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THE LATE SIR HUGH ALLAN, K.C.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1881							
Dec. 17th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
Mon.	21	12	16	25	15	20	21	19	21	20
Tues.	17	13	15	26	16	21	19	19	21	20
Wed.	27	15	21	18	18	11	19	19	21	20
Thur.	29	25	27	25	18	19	19	19	21	20
Fri.	10	8	9	32	28	28	28	28	28	28
Sat.	11	8	9	32	28	28	28	28	28	28
Sun.	16	6	11	10	7	8	8	8	8	8

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 23, 1882.

GREETING.

Once more, as the seasons roll round, it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to send to our readers those good wishes, which indeed we have for them always, but now, with the rest of the world, speak them out more loudly than at other times.

All the world is brightening under the influence of the great Christian festival which will be with us ere another number of the paper is in your hands. All around us we see preparations. Every night as we go home we submit with a good grace to crowded cars, and parcels of unusual dimensions borne on the knees, in the hands, and peeping out of the pockets of our fellow-passengers, which at other times would cause us to use as bad language as is permitted to an editor; for are they not filled—the parcels, not the people—with presents for large and small. And has not our own wife presented us with a list of goodly dimensions, with instructions to be sure not to forget one of the items in it.

Yes, it is Christmas time sure enough, and this year at least a seasonable one. None of your green Yules, which, according to the old proverb, make a full churchyard, but good, honest snow, and frosty winds, that make us button up our great-coats, and thank God that we have a warm fireside to turn to when our day's work is done. As, alas! perhaps, some amongst us have not. This is not a charity sermon, but a Christmas greeting; but surely we cannot think of our own pleasant cheer and joyous expectations without a side thought, at least, for those who have none of these things, and, it may be, a resolution to help some one to a good Christmas dinner and a warm fire like the one that glows on our own hearth.

For if Christmas brings us joy, as must the birthday of our dearest and most loved friend, so surely most of all it reminds us of what we are most apt to forget—of our common parentage, of the bond of brotherhood which allies us to the whole Christian world beside. If Christmas does not remind us, in the honor we pay to the birth of our Lord, that we are all brothers in him, and as brothers bound to help one another, then surely it is all a sham, and we had better leave aside the name, since we forsake the spirit of Christmas.

We shall be gay this year in Montreal. Everyone is looking forward to a right merry Christmas, and beyond that to a time of unlimited festivity at the Winter Carnival, which will re-

vive a few weeks later all the festivities of the New Year. The ice palace on the St. Lawrence, the torchlight processions through the streets, all these and more are spoken of, and you will hear and see more of them when the time comes. For now, let us only add our own little mite of congratulation to the general sum, and wish you one and all

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE LATE SIR HUGH ALLAN.

Last week we could only notice editorially the loss which Montreal had sustained in the sudden death of one of her most eminent citizens. This week we publish on the front page a likeness of the late Sir Hugh Allan taken from a photograph by Notman & Sandham. Sir Hugh Allan was born at Saltcoats, in the County of Ayr, Scotland, on the 29th September, 1810. He was the second son of the late Captain Alexander Allan, who was long and favourably known as a highly popular and successful shipmaster trading between the Clyde and Montreal. In the year 1824 his family removed their residence to Greenock, and in the following Spring (1825), Hugh, being then fourteen years of age, was entered as a clerk in the highly respectable firm of Allan, Kerr & Co. There he acquired some knowledge of the management of ships, and the method of keeping their accounts, and developed a strong liking for that kind of business. After he had been there about a year, his father who was a far-seeing man, and had ulterior views for him, proposed that he should go out to Canada, and this, being in accordance with his own wishes, he at once agreed to the proposal. He sailed from Greenock on the 12th April, 1826. After looking about him for a few days, he obtained a situation as clerk with the firm of William Kerr & Co., then engaged in the dry goods trade in St. Paul St. There he remained a little more than three years, and obtained some acquaintance with goods, besides a general knowledge of mercantile business and book-keeping. The winters were chiefly spent in the country, north of Montreal, in the neighbourhood of Ste. Rose and Ste. Therese, where he acquired a knowledge of the French language, and during these years all his spare time was occupied in improving himself in various branches of learning and knowledge.

In 1830 he made a short visit to his native country, preceding it by a tour through Canada and a trip to New York in which he experienced all the vicissitudes of travel incident to those pre-railroad days. Shortly after his return to Montreal he obtained a situation in the house of James Millar & Co., then engaged in building and sailing ships, and as commission merchants. This was congenial employment for him, and he devoted his whole energies to the business. He remained a clerk to the end of the year 1835, when some changes taking place in the establishment, he was admitted a partner with Mr. Millar and Mr. Edmonstone, who had been long connected with the house. The firm then was Millar, Edmonstone & Co. The death of Mr. Millar, in 1838, caused another change, and on the 1st May, 1839, Mr. Edmonstone and Mr. Allan commenced a new partnership. That connection still exists, though other changes have taken place in the partnership since then.

The firm soon after discontinued ship-building, and for some years contented themselves with the management of their ships, and such other business as was entrusted to them, till about the year 1851, when the successful establishment of screw steamers on the Atlantic elicited proposals for a line to the River St. Lawrence. Mr. Allan took up the matter with much interest, and entered into correspondence with various parties on the subject, which resulted in his making an offer to a leading member of the Government then in office in this Province to establish such a line; The Government, however, preferred giving the contract to parties in Great Britain, because, no doubt, they were supposed to be better able to carry it out. It was consequently given to Messrs. McKean, McLarty & Co., of Glasgow. After a trial of about a year and a half, these parties failed to give satisfaction and the Government again threw the contract open to competition.

Mr. Allan once more took up the matter warmly, and through the influence of the Honorable John Rose, the Honorable G. E. Cartier, the Honorable L. T. Drummond and others, a contract was given to him. He had already, with his brothers and business connections, built the steamships Canadian and Indian, which were then profitably employed in the service of the Home Government in the Black Sea, during the Crimean war, and he proceeded at once to England and contracted for two others, the North American and Anglo-Saxon. With these four steamships the line was commenced in the Spring of the year 1856. The service was fortnightly to and from the St. Lawrence during open navigation, and monthly to and from Portland during winter. The performances of the steamers were exceedingly satisfactory, and, though not first attended with much profit, the line was successfully conducted.

In the year 1857, the public began to ask for more frequent communication, and soon after the question was taken up by the Government. It was ultimately determined that the service should be increased to a weekly steamer from each side during the whole year, and, after some negotiation, the Government arranged with Mr.

Allan for the establishment of the increased service. He lost no time in proceeding to England, and contracted for the building of four additional steamers of enlarged size, and on the 1st of May, 1859, the weekly service was commenced, and has ever since been continued.

In addition to the mail contract line of steamers sailing from Liverpool, Mr. Allan with his brothers and connections has also established a line from Glasgow. Besides the line of steamships to Liverpool and Glasgow, Mr. Allan and his friends own a large fleet of sailing ships; and it is creditable to the Province that, even in Britain, there are not very many persons or firms more largely engaged in shipping than that here referred to.

Sir Hugh Allan was identified with a large number of commercial and financial corporations than any other gentleman in the Dominion. He was the President of the Vale Coal, Iron and Manufacturing Company, and a director in the Acadia Coal Company; President of the Thunder Bay Silver Mining Company; President of the Canadian Rubber Company; President of the Cornwall Manufacturing Company; President of the Montreal Cotton Company; a director in the Stormont Cotton Company; President of the Williams Manufacturing Company; Vice-President of the Montreal Rolling Mills Company; a director in the Canada Paper Company; President of the Adam's Tobacco Company; a director in the Ontario Car Company; President of the Provincial Loan Company; a director in the Montreal Elevating Company; President of the Academy of Music Company; President of the St. Lawrence and Chicago Forwarding Company; President of the Montreal and Western Land Company; President of the North-Western Cattle Company; President of the Merchants' Bank; President of the Montreal Telegraph Company; President of the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway and Coal Company; President of the Citizens' Insurance Company; President of the Canada and Newfoundland Sealing and Fishing Company, and for many years president of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company.

Sir Hugh Allan married, on the 13th September, 1844, Matilda, a daughter of John Smith, Esq., a prominent dry goods merchant of this city. By this marriage he had issue thirteen children, nine daughters and four sons. Of his sons, two have followed commercial pursuits, entering the office of the firm, H. & A. Allan.

Sir Hugh was a life-long member of St. Andrews Church and one of the foremost men in the Church of Scotland in Canada. He was one of the members of the Temporalities Fund Board, and in that capacity took a prominent part in the celebrated struggle by the Kirk, to obtain from the United Church the fund formed by the beneficiaries. During last session of Parliament, when the Presbyterian Church Bill was being passed through Committee, Sir Hugh was in Ottawa several times, showing his personal interest in the struggle.

During the visit of H. R. H. Prince Arthur to Canada in 1869, he was the guest of Mr. Allan at Ravenscraig, his Montreal residence, and Belmere his summer villa on the shores of Lake Memphremagog. In recognition of these courtesies and of his great services to Canadian and British commerce, he was knighted by Her Majesty in 1871.

He died in Edinburgh on Saturday, the 9th December, age 72 years.

CHRISTMAS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Christmas is a delightful season in Christian lands, especially when the balance of presents and dinners is in one's favor, and the tin-horn crop among the children has been a failure. Very different is Christmas in heathen lands, where the uses of the stocking are unknown, and Christmas-trees are hung with unfortunate travellers and unappreciated missionaries instead of glittering and showy presents. Think of Christmas in the region of the North Pole, where the night lasts for six months, so that even the ablest of the Esquimaux can not distinguish Christmas eve from Thanksgiving night, nor Christmas morning from Washington's Birthday or Decoration-day! Even more depressing is Christmas in Central Africa, as a distinguished English traveller once discovered to his mingled sorrow and danger.

The traveller was a good and noble man. He was engaged in discovering fresh lakes, new kinds of cannibals, and original sources of the Nile in the heart of Africa, and his only desire was to do good to the human race, and to prove that the maps made by other travellers were all wrong. He had been three years in the Dark Continent, and having suffered incessantly from fever, starvation, the rude embraces of lions and elephants, the bites of deadly serpents, and the cruelties of native kings, was nearly worn out. He arrived late one afternoon on the shore of a mighty lake which no other white man had ever seen, and which was at least five hundred miles distant from any of the various localities in which European map-makers had previously placed it. He lay down under the shadow of the trees, faint with all the various things that predispose a man to be faint in Central Africa, but exulting in the thought that he would compel the map-makers to place Lake Mjambwe where he wanted it, and not where they selfishly imagined that it would present the most picturesque appearance. Suddenly he remembered that it was the 24th of December, and that Christmas-eve would naturally arrive in the

course of the next two hours. The thought saddened him. He glanced at his bare feet—for his supply of stockings had long since given out—and he thought of the happy homes in England, where the children were preparing to hang up their mothers' largest stockings, while he must spend the blessed Christmas season among savage heathen and untrained animals. He felt at that moment that he would give his new lake for an hour in his English home, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed himself asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. The woods were vocal with parrots who incessantly remarked, "Polly wants a cracker," and ostriches, and other tropical birds, each singing at the top of its voice. On the bosom of the lake floated immense native canoes bearing parties of excursionists, the music of whose accordions and banjos came over the water to the wearied traveller. He was hungry, and felt in his pockets for his quinine pills, but they were all gone. He tried to rise to his feet, but he was too weak and rheumatic to rise without help, so he sank back, murmuring, "Tis 'ard, 'ard indeed, to die on Christmas among the 'eathen."

The sound of women's voices roused him. Three native women, clad only with the *tselso* and *pombo* worn by their sex in that part of Africa, emerged from the forest on their way to draw water from the lake. They saw the traveller, and one of them, moved with compassion, sang, in a low, mournful tone: "The poor white trash done come to Africa. He hasn't no mother for to fry hominy for him, nor no wife for to send to the store with a jug." Enfeebled as he was the traveller knew that this was wrong, for he had read "Mungo Park's Travels," and he could not help remarking, "You women don't sing that song as it ought to be sung."

"Sing it yourself, then," retorted the singer, in a cold, heartless way, and thereupon the women passed on, and left the wretched white man to perish.

The cruelty of the women made the traveller so indignant that he resolved to make one tremendous effort for life. He managed to rise, after painful exertions and the use of many scientific terms, and hobbled slowly toward a native village about a quarter of a mile away. He had scarcely reached it when he was seized by two gigantic cannibals and dragged to the king's palace, where he hoped that either death or breakfast, he did not much care which, awaited him.

The palace consisted of one large room with an enormous throne extending entirely across one end of it. On this throne sat twelve native kings in a row, each one with a musical instrument in his hand. The one who sat in the middle looked fiercely at the traveller, and demanded of his captors what was the charge against him.

"Poor white trash, Mr. John-ing," briefly replied the largest of the two cannibals.

"Mr. Bones—I should say, prisoner," began the king, "what do you say for yourself?"

"I am a white man," replied the traveller; "but I 'aven't ad any soap for years, so I plead hextenuating circumstances. Besides, I am 'ungry. Will you net give me some breakfast?"

The king's face grew bright with rage—for it could not grow any darker than it was—and he turned to his brother kings, and conversed with them rapidly in the Mjambwe tongue. They were evidently discussing the fate of the traveller, for presently the middle king cleared his throat, and said:

"Prisoner, you have forfeited your life, but we are disposed to be merciful. You ought properly to be baked alive, and afterward eaten, but we shall pronounce a lighter sentence. You will listen attentively while we sing the opening chorus and the favorite plantation melodies, and you will guess every conundrum and laugh at every joke. Say I not wisely, Brother Bones!"

A unanimous "Yah! yah!" from the other kings expressed their warm approval.

"No! no!" cried the traveller, in an agony of fear. "Give me some little show. Burn me, if you will, but do not torture me on this 'oly Christmas morning with your awful songs and conundrums. I've 'eard them all at 'ome." And in his desperation the wretched man fell on his knees before the native king who had pronounced the dreadful sentence. That monarch, indignant beyond measure, raised his guitar and struck the traveller a terrible blow over the head. The whole earth seemed to reel, and the doomed white man became unconscious.

When he regained his senses he found himself sitting on the shore of the lake where he had sat the night before. A young man neatly dressed in European clothes stood before him, and remarked, in a graceful way, "Mr. Jones, I believe."

"And you are Mr. Smith, I dessay," replied the traveller. "Ave you got anything to heat with you?"

The young man had been sent to find the traveller. He had with him all sorts of stores, including canned plum-pudding and boned turkey. As he drew the traveller's arm in his, and assisted him to the place where breakfast was awaiting them, he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas!"

It was the merriest Christmas the traveller had ever known, and when he returned to England with more new lakes and two private sources of the Nile, he said that all his honors could not give him the delight which he had known during his last Christmas in Central Africa after awakening from his terrible dream of the twelve native kings.—W. L. ALDEN in Harper's.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MONTREAL IN WINTER.—The engraving on our fourth page is taken from a photograph by Alexander Henderson, the landscape photographer of Montreal, and represents an interesting view of the city from the Island park, the frozen river covered with snow over its whole surface forming a level plain which entirely alters its summer aspect and adds a new interest to this front of the city, which in its garb of snow, is hardly to be recognized by our summer visitors.

CHRISTMAS IN CANADA.—The next page gives a charming illustration of the pleasures of our winter season. The snowballing, snowshoeing, sleighing, and last but not least the pretty girls, one of whom is pictured in the middle of the page, all combine to make our Canadian winter the admiration of the world and the pride of our own people.

DECORATING THE CHURCH will possess a special interest for those of our readers who have before now assisted in a similar work in wreathing garlands of green about the stone pillars, and fastening legends above the arches of their own house of worship.

THE ADVENT OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE is suggestive rather of English Christmas tide than of our own. Yet a similar scene will be enacted, though with different surroundings, in many a home in this country as well.

THE BOYS AND THE GIRLS have not been forgotten in this number. The former have a page of football sketches, while their fair sisters will know appreciate the pretty pictures of their favorite nursery rhyme, and both alike will enjoy the turning of the tables on the last page, and the fate of the little boy who tackled the turkey.

AN EVENING AT VICTOR HUGO'S.

