never encouraged him. I liked him as a friend; I never could have loved him as a husband. Being cognisant of this, he kept a wise reticence on the forbidden theme, and perhaps on this account there was always a concord of pleasant friendliness between us. Whether the Doctor was quietly biding his time to press his suit I cannot say. Some men will not be discouraged when they have set their will upon anything. Was the Doctor one of these men? Events will show.

"So one of your new friends has need of my services already?" said the Doctor, in his usual measured accents.

"Yes," I replied, "but I must warn you that the lady is a hypochondriac."

"So is everybody, in a greater or less degree; very few people really require me."

"Then why do they send for you?"
"Because people fancy they need the admonishing unction of my advice, and my nostrums. Bodily ills, like mental ones, often proceed from discontent. If mankind were happier, doctors would not flourish."

"Who talks of being ill?" said Mrs. Dufresne, who at this moment majestically sailed into the room, covered with a plenitude of wraps. "Sit still, child," continued this lady, addressing me. Accordingly, I did not carry out my intention of departing. Then she poured out a long disquisition of her various ills—aches here, pains there, rushings of blood upward, rushings of cold downward, endless lassitude, constant weariness. "Was it the change, or the climate, or what?" she demanded of the Doctor.

This gentleman listened calmly, and humoured her benignly, with an extra humorous twinkle in his black eyes. Of course, it was no wonder she felt ill, the terrible climate was enough to shake any one's nerves—the change was too sudden. "Composure, my dear madam, gentle exercise, strict attention to diet, and—and—I will send you a little something to do you good." Such was the Doctor's advice.

Mrs. Dufresne, who was as free from illness as I was, smiled pleasantly on the sympathetic Doctor as she bade him good-morning, and left us.

"I like your doctor," she said to me later in the day. "He quite understands my complaint."

I did not make any allusion to the state of Mrs. Dufresne's health to my friend after she had departed, but I consulted with him about one who gave me a real cause for anxiety. When I had completely finished narrating the occurrence of the preceding evening, I gazed at him steadfastly, as if to read his opinion in his eyes. Was it my fancy, or had the humorous light departed from them?

"My dear, do not alarm yourself. Some subtle cause, which neither you nor I can guess, may have brought about that sudden faintness. There is no occasion for me to see her. Prescribe what you think fit. No medicine like love, my dear; no medicine like love."

I certainly thought then that the Doctor, having prescribed for his patients, would at once take his leave, but, to my great astonishment, he did nothing of the kind.

During the conversation I was seated at my work-table, which was made of wicker, rather fantastic in its shape, and altogether a graceful and pretty bit of furniture. It was covered with a woman's usual work implements; generally these were stowed away in some of its receptacles, but to-day I had them all in use. I watched the Doctor, from where I sat, rise as if about to depart. He stood up, directed his steps with his usual retrogressive movement towards the door, then, having forgotten his hat, retraced them, nervously clutched it, and actually took a seat again. I watched him in smiling amazement. "I was remarking, Miss Agnes, that the very best medicine in the world was love."

"And I certainly agree with you," I replied.

"It is an elixir sometimes very difficult to obtain in this world," said the Doctor, as he again rose, and moved a few paces in my direction.

"No, it is not labelled and sold in phials at a chemist's shop," I hazarded, rather puzzled at the direction the Doctor's conversation and steps were taking.

"And it is even more difficult to find out the secret of being able to win this inestimable boon." And the Doctor advanced a few steps still further.

When would he stop? and how far did he intend to go? I inwardly asked myself. "Some people," continued the Doctor, warming with his subject and still approaching the table, "don't know how to keep the prize; others—and the majority of mankind may be included amongst the others—can only at odd times and during rare moments catch a glimpse of it."

"Which, of course, is not as satisfactory as it might be," I said, wishing in some fashion to assure the Doctor of my accordance with his ideas, and at the same time perceiving that the distance between him and myself was growing every moment more dangerous.

