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# MONDAY Illustrated News

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### BENEATH THE WAVE.

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

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 15, 1879.

### A REBUKE TO PARTY SPIRIT.

Lord DUFFERIN having accepted, shortly after his return to England, an invitation to dine at the Reform Club, thought it proper, on accepting the appointment of ambassador in St. Petersburg from the Conservative chief, to explain the matter to Lord BEACONSFIELD, who carelessly replied: "I really don't care where you dine: we all must dine somewhere." To Lord DUFFERIN's previous suggestion that if he went to St. Petersburg it would be as a Whig, the Premier drolly made answer: "Oh, well! you Whigs have already almost everything among you; there is ONE RUSSELL, LAYARD and LYONS, so one more does not signify." This anecdote, reported by one of the London papers, contains a lesson beyond the vein of humour which permeates it. It shows how high political functions are exercised in Great Britain, outside of the narrow sphere of party prejudices and preferences. Lord DUFFERIN is a Liberal—although of the milder Whig type—and as such occupies a seat to the left of the Woolsack in the House of Lords. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that political feeling runs very high in England at present, and the Opposition is very bitter in its attacks on the Ministry, the Government chose the Earl of DUFFERIN to represent Her Majesty at the Court of St. Petersburg upon the recall of Lord LOFTES. In making the appointment the sole principle of fitness was consulted, the remarkable career of the noble Lord in Canada pointing him out as the proper person to hold an extremely delicate position for the honour of his country. Alluding to his appointment at the Reform Club dinner referred to above, Lord DUFFERIN stated that the offer to the post in question was made to him in the most generous and handsome manner. It was not expected, but at the same time he admitted that it did not surprise him. For four or five years he had been endeavouring to the best of his ability loyally to carry out the instructions he had been receiving from Her Majesty's Government in the dependency over which he had to preside. From time to time he had received assurances that Her Majesty's Government had approved the manner in which he had discharged his duties. When, therefore, perhaps in recognition of these services, he was offered an opportunity of again serving his country in a post which is regarded, and rightly and conveniently regarded, as lying outside of the sphere of party politics at home, he had no hesitation in accepting the offer. He did not consult any one, because on such occasions he thought that every one is the best judge of his own conduct. But it has been a sincere pleasure to him to have subsequently received from those whose opinions

he most honours and values the kindest assurances of their approval of his course. We repeat that there is a valuable lesson for Canadians in this appointment. Perhaps there is no country under the sun where party spirit rules so sharply or narrowly, and where sectional differences wield a more disagreeable influence. Both the Conservative and Liberal parties, both the Federal and Provincial Governments have this equally to contend with, and those who are acquainted with public life in the Dominion are aware of the sinister results which almost invariably ensue. A man's religion and nationality are private and personal elements and should be thoroughly eliminated from the careers of public action or distinction. The writers and the speakers who are forever keeping up these differences must not be aware of the mischief they are doing or they would desist from their perilous course. While we are all busy discussing a National Policy, we should go further and endeavor to foster a National Spirit, setting up this standard of public efficiency that a man's creed and origin should be always secondary, while the first requisite should be ability and integrity.

### MUSICAL TASTE AND CULTURE.

We have always felt that our people did not deserve the reproaches made by captious critics in regard to lack of artistic taste and musical and dramatic appreciation. At least we held that they were not a whit inferior in these respects to the people of the United States. And the reason is obvious. The educational courses through which Americans pass are pretty much of the same standard as our own, and if in such cities as New York, Philadelphia and Boston there have been exceptional opportunities of enjoying exhibitions of art and thus improving the aesthetic faculty, the rest of the country has been no better off than the Provinces of the Dominion. The element of wealth has no bearing here. Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis are much larger cities than either Montreal or Toronto, but they are not proportionally richer, indeed we doubt whether they have more substantial wealth at all, and consequently they have not more chances of artistic culture. Whence then arises the notion, prevalent even among ourselves, that we are inferior to the Americans in this respect? We believe the answer lies largely in the fact that we have been neglected by dramatic and musical managers, or treated only to inferior productions. In the domain of art there has been something analogous to what has taken place in the world of commerce and industry. The Americans have made a slaughter house of Canada. For a long time our people good-naturedly endured this state of things, and when at length they rebelled against it, they were taxed by the ignorant or unreflecting with a lack of taste and cultivation. How utterly unjust is the charge has been proved during the present winter, when a judicious manager like Mr. WALLACE, of this city, for instance, who understood both the wants and the dispositions of the people, undertook to raise the standard of artistic production, and present here the self-same works that were produced in New York. He opened in drama with "Diplomacy," the magnificent "Iona" of Victorien Sardou, and closed with "Mother and Son," the "Fourchambault" of the same incomparable playwright. Both were received with enthusiasm and munificently supported. He opened in music next with "H. M. S. Pinafore," put forth here simultaneously with its appearance in the United States, and concluded with grand Italian opera. We venture to say that no city of America responded better to the call of intelligent management, than did Montreal and Toronto. Among the operas presented were three novelties: "Aida," "Carmen," and "Mignon;" not that the first and third are new, but had never been properly sung in Canada before, while the

second was the revolution of a new eclectic school, standing midway between the mere melody of the Italian manner and the continuous recitative of the Wagnerian method. To say that these works were enjoyed here with proper discrimination and with due manifestations of approval is uttering a truth all the more pleasant because it confirms the estimate we have always set upon the aesthetic standing of our people, as expressed in the opening lines of this article. We have no doubt that Mr. WALLACE is of the same opinion with ourselves and is proportionally encouraged thereby. If he continues in the same course, and we trust he may, he may rest certain of a continued and increasing patronage. Our proposition is further strengthened by the manifestations of local talent in our own midst. To take only one example before concluding. In order to meet the growing taste for high class music in Montreal, a series of chamber concerts was proposed by Mr. FRED. E. LUCY-BARNES, where would also be given an analytical and historical programme as in England, France and Germany. This was a very ambitious design, but we are pleased that it is going to be realized in three concerts, at Synod Hall, beginning on March 18th. The director has secured a most efficient staff of violinists, violoncellists, pianists and vocalists, and the classical works which he proposes putting forth will, we are confident, go far towards creating a spirit of enquiry into and relish of that high art which is one of the chief enjoyments of intellectual life.