(From a Correspondent.)

I have been spending the evening at the house of M. Victor Hugo, who appeared in very good health. He was also in a genial expansive mood, and his spirits higher than usual. Between dinner and half-past ten, when all his visitors rose to go away, he scarcely sat down a moment, but kept walking about from one person to another to converse. He had on, for a wonder, evening dress. When ever he talked to the whole company he stood on the hearth rug with his back towards the fire. A circle of disciples stood around. Madame Dorian was the guest of the evening. She is the daughter-in-law of the late M. Dorian, who was the most useful colleague of General Trochu in the siege, and is the wife of M. Menard Dorian, a notable St. Etienne manufacturer and deputy. This lady is a poetess. She has just translated into French verse Swinburne's Ode to Victor Hugo. I have not read her translation, but her brother-poet, M. de Lacerelle, the Deputy of Macon and biographer of Lamartine, assured me that it was admirably done, and that the vibrating ring, the rhythm, the movement, and originality of Swinburne were caught up and rendered by her with apparent ease. Madame Dorian was brought up in England.

I have to thank M. Victor Hugo for a presentation copy of "Torquemada," which contained on the title page a few gracious lines written and signed by him. As he hardly ever puts pen to paper except to work for printers, you may conceive the difficulty there was in finding words adequate to express, without appearing to flatter, my sense of the honor he had done me. The little thanksgiving speech I had to make brought the conversation of him and the surrounding circle to the founder of the Inquisition, and then to his action, through Mary Tudor, on England. The idea had never before occurred to the poet that Torquemada, having been for some time before the birth of Catherine of Aragon the ghostly director of Isabella the Catholic, the English Queen of sanguinary memory was his spiritual granddaughter. The bent his exhortations gave to Isabella's mind did not appear to affect Henry VIII's Queen (or, at least, the Katherine of Shakespeare), but, skipping a generation, came out as a hideous moral deformity in Mary. Victor Hugo said he wanted to serve true indignant religion in his poem on the founder of the Spanish Inquisition. Torquemada was a well-intentioned man, and would have been good and great had he not started from a false principle, and wanted to destroy the absolute and eternal Hell by a relative and a temporary one. He was like those scientists who seek to destroy disease through vaccines which keep them alive in the world. Torquemada dealt by compulsion, and left no room for the conscience to grow and move in. St. Francis of Assisi (in glorifying whom Victor Hugo has forestalled the Pope) overcame evil by good and forced souls by example, charity and persuasion.

I have often noticed the intense pleasure that it gives to Victor Hugo to be told of a good action performed by somebody else. Apropos of St. Francis and his works of charity, one of the poet's guests told him of a movement in the State of New York to send poor city children on visits to farm-houses and country residences in the hot summer weather. The old man's fine sympathies were all awake as he listened. I should not wonder if, in the course of the night, he wrote a poem on the first impressions made by the country on a New York street Arab. He

looked as if turning in his brain something of the kind.

Of course Victor Hugo's guest had much to say to him about *Le Roi s'Amuse*. The author seemed to experience unalloyed happiness in looking forward to the jubilee, and in looking back to the tempest of hatred which the drama had evoked fifty years ago. French intellect was then bandaged up in the literary forms and conventions of the 17th and 18th centuries. He had done what he could to unbandage it. The small-minded people, and many of the large-minded too, had come to look upon the bandages as an epidermis. If their skins were going to have been torn off they could not have fought harder than they did against an innovation which meant to assist outward and upward growth. On the 22nd November, 1833, the author of *Le Roi s'Amuse* and the manager of the Français, packed, so far as they were able, the house. This time a single ticket had not been signed by Victor Hugo or any delegate of his. Four boxes were placed at his disposal, but one of them was only taken by Madame Lockroy, who wanted it for some of her own friends. The poet would not accept the roomy one offered him unless on the condition of paying for it himself. There have been hitched in the revival of *Le Roi s'Amuse* which might have seemed had omens to superstitious persons. Georges Hugo had suffered from the wet weather, and been ailing since Sunday. His mother was not, therefore, able to appear at the dinner given in compliment to Madame Dorian, and there was uneasiness felt lest one grandchild only could witness with the illustrious and loveable grandfather the jubilee of *Le Roi s'Amuse*. Another serious contretemps was the illness of M. Monnet-Sully, to whom the part of Francis I. had been entrusted. Of Victor Hugo it may be said he has lived eighty years, but not grown old. The sadness of those who have long survived their generation has not fallen upon him. There is hardly any one now alive who witnessed the theatrical storm which burst in the Français half a century ago. All the actors and actresses who performed in it have, save one, passed away. He is the accomplished Regnier, who has quitted the stage and is now a professor at the Conservatoire.

The Duc de Nemours is old enough to have seen the first representation of *Le Roi s'Amuse*. But Louis Philippe decided that it was better for the Court not to patronize the play from the moment he had received Count d'Argout's verbal report of the full dress rehearsal. Said he to the King, "Barbès and Blanqui will have their Republic before the year is out if this drama succeeds. Not only does the King amuse himself, but he amuses himself immensely and *en cavaille*. The spectacle of such a Monarch on the stage would break down all respect for the Crown." "But I," replied the King, "do not amuse myself at all. I am always at my desk unless when I am badgered by my Ministers. Every one knows that in my whole life I never committed a wild action." "So much the worse, Sir," retorted M. d'Argout. When the Parisians see that M. Hugo's cap does not fit your Majesty they will all accuse you of wanting to stick it on Charles X., who *did* amuse himself when he was young. On the whole, he would be, if so capped, better off than your Majesty. The French have a sneaking kindness for a King who is a *mourais* sujet, but they hate a monarch who they find is perfidious.

OXFORD REVISITED.

It is just eight years ago that the old Provost of Oxid looked upon the University, in which he had lived for the best part of a century, for the last time. All resemblance, except indeed that which is more or less durably embodied in architecture, between the Oxford of his early manhood and of his old age had disappeared, and the interval which has elapsed since then has served to make the transformation complete. Dr. Hawkins has belonged to ancient history any time during the last two or three decades. This is not surprising seeing that he expired on Saturday last at the age of ninety-two: what is surprising is that the chief features in the social life of Oxford, which men who are yet barely middle-aged can recollect in the days of their undergraduate-ship, have disappeared as completely as if they had never been in existence. All that the energy of the builder and the restorer could do to revolutionise the external aspect of things has been done. There are new streets and tramways; Koble College looks severely down upon the Parks, as if resenting the contiguity of a secular Museum; part of the facade of St. John's is new and imposing; all the frontage which Balliol offers to Broad-street is new and ideous. The old schools as intellectual torture-rooms have ceased to exist, and the examiner of the period applies the thumbscrew and boot to the victim in a superb palace nearly opposite Queen's, standing on the site of the old Angel Hotel, made ridiculous indeed without by some mural design caricaturing Dr. Lightfoot of Exeter and others, but glorious within with marble pillars, oak panelling, tapestry from Turkish factories, curtains from Persian looms.

These things are only the outward and visible signs of the far greater metamorphosis which the inner life of the place discloses. Married fellows, and the establishment of a military depot at Cowley, have assimilated the society of Oxford to that of Cheltenham and Southsea. You were to have met the Prefector of Transcendental Ethics at the hospitable board of your

friend; but he was unfortunately already engaged to dine at the military mess. The Senior Proctor is also prevented from being one of the company, as he has promised to superintend the production of some new theatricals at the house of a sprightly spinster on Headington-hill. When you drove up to the departure platform at Paddington, you observed a number of gentlemen, of familiar face and figure, who you imagined must be *en route* to some country-house in one of the home counties. Not a bit of it. The members of Parliament, undersecretaries of State, able editors, and *littérateurs* who composed the group, were all bound to Oxford, where the Saturday to Monday visit is as much an institution as at Brighton itself. Some were going to stay with one of the permanent officials of State who still keeps on his rooms at All Souls, others were the guests of the Christian Socrates at Balliol, and the rest were similarly billeted in different quarters. As you observe all these things, and listen to the talk on every side, you gradually realise the fact that Oxford has become a mere suburb of London. Pall Mall and the High-street, St. James, and St. Aldate's, the Athenæum Club and half a dozen colleges appear to have become fused into one curious social amalgam. The venerable professor who sits next to you surprises you by casually mentioning that he was dining in Mayfair last night, and that he went to the Lyceum afterwards. He would, he adds, hope to see something of you to-morrow; but it is, he regrets, impossible, as he has an appointment in the City, which involves his leaving Oxford at nine—at eleven o'clock. Your *vis-à-vis* at dinner is a thick-set gentleman, with a bushy beard, and an appearance generally suggestive of a prosperous land surveyor. His talk is of the price of wheat, and of the projected improvements at Hyde Park Corner. You presently discover that he has devoted his lifetime to deciphering inscriptions, and that he is the only man in Europe who can claim a comprehensive acquaintance with the literature of the ancient Pelasgi.

Not less novel and startling are the points of view taken by those about you, and the media through which they are disposed to look at life. The whole standard of ideals and ambitions has changed. Here is an eminent scholar and reverend divine, who you might imagine would recognise his legitimate goal in a bishopric. It turns out that he takes comparatively slight interest in academic affairs; his favourite study is municipal administration, and his secret ambition is believed to be to become a member of the Local Government Board, or possibly mayor. At the present moment he is wholly occupied with the question of sewage; and in a few minutes he will excuse himself for prematurely quitting the company on the plea that he has an appointment with half a dozen Common Councilmen of distinction. The atmosphere is so thoroughly modern, so conspicuously non-academic, that you almost hesitate to broach a subject which can, in the slightest degree, savour of "shop." But old associations come back to you with some force, and you venture a few observations upon the question of Greek and Latin scholarship. The youthful *savant* beside you condescends to take a languid interest in the matter. He is engaged in a correspondence with the learned Vossius at Leipsic upon what he shrewdly suspects is a fragment of Plato, exactly two lines and a half in length, and he visited last summer the more learned Bossius at Berlin, for the purpose of discussing a new light which he thought was thrown by a discovery in Gaelic syntax upon the Greek genitive, or of testing the affinity which he is convinced exists between the dialect of the tribe on the Upper Congo and the depraved Doric of a mythic community in Southern Greece. This is not probably quite what you meant by scholarship, and you modestly inquire whether composition in the Latin and Hellenic languages is still cultivated at Oxford. Your interlocutor smiles contemptuously. He thought you were quite above that sort of thing. A mere trick of school-boy neatness, he assures you, and nothing more. He was talking, he explains, of real scholarship—of scholarship as approached from the scientific point of view. It is an epithet of evil omen, and you may as well change the conversation at once to such topics as zinc wire and liquid manure.

TRICKS OF PICTURE DEALERS.

"Many pictures have been made to acquire the appearance of age, even to a complete deception; and I remember at the commencement of my collecting, having purchased some. They were offered at a price which induced me to buy; and as the very canvas on which they were lined, to prevent their falling into decay, appeared old, whatever uncertainty I might have been in as to their originality, I had none as to their antiquity. I sent for a picture dealer, who made use of spirits of wine; and in a moment that which he worked upon was totally ruined, which made the cleaner say those pictures had been in the Westminster oven. He then informed me that there was in Westminster a manufactory, where several persons were employed making copies, which, after being soiled with dust and varnish, were thrown into an oven built on purpose, and moderately warmed; when, in the course of an hour or two, they became cracked, and acquired the appearance of age, and a certain *stoidity* the pictures I had bought did not possess, which made me conclude that they had not been baked long enough. I will venture to as-

sert, many of our superficial connoisseurs have been caught as I have been with this snare, and have preferred to the best modern productions those of the Westminster oven."

CHRISTMAS BREVITIES.

GIFT books, Christmas cards, &c., in endless variety at W. J. Clarke's, Beaver Hall Square.

EVERYTHING novel and desirable in gifts books, Christmas cards, &c., for the season at Drysdale & Co's. Their address is 232 St. James street, and 1423 St. Catherine street.

FROM an experience of many years in our city there are few in the fur trade who has a more extensive reputation for first-class goods than A. Brahadi, 249 Notre Dame street.

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

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

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

THE windows of R. W. Cowan & Co., corner Notre Dame and St. Peter streets, present quite an attraction to numerous passers-by, from the elegant display of ladies', gentlemen's and children's fur goods of all descriptions.

FOOT NOTES.

"Mrs. Brown" is dead. That was not her name, but the character associated with the works of Arthur Sketchley. Even this was not the correct name of the author, who was not "Mrs. Brown" nor "Arthur Sketchley," but George Rose. Mr. Rose was formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, but he became a Roman Catholic, and the inventor of the now proverbial "Mrs. Brown." Of late the illustrious lady's utterances have become somewhat monotonous; but at first she was intensely enjoyable, and her curious utterances have long been pleasantly familiar to lovers of domestic humour. Mr. Rose made the mistake of overdoing the character he had created, as many other authors have done before him, and so somewhat detracted from the credit he had undoubtedly deserved as the creator of a distinct school of literature—as distinct as that of Mark Twain, though of a different character.

A MAN may be as cool as an icicle under extraordinary circumstances of danger or excitement; he may preserve an even mind when a ghost comes into his room at midnight; he may assume command and act nobly and well when the ship is sinking; but let that man, let any man, upset his inkstand, and he springs to his feet, makes a desperate grasp for the inkstand and knocks it half-way across the table, claws after his papers and sweeps through the sable puddle to save them, tears his white silk handkerchief from his pocket and mops up the ink with it, and after he has smeared the table, his hands, and his lavender trousers with ink, as far as it could be made to go, discovers that early in the engagement he knocked the inkstand clear off the table, and it has been draining its life-ink away all that time in the centre of the only light figure in the pattern of the carpet. Then he wonders why a man always makes a fool of himself when he upsets a bottle of ink. He doesn't know why. Nobody knows why. But every time it is so. If you don't believe it, try it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Boers have captured the Kaffir Chief Mampoor.

LORD DERBY has accepted the post of Secretary of State for India.

A NUMBER of failures in the tinplate trade are reported in England.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says rumours of Ministerial changes are premature.

THE Sultan of Turkey has had an armoured bullet-proof carriage built for him.

THE Bishop of Winchester has declined the Archbishopric of Canterbury, on account of his age.

THE Austro-German alliance, which expires in October, 1884, the *Cologne Gazette* says will be renewed.

LORD DERBY rejects the idea of an Egyptian protectorate, though admitting that English influence must preponderate in Egypt.

AT Connaught assizes on Tuesday, Judge Lawson sentenced an Arran Island farmer to penal servitude for life for grievously wounding a bailiff.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has resigned from the Reform Club, on account of his brother having been blackballed on applying for admission to the Club.

AN anti-Terrorist Association has been formed in St. Petersburg to oppose the Nihilists, with branches in England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Turkey.



WINTER SCENE, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA. PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. J. M. BROWN.

H. A. BEEPER.



CHRISTMAS IN CANADA.—(SEE PAGE 403.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day!

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger.
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day!

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day!

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour,
Of virtue, power and might,
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day!

SHORTY LONG'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

The stage from Marysville toiled slowly up the washed and rolling road that led from Culver's Ranch to Whistling Canon. Shorty Long, the driver, enveloped in a suit of heavy rubber garments, sat far back in the boot, and the two favorite seats beside him were empty.

The mud was deep, and the sharp chirrup with which Shorty usually speeded his horses, was modulated into a lower and gentler note of encouragement. When alone, either in sun or storm, Shorty was accustomed to give vent to his feelings in a song. He was a sailor on a man-of-war at the time of the gold discovery, and under the influence of the fever, that, reaching to the "ends of the earth," gathered the swart Mongolian and the fair-skinned Caucasian into the narrow bounds of a mining-camp had left his ship without waiting for the customary formality of a discharge. He brought to the new and strange life that met him in the camps that grew and disappeared among the foot-hills two characteristics that were sure to make him a marked man. His nature was buoyant, sunny and generous. His chums were never known to despair, and a fatality of good luck attended them; but, strangely enough, this had not yet come to Shorty. With this joyous and hopeful disposition, Shorty combined a determination that was indomitable. He did not know the meaning of defeat.

"It will come out right in the end," he would say, as claim after claim showed the some paucity in the matter of that precious, yellow dust which was the object of his search.