"Yes, Miss Agnes, not satisfactory to the feeling of one," and here my friend's utterance grew rather husky, as he again moved stealthily onwards, and to this day I do not know what violent rhapsody of love-making he might not have been guilty of, had he not by this time arrived at the table, and, placing his hand nervously upon it to support himself in his sudden trepidation, so nearly knocked it over as to upset all my work implements. The shock so interfered with his thoughts as to altogether silence them. He helped me to pick everything up, said good-morning—as was his custom, and slid off with his usual back movement towards the door.

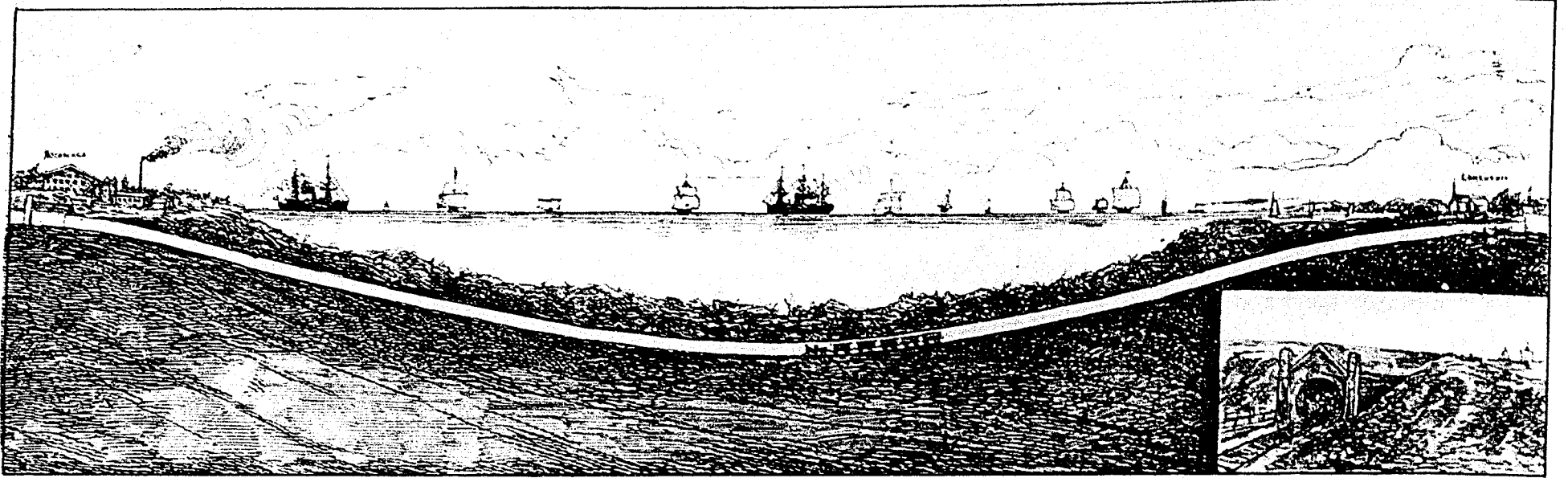
And thus ended this rather ludicrous consultation.

Perhaps it would have been better for him had I allowed him to complete his evidently coming declaration, and, maybe, it was hardly kind of me not at once to shatter his illusion. I even felt somewhat guilty in the conviction of my being assured that I held the first place in his thoughts all the day during his round of visits; and yet, estimable man as he was, there was not the slightest chance of his ever rising from the vantage ground of my esteem, to those imperial heights where love sits crowned! No, Dr. Joshua Ponder could never live in my heart, except as an agreeable friend.

(To be continued.)

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—Exchange.



PLAN OF A TUNNEL BETWEEN HOCHELAGA AND LONGUEUIL.



IRISH PEASANTRY GOING TO CHURCH.



DON QUIXOTE.—FROM A PAINTING AT THE LAST SALON.

THOUGHTS IN SADNESS.

While sorrowfully bewailing many inevitable things, completion comes and rounds off the rugged structure of our thoughts, and we begin to look forward with an easier heart, trusting and preparing for some noteworthy decision.