### GENEVA AND HALIFAX.

There is something to be learned from the juxtaposition of the two names. It will be remembered that the Halifax Commission awarded Canada the sum of \$5,500,000 as an indemnity for the use of our fisheries by the Americans. The American Commissioner demurred to this; the American papers backed him in somewhat violent, if not offensive language; the American Congress protested officially against the award, and the American Secretary of State, Mr. EVARTS, despatched a long diplomatic paper embodying an almost virtual disapproval of the principles of arbitration. It was only when Lord SALISBURY replied in a firm and conclusive note that our neighbours decided on paying the money, but, even then, President HAYES did so under reservation. It must be admitted that all this was unhandsome, and, to say the least, unworthy of a great people. And, what makes the matter worse, is the contrast presented by Great Britain in a similar case—that of the Geneva award. The \$15,000,000 adjudged by that tribunal were promptly paid by England, notwithstanding the energetic and brilliant recusation of Chief-Justice COCKBURN, the British Commissioner. But this is not the whole of the story, and what remains to be told is by no means complimentary to our American cousins. It is well known that of these \$15,000,000, fully two-thirds, or \$10,000,000, have never found any allotment, and until now no disposition has been made of them. The late Senate refused even to consider the matter and adjourned without taking it up. Our own papers have overlooked this singular fact, but it is pleasant to find at least one great organ of public opinion in the United States speaking its mind without fear. The *Missouri Republican*, the oldest and most influential journal in the whole of the Mississippi Valley, says "that to an outsider—located, let us say, in England—it looks very much as if Congress intended to steal the \$10,000,000 still remaining of the \$15,000,000 which the United States recovered for damages inflicted by Confederate cruisers fitted out in British ports. Stealing is just the name for it, and the only one that covers the case. If, as was alleged at Geneva, American ship-owners and sailors suffered to the extent of \$15,000,000 by the cruisers aforesaid, why should not the

money be given them? If it is not given them, the Government is either pocketing what belongs to private persons, or our claim for damages was more than it ought to have been, and the unexpended balance should be returned to England. If the balance is neither distributed nor returned, then the Government is guilty of what plain folks call stealing." The same paper urges further that it does not speak much for Congressional ideas of honour and honesty that such a matter should be allowed to drag on year after year, every effort to obtain a final settlement failing for lack of sufficient support. The only excuse for this delay that our contemporary can discover is that Congress has no intention of being either honest or honourable, but wishes to avoid an official declaration of its purpose. "Our British cousins are certainly justified in saying all they have said, or wish to say, in regard to the sharp practice of which they are the victims." This is strong language, but who will say that it is undeserved?

We received the March number of the *Rose-Belford Magazine* too late to give our usual review of it in the present issue, but our eye having fallen upon the initial paper, "Nelson at Quebec," we read it through at once. The article is by Dr. HENRY H. MILES, the well-known historian and educationist, who must have bestowed a great deal of search to the collation of his materials. The facts adduced by him are new and controversial of several accepted data, but, as we cannot discuss them to day, we shall reserve our analysis for our next number.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MASQUE OF WELCOME.—Full details of this splendid entertainment appeared in our last issue.

THE HERMIT OF WESTON.—A singular and weird specimen of a human being has taken up his abode in the woods near Weston. There he lives without other shelter than an open bark shed, built beside a log, and before which he builds a fire. His bed consists of a few poles to keep him from the damp ground, and his only extra covering, beyond a worn, but not ragged, suit, is a common camp blanket. His utensils comprise only a tin cup and tin pail. A ruded sled of his own manufacture is used for drawing brushwood for his fire. During the early part of his residence here, he begged about the neighbourhood, but would never enter a house. Now he does less, if any, begging, being supplied by those who take pity on his forlorn condition. This odd mortal is a man of about fifty, of medium height and somewhat stout of body, with dark, shaggy hair and beard, the latter inclining to grey beneath the mouth, greyish eyes and nose a little flat above and quite sharp at the point. He converses readily with those who go to see him, and displays a good deal of shrewdness, though his mind is apparently of light cast. He amuses his visitors by rattling the bones and singing songs, some of them of his own composition. He has a love song, medicine song, tea song and one referring to the mode of life he has chosen. He says his name is George Williams; that he is a Canadian, though he has spent most of his time in the United States; that he was born at Hogsback Falls, near Ottawa; and that he has been a waiter. He talks of having walked from Philadelphia to New Orleans and back by the eastern coast, of having been nearly frozen and lying in hospital for some time.

A LITTLE HEATHEN.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis were waiting on the Sunday-school scholars at a recent entertainment given them at Rideau Hall, and the former asked a pretty little girl if she wouldn't take more cake. The little guest declined with awe, and her hostess, fearing that bashfulness was standing in the way, pressed her again. Again she declined. Her Highness, struck by the sweet modesty and child-like simplicity of the pretty creature, cut a large slice from the cake and said, "Well, my dear, you must, at least, take this home as a present from me; let me put it in your pocket." The child hesitated, blushed, and exhibited a decided unwillingness to accept the proffered gift. And the more unwilling she seemed, the more charmed the Princess became with her innocent look and blushing diffidence. Using a gentle force, she found the pocket of her young visitor, when lo! to her infinite astonishment, she discovered that it was already filled to overflowing with cake which this bland little heathen Chinese had stealthily abstracted from the table.