And Shorty said this when fire swept through the camp, its red tongues leaping in a hot carnival about the little cabin in which he had gathered a small store of comforts his work had enabled him to collect. For Shorty was a home body, and delighted in a cozy interior glowing with warmth and companionship, and so he had constructed his cabin with more care than miners usually bestowed on these frail structures, and he glided in possessing the one building in Sandy Gulch that contained a bedroom.

The boys—all of the masculine fraternity were "boys" in the vocabulary of the gold regions—shipped in and bought Shorty enough to build a new home, for they had found it very nice to drop into the snug apartment which did duty as parlor, kitchen and dining-room in Shorty's cabin; but the gift was firmly refused.

"You see, boys," said Shorty, as he stood looking at the heap of ashes that had once been his home; "I have a peculiar notion that if I win to any luck, I must do it alone. You are very kind, and I'm not too good to be helped, but alone's the way, I think, and for a time I'm going to keep clear of the Gulch. The fire has just caught me all aback, so to speak, and I'm like the fag-end of a rope."

When Shorty was deeply moved, he always took refuge in his sea phrases, and the boys saw that he was touched, and Ben Ward called out:

"Shorty is right, boys. If he feels that he must strike paying dirt by himself, we have no right to stand in his way. It's mighty hard to miss the coffee and the songs, but if he thinks it is best, it is best."

Ben was a leader in the thought of the camp, not because he was better equipped in the matter of education, but because he had a sort of rough magnetic force that the men there could recognize; so they agreed with his decision, though two or three declared that it was too bad to lose the coffee, for Shorty was the best maker of that fragrant beverage the camp possessed.

So Shorty ceased to be an inhabitant of Sandy Gulch, and went on the stage-route running from Marysville to the upper mining district. Somewhere he had picked up a good knowledge of horses, and the heavy swinging coach put him "in mind of a ship in an easy

gale," he said—"it just rolled enough to rock one to sleep."

He had carried his singing with him, and many a late traveller on the road his coach followed had heard the pine woods on the slopes echo with the cheering words, telling of the cherub aloft who keeps watch over poor Jack; had heard them repeat the woes of Tom Bowline, and ring with the notes of Hull's Victory.

But Shorty was not singing now. His keen and practiced glance noted the dark clouds that lay, dense and dull, along the eastward rising peaks, and, opening the sliding-panel that allowed him to communicate with the passengers inside, he said:

"We'll be at Bender's in an hour, and we'll stay there for the night."

"Why?" asked a restless young man, who sat in a corner.

"Because the weather looks bad, and an hour's rain would make the mud deeper than the horses could sail through."

"Afraid to travel in the wet, I reckon," said a heavily-bearded man, stretched along the middle seat.

"We'll stop all night at Bender's," said Shorty, taking no notice of the last remark, and, closing the slide, he turned to face the road.

The coach had just reached the crest of a hill, and beyond this, the road wound downwards, and towards a steep mass of rocks, rising in a wide, southward running level. A mist hung over these rocks, and a peculiar grayness pervaded the whole atmosphere. There was a clump of pines at the bend of the road, and as the coach turned these, a hail came from among the trees.

Shorty's hand sought the butt of a pistol that was thrust in a pocket of the boot, and his whip cracked sharply. The horses started forward with a jump, and the coach swung heavily from side to side.

In a few minutes, the stout vehicle would have been beyond the range of pistol shots, but before this could be accomplished, a softer voice came cutting through the storm, the voice of a woman.

"For God's sake, do not leave us here!" it said, and, rising to his feet, Shorty's grasp on the reins tightened, and the sudden check threw the horses back on their haunches, the coach thumping hard against the wheelers.

The jar brought all the passengers to their feet, and the barrels of several pistols showed ominously in the windows that were hurriedly opened.

"What is it?" called the restless young man.

"Robbers?"

"Maybe yes, and maybe no," answered Shorty, and having given this equivocal answer, he called out to the person who had hailed:

"Come out from the windows so that we can see you. We don't want any ambushade trick played on us."

There was a movement in the deeper darkness among the pines, and then two figures appeared—one, that of a man, who leaned heavily on the arm of a woman.

They moved forward slowly, the man evidently walking with difficulty.

Shorty's keen glance searched the wood shadows for other forms, and seeing none, he jumped to the ground, and hurried to the assistance of the woman.

"How came you here in this plight?" he asked, as his strong arm gave its aid to the man's tottering form.

"We were going to Lander's," answered the woman, naming a place where quartz mining had just been commenced. "Father was to superintend the work. We were on horseback, and were met on the ridge here by two men, who took our horses and money."

"Which way did they go?"

"In that direction," pointing southward along the ridge.

"Did they harm you?"

"No, but they shot at father, and the bullet is in his leg. It is only a flesh wound, however."

Shorty whistled.

"Did you see their faces?" he asked, as they reached the coach.

"Yes, one was very fair and slight, with long golden hair. The other was black and heavy."

"I know," said Shorty, sternly.

Shorty opened the door of the coach and looked in. "Make room for two more," he said. "Move up on the middle seat."

The bearded man grumbled, but the passengers obeyed, and Shorty soon had his new friends snugly settled on the last seat.

"Did they take your luggage?" he said, looking at the woman.

"They cut open my satchel and parcel, and, after looking through their contents, threw them by the trees yonder."

Shorty closed the door, ran to the spot indicated, and soon returned with a rough bundle in his arms. He threw this into the boot, clambered in after it, and the crack of his whip quickly started his horses into a sharp trot.

"He is in a mighty big hurry now," growled the bearded passenger, but the words elicited no response.

The coach had a smooth declivity to traverse, and it ran evenly, though the speed gave the heavy body a slightly swaying motion. Shorty handled his reins with skill, and in a little time, the rambling collection of huts known as Bender's Flat was reached, and the horses drew up, foaming and snorting, in front of the Grand Washington Hotel, the leading establishment of the kind in the section.

It was only a low, one-story shanty, but there were bright fires enlivened with pine cones in every room, and each had a neat array of furniture, though no two pieces were mates.

Still, as the genial host, Ben Lincoln, said, this did not make any difference so long as sheets and towels were clean, and you slept well.

And sheets and towels were always clean in the Grand Washington, and its guests were sure of warmth and good food, and these two facts made its proprietor a noted man in the canon.

As he came out to meet the passengers by coach, Shorty hailed him:

"There's a man inside with a bullet in his leg," he said. "His daughter is with him."

"Strangers?" asked Lincoln, laconically.

"Yes."

"All right. I will look out for them, and have the doctor brought."

"I shall stay here till to-morrow," continued Shorty.

"The weather does look bad."

"Yes, and I have other business, now."

He flung the mail-bag to a man who came up, and then, as the hostler of the hotel took the reins of the forward team, ready to lead the coach away when the passengers and their baggage were landed. Shorty sent a peculiar shrill whistle echoing among the shadows of the cliff, and along the picturesque streets of Bender's.

Having done this, he carefully smoothed out the garments he had found among the pines, and placed them in the cut satchel and parcel that had originally held them.

While he was doing this, men had been gathering from the different cabins, and soon there were quite a number of them collected on the veranda that ran along the front of the Grand Washington.

"What's the row now, Shorty?" questioned one of them, as Shorty rose from his seat.

"Black Bill and his chum are at work in this section again. They stole two horses from strangers who were going to Lander's. One was a woman, and they put a bullet into the man's leg, and left them all aback by the road. I picked them up at the pines, and brought them on."

The account was disjointed and ungrammatical, but it was forcibly uttered, and the men who listened understood it thoroughly.

"Here are the parcels belonging to the women. They were out open," continued Shorty, showing the satchel and bundle. "To steal, and from a woman, and then to leave strangers by the road in such weather! It should be stopped."

"It must be stopped!" cried several voices.

They were rough men—that motley crowd on the veranda—but they had a deep, though curious, reverence for women—a reverence that gave emphasis to the scorn that Shorty put in the words. "To steal, and from a woman!"

"What is to be done?" said Tom Bruce, the leading spirit of the Bender's Flat miners.

"They went south along the ridge," said Shorty, "and I guess the animals are pretty well jaded, for the road is stiff with mud."

"Then a posse had best mount and follow. Who will go?"

"I will, for one," said Shorty.

"And I—and I!" responded numerous others.

It must be remembered that the work these men volunteered to do was not a mere ride after lawless men. The desperate character of the masses congregated at the mines is well known, and it was seldom that one who had broken the law surrendered without a struggle. The readiness with which the most of that rough class used a pistol gave to the duty for which these men were banded together a spice of danger that brought death very near. They thought that two, or more, of them would be shot, but they had little or no fear of death. Lawless as they were in a certain way, they had a respect for life and property that made them willing to meet danger in its behalf.

"We will not need more than ten men, and we should start at once. I will be ready in a few minutes," said Shorty, springing from the coach with the parcel he had arranged in his hand.

Entering the hotel, he looked into the apartment designated as "the parlor," but it was empty.

"Where is the woman who came by the coach?" he asked of the servant who answered his call.

"With her father in the big bedroom."

"Just say that if she can come, I would like to speak with her."

The servant quickly disappeared, and a few seconds later there was the rustle of a dress in the hallway, and a light step came rapidly toward the parlor.

Shorty stood just inside the door, and as the woman came forward, removed his hat.

"Excuse my sending for you," he said, looking into one of the most pleasant faces he had ever seen, "but I wished to hand you these, and to ask what kind of valuables those men took from you?"

"We had a little money—nearly three hundred dollars—and watches. They also took my mother's ring; it was a diamond, and I prized it highly."

"Would you be able to recognize the robbers if you saw them?"

"I should."

"Thank you. We expect to catch them. How is your father?"

"Comfortable. The wound is not dangerous, but he is growing old, and the pain is harder for him than it would be for me."

"I will not keep you from him now, for here comes the doctor, but I will see you, with your permission, when I return with the men who took your horses."

"I shall be pleased to receive you at any time," she answered, smiling, and Shorty's heart beat faster than it had for years, for though the woman before him was not beautiful, there was a sweetness about her face, an honesty in her clear, blue eyes, that made her very charming to this man, whose life had been passed in rough and troubled ways.

He left her at the door, and passed into the bar-room, where he ordered a horse and a warm drink. Then he threw off his heavy rubber suit, and put on a shaggy monkey-jacket. A pair of pistols were thrust into the inside pocket of this, and a short-barreled rifle was slung across his shoulder. Having swallowed his warm drink, Shorty sought the veranda, where he found a score or more of men waiting. Several horses, saddled and ready for a mount, stood near, and two or three men on horseback were approaching. The animal destined for Shorty's use was brought, and Sam Bruce said:

"We might as well mount. The sooner we start, the sooner will this matter be settled."

"All right," replied Shorty and the rest of the men, and as the two leaders sprang into their saddles, the remainder of the party followed their example; and ranging by two's, they struck into a sharp gallop, going up the slope towards the pines.

Reaching these, a halt was called, and the trail of the robbers sought. A minute sufficed to find this, for the soft ground showed that two horses had recently gone south along the ridge, and the track was easy to follow.

Again the pursuing party went rapidly forward, Bruce and Shorty at their head. The clouds, which had grown darker, now began to toss and break, and the wind came blustering across the level. Now and then a flurry of rain would sweep past, but silently the men rode on, the keen eyes of their leaders watching the trail.

"They have not speeded their animals," said Shorty, as the tracks grew fresher. "We will overtake them before they reach the Gulches."

"If we do not, we might as well turn back," said Bruce.

They were nearing a slope, and beyond this a wide level stretched away to the south and east; westward, a steep ascent led to pine-clothed ridges, and beyond the level rose heavy crags, broken by the black shadow of sombre gulches. As they reached the crest of the decline, they saw, about one-third of the way across the level, two horsemen, whose slow pace told of weary steeds.

"There they are!" said Shorty. "Now for a race!" and putting spurs to his horse—a powerful and wiry animal—he dashed forward.

Silently his companions followed, and though the rapid pace of the horses fell with a dull thud on the wet earth, the wind kept the noise from reaching the two men, who, not thinking of pursuit, gave no heed to the trail they had made.

The pursuers had gained more than a mile before the slightest of the two started, turned hurriedly in his saddle, and, with a cry, put spurs to his horse. His companion followed his example, and now, seeing that their approach had been discovered, Shorty and his party began to urge their animals forward with loud cries of encouragement.

The only hope of the pursued lay in reaching the gulches, but the distance before them was considerable, and their horses were far more jaded than were those of their opponents. Still the two men settled down to their purpose with a bitter determination. They knew that justice in the mining regions had but one punishment, death! and that pardon was an unknown thing.

Suddenly the horse of the heavier man stumbled and fell, throwing his rider clear—a fortunate thing, as otherwise the fall might have crushed him. With an oath, he sprang to his feet, and grasped the bridle. The horse staggered up, but stood, frightened and trembling, in his tracks.

The man sprang into the saddle, and urged the horse forward; but the exertion was useless; the stunned animal would not move. His companion had missed him from his side, and now returned to his aid.

"Go! go!" he shouted. "There is no use for more than one of us to die."

The only answer the other made was to fling himself from the saddle, and with his pistol firmly grasped, watch from behind his horse the swift approach of his foes. These had spread out in a half-circle, Bruce and Shorty at the ends of the advance, and they were rapidly nearing.

"What shall we do—fire?" asked the young man.

"We might kill a couple of them, but it would only make it worse for us. In the Gulches yonder this would count, but now—the fact is, we are caught, and all because of this cursed beast. I'm sorry I got you into this scrape."

"Never mind that. Is it surrender?"

"What else can we do?"

"I will tell you. I did not fire the shot this morning. You can take my horse and escape."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other. "That would be a pretty story to tell—Black Bill deserted his partner. No, my boy. Let's give up, and luck may put a chance for escape in our way. Can you make out who leads these men?"

"Shorty Long is one of the leaders."
 "I thought so, and his coach was due in the road to-day," and with these words, he thrust his pistols back into his pockets, and held up his hands.
 The pursuing party were closing in rapidly, and Shorty was already very near the men.
 "What do you want with us?" cried Black Bill.
 "Where did you get those horses?"
 "Found them."
 "Yes, and I suppose you also found the money and watches you have?"
 "I suppose we did."
 "It was a sorry find for you. You might know better than to bother a woman."
 The men were gathered about their prisoners now, and the latter were told to hand over their pistols, knives, and what they had taken from the strangers. This done, they were securely bound and placed on the stolen horses, and the party then started northward.
 It was a long ride, and the storm was growing. The rain no longer came in flurries, but beat them with a rapid and continuous down-pour, and the wind surged against them with a fury that made them bend low in their saddles.
 The darkness grew deeper, and they were forced to let their horses pick the road. They had taken the precaution to fasten both their prisoners, and the horses on which they were mounted, to some of their own party, so that any movement would be known.
 Thus they plodded on, and at last the glimmer of a light came shimmering through the gloom, guiding them down the slope to Pender's. A half-hour later, they were standing by the bar in the Grand Washington, partaking of the hot whisky, whose flavor was a secret with Lincoln.
 "One drink only, boys, and then for supper. After that we will have the trial," said Bruce.
 Justice was speedy in her workings through the mining district, and delay was not allowed to dishearten a man.
 She prisoners had been given their share of the warm liquor, and mining hospitality also accorded them a place at the supper-table. This meal attended to, the prisoners, their captors, and the entire male population of Bender's adjourned to the parlor; for as there was to be a woman witness, it had been decided that the trial should be held there instead of in the bar-room, the usual place.
 Sam Bruce and Shorty were chosen judges, and the prisoners were seated before them. The young woman was sent for, and a chair was placed beside those of the judges for her use.
 When she came, and had been installed in the seat provided for her, Shorty, who, from his more extended acquaintance, had been chosen spokesman, asked if she recognized the prisoners in the men who had shot at and robbed her father and herself.
 "Yes," she answered; "they are the men."
 "Then the case against them is clear."
 "And what will be their punishment?"
 "There are three counts," said Shorty; "horse-stealing, shooting and robbery of valuables. Either of the three is enough for death."
 "What?" cried the woman, starting to her feet. "Death? Why, they have committed no murder!"
 "No, not now, perhaps; but the score against them is a long one."
 "And are you trying them for the old score, or for what they did to-day?"
 "For to-day."
 "Then you have no right to murder them, for it would be murder, as they do not merit death."
 "What would you have us do?" asked Shorty.
 "If you have no prison to punish them in, then, let them go."
 "Would your father agree to this?"
 "My father will agree to anything that I say."
 Shorty turned to the men about him.
 "You hear what she says, boys. The quarrel is hers, and I don't see but what we have had our ride for nothing."
 There was a little grumbling, but the decision that Shorty had voiced seem to rule.
 "Are they to go free?" asked the woman.
 "If you say so," answered Shorty.
 "Then I say so. Stand up!" she cried, turning to the prisoners.
 Black Bill and his companion obeyed her.
 "Hold up your right hands, and repeat what I say," and with a clear, resonant voice, she continued, "We do solemnly swear by all that earth holds sacred, and from this time out no crime shall be done by us. As we keep our word, may the Great Father reward us."
 The men followed her in strangely moved tones, and the rough miners about her stood with bowed and uncovered heads, silent as death until her last words faded away.
 Then Shorty turned to the prisoners.
 "You can go," he said; "but remember, luck does not always strike like this."
 "I shall remember," said Black Bill, and stepping quickly forward, he grasped the hand of the woman, and raised it to his lips. His companion followed his action, and then they passed out through the pathway made for them, and went their way, no one knew whither, only they were not seen in Bender's afterwards.
 This was in March, and when he returned to Marysville that trip, Shorty gave up his place, and again sought the mines.
 "My luck will come to me there," he said, "if it comes at all."