Hitherto the sad reality of strife has not come sufficiently home to us; we have dallied or spent the years according as they were given, and lately we have used them foolishly, deeming them of paltry concern, and fit for little work.

The ideal then is blessed, but to go forth in loneliness of heart seeking for something better than the present, is a task full of doubt, suffering and privation.

reasonable, worthy, or changeable turn up, let us cast ourselves to the winds, unprison ourselves wheresoever we may, but never return to those who have blasted the excellence of a fair beginning.

Prosaic heaviness consumes us and "sharp distress" is agonising—still move the days and we also; but of this miserable posture cometh no change. To be useful—this we earnestly expect and had looked for in spite of adverse things; but to be nominally useless is too straining, too severe a hardship at a responsible age; and we cannot but feel that after such lengthiness of viewless doings, we should be permitted to attain a more blissful repose.

Intolerable inaction at such an hour as this; to choose is less difficult than before, but to settle is the great question of dispute. True, the first stages of this matter are slow and of forced movement; but how else may we approach an easier position?

Ah! we are blinded by youth, by the desire for money and not for pure freedom, hence our infelicitous lodging. Stand we but two months more and call this a farewell; abide we within bounds during the last portions of the dying year, then, though assenting to the rule of serfship and manfully confessing our too highly praised season of imaginative splendour, we may depart, not as was projected, into the scenes of half-wearied attempts to prevail ultimately, but where, by relinquishing this terrible implement of thought, we may securely provide for ourselves, primarily and finally; where we may in a full existence prove the force of understanding, and fulfilling all doings, and grow into usefulness to all and entirely unto ourselves.

Clears the sky, but life is doomed to be quiet and our sulkiness finds no convenient repose. Moving, ever moving are we, and desirous of paid energies, and less forward as to indolence. Novelty, though least seen; attention, though at present least assured, bring at least with them the pleasing feature of independence in toil, which once made fast, nobler heights may be looked to. Thus it is in men that they consent on condition to accomplish their duties, all reasonably, but the day of deceit reveals only harshness and regret.

ascend from on high to low things—more excellent to have life freed from imaginary fears of man's evil intentions. If a man be set against us we have a remedy; we need not regard either himself or his thunderings; neither be mindful of his smiles nor frowns; let us do for ourselves in all matters of note or of obscure mention. By waiting, we are sundered; by proceeding we become resolute and stout-hearted. The end is fixed and faithfully limited; the beginning being vile, requires cleansing and renewing.

Decided, yet still irresolute, whither shall we flee that the ideal may be realized? To observe one set of men is painful, for they do but gather during the hours of dullness, and they are condemned to city darkness and confinement, least promising of all. And yet in spite of this, they are neither miserable nor wholly despondent. Again, there are those who are locomotive, and those who work out doors; these last, though undoubtedly healthy, prove heavy physical tasks, and the actual body labour all expended on the soil, and they are not unrewarded. Doctors and priests swarm all over; there are votaries of almost everything under the sun; yet where is the choice that we would elect? where the best thing that we admire and loathe not? First, we must learn to abide the peculiarities of any profession; next we must industriously exert our forces so as to maintain ourselves cheerfully; and lastly, we must utilise all our time to the utmost advantage. Naturally erratic, how impossible is it that we should participate in the feelings of the life-long seeker and grounded eclectic; how futile to derive any ordinary comfort from the maxims of the false system we now unfold! Liberty, after two more months of vagrant thinking, must arrive, though too long deferred, and the ignoble policy of flat submission, exploded in its prime, will have disappeared. Then how unworthy of our desires will we be if we do not build up such an enduring edifice of future repose as will lessen perceptibly the wild ravings of these nondescript times. Comfortless will become the tendency of the expected life if, when we have leisure to deliberate, we do not grasp for ourselves the luxury of a preferable settlement. Discipline must arouse and drill our dormant follies and train them into fascinating strength, or we will surely fall into horrible confusion and lasting disorder. O, may something flit across our path more serenely charming than this insipid dreaminess and sour philosophy! We would be greater than our doubts, but we doubt too severely to be sound.