THE CHAMPION SKATER.—We are the more pleased to insert this sketch because the subject of it is a fellow-journalist and artist, Mr.

Pereira, well-known for several years as the night editor of the *Gazette* of this city. This year as well as last he obtained the highest prize, presented by Alex. Buntin, Esq., of this city, through the Victoria Skating Club.

**THE NEW MAYOR OF MONTREAL.**—We present to-day the portrait of Sévère Rivard, Esq., the newly elected Mayor of this city, who was returned over Hon. J. L. Beaudry, by a majority of 290. Mr. Rivard was born at Yamachiche in 1834, and educated at Nicolet College where he greatly distinguished himself. He then removed to Montreal and entered the law office of MM. Laflamme and Barnard. He was admitted to the Bar in 1859, and at once took a front rank. For several years he served in the Council. On more occasions than one he has been spoken of for Parliamentary honours, but as often declined. Mr. Rivard is the type of a French gentleman, bearing the traditions of an ancient and honourable family, and much is expected both of his spirit of fairness and his large municipal experience.

**THE MONTREAL WATER-WORKS.**—A separate article will be found giving full particulars of this great and interesting work. We particularly recommend it and the illustrations to our fellow citizens as well as to all strangers who take an interest in this vital subject.

**THE CARTOON.**—This picture will sufficiently explain itself to our readers. Mr. Mousseau, M.P. for Bagot, is represented as a waiter serving up the head of Lieut.-Governor Letellier to Messrs. Church, Chapleau and Angers, the three ex-Provincial Ministers who drew up the papers against His Honor. Mr. Chapleau occupies the middle place at table, Mr. Church is on his right and Mr. Angers on his left.

**SLEIGHING SCENES IN MONTREAL.**—The first will give the outside world an idea of what difficulties a street car has to encounter on a stormy day. The second depicts the appearance of Place d'Armes on a Saturday afternoon when the gay and fashionable world turns out with its equipages. We published some time ago a lively paper by "Mufti" describing the incidents of this varied promenade on Saturday afternoon.

**THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.**

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, March 8, 1879.—The case of Lieut.-Governor Letellier did not come up this week, but it is promised for Tuesday. The feeling of the French Conservatives against His Honor is of bitterest bitterness. They say he must go. And I may state it is quite understood the Ministerial party will vote in solid mass for Mr. Mousseau's resolution, to declare that His Honor's act was subversive of the rights of Ministers under the system of Responsible Government. I have already pointed out that this motion is in the identical words of that moved by Sir John Macdonald before the elections, and it is therefore plain that he cannot easily avoid voting for it. If, then, in Sir John's opinion, Mr. Letellier has done an act which strikes at our constitutional system, it is sufficient reason for his removal. Why, then, has not Sir John advised this, as he has clearly the power by the terms of the Union Act? And why, when the question comes before the House of Commons, is the duty of moving the resolution left to a private member, instead of being taken in hand by the leader of the House? Neither of these questions can be answered except by the assumption that Sir John has found a great difficulty in his way, of a nature quite different from fear of his majority. Even the Grits have no sympathy with the act of Mr. Letellier. They do not hesitate, in private, to declare it to be "high handed." But this is not all the question. High handed, and very far from frank, the act undoubtedly was. It may, however, be asked, and the point fairly debated, whether it was not within the limits of the Lieut.-Governor's constitutional authority, even if grossly abusive of that authority?

Another great question conspicuous for its absence this week in the House of Commons, is the National Policy. Mr. Tilley has been unwell, and no wonder. The pressure upon him has been simply tremendous; enough, in fact, to break down the strongest. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Cartwright have been disposed to twist the Government with this delay. But that is worse than useless. It is clearly in the highest interest of the country that ample time should be taken to mature as perfect a measure as possible. And it is now announced by Mr. Tilley that the Estimates will come on early next week, and the Budget speech be delivered on Friday next.

It may be mentioned that one of the newspapers here stated that Mr. Blake had definitely retired from public life; but this is very pointedly denied by the chief organ of his party in Toronto.

The matter of appointing Mr. T. C. Patteson, late manager of the *Toronto Mail*, to the position of Postmaster of Toronto, vice Mr. James Leslie, superannuated, was brought up in the House on Monday, and it brought out a good deal of feeling. Mr. Langevin stated that Mr. Leslie asked for his superannuation. But to this it was reported that he was told to do so, and did not think it prudent to decline. He is, however, over 65 years. Mr. Patteson is appointed at a

salary of \$3,000. Mr. Leslie had \$3,500. His superannuation allowance is \$2,450.

We had next day a regular superannuation debate and exhibition of personal feeling. There was mutual recrimination. The points were that Mr. Mackenzie's Government had superannuated Mr. L. Sœur to make room for Mr. Forsyth; Mr. Meredith, to make room for Mr. Buckingham; and Mr. Langton, to make room for the present Auditor, Mr. D. L. McDougall. The reprisal on the other side was Mr. Leslie's case, to which I have just referred. There were many words, but this was the point. Mr. Cartwright, who was the Chairman of the Board, stated that law provided that a civil servant must be superannuated at 65, unless the head of the Department reports that he is competent to do his duties. In the case of Mr. LeSœur, it was intimated by the late Postmaster-General that there were reasons why he should be superannuated. This insinuation was promptly met by Sir John and Mr. Rochester, by the allegation that Mr. LeSœur challenged investigation. The short of the whole matter really amounts to this: 1st, the old men, generally speaking, don't like to go; 2nd, that new brooms are more efficient than men who have been touched by the hand of time in the public service; 3rd, that the power of superannuation is sometimes convenient for the Ministers; and 4th, that it is expensive. The result of the debate was a motion passed for papers.