He did not return to Sandy Gulch, but roamed restlessly along the foot-hills about Lander's and Whistling Canon; he was a frequent visitor at the cabin of the superintendent at Lander's, for the clear voice of Margery Sands, the superintendent's daughter, was very sweet to him.
 That he had her favor was very easy to be seen, for her eyes grew brighter, and her face beamed with pleasure when he came. Margery was too honest and fearless to hide a feeling of which she was proud.
 And Shorty was a strong, forceful man, quick in thought, ready in act, and with a notable store of common sense. He was more intelligent than the general run of the men who sought the mines, and though his rough life at sea, and his rougher life among the foot-hills, had not been a very refining school, he had still clung to some far-away memory of his youth, and no book or paper went from his reach unread.
 He was not given to dissipation; he used no rough language except when deeply moved, and he was helpful and generous—too much so, his friends said; but Shorty averred he would never be the loser by any such course.
 He was good-looking, too, though under the average height, and compact and muscular. Altogether, he was one of those kind, yet determined characters, that win love and hold it.
 All through the year Shorty kept roaming among the gulches and canons, prospecting, or, as he said, "seeking his luck."
 "It is bound to come," he would say, but Spring gave place to Summer, Summer faded into Autumn, and Autumn had been succeeded by Winter, and still Shorty's luck had not arrived.
 It was the day before Christmas, and Shorty was stopping at Bender's Flat, waiting to run over to Lander's in the morning.
 There was no sun.
 Up in the pines that frowned heavy and thick along the crags overhanging the canon, the wind was surging, rending branches and trunks with a fierce display of its gigantic power. The cones came hurtling down among the cabins clustered at the foot of the rocks, and the torn boughs swirled along the wind. Far up, sweeping onward with the blast, an eagle went winging southward, a dark fleck among the sombre, leaden hue of the clouds.
 The rain had ceased. It had fallen in sheeted masses for two days, and had torn huge pathways through the snow that lay white and chill on the higher peaks.
 And now word came that a new danger threatened the camp, though Bender's was too high to share in this.
 Torn from their rooting on the cliff, two great pines had been flung across the canon at its narrowest part. Their branches had locked and formed a dam, and against this other drift had floated, building a structure, back of which the water grew in volume. The sand from the hills had been washed in among it, and formed a heavy bar, and the flood massed itself in the narrow way, and spread backward, at last reaching the flats lying before the Black Gulch, as this narrow place was called.
 The matter of a rush was only to be a question of time, ruled by the strength of the dam. Should the pines give way, and open an escape-way for the flood, the valley would be devastated.
 The men talked the matter over, clustered about the bar of the Grand Washington. A new-comer opened the door, and, as he did so, the noise of a loud crash came sounding through the air.
 The dam had given way. They could hear the roar of the water as it rushed down the canon.
 "It will sweep Lander's like a broom," said Ben Lincoln. "The people should be warned."
 Shorty had been seated by the stove, smoking. He sprang to his feet, dashed the pipe from his mouth, and rushed to the door. Seeing a horse standing there, he flung himself into the saddle.
 Lander's was on the bank of the creek, just over the spur of a hill, five miles below. It lay between a steep cliff and the stream, and a flood would totally annihilate it.
 Shorty knew this, and with his body bent low, so that it would not hold the wind and impede his horse, he sped forward. He could hear the sound of the water as it came on, and knew that it was near him, but he did not falter.
 On! on! and behind him he could hear the crash and rush, as the flood poured through the narrow way, and spread out on the flats below Bender's.
 Soon he saw the cabins of Lander's show from behind the hill.
 On! on! with the raging mass close at his heels, and the first cabin at hand.
 With a loud shout he flew by it, making for the home of the superintendent.
 But the water was gaining, and the horse he sought was still more than a mile away, standing at the further end of the place, on the opposite end of the flat.
 He could not reach it before the flood would come; he knew this, but he would save Margery Sands, or die with her.
 His horse was strong and fleet, and went forward with a swift, sure pace, but the roar of the water was now close behind him.
 Just as it came sweeping by he reached the house, and saw Margery standing in the door.
 "Come!" he said, "come!" and she sprang towards him.
 Grasping her light form, he drew her up to the saddle, heading his horse through the water toward the westward rising hills.

The foaming mass was rushing down the valley, and bearing with it the drift of the wreck it had made. Slowly, yet surely, the noble animal that Shorty rode made his way towards the hills, but the current was swift, and the load was heavy, and the rider saw that he would be exhausted before he could reach the solid ground.
 He patted him encouragingly, and then, as a knoll that rose in the level showed above water, made for this.
 He can rest here, he thought, but just as he reached this, and placed Margery on the earth, springing after her with the bridle in his hand, a sudden rush sent the horse swiftly around, wrenched the bridle from his grasp, and the next moment he saw the horse, the only hope, making his way towards the westward hills.
 He could do nothing but seek the highest part of the knoll, which was still some distance out of the water, but he could see that the flood was rising.
 "Our only hope is to get a large piece of drift," he said, "and try for the shore. It may catch on a spur and give us a chance."
 He turned to watch the wreckage sweeping by, and saw, coming down with the flood, a small boat, guided by a single person.
 He shouted for aid, and the man waved his hand in reply.
 "Be ready to jump in with the woman," cried the man, "for it will not be safe to try to land."
 "Ay! ay!" answered Shorty, and grasping Margery in his arms, he moved close down to the water on the side of the knoll that the boat was nearing.
 In a moment it was alongside of the knoll, and he gave a spring. The boat rocked with his weight, but the man steadied it, as it rushed on.
 Shorty saw an oar, and grasped it, his former life having made him an adept in its use. As he gave his assistance to the man, he glanced up at his face, and a strange feeling of recognition came to him.
 He had seen the face, but where?
 He noticed too, that the man's eyes often sought Margery's face, but the glances were only for a second, the boat requiring all his care.
 For the flood was at its height now, and ran roaring along, and it took all of their combined strength and skill to make a safe way through the drift.
 They had run diagonally westward, and were now nearing a narrow part of the valley, where the rocks closed in, and the flood went surging and whirling between them.
 "Be ready to jump ashore with the girl, said the man. "Jump as soon as we reach that bend. I will head the boat in."
 Shorty looked towards the point indicated, and saw that if the man should do this, he would have to go with the boat through the narrow pass, for at the rate they were going should he jump, the boat would be in the gorge as soon as he landed, and if the man guided her, his chance to escape was gone.
 "And you?" he called.
 "Never mind me."
 "I cannot," said Shorty.
 "Man, I tell you to take the girl and jump. You love her and life is bright. Quick I say!"
 There was command in his voice, and Shorty sprang up, grasped Margery in his arms, and stood ready.
 The boat rushed on. In another instant she reached the shore, and Shorty jumped, landing a few inches above the water.
 He turned to look at the boat.
 As he did so, she swound round. The man in her stood looking at Margery, and then Shorty recognized him.
 "Black Bill!" he cried.
 As he spoke the words, the boat struck a tree-trunk that was rushing by, turned, whirled over, and the next instant he saw the man go down the gorge clinging to his oar, the boat far from him.
 With a cry he rushed to the cliff, but when he reached it there was nothing to be seen save the foaming mass of water.
 Margery was by his side.
 "Can we do nothing?" she asked.
 "Nothing. You gave him his life, and he has paid the debt."
 She clung to him, trembling, and they slowly went back to the spot where they had reached the land.
 As they neared it, Shorty started.
 "Was it fate, or did he put us here because he knew of this?" he said.
 "What do you mean?" she asked.
 He pointed to the bank where they had stood when the boat disappeared, and there, washed clear by the water, lay a mass of gleaming nuggets, the drift of a greater flood that had swept the valley ages before.
 "It is my luck," cried Shorty. "No, it is our luck. Will you share it with me, Margery?"
 She turned her face to meet his look.
 "I belong to you," she said, "for I love you."
 "And your love is my greatest treasure, better far than all of this gold," and he drew her to him, kissing the sweet lips that were so ready to reply.
 "We must go back now," she said; "father will be searching and sorrowing for me."
 "Where is he? My anxiety for you made me forget him."
 "He went to the upper mine this morning. The flood will call him back."

"I will stake this claim and go with you. The water is falling, and I had better cover the gold."
 He did so, and then they went slowly back along the course of the flood.
 "Can we not be married soon—to-morrow, in fact?" asked Shorty. "Then you will be a Christmas-gift, and it is a long time since I received one."
 "If you wish it, I have no objection, as there are no friends to wait for," she replied.
 "I do wish it."

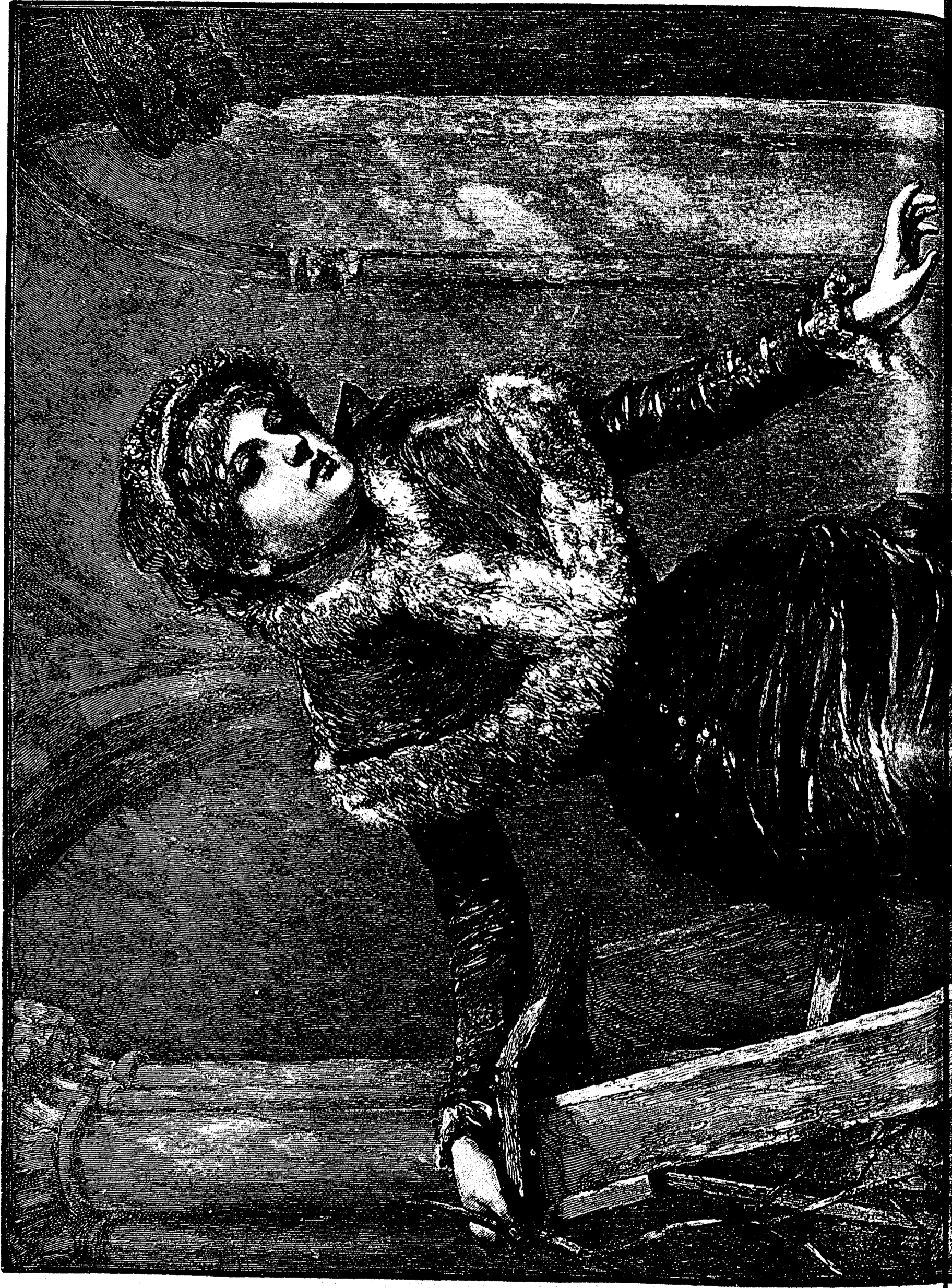
VARIETIES.

THE National Skating Association, of which the Prince of Wales, the King of the Belgians, the King of the Netherlands, and the Duke of Edinburgh are the patrons, has issued its yearly statement, one item of which is curious enough, namely, that the association hopes at length to make skaters independent of the seasons by providing artificial ice. The special object of the association is to promote, ascertain, and reward speed in skating, by the establishment and management of Amateur and open Skating Championships of England; by stimulating and supplementing local action in holding of skating matches; by establishing an order of merit for speed skaters, and awarding badges for the same; by assisting in providing facilities for skating by the shallow flooding of land in each locality where local branches exist; and by collecting through corresponding members information of the existence of ice on which skating is practicable, and the supplying of such information to its members; and to promote and encourage figure skating by the establishment of standards at which figure skaters may aim, by bestowing badges of merit on those who attain these standards, and by promoting and assisting in the formation of skating clubs. Also to promote the establishment of international skating contests in various countries under the direction of an international council.

THE California millionaire, Mr. Mackey, gave a dinner to Booth, the actor. The host, to do honor to so distinguished a guest, produced a bottle of rare old wine, covered with cobwebs, and costly enough for a Czar. "What do you think of that?" asked the host, in a tone that showed gratification that he was able to do honor to the palate of his distinguished guest. Mr. Booth held up his glass to the light, sipped at it like a connoisseur, held it up to the light again, and then with classic originality remarked, "This a nectar fit for the gods!" A few nights after Mr. Mackey had home to dine with him an old chum of his from the mines. It occurred to him that it would be a clever thing to paralyze this rough from the coasts with a liquid with which he was totally unfamiliar. Another bottle of the "old particular" was ordered up. "Now just you tell me, old boy, what you think of that," said Mr. Mackey. Utterly regardless of the conventional canons of society, but with a sincerity of compliment that could not be mistaken, the ex-'49-er placed the mouth of the bottle to his lips and did not set it down until the last drop had been drained. Mr. Mackey knew from past experience that the performance was not one of which he could take offence; and, as his friend leaned back, smacking his lips with evident satisfaction, he repeated, "Well, old boy, what do you say to that?" "Pretty fair quality of booze, I call it." "Pretty fair quality of booze!" Why, do you know what Booth said of it when he dined here?" "What, Booth the actor fellow?" "Yes, Booth the actor." "I reckon he might have allowed as how he was bang up for a lush." "Bang up for a lush! Why, Booth said it was 'a necktie fit for the gods!'"