ITHURIEL.

EDUCATION.—Many an unwise parent labours hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. Correct solution received of Problem No. 272.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Many thanks for the problem. Your solution of Problem No. 270 is correct; also your solution of Problem for Young Players No. 267.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—In Problem No. 271 the Black King should be on his 4th sq. The Queen on this diagram is white. We give the author's solution below in three moves.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 269. Correct.

We see from the Scotch papers that the members of the Glasgow Chess Club have purchased a challenge cup, and that they have made arrangements for a tourney for the purpose of determining the first holder of their trophy. The tourney will be open to any player resident in the West of Scotland. It is stipulated that the cup shall become the absolute property of any player who shall hold it for two successive years.

Our object in calling attention to this is to show the interest taken in the game in the old country, and at the same time to urge on our Canadian amateurs the propriety of following so excellent an example.

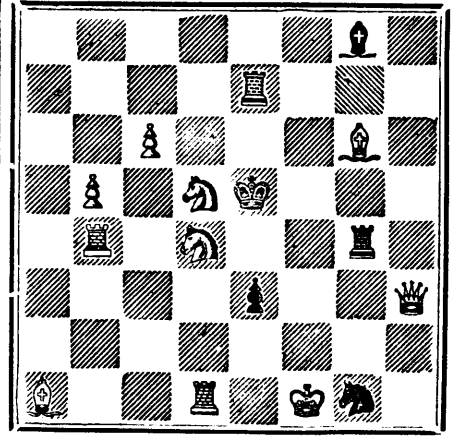
We have on previous occasions spoken of the advantages of our having, in Canada, some object of value as a prize, which might be annually contested for by our players, and it is evident from what we have stated above that the method is one which is not neglected in every place where the game is practised. Prizes of a money value must, we think, be objected to in the future by all who desire that chess should not be associated with anything that would savour in the least of gambling, and a trophy which might remain connected with an association or club for several years before it became the absolute property of some fortunate competitor would in this respect, we imagine, be open to no objection.

It is currently reported that Captain Mackenzie, who for the last two weeks has been in Boston, has nearly, if not quite, completed arrangements in that city of a business and social nature which will compel him to make Boston his residence for the present. We have no direct information on the subject.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The City of London Club's annual dinner took place recently, under the presidency of Mr. Gastineau, for the third time president of the club. It was, as usual, a success.

PROBLEM No. 273.

By J. O. Howard Taylor. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves.

Notwithstanding that the following game and accompanying remarks have appeared in a large number of Chess Columns on both sides of the Atlantic, we are induced to insert them in our own this week, because we feel sure that every chessplayer will be glad to have a copy of them as they form an important part of the history of chess during the last fifty years. They appeared originally, we are informed, in the Household Chess Magazine of Manchester, England.

GAME 403RD.

We give below the first game on record of the Evans Gambit, which was played at Brugge, between the ingenious inventor, Capt. Evans, and Mr. M'Donnell, the celebrated English champion of the period. It was played in 1833, and it is said that the idea of the move, which forms the gambit, was first suggested to him in this identical game. Capt. Evans gave it the name of the "wing" gambit, but it afterwards took, by custom, the name of Evans' gambit, after its illustrious founder. It appears that, when at a subsequent period M'Donnell played the Evans gambit against La Bourdonnais, the celebrated French champion, that discreet chessmaster, after having been defeated in a few games, retired to his study for several days for the purpose of examining this new and invincible opening.

- White.—(Capt. Evans.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. Castles 5. P to Q Kt 4 6. P to B 3 7. P to Q 4 8. Q to Kt 3 9. Kt to Kt 5 (a) 10. P takes P 11. B to R 3 12. P to R 3 13. K to B 3 14. R to R sq 15. R takes Kt (ch) 16. Kt takes B P (c) 17. Q to Kt 5 (ch) 18. Q takes K P (ch) 19. Q to K 6 (ch) 20. B to Q 6 mate.