The following day, on Thursday, Sir John Macdonald gave a marked point to all this talk by giving notice that he will move for a Committee, to which shall be referred the whole question, and have for duty to enquire into and report on every case of superannuation. It is pleasant, after a great deal of wild, general talk, to see a little prompt action of this sort.

The Manitoba Colonization Railway Bills were advanced a stage, and referred to the Railway Committee. It is understood that one or more of these railways is to be immediately constructed.

A large number of returns of all sorts contrive to be moved for, some of them of no public interest whatever. This is a mode in which well-fed members of Parliament make a show of doing something. But it is a very expensive luxury.

There was another personal question up on Wednesday, which led to a very long and personal debate, namely, the dismissal of Captain Purdy, of the Government steamer "Newfield." The multitude of words may be reduced to a very brief, namely, the Opposition charged the Government with being moved by political considerations. The answer was the crushing one that Captain Purdy had not a certificate; that he was incompetent to manage his vessel; and that he had, in fact, run her ashore in circumstances which were unjustifiable. No sufficient answer was, or, therefore, it may be presumed, could, be given to these charges. It is certainly in the public interest that there cannot be too much strictness observed as respects the fitness of men for positions in which the lives and property of others are confided to their care; and the position of the Government in matters of this kind is certainly one of very great responsibility.

The Hon. James Macdonald, of Picton, whose presence was so much missed in the third Parliament by those who had heard him speak in the second, and who appreciably adds to the character of the debates, by his clear, concise, and able speaking, has moved for a committee of 13 members to take into consideration the greatly important but vexed question of the Insolvent Law. This is a course which favours deliberation and the obtaining of the fullest information. The Government deserve great credit for the step. The motion, of course, was carried.

The Hon. J. H. Pope, the Minister of Agriculture, is about to introduce a bill to make important amendments of the law as relates to contagious diseases of animals. It is understood that the scope of the bill will be to clothe the Government with power to deal promptly with contagious diseases, and enable compensation to be given to the owners of cattle should it be found necessary to order any to be slaughtered.

The Standing Committees are beginning their active work. That on Immigration examined Mr. Lowe, the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, and Col. Laurie, of Nova Scotia. The former stated that according to the reports of the agents, the total number of immigrants who came to the Dominion in 1878 was 40,032, of whom 29,807 settled in Canada, and the remainder went on to the United States, as passengers, they having simply chosen the St. Lawrence route as the shortest and best to reach the Western States. Over eleven thousand went to the Province of Manitoba. Immigration was more active last year than the previous year, with a probability of its so continuing, especially as respects the class of agriculturists with sufficient means to establish themselves in Canada. It was stated that all the agricultural labourers who had come had found employment. But the witness declined to go the length of saying that there was no limit to the demand. The evidence of Col. Laurie was very interesting. It established that the conditions of Nova Scotia were very favourable for stock-raising, but that large numbers of cattle for export could not now be purchased there.

There was debate on Mr. McCarthy's bill to amend the Controverted Elections Act. He proposes that three judges shall preside in cases of trials, instead of one, to obviate suspicion of unfairness. Such a measure, if there were many election cases, would make it hard for the judges.

Mr. Kirkpatrick contended that two judges would be sufficient to obtain the end desired. There was no vote. The debate was adjourned.

The House now is getting into working trim, and the very large number of new members are beginning to rub off their greenness. His Excellency and Her Royal Highness continue to give dinners at Rideau, and the Ministers also are severally doing their parts in dining their personal friends. Next week the really serious business of the session begins.

**THE FREAKS OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.**

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—

SIR,—With the arrival of the new Governor-General and his loyal consort, we have had to chronicle the arrival of the special artists and special correspondents of the London press. Mr. Sydney Hall has become a celebrity in Canada through his picture of the triumphal arch of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club, wherein he incorporated the Bank of Montreal, Victoria Square and Beaver Hall. A Londoner will appreciate this when he is informed that there is as much accuracy in the picture as if one were drawn representing the Marble Arch opposite St. Paul's and next to the Monument. The London *Illustrated News* has distinguished itself by giving us a picture of the reception at the Convent of St. Maria, Montreal. Old Montrealers have been looking for this institution ever since. This paper has, however, capped the climax with the drawing contained in its number of Feb. 15th, purporting to represent their Excellencies at Niagara Falls. The Governor-General, Her Royal Highness and suite are dressed in winter costume, but the view is a summer one; no ice, no beautiful snow. However, we must be indulgent, as it is not said to emanate from the pencil of "our special artist." Amherst, N.S., which takes its name from Lord Amherst, probably unknown to most "specials," is spelt Amhurst by these gentlemen. The *Court Journal*, that Jenkins of the English Court, that "puffer" of Bond street tailors and jewellers and Regent street milliners, is under the impression that the capital of Canada is Halifax, N.S., that their Excellencies still reside there, and that they are guarded by the "Governor-General's Foot Guards, whose dress resembles that of the Scots' Fusiliers, whereat H.R.H. is much pleased." I am quoting from memory. It is unnecessary to recall here how Lord Dufferin embarked on an Allan steamer at Ottawa, a thing about as likely to happen as for the "Thunderer" to be towed through Moulsey Lock, nor to recur to Mr. Sydney Hall's picture, or rather its accompanying text, wherein our snow-shoers are said to be clad in Neapolitan costume. Awaiting more information of this kind, I remain

Yours faithfully,  
OLRAC.

**THE QUEBEC SKATING CLUB.**

Last Monday evening the annual races and sports of the Quebec Skating Club took place at the rink on the Grande Allée. Some 1,200 spectators were present, who appeared to be intensely interested in the proceedings, which were enlivened by the musical strains of "B" Battery Band. Thanks to the exertions of the energetic Secretary of the Club, M. E. Holloway, all the arrangements were perfect, and everything combined to bring about a successful issue. The ice was in splendid condition, notwithstanding the rapid thaw which had taken place out of doors during the day. The prizes distributed were very choice, and all of them the gift of the Club, with the exception of a handsome desk, which was presented by Mr. G. Seffert. The judges appointed were Messrs. G. R. White, C. F. Smith, U. Tessier, and Jules Lemoine.