HERE is "a little story," from Manitoba. There are two mad men in Milwaukee. One is a bald-headed man and the other is a druggist. The bald man told a doctor that his hair was falling out, and asked him if he did not know of something that would stop it. The doctor said he would "fix" him; so he wrote out a prescription, which was as follows:—"Chloride of sodium one ounce, aqua pura eight ounces. Shake well, and rub on the scalp every morning." The bald man went to a druggist and had the prescription made up, paying one dollar for it. He asked the druggist if he was not a little "high," but felt ashamed when the druggist inquired if he knew how much aqua pura cost a gallon. He said he did not, but supposed it came "high." The druggist told him aqua pura was one of the most penetrating drugs in the store, and, as for chloride of sodium, there was nothing like it, and the war in Peru had sent it up "kiting." He said if the trouble in Chile kept on there was no knowing how high it would be. The bald man used the medicine, and felt as though it was doing him good. His wife noticed little new hairs coming out, and he felt good; so, when the stuff was gone, he took the bottle to the store and had it filled again. The assistant who filled it this time was another man, and when the bald-headed man threw down a dollar, the druggist said, "Oh, never mind; we won't charge you anything for that!" The bald man asked how that was, when the druggist said, "Why, it's only salt and water any way! The salt is only two cents a pound and the water is pretty cheap this year." The bald man gave one gasp and said, "I paid one dollar for filling that bottle before, and I want my money back! It's a bald-headed swindle! I thought that Peruvian story didn't look plausible." The druggist had to give the man a box of cigars to keep still about it.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.





DECORATING THE CHURCH FOR CHRISTMAS.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Here comes a sweet dear,
Her Pussycat caressing,
To wish us good cheer
And each Christmas blessing.

'Tis little Miss Muffet!
Not the famed of yore
In nursery lore,
Who sat on a tuffet
And ate curds and whey,
Until a big spider
Came crawling beside her,
And drove her away.
No, this is a new one,
A flesh-and-blood dear,
Who lives with us here:
A genuine true one,
Whose eyes look right through one,
Unknowing of fear,
She scared at a spider!
Do you wish to deride her?
You know not our dear,
If you say so 'tis clear:
Should a spider alight on her,
Think you 'twould frighten her?
Without any fuss,
She would wave her hand—thus,
Or blow a puff—
And off it would go.

Our sturdy Miss Muffet
With Boreas dares buffet,
In tippet of fur,
What are wild winds to her?
With hands in her muff, it
Is clear she can rough it
In stormiest weather,
She's a hat on, or bonnet—
Which is it?—and on it
A very fine feather:
Equipped for a walk
This keen frosty morning,
And utterly scorned
The cold altogether,
But first she must talk
With Pussycat a bit,
Ere going, as fit,
So there's plenty of chatter
In pussycat patter,
With many a kiss
Interjected by Miss:
Her speech softly purring,
And Pussycat purring
An answer most fit:
At least she'll aver,
'Tis well known to her
As hers is to it!

"Now Puss! that's enough
Of fondling and nursing!
My case you are furring!
Jump down from my muff!"

Miss Muffet at last
Is off walking fast,
What delight to behold her,
Glancing back o'er her shoulder,
Sweet smiling and nodding
As onward she's plodding:
You darlings! Miss,
I blow you a kiss!

J. L.

A SHOCKING STORY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

I.

I hear that the "shocking story of my conduct" was widely circulated at the ball, and that public opinion (among the ladies) in every part of the room, declared I had disgraced myself.

But there was one dissentient voice in this chorus of general condemnation. You spoke, madam, with all the authority of your wide celebrity and your high rank. You said:—"I am personally a stranger to the young lady who is the subject of remark—I am not even acquainted with her name. If I venture to interfere, it is only to remind you that there are two sides to every story. May I ask, in the interest of mercy, if you have waited to pass sentence on her until you have heard what she has to say in her own defence?"

These just and generous words produced (if I am correctly informed) a dead silence. Not one of the women who had condemned me had heard me in my defence. Not one of them ventured to answer you.

How I may stand in the opinions of such persons as these, is a matter of perfect indifference to me. Not because I am a woman of extraordinary fortitude, but because I shall soon be beyond the reach of London gossip and London scandal. My good husband has received a foreign appointment which places us in an honorable and independent position. We leave England in a few days; and we are not likely to return to our country for some years to come. Under these circumstances, may I speak of my heartfelt gratitude? may I own how anxious I am to stand well in your opinion? I cannot contemplate my approaching departure, without feeling eager to satisfy you that I am not unworthy of the interest you have taken in seeing justice done to a stranger. I shall be so proud of bearing away with me even the most trifling expression of your sympathy! Will you read my little story, and decide for yourself if I deserve the hard things that have been said of me? Yes, I am sure you will!

II.

Who am I—to begin with?

I suppose I shall best answer that question by describing myself as one of the fortunate persons who are possessed of advantages of birth. My father was the second son of an English nobleman. My mother was the lineal descendant of one of the oldest families in South Germany. I lost both my parents when I was sixteen years

old; and I went to live with my uncle (my father's younger brother), who was also appointed my guardian until I came of age. His wife (my aunt by marriage) brought him a handsome fortune. She, too, belonged to the higher rank of society.

You will find, as I go on, that I abstain from mentioning any family names. The motives which—if they did not absolutely lead to my marriage—did certainly hasten it, are connected with the discovery of an event which must never be traced to the persons concerned in it. For this reason I have marked my narrative "private;" and I trust to you not to let it be seen by other eyes than yours. If I mention my uncle by his military title, as "the General," and if I change my aunt's Christian name, I shall keep a secret which I feel bound by the strongest motives of gratitude and honor to respect—and, at the same time, I shall place my position before you unreservedly in its true aspect. To have done all the sooner with the troublesome question of names, I may add that I bear my German mother's Christian name, "Wilhelmina." All my friends, in the days when I had friends, used to shorten this to "Mina." Be my friend so far, and call me Mina, too.

My troubles began with—what do you think? With nothing better and nothing worse than the engagement of a new groom.

This seems, no doubt, a very odd way of appealing to your interest, at the outset of my story. Fortunately, I am writing to a just woman, who will suspend her opinion until she knows a little more of me.

We were in London for the season. At the time I am speaking of, I had lived for five years under the protection of my uncle and aunt. When I think of the good General's fatherly kindness to me, I despair of writing about it in any adequate terms. To own the truth, the tears get into my eyes, and I cannot write at all. As for my relations with Lady Catherine, I only do her justice if I say that she performed her duties towards me without the slightest pretension, and in the most charming manner. At past forty years old she was still universally admired, though she had lost the one attraction which distinguished her before my time—the attraction of a perfectly beautiful figure. With fine hair and expressive eyes, she was otherwise a plain woman. Her unassuming cleverness and her fascinating manners were the qualities no doubt which made her popular everywhere. We never quarrelled. Not because I was always amiable, but because Lady Catherine would not allow it. She managed me as she managed her husband, with perfect tact. With certain occasional checks—exceptions which only proved the rule—she absolutely governed the General. There were eccentricities in his character which made him a man easily ruled by a clever woman. Defering to his opinion, so far as appearances went, my aunt generally contrived to get her own way in the end. Except when he was at his club, happy in his gossip, his good dinners, and his whist, my excellent uncle lived under a despotism, in the happy delusion that he was master in his own house.

Prosperous and pleasant as it appears on the surface, my life had its sad side for a young woman.

In the commonplace routine of our existence, as wealthy people in the upper rank, there was nothing to ripen the growth of the better and deeper capacities in my nature. Heartily as I loved and admired my uncle, he was neither of an age nor of a character to be the chosen depository of my most secret thoughts, the friend of my inmost heart, who could show me how to make the best and the most of my life. With friends and admirers in plenty, I had found no one who could hold this position towards me. In the midst of society I was, unconsciously, a lonely woman. My happiest moments were those moments when I took refuge in my music and my books. Out of the house, my one diversion, always welcome, and always fresh, was riding. Without any false modesty, I may mention that I had lovers as well as admirers; but not one of them produced an impression on my heart. In all that related to the tender passion, as it is called, I was an undeveloped being. The influence that men have on women, because they are men, was really and truly a mystery to me. I was ashamed of my own coldness—I tried, honestly tried, to copy other girls; to feel my heart beating in the presence of the one chosen man, as it did certainly beat, for example, when I went out hunting with the General. But it was not to be done. When a man pressed my hand, I felt it in my rings, instead of my heart.

Don't suppose I am writing in this way about myself, out of mere vanity. I am trying to prepare you for what is to come. If I can only enable you to see some of the defects and weaknesses of my character, as clearly as I can see them myself, you will, I think, feel more indulgent towards me when I make my confession. And perhaps you will be all the readier to remember that I had neither mother nor sister to confide in at a time when I most wanted a word of advice.

This said, I have done with the past, and may get on to the strange events which have associated themselves with a later time.

III.

I have mentioned that we were in London for the season. One morning, I went out riding with my uncle, as usual, in Hyde Park.

The General's service in the army had been in a cavalry regiment—service distinguished by merits which justified his rapid rise to the high places in his profession. In the hunting-field, he was noted as one of the most daring and most accomplished riders in our country. He had always delighted in riding young and high-spirited horses; and the habit remained with him after he had quitted the active duties of his profession in later life. From first to last he had met with no accidents worth remembering, until the unlucky morning when he was out with me. His horse, a fiery chestnut, ran away with him, in that part of the Park-ride called Rotten Row. With the purpose of keeping clear of other riders, he spurred his runaway horse at the rail which divides the Row from the grassy enclosure at its side. The terrified animal swerved in taking the leap, and dashed him against a tree. He was dreadfully shaken and injured; but his strong constitution carried him through to recovery—with the serious drawback of an incurable lameness in one leg. The doctors on taking leave of their patient, united in warning him (at his age, and bearing in mind his weakened leg) to ride no more restive horses. "A quiet cob, General," they all suggested. My uncle was sorely mortified and offended. "If I am fit for nothing but a quiet cob," he said bitterly, "I will ride no more." He kept his word. No one ever saw the General on horseback again.

Under these circumstances (and my aunt being no horsewoman), I had apparently no other choice than to give up riding also. But my kind-hearted uncle was not the man to let me be sacrificed to this disappointment. His own riding-groom had been one of his soldier-servants in the cavalry regiments—a quaint, sour-tempered old man, not at all the sort of person to attend on a young lady taking her riding-exercise alone. "We must find a smart fellow who can be trusted," said the General. "I shall inquire at the club."

For a week afterwards, a succession of grooms, recommended by friends, applied for the vacant place.

The General found insurmountable objections to all of them. "I'll tell you what I have done," he announced one day, with the air of a man who had hit on a grand discovery; "I have advertised in the papers."

Lady Catherine looked up from her embroidery with the placid smile that was peculiar to her. "I don't quite like advertising for a servant," she said. "You are at the mercy of a stranger; you don't know that you are not engaging a drunkard or a thief."

"Or you may be deceived by a false character," I added, on my side. I seldom ventured, at domestic consultations, on giving my opinion unasked—but the new groom represented a subject in which I felt a strong personal interest. In a certain sense, he was to be my groom.

"I'm much obliged to you both for warning me that I am so easy to deceive," the General remarked satirically. "Unfortunately the mischief is done. Three men have answered my advertisement already. I expect them here tomorrow to be examined for the place."

Lady Catherine looked up from her embroidery again. "Are you going to see them yourself?" she asked softly. "I thought the steward—"

"I have hitherto considered myself a better judge of a groom than my steward," the General interposed. "However don't be alarmed; I won't act on my own sole responsibility, after the hint you have given me. You and Mina shall lend me your valuable assistance, and discover whether they are thieves, drunkards, and what not, before I feel the smallest suspicion of it myself."

IV.

We naturally supposed that the General was joking. No. This was one of those rare occasions on which my aunt's tact—infallible in matters of importance—proved to be at fault in a trifle. My uncle's self-esteem had been touched in a tender place; and he had resolved to make us feel it. The next morning a polite message came, requesting our presence in the library, to see the grooms. My aunt (always ready with her smile, but rarely tempted into laughing outright) did for once laugh heartily. "It is really too ridiculous!" she said. However, she pursued her policy of always yielding, in the first instance. We went together to the library.

The three grooms were received in the order in which they presented themselves for approval. Two of them bore the ineffaceable mark of the public-house so plainly written on their villainous faces, that even I could see it. My uncle ironically asked us to favour him with our opinions. Lady Catherine answered with her sweetest smile: "Pardon me, General—we are here to learn." The words were nothing, but the manner in which they were spoken was perfect. Few men could have resisted that gentle influence—and the General was not one of the few. He stroked his moustache, and returned to his petticoat government. The two grooms were dismissed.

On the entry of the third and last man, we all three opened our eyes with the same sensation of surprise.

If the stranger's short coat and light trousers had not proclaimed his vocation in life, we should have taken it for granted that there had been some mistake, and that we were favoured with a visit from a gentleman unknown. He was between dark and light in complexion, with

frank clear blue eyes; quiet, modest, intelligent-looking; slim in his figure; easy in his movements; respectful in his manner, but perfectly free from servility. "I say!" the General blurted out, addressing my aunt confidentially, "he looks as if he would do, doesn't he?"

I expected to see Lady Catherine's invariable smile. For once, the smile seemed to be not ready. "It rests with you to decide," she answered in lower tones than usual.

"Step forward, my man," said the General. The groom advanced from the door, bowed, and stopped at the foot of the table—my uncle sitting at the head, with my aunt and myself on either side of him. The inevitable questions began.

"What is your name?"

"Michael Bloomfield."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-six."

"My aunt's interest in the proceedings seemed to be slackening already. A little weary sigh escaped her. She leaned back resignedly in her chair.

The General went on with his questions:—"What experience have you had as a groom?"

"I began learning my work, sir, before I was twelve years old."

"Yes! yes! I mean, what private families have you served in?"

"Two, sir."

"How long have you been in your two situations?"

"Four years in the first; and three in the second."

The General looked agreeably surprised. "Seven years in only two situations is a good character in itself," he remarked. "Who are your references?"

The groom laid two papers on the table. "I don't take written references," said the General.

"Be pleased to read my papers, sir," answered the groom.

My uncle looked sharply across the table. The groom sustained the look with respectful but unshaken composure. The General took up the papers, and seemed to be once more favorably impressed as he read them. "Personal references in each case if required, in support of strong written recommendations from both his employers," he informed my aunt. "Copy the addresses, Mina. Very satisfactory, I must say. Don't you think so yourself?" he resumed, turning again to my aunt.

Lady Catherine replied by a courteous bend of her head. She looked at the groom absently, like a person whose mind was otherwise occupied. The General went on with his questions. They related to the management of horses; and they were answered to his complete satisfaction. "Michael Bloomfield, you know your business," he said, "and you have a good character. Leave your address. When I have consulted your references, you shall hear from me."

The groom took out a blank card, and wrote his name and address on it. I looked over my uncle's shoulder when he received the card. Another surprise! The handwriting was simply irrefragable—the lines running perfectly straight, and every letter completely formed. As this perplexing person made his modest bow and withdrew, the General, struck by an after-thought, called him back from the door.

"One thing more," said my uncle. "About friends and followers! I consider it my duty to my servants to allow them to see their relations; but I expect them to submit to certain conditions in return—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," the groom interposed. "I shall not give you any trouble on that score. I have no relations."

"No brothers or sisters?" asked the General.

"None, sir."

"Father and mother both dead?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know! What does that mean?"

"I am telling you the plain truth, sir. I must have had a father and mother, of course. But I never heard who they were—and I don't expect to hear now."

He said these words with a bitter composure which impressed me painfully. Lady Catherine was far from feeling it as I did. Her languid interest in the engagement of the groom seemed to be completely exhausted—and that was all. She rose, in her easy graceful way, and looked out of window at the courtyard and fountain, the house-dog in his kennel, and the stable doors beyond. My uncle's eyes followed her; he asked if she were tired. Her back was turned on him, in the position which she now occupied. She only answered, "No," without looking round.

During this interval, the groom remained near the table, respectfully waiting for his dismissal. The General spoke to him sharply, for the first time. I could see that my good uncle had noticed the cruel tone of that passing reference to his parents, and thought of it as I did.