NOTES.

- (a) Taking the Kt P with Q would have been bad play. (b) K Kt to R 3 would have been safer. (c) This is very ingeniously conceived, for if Black makes the very obvious move of Kt takes Kt, and which 99 players out of 100 would have done, White would check with B at Kt 5, and mate in two moves; and if Black plays B takes Kt instead, White plays B takes B and also mates in two. (d) This looks threatening, but Q to B 3 would have been safer.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 271.

In the diagram the K on Black's King's 4 square should be Black instead of White.

- WHITE. 1. R to Kt 4 2. Q takes P (ch) 3. B mates
- BLACK. 1. P takes R (a) 2. K to Q 5

(a) If K to Q third, 2 Q to Q seventh (ch), etc.; and if 1 B moves, then 2 B to B fourth (ch), and mates next move.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 269.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K B 8 2. Mates accordingly.
- BLACK. 1. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 270.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

By Thomas Sinclair, St. Andrews, Manitoba.

- White. K at Q R sq R at Q 7 B at Q R 5 B at K 8 Kt at Q 8 Pawns at Q 2 K Kt 2 and 5
- Black. K at K 4 R at K 8 B at Q Kt 8 Kt at Q 8 Pawns at Q 4 and K B 4

White to play and mate in three moves.

NIGHT-CAPS.

A well-known London doctor writes as follows to a morning paper, in reply to an American physician, who, in order to induce sleep, recommends half a tumbler or a tumbler full of one of the lighter French red wines, either Claret or Burgundy, before going to bed: "I am quite willing to allow that such a 'night-cap,' should it effect the desired end, is better than any drug or chemical, and yet is not without objection. I have been in the habit of using for some time as a soporific, a most admirable and successful 'night-cap,' against which no objection can be raised, and which, in a large number of cases, effects the desired end. Immediately before getting into bed, or better still, when in bed, take a breakfast cup of hot beef tea, that made from half a tea-spoonful of Liebig's Extract (Liebig Company's Extract of Meat) I find to be the best. This soothes and settles the stomach, allays brain excitement and induces sleep."—Morning Post.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Tanks and Pumping Machinery.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15th MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, Frost-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

Drawings can be seen and Specifications and other particulars obtained at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th APRIL.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon of MONDAY, the 23rd FEBRUARY inst., for the immediate supply of the following Rolling Stock—

- 4 First-class Cars.
2 Postal and Baggage Cars.
60 Box Cars.
60 Platform Cars.

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Pacific Railway, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B. The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Pembina Branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of MAY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

The time for receiving the above Tenders is extended one week, viz.: to MONDAY, 1st March, and the time for delivery of a portion of Rolling Stock is extended to the 1st JUNE.

By Order, F. BRAUN.

19th Feb., 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO MACHINIST-CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of June, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfilment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all, 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples, 10c. Heavy Gold plated Ring for club of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford, Ct.

25 all Gold and Silver. Motto and Floral Cards 10c. Stevens Card Co., Northford, Ct.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. F. ROVELL & CO'S NEW YORK. Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st DAY OF MAY, next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfilment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

Notice to Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of Gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfilment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

- 20 Locomotive Engines.
16 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers).
20 Second-class Cars, do.
3 Express and Baggage Cars.
3 Postal and Smoking Cars.
240 Box Freight Cars.
100 Flat Cars.

The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

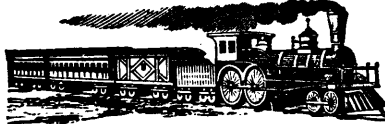
Tenders for Iron Bridge Superstructure.

TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon of SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, next, for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

Specifications and other particulars will be furnished on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

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Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Trains will run on this Division as follows:

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Montreal, March 16th, 1880.

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will be made to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for an act to incorporate "The Montreal Steam Heating Company."

Montreal, 7th April, 1880.

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