The following is the list of races, results, and prizes:—

Snow-shoe Race—1st, W. B. Scott; 2nd, E. Partridge. Prizes, a desk and a drinking cup.

Barrel Race—1st, O. Fletcher. Prize, dressing case.

One-legged Race—1st, Harcourt Smith. Prize, biscuit box.

Flat Race (a mile)—1st, E. Stevenson; 2nd, O. Fletcher. Prizes, silver cup and scent bottle.

Wheelbarrow Race—Partridge and Swift (tie). Prize, a pair of silver studs to each.

Hurdle Race—O. Fletcher. Prize, napkin ring.

Boys' Race (under 14 years)—1st, Norris; 2nd, M. Limont. Prizes, silver mug and scarf pin.

All-fours Race—O. Fletcher. Prize, an alarm clock.

Dash, in heats (3 out of 5)—W. B. Scott—in three straight heats. Prize, a syrup jug.

Backward Race—1st, A. Scott; 2nd, C. Partridge. Prizes, gold sleeve links and gold pencil.

Pair Race—O. Fletcher and H. Ashe. Prizes, silver lockets.

Boys' Backward Race—1st, A. Scott; 2nd, E. Stevenson. Prizes, silver cup and inkstand.

Blindfold Race—1st, A. Peters. Prize, gold scarf pin.

At the conclusion of the races the prizes were graciously distributed to the successful contestants by Madame H. G. Joly, and subsequently dancing was indulged in to a late hour, to the invigorating strains of the band, and thus closed an evening of high enjoyment.

**HUMOROUS.**

**VOICES OF THE NIGHT.**

When bed-time comes and curtains fall,  
And round I go the doors to lock,  
Ere lamps go out my wife doth call,  
"Remember, dear, to wind the clock."

When boots are off, and for the day  
All irksome cares seem put to rout,  
I hear wife's voice from dreamland say,  
"Be sure you put the kitten out."

When stretched between the sheets I lie,  
And heavy lids have ceased to wink,  
From trundle-bed there comes a cry,  
"I want a drink! I want a drink!"

A SANTA FE paper gives twelve years' subscription for a mule and two for a dog.

POVERTY is a bully if you are afraid of it, but is good-natured enough if you meet it half-way.

LET a man sit for two years on a barrel at a political corner grocery, and he is apt to think himself good enough to be appointed judge.

"SCIENCE," says Dr. Holmes, "is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in an upper chamber, provided he has common sense on the ground floor."

WITH eggs at thirty-three cents a dozen, three hens who attend to their business can now earn more in a day than a man can, and not be eight hours about it, either.

TALK about the missing link as much as you will, the world at large will keep both eyes fixed on the young man who makes his first appearance in society in a claw-hammer coat.

He wished his manuscript returned,  
But failed in time to ask it,  
And felt indignant when he learned  
It had climbed the golden basket.

A MARVELLOUS change came over the feelings of the sneak who quietly accepted five quarters for a dollar, and when at a safe distance from the store discovered to his disgust that they were all twenty-cent pieces.

"Now, there abideth these things which every man can do better than any one else: Poke a fire, put on his own hat, edit a newspaper, tell a story after another man has begun it, examine a railway time-table."

WHAT makes the average small boy howl is, after cleaning off the sidewalk in the evening, to wake up the next morning and find it covered with snow, especially if it's a legal holiday.

ARTFUL YOUTH.—One of our female teachers threatened to keep an unruly boy fifteen minutes after school. "I wish you'd make it half an hour," said the appreciative youth, "for you're the prettiest teacher in this town."

ELI PERKINS, it is announced, has been engaged to tell twenty-seven hundred lies in twenty-seven hundred quarters of a minute. It will be safe to wager heavy odds that he will perform the feat and have twenty-six hundred quarters of a minute to spare.

THE man whose pantaloon bag most at the knees isn't necessarily the man who prays the most. Sleeping in a day coach with your knees propped up against the seat in front of you will wear the knees of a straight pair of pants quicker and more successfully than two hours of prayer meetings.

The English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of a room, that's called a social. When a hungry crowd calls upon a poor minister and eats him out of house and home, that's called a donation party.

THE other day an Irishman was passing the graveyard, where he saw two men, friends of a country man who had just died. They were seeking for a burial lot. "Who's dead?" he asked. "John Leary," was the reply. "When did he die?" "Yesterday." "Well, badad, he had a fine day for it."

IF G. Washington had had any idea that his birthday would be observed as a national holiday by forty-four millions of people, with the exception of a few editors and printers and such, he would have got himself born some time in the summer, or he isn't the man we take him for.

AN awkward waiter, in attempting to place on the table the soup-tureen filled with chicken broth, spilled its contents on a lady's white satin dress. The lady screamed, and was seized with hysterics. The waiter stopped and shouted in her ear: "Don't despair, madam, there's plenty of broth yet left in the kitchen. I am going for it now."

A good coloured man once said in a class-meeting: "Brethren, when I was a boy I took a hatchet and went into de woods. When I found a tree that was straight, big and solid, I didn't touch dat tree; but when I found one leaning a little and hollow inside, I soon had him down. So when de debil goes after Christians, he don't touch dem dat stand straight and true, but dem dat lean a little and are hollow inside."

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

A NEW soprano, Bianca Bianchi, who is called the "Badeu Nightingale," has made a great success in Vienna this winter, and is said to be equal to any of the famous singers now on the stage.