"One word more, before you go," he said. "If I don't find you more mercifully inclined towards my horses than you seem to be towards your father and mother, you won't remain long in my service. You might have told me you had never heard who your parents were, without speaking as if you didn't care to hear."

"May I say a bold word, sir, in my own defence?"

He put the question very quietly, but, at the same time, so firmly that he even surprised my aunt. She looked round from the window—then turned back again, and stretched out her hand towards the curtain, intending as I sup-

posed to alter the arrangement of it. The groom went on.

"May I ask, sir, why I should care about a father and mother who deserted me? Mind what you are about, my lady!" he cried, suddenly addressing my aunt. "There's a cat in the folds of that curtain; she might frighten you."

He had barely said the words, before the housekeeper's large tabby cat, taking its noon-day siesta in the looped-up fold of the curtain, leaped out and made for the door. In spite of the warning, Lady Catherine was frightened. A faint cry escaped her; she sank into the nearest chair. "Let the creature out," she whispered to me. "This will not happen again," she added, reassuring the General by a faint smile. "The housekeeper shall give up her cat, or give up her situation."

She rose, and advancing to the table, addressed herself to the groom for the first time. Towards her inferiors in social position her manner was perfect; always considerate and kind, without ever touching the objectionable extremes of undue familiarity on one side, or of undue condescension on the other. When she spoke to the groom she amazed me. She was so haughty and so ungracious that I declare I hardly recognized her!

"Did you see the cat?" she asked.

"No, my lady."

"Then how did you know the creature was in the curtain?"

For the first time since he had entered the room, the groom looked a little confused. "It's a sort of presumption for a man in my position to be subject to a nervous infirmity," he answered. "I am one of those persons (the weakness is not uncommon, as your ladyship is aware) who know by their own unpleasant sensations when a cat is in the room. I believe the 'antipathy,' as the gentlefolks call it, must have been born in me. As long as I can remember—"

The aunt turned to the General, without attempting to conceal that she took no sort of interest in the groom's remembrance. "Haven't you done with the man yet?" she asked. The General started at the unusual abruptness in her tone, and gave the groom his dismissal. "You shall hear from me in three days. Good morning."

Michael Bloomfield looked at my aunt for a moment with steady attention, and left the room.

V.

"You don't mean to engage that man?" said Lady Catherine, as the door closed.

"Why not?" asked my uncle, looking very much surprised.

"I have taken a dislike to him."

This short sharp answer was so entirely out of the character of my aunt, that the General took her kindly by the hand, and said, "I am afraid you are not well."

She irritably withdrew her hand. "I don't feel well. It doesn't matter."

"It does matter, Catherine. What can I do for you?"

"Write to the man—!" She paused and smiled contemptuously. "Imagine a groom with an antipathy to cats!" she said, turning to me. "Write," she resumed, addressing her husband, "and tell him to look for another place."

"What objection can I make to him?" the General asked helplessly.

"Good heavens! can't you make an excuse? Say he is too young."

My uncle looked at me in expressive silence—walked slowly to the writing-table—and glanced at his wife, in the faint hope that she might change her mind. Their eyes met—and she seemed to recover the command of her temper. The famous smile that fascinated everybody made its appearance again. She put her hand caressingly on the General's shoulder. "I remember the time," she said softly, "when any caprice of mine was a command to you. Ah, I was younger then!"

The General's reception of this little advance was thoroughly characteristic of him. He first kissed Lady Catherine's hand, and then he wrote the letter. My aunt rewarded him by a look, and left the library.

"What the deuce is the matter with her?" my uncle said to me, when we were alone. "Do you dislike the man too?"

"Certainly not. So far as I can judge, he appears to be just the sort of person we want."

"And knows thoroughly well how to manage horses, my dear. What can be Lady Catherine's objection to him?"

As the words passed her lips, Lady Catherine opened the library door.

"I am so ashamed of myself," she said sweetly. "At my age I have been behaving like a spoiled child. How good you are to me, General! Let me try to make amends for my misconduct. Will you permit me?"

She took up the General's letter, without waiting for permission; tore it to pieces, smiling pleasantly all the while; and threw the fragments into the waste-paper basket. "As if you didn't know better than I do!" she said, kissing him on the forehead. "Engage the man by all means."

She left the room for the second time. For the second time my uncle looked at me in blank perplexity—and I looked back at him in the same condition of mind. The sound of the luncheon bell was equally a relief to both of us. Not a word more was spoken on the subject of the new groom. His references were verified;

and he entered the General's service in three days' time.

VI.

Always careful in anything that concerned my welfare, no matter how trifling it might be, my uncle did not trust me alone with the new groom when he first entered our service. Two old friends of the General accompanied me at his special request, and reported the man to be perfectly competent and trustworthy. After that, Michael rode out with me alone; my friends among young ladies seldom caring to accompany me, when I abandoned the Park for the quiet country roads, on the north and west of London. Was it wrong in me to talk to him on these expeditions? It would surely have been treating a man like a brute never to take the smallest notice of him—especially as his conduct was uniformly respectful towards me. Not once, by word or look, did he presume on the position which my favour permitted him to occupy.

Ought I to blush, when I confess (though he was only a groom) that he interested me?

In the first place, there was something romantic in the very blankness of the story of his life. He had been left, in his infancy, in the stables of a gentleman living in Kent, near the high-road between Gravesend and Rochester. The same day, the stable-boy had met a woman running out of the yard, pursued by the dog. She was a stranger and was not well dressed. While the boy was protecting her by chaining the dog to his kennel, she was quick enough to place herself beyond the reach of pursuit. The infant's clothing proved, on examination, to be of the finest linen. He was warmly wrapt in a beautiful shawl of some foreign manufacture, entirely unknown to all persons present, including the master and mistress of the house. Among the folds of the shawl there was discovered a letter, without date, signature, or address, which it was presumed the woman must have forgotten. Like the shawl, the paper was of foreign manufacture. The handwriting presented a strongly marked character; and the composition plainly revealed the mistakes of a person imperfectly acquainted with the English language. The contents of the letter merely related to the means supplied for the support of the child. Instead of paying the money by instalments, the writer had committed the folly of enclosing a sum of a hundred pounds in one remittance. At the close of the letter, an appointment was made for a meeting, in six months' time, on the eastward side of the London Bridge. The stable-boy's description of the woman who had passed him showed that she belonged to the lower class. To such a person a hundred pounds would be a fortune. She had, no doubt, abandoned the child, and made off with the money. No trace of her was ever found. On the day of the appointment the police watched the eastward side of London Bridge without making any discovery. Through the kindness of the gentlemen in whose stables he had been found, the first ten years of the boy's life were passed under the protection of a charitable asylum. They gave him the name of one of the little inmates who had died; and they sent him out to service before he was eleven years old. He was harshly treated, and ran away; wandered to some training-stables near Newmarket; attracted the favourable notice of the head-groom, was employed among the other boys and liked the occupation. Growing up to manhood, he had taken service in private families as a groom. Such was the record of twenty-six years of his life!

Taking him apart from his story, there was something in the man himself which attracted attention, and made one think of him in his absence.

For example, there was a spirit of resistance to his destiny in him, which is very rarely found in serving men of his order. I might never have known this, if the General had not asked me to accompany him in one of his periodical visits of inspection to the stables. He was so well satisfied that he proposed extending his investigations to the groom's own room. "If you don't object, Michael," he added, with his customary consideration for the self-respect of all persons in his employment. Michael's colour rose a little; he looked at me. "I am afraid the young lady will not find my room quite so tidy as it ought to be," he said as he opened the door for us.

The only disorder in the groom's room was produced, to our surprise, by the groom's books and papers. Cheap editions of the English poets, translations of Latin and Greek classics, handbooks for teaching French and German—"without a master," selections from the great French and German writers, carefully written "exercises" in both languages, manuals of shorthand, with more "exercises" in that art, were scattered over the table, round the central object of a reading-lamp, which spoke plainly of studies by night. "Why, what is all this?" cried the General. "Are you going to leave me, Michael, and set up a school?" Michael answered in sad submissive tones. "I try to improve myself, sir—though I sometimes lose heart and hope." "Hope of what?" asked my uncle. "Are you not content to be a servant? Must you rise in the world, as the saying is?" The groom shrank a little at that abrupt question. "If I had relations to care for me and help me along the hard ways of life," he said, "I might be satisfied, sir, to remain as I am. As it is, I have no one to think about but myself—and I am fool enough sometimes to look beyond myself." So far, I had kept silence;

but I could no longer resist giving him a word of encouragement—his confession was so sadly and so patiently made. "You speak too harshly of yourself," I said; "the best and greatest men have begun like you by looking beyond themselves." For a moment our eyes met. I admired the poor lonely fellow trying so modestly and so bravely to teach himself—and I did not care to conceal it. He was the first to look away; some suppressed emotion turned him deadly pale. Was I the cause of it? I felt myself tremble as that bold question came into my mind. The General, with one sharp glance at me, diverted the talk (not very delicately, as I thought,) to the misfortune of Michael's birth. "I have heard of your being deserted in your infancy by some woman unknown," he said. "What has become of the things you were wrapped in, and the letter that was found on you? they might lead to a discovery one of these days." The groom smiled. "The last master I served thought of it as you do, sir. He was so good as to write to the gentleman who was first burdened with the care of me—and the things were sent to me in return." He took up an unlocked leather bag, which opened by touching a brass knob, and showed us the shawl, the linen (sadly faded by time), and the letter. We were puzzled by the shawl. My uncle who had served in the East, thought it looked like a very rare kind of Persian work. We examined with interest the letter, and the fine linen. Then Michael quietly remarked, as we handed them back to him, "They keep the secret, you see." We could only look at each other, and own there was nothing more to be said.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT PRETTY WOMEN.

Highly important is the part played by eyes and nose in the living drama of a woman's face. A pair of lovely eyes, whether darkest brown or softest grey, go far to atone for a little eccentricity on the part of other features; and the nose, according to a great authority on such matters, is the surest guide to a judicious choice in affairs of the toilet. The eyes, too, should have their color taken into consideration in the selection of color in dress. There is usually a certain uniformity observable between their tint and that of the hair. When the latter is fair the eyes are generally blue or grey; when it is dark, the eyes are hazel, brown, or (an exceedingly rare color) black. Sometimes, however, dark eyes are found with fair hair, which is very often a most piquant and attractive combination. It is also, at present, fashionable. Occasionally, light blue eyes accompany dark hair. This union may be observed among the peasants of the South of Ireland. It is not often pleasing. The pale tint of the iris becomes almost colorless when contrasted with the dark color of the hair, and the want of harmony is distasteful and disappointing to the eye of the gazer. When the cheeks are very rosy, the effect is decidedly vulgar. Only the softest apple-blossom tints on cheek and lip can make hair and eyes tolerable. The various colors of the eyes may be roughly summed up as blue, grey, brown, green and black, but the varieties of these are infinite. Were ever two pairs of eyes seen exactly alike? They may resemble each other closely, but there will always be some point of difference more or less marked. Blue eyes are in many different shades of that color, from the darkest violet to the pale blue with white lights that goes with the bleached hair of the negative and colorless blonde.

There have been many theories as to the disposition shown in the color of the eyes; but as every man or woman has constructed his theory—and naturally enough—from his own peculiar experience, and as that has necessarily been limited, no trustworthy deductions can be drawn from the impressions that have thus been given to the world. Prominent eyes generally indicate that the possessor is or would be, if taught) clever in music and in languages. For beauteous eyes should neither be deeply sunken nor prominent. There is a medium which they should happily touch. Much depends on their position in this respect. The glance is one of the tests of true culture: a furtive, shrinking glance is as "bad form" as a bold stare. True breeding shows itself in the smile, too; but as this belongs to the mouth as much as to the eyes, I will wait to discuss it till I reach that feature in a future paper.

The approach of age shows itself first about the eyes. Lines come, faintly at first, then deeper and deeper, until the incipient crow's-feet are indicated, developed, revealed. The woman who, looking in her glass, perceives these fatal lines diverging from the outer corners of her eyes, knows that she has reached an era in her life. She recognizes it with a sigh, if she be a vain, a lovely, or a worldly woman; with a smile, perhaps, if she has children in whom she can live her own youth over again. But it can never be a gay smile. None of us, men or women, like to feel youth—that precious possession—slipping away from us. But we should never be on the look-out for crow's-feet or grey hairs. Looking for them is sure to bring them, for thinking about them brings them. Tears form a part of the language of the eye, which is eloquent enough when sparingly used, and which should be sparingly used for other reasons than that of adding to their mute eloquence. Tears are a disfiguring expression of emotion, and those who get into the habit of weeping over every small vexation do much towards acquiring a careworn, miserable expression, and

are sure to look old before their time. Excessive weeping has been known not only to injure, but actually to destroy the sight. Few women look pretty, or even interesting, in tears, though it has long been a pleasant fiction in poetry and romance to suppose that they do. Many women, some men, and most children make most disfiguring and distorting grimaces while crying; and the lady who thinks she can work upon a man's feelings by a liberal display of tears should carefully study a becoming mode of producing them before her looking-glass. Grimaces soften no hearts, and tears accompanied by the usual distortion have a hardening effect, if not a visible one. The picture of "Ginx's Baby" is well known, and aptly illustrates my meaning. The mouth is opened to its widest capacity (and the extent to which the small, rosebud mouth of a child can be opened is simply surprising.) In a prettily-written book, now probably out of print, purporting to be the story of the life of one of Milton's wives, the author makes that poet say of his wife's eyes after crying that they resembled "the sun's clear shining after rain"—a very pretty natural object indeed, but during the rain itself the observer is not inclined to be so complimentary.

AMERICANS NOT ADMITTED TO FRENCH SOCIETY.

The relations between French society of any sort and the American colony in Paris appear to be anything but close. There was a time when Americans were supposed to mingle with Parisians—when you heard of American beauties at the Tuileries, and when a certain part of our colony had the *grandes entrées*, if nothing more, at the palace. When the Empire broke up, and when these ornaments of American civilization became convinced that there was little hope of either a Bonapartist or a Bourbon restoration, many of them sadly shook off the dust of their aristocratic feet against the city, thus abandoned to mere Republicanism, and went home. They thought that if they must live under Republican rule, as well live at home as abroad. Into the more or less humiliating memories of that period it may be as well not to penetrate too far. Everybody knows that the American residents of Paris under the Empire supplied not a few of the staunchest partisans of the Imperial régime. They crawled eagerly to the steps of a throne which Monarchists refused to approach.