THE Theatre Royal, in Glasgow, which was burned recently, was the largest theatre in Great Britain. It could seat 4,000 people, which is 400 more than La Scala, of Milan, and 300 more than the Great Pavilion at Whitechapel. The size of the stage was next to that of the celebrated Grand Opera.

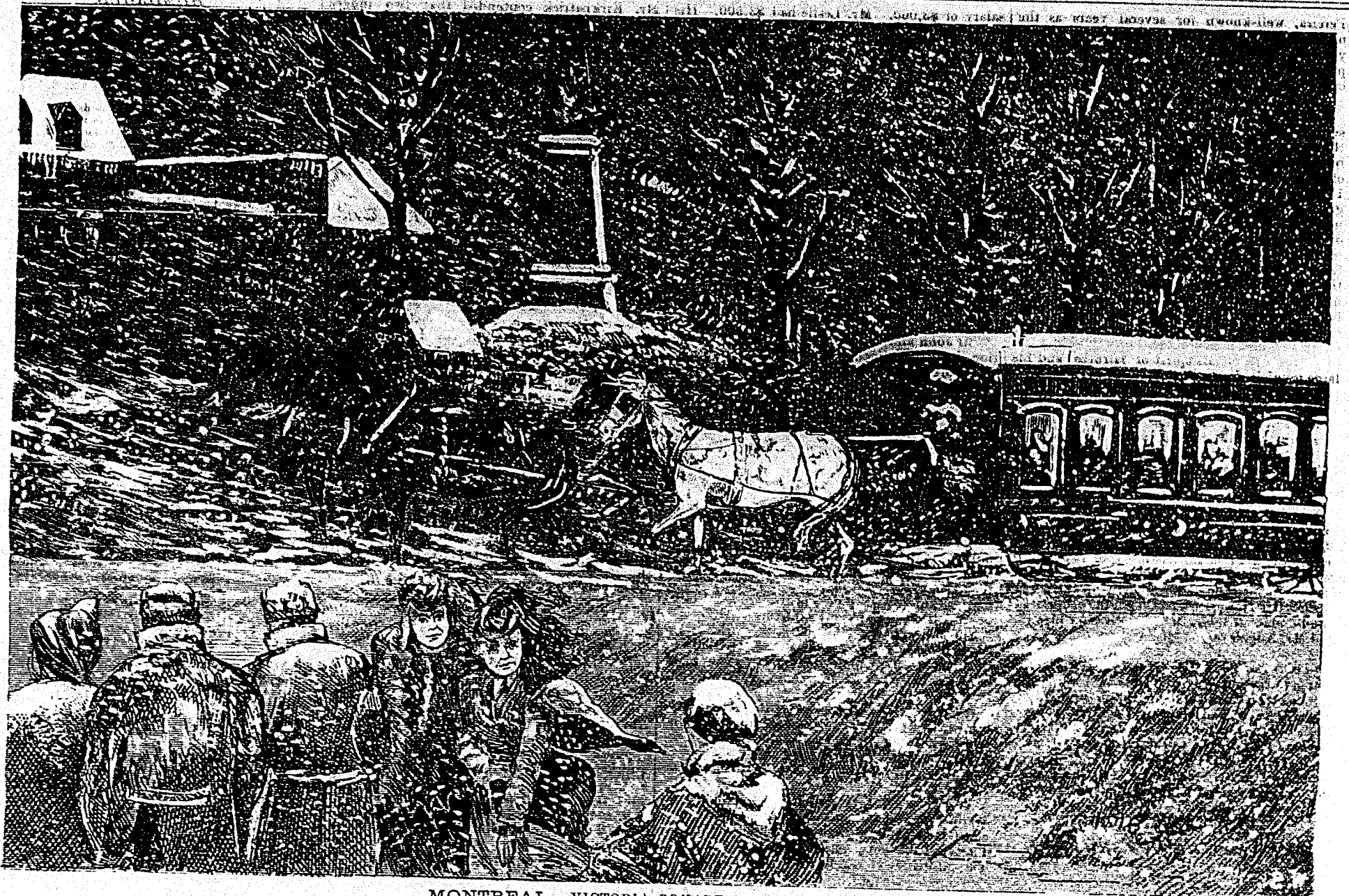
MARIE ROZE does not meet with unqualified approbation in the rural districts. A Wisconsin critic, writing to the *Oshkosh Northwestern*, complains that her Italian has a French brogue about it. "This," he observes with severe derision, "would prevent her ever becoming a favourite in Oshkosh."

MESSRS. SULLIVAN and GILBERT, the authors of the amusing operetta "H. M. S. Pinafore," get nothing for the performance of the piece in America beyond the compliment implied in the fact that it is now the attraction at five theatres in New York, and is being produced by half a dozen troupes in various parts of the continent.

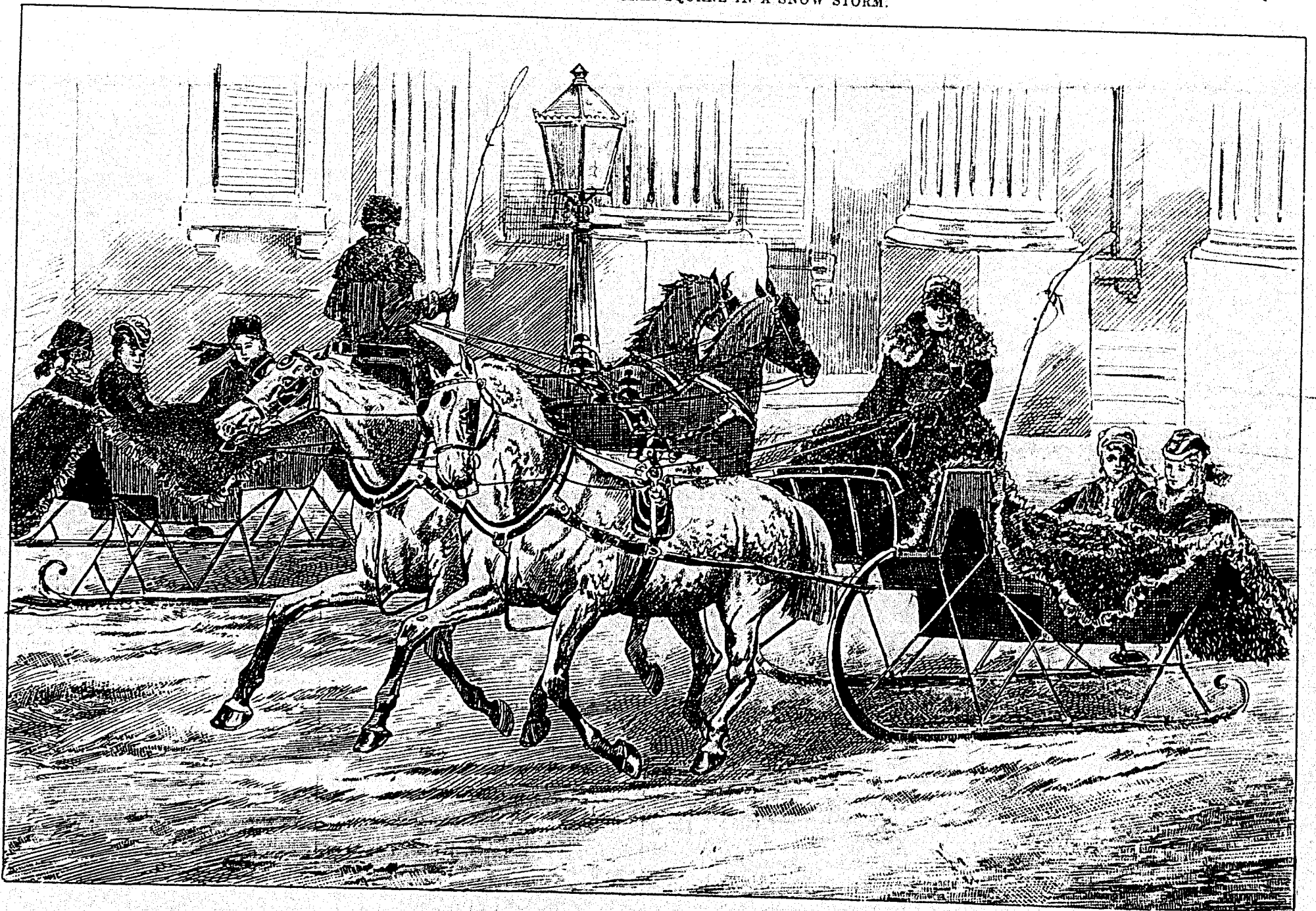
A FOOLISH young Buffalonian, wealthy, talented and a graduate of Princeton, follows Miss Anderson, the actress, around from place to place, watches her hotel window, and on "first nights" presents her with elegant baskets of flowers. Occasionally Miss Anderson will give him an audience on the ears, when she tells him he is making a fool of himself.

BOOTH, Sothern and Boucicault get \$500 a night. Owens is said to be the wealthiest actor in the profession, and is estimated to be worth \$2,000,000. Adelaide Neilson is worth \$500,000; she has played for \$1,000 a night. Jefferson gets from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a week. Lotta is worth \$25,000. Edwin Booth refused an engagement of 100 nights at Booth's Theatre at \$1,000 a night. Fanny Davenport is good for \$1,000 a week.





MONTREAL.—VICTORIA SQUARE IN A SNOW STORM.



MONTREAL.—PLACE D'ARMES ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON.



VARIETIES.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. 307.

It is strange to have to admit that we owe to a foreigner some of the best representations of our greatest naval victory. The Chevalier de Martino is a sailor and an artist, as may be seen at once from his treatment of his subject, and in four fine pictures of the "Battle of Trafalgar," now on view at Mr. Maclean's Gallery, Haymarket, has achieved a decided success. The first represents Admiral Lord Collingwood going into action, breaking the enemy's line with his ship the *Royal Sovereign*. In the second picture we have the engagement between the *Victory* and *Redoubtable*, supposed to be taken at the moment Nelson received his death wound. The third picture represents the thick of the fight, ships alongside of one another, all dealing out slaughter and defiance; some are burning, some blowing up—a grand turmoil in which, however, the noble gallantry of some of the crews, in their efforts to save their enemies' lives, is picturesquely introduced. In the fourth and last canvas the scene has changed; the din of battle is over; the wind is gathering in the black clouds which hover about. The *Victory* and the fighting *Temeraire* occupy the prominent positions, but the sad burden of the news they have to carry seems to mar the greatness of the victory to achieve which all had done their duty.