But not even then was there any real fusion between the Americans and French—even French of the Bonapartist sort. If you read American letters from Paris in those days, public or private, you might well fancy that our dear countrymen were in the centre and height of fashion. The real truth is that they were received in a narrow circle, and of few could it be said that they were very cordially received. They were tolerated, hardly more. If they gave balls—well, there are several ways of giving balls, and one is to ask somebody to ask your guest for you. Perhaps one more quotation from a French source will be enough to show how the French regarded it:

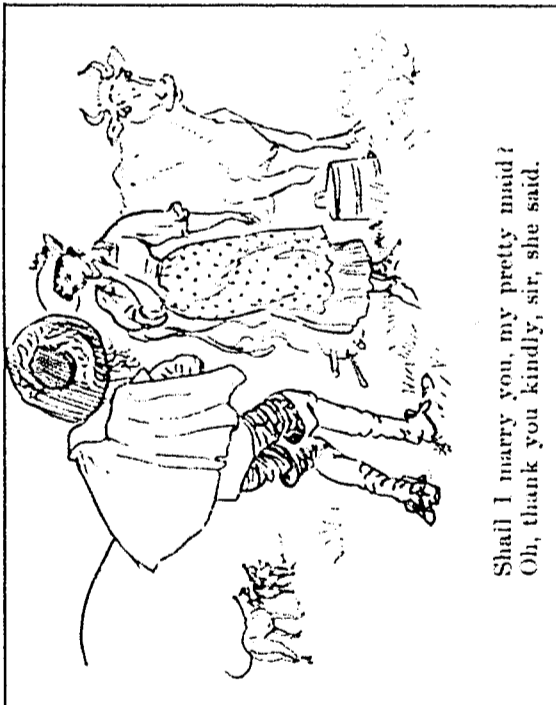
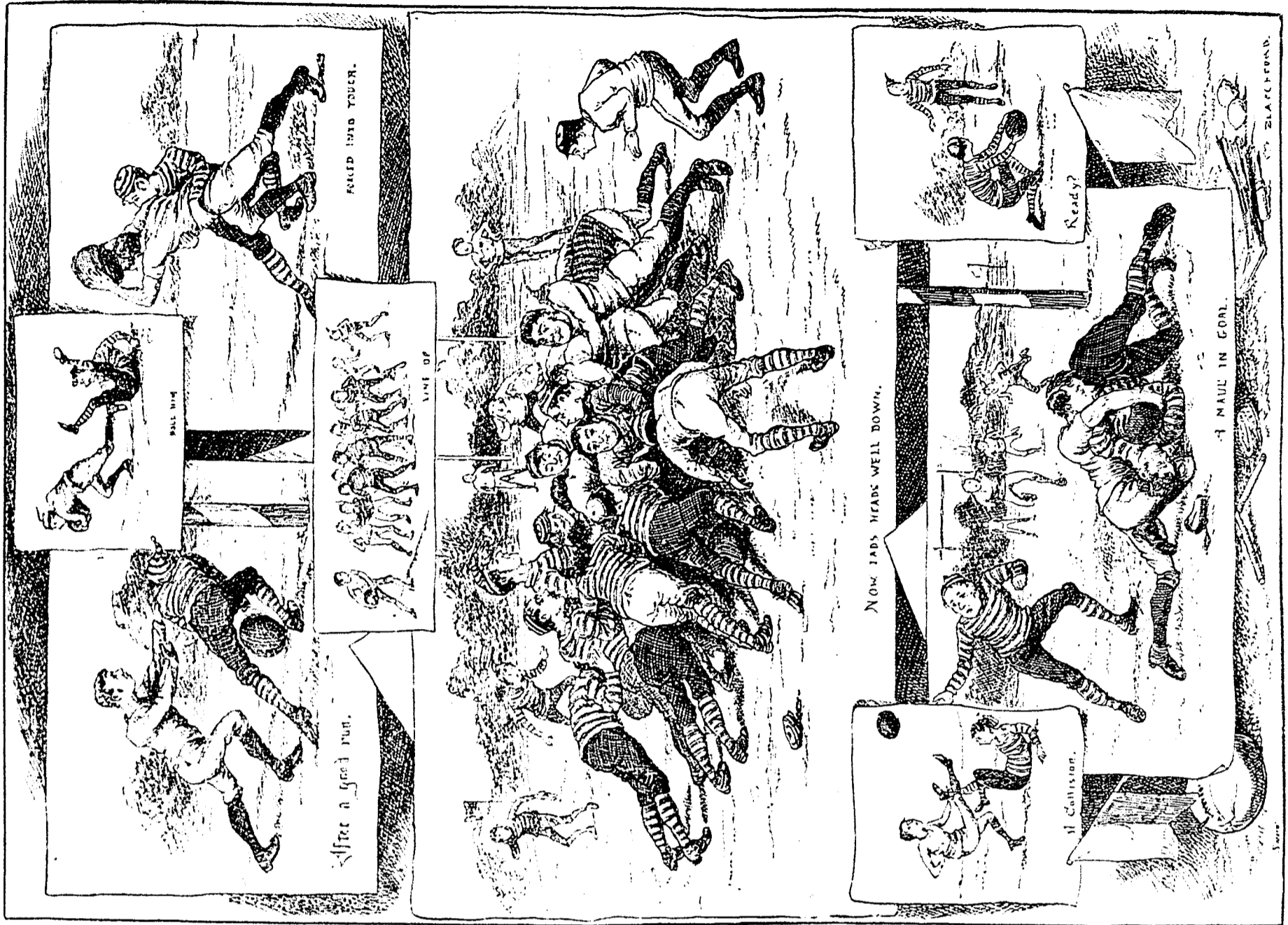
"Well, yes, they are Americans. They have made a fortune in cotton, in tallow, indigo, niggers, whatever you like. But does it matter to us? And then, the Americans nowadays are excepted—for my part, when people give balls all I ask of them is not to belong to the police and to give a good supper. On these terms I am perfectly willing to send out cards for them, with the compliments of the Baroness de Lermont at the bottom."

From the enumeration of the sources of American wealth above given you may judge how old the book is I am citing—nothing to be heard of petroleum or bonanzas. Whether there be still any truth, or anything like truth, in the picture—whether on either side people can be found to enter into such singular engagements, I had rather not undertake to say. In any case, that is not society. It is no more society than Lady N's ball in London last season was society, or gave Lady N. herself a passport to society. I mean the too famous ball for which a certain Duchess agreed to issue the invitations on condition that the debts of the Duchess' husband were paid; as they were. Take the testimony of an American resident in Paris; of the best social position at home; rich, accomplished, speaks French perfectly, knows not a few of the very best French people, and so on. Said he: "I have lived here twenty years. At one time I really wanted to go into French society, in the same way and on the same terms as I should go into society in New York. I tried. I had every advantage an American could well have, and I gave it up. It is useless. It cannot be done." Of course there are people who will tell you they are received, whoever else is not. What they mean is that they are asked to the crushes at the Elysée; that they know certain celebrities with whom they exchange cards, and perhaps, once a year, dinner; that they have beyond this a circle of personal acquaintances whom they visit on fixed days; and that is about all. Making all allowance for this, it remains true that the society in which Americans in Paris mingle is American society.

THE Times says Lord Derby and Sir Charles Dilke will enter the Imperial Cabinet after Christmas, and Mr. Gladstone probably retire before the end of next session, Lord Hartington assuming the Premiership.



CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND.



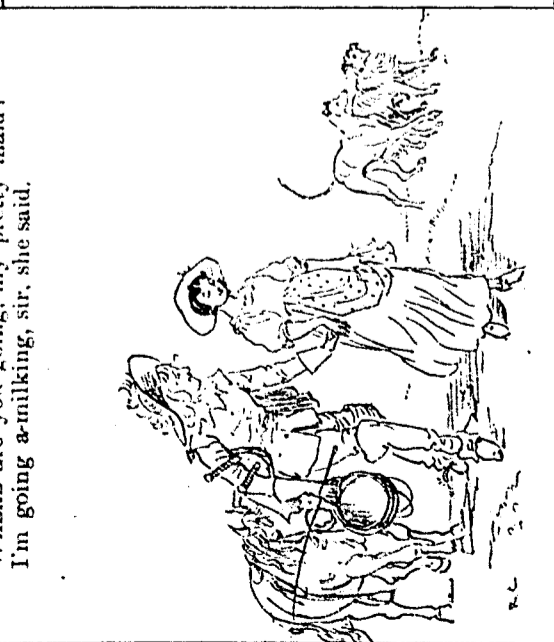
Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?
Oh, thank you kindly, sir, she said.



But what is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said.



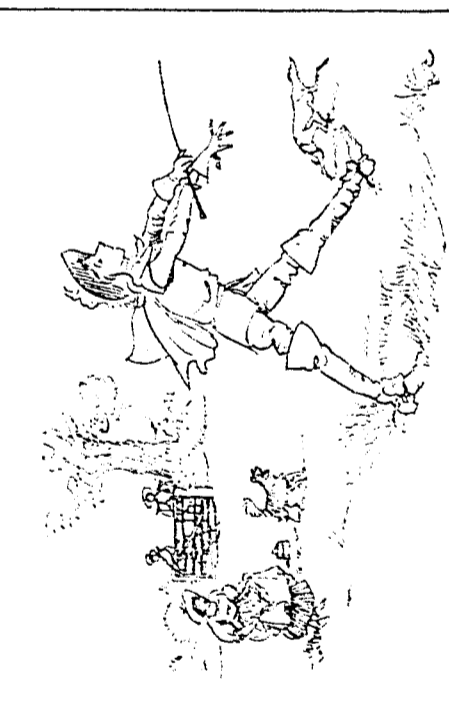
Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a-milking, sir, she said.



Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?
Oh yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.



What is your father, my pretty maid?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said.



Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid.
Nobody asked you, sir, she said, sir, she said.

THE MILKMAID.

A PAGE FOR THE BOYS AND THE GIRLS.

FOOT-BALL.

BLACKBURN.

SIR DINADAN'S DEATH.

When leaves lie under the chestnut tree.
And across under the oak.
When thickets ring to bucks belling
And crossing antlers' stroke.
The hunters' feast and the raven's fee
Stilleth the hungry croak.

The raven perched on the blasted tree.
And ever the raven cried:
The hunter watched by wood and lea,
And loosened the knife by his side:
While all in greenwood, carelessly,
Strayed Dinadan with his bride.

Full little he recked of the careless jape
That turned their blood to gall.
Who longed for his as for juice of grape.
Nor felt the chilly pall.
The evening spread, nor marked that shape
Slip under the elms so tall.

For he, who had never breathed a word
Of love to lady yet,
Was caught at last, and the Table stirred.
With laughter and light reget.
The mirth of the feast and the swing of the sword
Their mate should awhile forget.

There were three brothers of evil mood.
Though come of a kingly strain,
Gaheris lacked them, and Gareth stood,
But Mordred and Acravaine
Hated who ever for Lancelot stood.
And they won the light Gawaine.

But ever Gawaine was a gentle knight:
Quoth he, "It were full ill
That one unarmed to death were dight.
And so our fame must spill:
Then watch we Dinadan in fair fight—
What harm, though two he kill?"

Then Mordred spoke, with his viper eyes,
And Acravaine thereto,
"Good sooth, fair brother, ladies' sighs
Have loose I thine every there!
Thy very heart, seek, womanwise,
As hazard to its mew!"

"But knowest how at vesper-hour,
In forest-paths hard by,
He meets his dame in secret bower,
That none their sport espy?
And what more meet for swardman's dower
Than in her sight to die!"

"Whilist one of us shall soothe the bride!"
Gawaine he swore and passed.
E'en Acravaine his brow must hide,
But Mordred laughed, and last,
"Alone I wait this lover," he cried,
"My heart ne'er stood aghast!"

Sir Dinadan jested, Sir Dinadan sang.
As they went by the allers green,
As Camelot bells far off they rang
The greeting of heaven's queen.
The while on his arm his love did hang,
And neither recked of teen.

Nor recked I of that low-crawling form,
His dagger, or sight of ill;
The greatest bush is before the storm,
And who should seek to spill
Their cup of joy? Could life so warm
Know aught of deathly chill?

A spring, and a stab, and a gasping groan,
And a six-foot fall on ground,
A body that lies on the moss alone,
Another with false arms wound
About her waist for a bridal zone,
God help her in that stound!

Now God thee rest, Sir Dinadan,
That wast full leal and true,
And therewithal the merriest man,
That Arthur's court e'er knew,
And kindest—and high Heaven ban
Who made thy lady rue!

A MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.

BY NED F. MAH.

When the wicked man—i. e., the bachelor, for in the eyes of all marriageable ladies, the bachelor is wicked, since he will not propose; and in the eyes of the mothers of blooming daughters, he is wicked since he will not rid them of those charming but expensive incumbrances—turning away from the conventionalities that Mrs. Grundy has enforced during the day—loath that which is lawful and right in the privacy of his own den, viz., wear the starched collar from his neck, doff the tight coat and straight waistcoat of genteel life, kicketh off the boots which pinched where only the wearer knows, putteth on the delightful, well worn, down-at-heel slippers, ensconceh himself in a dressing-gown of flannelly texture, and, lifting his favourite meerschaum, setteth himself in the recesses of his easiest chair—then he is wont to review in reverie the sweets of a past life, and to moralise thereon.

There is an episode in my past life, I, who am not a bachelor although generally supposed to be so, but a widower—often muse over at such times. It was my first and only matrimonial experiment. There was a time when I found myself almost alone in the world. My chums had married, or were dead, or in far lands, and I conceived that the most expedient thing to be done was to take unto my a wife. But how to obtain that desirable article? Should I advertise that "being desirous of entering the married state, through lack of female acquaintance I took this means, etc., etc.," and fall a victim to some designing adventurer, or one who jumped at an opportunity to patch a not too creditable past? Should I apply to a matrimonial agency? Or should I, taking a perfectly independent course of action, boldly address the first maiden who was not only good-looking but *good* looking, and humbly petition that she would suffer me to introduce myself as a suitor upon trial?

I was revolving these things one day while wandering in a public park, when a young lady came within my range of vision who at once attracted my attention. Her walk was free, dignified and stag-like; her figure well rounded, neither plump nor slender; her height what a woman's height should be; her complexion a clear, healthy pallor—good bilious temperament, I made a mental note—her eyes so dark a blue that they looked black in some lights; her hair clustering in thick natural curls upon her brow.

Summoning all my courage—and it required a good deal to speak to such a girl—I approached, raised my hat, and said—

"I beg your pardon. You are not a married lady?"

She was about to pass on, but I added—

"I assure you I am not asking out of idle curiosity?"

She paused and looked me down. She was wondering, she afterwards told me, whether I were a loafer, lunatic, or detective. The last possibility saved me. She thought an accidental likeness to someone "wanted" might have moved me to address her.

"I am not married," she said.

"Nor engaged? I beg you to forgive me, and I implore you to answer me."

She half turned as though to go on without replying—looked at me again—if my questions were impertinent my manner was respectful enough—and said, in a vexed and impatient tone.

"Neither am I married."

In what words I pleaded my cause when I found there was no impediment to my pleading it, I do not know. I know that I found plenty to say and I believe I said it earnestly and well. At any rate she did not refuse to listen, and before we parted it was agreed that we should be on the footing of friends, with the acknowledged design, if we found all things suitable, of becoming man and wife.

Of course I explained my circumstances, and she, in return, told me her own position. She was an orphan—had a tiny income of £50 a year—taught music for the rest—had only one relative as far as she knew—a cousin in the army—was twenty-two years of age—had been brought up in France.

Within a month we were married—had a quiet wedding in a quiet church, she and her cousin—who gave her away—riding there in a closed carriage—went to Wales for our wedding trip—and settled in a pretty cottage, in a prettier garden, in the suburbs.

Our life was happy enough—very quiet and happy. We would often go to town, to the opera or one of the theatres, and my wife's cousin came frequently to dine, or to spend the evening. Rose's temper was certainly angelic, her manner very sweet and tranquil—so tranquil in fact, that it sometimes almost verged on the lethargic; of course, I adored her, and she appeared to be devoted to me, never having any will of her own, and agreeing to everything I proposed as a matter of course, which, perhaps, was only natural, since I was studious to propose only such things as I judged would be most agreeable to herself.

After some months, the regiment in which Rose's cousin held the rank of captain, was ordered to India. I was sorry to lose him, for I had become much attached to him—an attachment which my wife seemed warmly to share. I was indeed so sorry to part with him that I earnestly entreated him to exchange into another regiment, or to sell out altogether. But he steadily refused. He was ambitious, and promotion, he said, was quicker in India, and all I could do was to induce him to accept a considerable sum, as a loan, towards outfit and incidental expenses.

Rose, as was perfectly natural, was very much moved at the departure of her only relative. It was the only incident since our marriage which had appeared thoroughly to rouse her. Her emotion was extreme, and she wept for several days, in a quiet, but almost heart-broken manner. Then her calm returned to her. Her tranquillity of demeanour was even greater than before. She was, if possible, more meek, more amiable than ever, till, at length, her quietness was so intense that I began to fear that she could not be well, that our life was too uneventful and that change was necessary for the preservation of her health. She slept much, her breath was sometimes slightly stertorous towards morning, and she would appear flushed and feverish. Her hands, too, would tremble nervously, and was often dry and hot to the touch. I proposed to travel—urged her to visit all amusements which might offer—but she expressed herself as perfectly contented and quite happy.

I was strolling one evening in the garden, meditating sadly, wondering whether there was really anything the matter with Rose, or whether such extreme quietude was natural to some women, and that she was happier thus than a life of more active pleasure could have made her—Rose herself being curled up, kittenlike, on a couch with a sweet peaceful smile on her lips—when my attention was attracted by a kind of path that had been made across the flower beds from a point among the bushes just below my dressing-room window to the fence, in which a pale or two was loose just at this spot. The other side of the fence was a field lying at the back of the cottage. The earth was quite dry, and the track beaten flat, so that no footprints could be discerned to betray what species of animal had made them. "Some dog, I suppose," I muttered to myself, "is in the habit of burying his bones here," and I took a rake and erased all evidence of his trespasses.

A morning or two after, rain having fallen in the night, I had the curiosity to revisit the spot when to my surprise, the track of small, human, bare feet were plainly visible.

I called to Rose and made her a witness of my discovery. She appeared much interested, and wondered who the little trespasser could possibly have been, saying—

"What a very odd thing, indeed!"

After that, the footprints, as such, disappeared, though occasionally there were shapeless blurs on the mould of the beds. We concluded that the run was frequented by some dog or cat, and that its small owner had entered on the night in question, in pursuit.

It was at this juncture that Harry Bannister, an old chum of mine, who was surgeon on an ocean steamer came to town, having got a friend to take a trip for him, the said friend complaining that his town practice was too heavy and he required a rest. Harry consented to look after it during his absence, and resolved on taking the opportunity to visit his friends.

To Harry I opened my heart about Rose—told him all her symptoms, and my own great anxiety, her content and apparent belief that she was in perfect health—and entreated him to give me honestly his opinion in the matter. He spent the evening with us, spoke and joked with Rose, who made herself very agreeable, seemed, I thought, a little excited, had a bright flush on her cheeks, brilliant eyes, and certainly laughed more than I had heard her during all our acquaintance. I went with him to the door when he left about eleven, walked with him to the garden gate and a little way up the lane, earnestly entreating him to tell me what he thought.

"Your visit," I said, "has certainly cheered her. I have not seen her so excited and lively for a long while. It is surely that we are so quiet here—the needs society—should see more people."

He looked at me curiously, and a little searchingly. Then he said—

"Is your wife fond of stimulants? Does she drink much wine?"

"On the contrary," said I, "she scarcely meets any woman, now-a-days, so remarkably abstemious."

He looked at me again for a moment. Then he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder—

"You have asked me for my candid opinion, and you must not be angry when I give it to you. My opinion is—she drinks."

"Impossible!" I cried.

"Of course I do not know when, where, or how she obtains her liquor, but—she drinks."

"I cannot believe it."

"Watch her," he said.

And, wringing my hand, he was gone.

The front door had banged to after me, so I went round the garden the back way to the house, and I had to pass the spot where the footprints had crossed the path. I leaned my back upon the fence where the palings had been loosened, and looked across the field. My eyes rested with a curious kind of fascination on the little inn called the White Horse, whose sign was flapping lazily in the night breeze. That house, the footprints, and my friend's words, suddenly connected themselves in my mind.

My wife was already in bed, and sleeping peacefully as a child. I scarcely slept at all—but Rose slept very soundly all the night through. In the morning she seemed unusually dull and heavy. The reaction, I thought, after last night's unusual excitement.

Next night I could not sleep, I lay awake thinking. Towards morning I fell into a light slumber, however, from which I was awakened by a cold breeze which seemed to come from the dressing-room door. I felt if Rose were at my side. She was not there. I sprang out of bed and hurried to the dressing-room. The window was open, and Rose was leaning out her shoulders heaving alternately, as though dragging at some object. I came softly behind her just in time to take from her a black bottle attached to a string. Another black bottle, empty, stood upon the windowsill, which would, doubtless, have been lowered in another second.

My wife did not cry out. She made no noise. She sank cowering at my feet. I took her up and carried her back to bed, and covered her up tenderly.

"When you need stimulants," I said, "why don't you let me know? You know you always refuse when I press you to take anything."

Rose did not answer me. She lay quite still, quietly crying.

I went to see Harry in the morning, to consult him on what was best to be done. When I came home Rose was gone.

We traced her to Paris, and we found her—in the morgue.

She lies buried in a French cemetery, with a little headstone marked "To Rose."

ENGLISH LIONS AND AMERICAN LIONISERS.

The reception given to Mrs. Langtry in New York is thoroughly creditable to the American public from every point of view. It has been at once enthusiastic and discriminating. The woman has been applauded chivalrously and to the echo; the actress has been closely but not ungenerously criticised. She has been judged upon her own merits, and has been exposed to as little of detraction as of undue panegyric. The harmony of common-sense comment has been broken only by the critique which Mr. Oscar Wilde is reported to have penned, and

which is described as being a dreamy rhapsody about beauty in the abstract and the concrete. It is the old story *colum non animam*, &c., and Mr. Wilde's outbursts apparently are the sole exceptions to the sobriety of utterance which the New York press has exhibited. There is probably no public in the world so grossly and systematically misrepresented as that of the United States. It is, Englishmen are requested to understand, wholly given to the idolatry of monstrosities; it prefers eccentricity to excellence, and asks not for what is good, but for what is *bizarre*. So long as the new-comer has the reputation of being a British lion, it will, we are told, flock to see him, although the only thing genuinely lionine about him is the skin. Such is the conventional idea; and it is impossible to imagine anything that is more wide of the mark. The distinctive qualities of the American people are really their intelligence and perception, and they show, in regard to artists of every description, the mingled shrewdness and refinement of taste in which they are supposed to be wanting. Mere names are not enough for them. They will take nothing for granted. They give every candidate for their favour a fair chance; but they are not content merely to register the judgment of others. Mr. Froude crossed the Atlantic heralded by a reputation which had few European superiors. His works were as deeply and as deservedly admired in Baltimore and in Boston as in London. Every thing was in his favour, and it was predicted that his visit would prove an unprecedented success. And so it would have proved if the citizens and citizenesses of the great Republic had no other wish but to gaze upon the presence of a distinguished man. They were, however, impelled by a sentiment of something more than mere idle curiosity. They wished not to look at Mr. Froude, but to hear him lecture; as lecturer Mr. Froude failed; and, therefore, his expedition failed too. The truth is that the Americans are as keen and as correct judges as modern civilisation knows of the genuine and the spurious, of the true and of the false. The decisions of their tribunal may not be absolutely final, but they are denounced only by those who have failed to satisfy its requirements.

Another British star besides Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Oscar Wilde has lately shot athwart the Transatlantic movement. Mr. Herbert Spencer only recently left the United States. It cannot, perhaps, quite be said of Mr. Spencer that he is a prophet without honour in his own country; he is certainly a philosopher more deeply worshipped and better known in the land where he has been a guest. The truth is that the American public, which sometimes confirms the verdict of the English, often equitably redresses the unjust balance; and while it is more critical, is frequently more appreciative. The welcome which Mr. Spencer has enjoyed on the other side of the Atlantic must be a new experience to him. In England he is the author only of a limited class. For every one reader he has here, he has probably not less than half a score in America. Nor, so far as the public taste of his native land is concerned, can he be considered a personage. His appearance is as little familiar as his fame. If the ordinary way-farer between St. James' street and Charing Cross were to meet Mr. Spencer on his way to the Athenæum Club, and were to be informed of his identity, he would probably receive the information for the first time, and would be unconscious of any special emotion excited by it. In England Mr. Spencer has been, at the most, the hero of a clique and the idol of a coterie. Occasionally an impulsive young lady, with a pretty turn for philosophy, has been carried away in an ecstasy of admiration, and has inhabited for weeks the boarding-house where the sage has been temporarily located. A few matrons of mature years have been known to encourage him to address the company assembled in their drawing-rooms from the hearthrug, as from a pulpit, and have taken notes of his discourse, which the great man has obligingly corrected the next morning at breakfast. But Mr. Spencer's distinction in the land of his birth has always been, and is, sectarian, and not national. He has not been quite understood by the community at large, any more than his habits have been appreciated by all the gentlemen and ladies whose society he has affected. As a thinker he is great, as a man he is eccentric; and probably there was never yet united in the same individual such a mixture of the cool scientific vision and morbid nervous excitability. Mr. Spencer's visit to America has been regarded by his hosts as a graceful recognition of the esteem in which they have long since held him. As has returned the compliment by studying their institutions with much closeness, and detecting their weak points with extraordinary rapidity. No more instructive "interview" has ever taken place than that which the correspondent of the *Standard* recently held with the philosopher. The true significance of the latter's remarks was the practical failure of Republicanism. Mr. Spencer still thinks it theoretically the most perfect form of government; but then it presupposes for its success the highest type of human character.

Curiously enough, Mr. Spencer, who was exceptionally explicit in his confessions, and who, as the New York correspondent of the *Daily News* informed us a week or two ago, voluntarily favoured the friends who bade him adieu with his views on the future of the United States, bitterly complained of the irresistible ubiquity of the interviewer. His feelings on the point are intelligible; but on the whole the interviewer is a most unjustly abused personage.

"AS A CHILD."

All round the earth the Christmas chimes are ringing: As once the heralds over Bethlehem's plain Filled the blue midnight with their choral singing.

In palace chambers, and in darksome places Where dumb Despair sits haggard and forlorn, His children, listening, fill their weary faces:

Not in the manger where He lay of old, Under the purple darkness, and the glow Of the great Syrian stars, like lumps of gold -

In reeking alleys, up the broken stairway, In rotting cellars and in garret-dun, In the sad places of the earth-forgotten,

In little faces pinched with cold and hunger, Look, less you miss Him! In the wistful eyes, And on the mouths unlit by mother-kisses,

AN ECCENTRIC LOVER.

In 1820 there was born in Blakesley, in Northamptonshire, the son of a shoemaker, Andrew Sellwood was educated beyond the generality of the youths of his age, and having a turn for mechanics and harmony, the young man constructed a rare sort of barrel organ,

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

We have received the "British Chess Magazine" for November and December. This number completes the second volume of this well-conducted chess periodical. A review of Mr. Loyd's Treatise upon the Art of Problem Composing is continued, and we must say that the remarks of the reviewer on the Indian Problem are much to our taste.

As a letter was read lately at the Montreal Chess Club to the effect that, owing to his many engagements, it was not very probable that Mr. Steinitz would be able to visit Canada during his stay on this Continent, we are glad of an opportunity of inserting the following graphic account of the great player's way of vanquishing his opponents, as it may be some solace to those who anticipated the gratification of trying their skill with him.

STEINITZ'S STYLE.

The combat between Steinitz and Martinez is really a struggle between two different schools of play. Steinitz plays for position, Martinez for combination; Steinitz does not "go at you," he doesn't attack in the ordinary sense of the term, but he silently "poos" his piece and pawns in the best possible fashion, when his twenty years of experience and his vast chess-learning enable him to do so no other player ever has done—makes himself impregnable, and then slowly and surely advances.

Mr. Steinitz has a new style of play, differing from the pawn maneuvering of Philidor, the all-around-the-board play of Anderssen, and the lightning strokes of Morphy. Philidor would advance his pawns in true precision, with his pieces behind them, and provided his adversary was not too strong, would pierce the enemy's centre, win his little pawn and secure his little game.

When you played with Morphy—well, you wouldn't know much about it except what some reliable spectator would choose to impart to you, you would begin a game with Morphy—you were always sure you had begun a game with him, and after playing about a dozen moves you would become conscious that chain-lightning had struck somewhere in the neighborhood of your king, but then the very singular part comes in. You would continue to play only to find, however, after you had collected your few ideas, that the continuation was part and parcel of another game.

How is it when you meet Steinitz? Well, you were never more comfortable in your life. You meet a pleasant, portly little gentleman, say a pleasant word or two about "Das Vaterland," talk a little about "the boys" across the water, and then sit down to the board feeling that everything is as it should be. Mr. Steinitz also sits down with his little glass of ice water at his side, and his mixture of "ool" "Durham" about his person. You open the game and your blindness increases, for Steinitz doesn't oxidize anybody. Mr. Steinitz has invented a radically new style of chess, and he calls it "The Dregg Partie." Don't be afraid, it won't go off. "The Dregg Partie" means "the snow-bling game."

Having commenced your game with Steinitz, you proceed in the same good, easy fashion, for his moves look so innocent, and the whole plan of the game appears so "childlike and bland." Presently the spectators begin to turn up their noses and say, "Oh! he can't play. We can see better moves at the Mercantile Library lying around loose." You begin to be really concerned for Mr. S., and are actually debating whether it wouldn't be charitable to throw him a game just to help his reputation along.

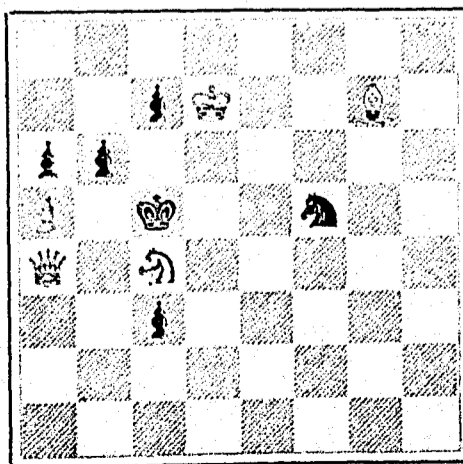
You, however, continue to play good moves for the lack of the thing, and are beginning to waze kindly even upon the reporters, when suddenly you hear a slight creak among the timbers of your game. A shade passes over your face and you examine the position, but everything still appears all right, and you smile once more, when all at once the whole bottom of your game falls out and you are removed from the room, reposing on the shirt front of a particular friend.—(Philadelphia Times.)

On Saturday evening last, December 16th, a meeting of the members of the Montreal Chess Club took place at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street, for the purpose of selecting a place for the annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association. After some discussion, it was resolved and carried that a room should be taken at the Windsor Hotel. After this, the Managing Committee of the Association met in order to consider the proposition of the Montreal Club with reference to the place for holding the Congress, with the resolution of the Club was unanimously agreed to.

PROBLEM No. 62.

By J. Crake.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 410.

White. 1 B to K R 3 2 K takes P at Q R 3 3 Q mates Black. 1 B takes B 2 B moves

GAME 529th.

Played some time ago in London between Mephisto, and a strong Amateur.

(Allgauer Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mephisto.) 1 P to K 4 2 P to K B 4 3 Kt to K B 3 4 P to K R 4 5 Kt to Kt 5 6 Q takes P 7 Q takes B P 8 B takes B 9 P to Q 4 10 Q Kt to B 3 11 B to K 2 12 P to Q 2 13 P takes P 14 Castles 15 Kt to Kt 5 16 B to Q 4 17 P takes P 18 Kt takes P ch 19 B takes Kt 20 B to Q 3 21 R takes B 22 B takes Kt BLACK.—(Mr. B.) 1 P to K 4 2 P takes P 3 P to K Kt 4 4 P to K Kt 5 5 B to K 2 6 P to Q 3 7 B takes Kt 8 B to K 3 9 P to Q B 3 10 Q to K 2 11 Q Kt to Q 2 12 P takes P 13 B to K B 4 14 B to K Kt 3 15 Kt to K 4 16 P to K B 3 17 Kt takes P 18 Q takes Kt 19 R to Q B sq (a) 20 B takes B 21 Q to Q R 3 22 Q takes R

And White mates in five moves.

NOTE.

(a) Threatening a draw.

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WEDNESDAY, 10th JANUARY, 1883.

The seventh Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the Company's Office on

Wednesday, February 7th, 1883, at 3.30 o'clock, p.m., for the election of Directors and transaction of other business.

By order of the Board, F. B. DAKIN, Secy (ary). Montreal, Dec. 20th, 1882.

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Prospectus for 1883.

Canadian Magazine

Science and the Industrial Arts.

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

EDITOR—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; Memb. of Inst. M.E. (Eng.) and American Inst. M.E., Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mechs., McGill University.

THE PROPRIETORS have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers to the SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN, and the Public in general, that arrangements have been made by which PROF. BOVEY will undertake the editorship of this Magazine at the beginning of the New Year, when the name of the publication will be changed to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveying of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, etc., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on those and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

The First Number will contain, among others, articles on Technical Education by J. CLARKE MURRAY, L.L.D.; on Cable Traction for Tramways and Railways, by C. F. FINDLAY, M.A., Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; and on the Transit of Venus by ALEXANDER JOHNSON, L.L.D.

A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumes will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The Illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easy to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This RECORD gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

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NOTE.—All communications relating to the Editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, 31 McTavish St., Montreal.

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