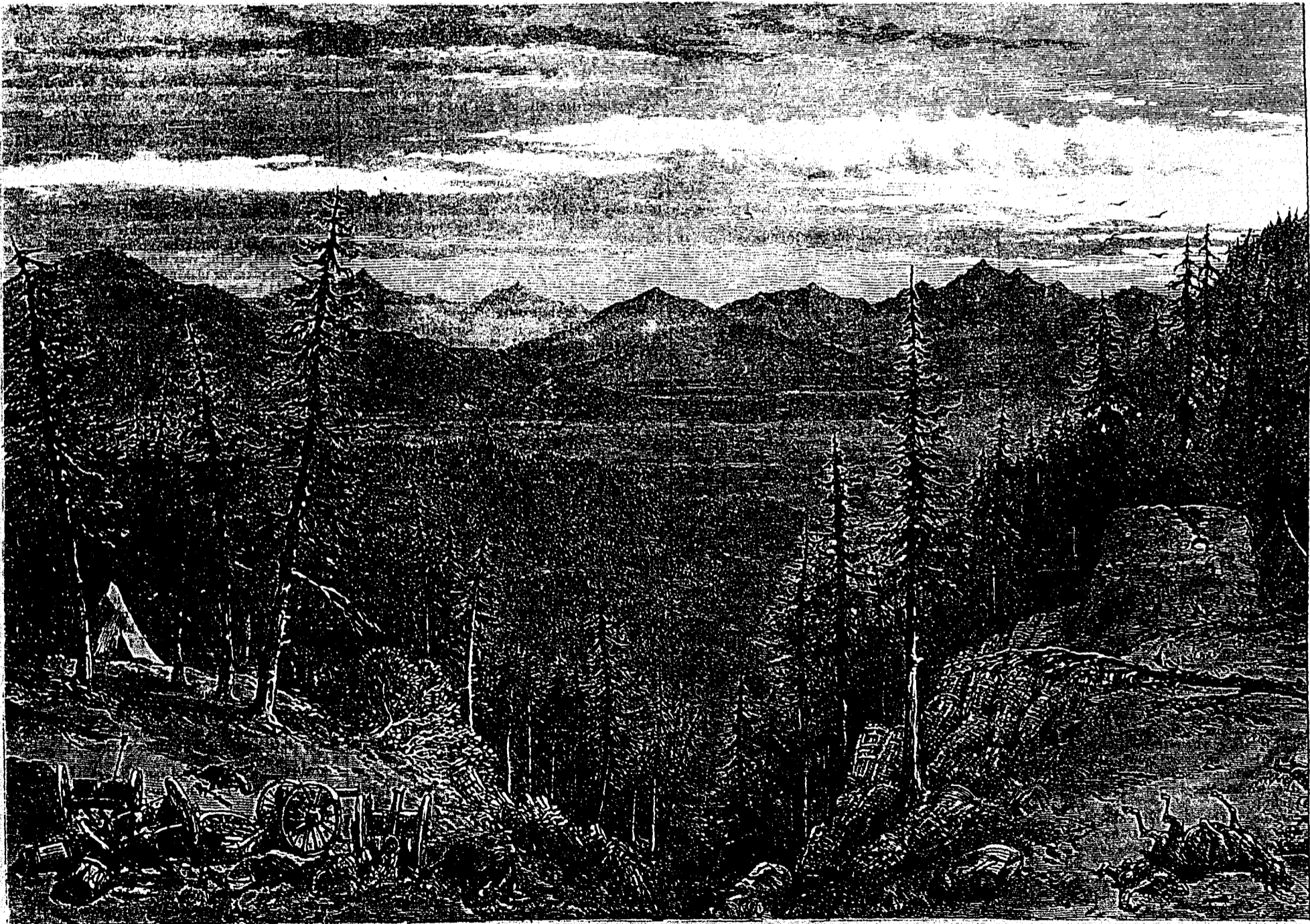
The current number of the *University Magazine* contains an excellent photograph, by Messrs. Lock and Whitfield, of the President of the Royal Academy, accompanied by an interesting and well written sketch of the artist's life. We extract the following anecdotes:—A short time ago Leighton was giving a dinner at the Arts Club in honour of his elevation to the Presidency. Millais was present, and when it came to the toasts his name was coupled with Painting. In returning thanks he said: "I remember the time, I was quite a young man, when William Makepeace Thackeray came to call upon me. He asked me to dinner, and when I came, read to me a chapter of 'Esmond,' which he was writing. Two years afterwards I went to Italy, and on my return he met me in the Garrick Club, and said these words, 'Millais, my boy, you must look to your laurels. I have met in Italy a most accomplished young dog; mark my words—one day he will be President of the Royal Academy.' I, you may imagine,



SÉVÈRE RIVARD, ESQ., MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

at that time was not very much pleased with Thackeray's observation. I had never heard of Frederick Leighton, and in my youthful aspirations thought that I myself might one day be President. Since that time I have made the acquaintance I had not then, and I fancy I can see before me now that well-known face of Thackeray's; and his eyes through his old spectacles seem to twinkle with humour as he says, 'Millais, my boy, I told you so!' I bow before Thackeray's judgment, and acknowledge the truth and justice of events, and the great humourist's power of observation."

HOW THE MARSHAL TOOK LEAVE.—At 7.30 o'clock one of the Marshal's aides-de-camp went to M. Grevy with an autograph letter, which ran as follows: "The Marshal has the honour to request the President to be so kind as to inform him of the result of the elections, so that he may, conformably with custom, pay a visit to his successor." M. Grevy answered immediately that there being neither custom nor precedent in the matter he would go in person to the hotel of the prefecture of Versailles to communicate the result. A few minutes afterward there came a second letter from Marshal MacMahon, stating that, having learned the result of the election, he was going to the Presidency to pay his respects to the first magistrate of the Republic. "Tell the Marshal," replied M. Grevy, "that I shall be happy to receive him." The Marshal soon made his appearance in Mufti, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, also in Mufti. Military honours were rendered to him by the guard at the door of the Presidency. The interview was of a most cordial nature, and the Marshal was evidently highly gratified. He has spoken very kindly of his successor, and seems much relieved that the burden of office has been transferred from his own shoulders to those of M. Grevy. I may add that before the letter of resignation was read to the two Chambers there was a talk of a grant to the Marshal, but as soon as this came to his ears he warmly protested against it, declaring that he would be ashamed to receive it. After all, the late President will not be such a loser from a money point of view by his change of position. He expended far more than he received—his table and horses, which he kept up out of his own pocket, costing him over £5,000 a year. It was more than 9.30 o'clock when the Marshal, accompanied by Gen. Broye, returned to the Elysée. He was calm, and even cheerful.



THE AFGHAN WAR.—VIEW OF THE KHOORUM VALLEY.



## THE BROWN, BLUE AND GREY.

The watches were weary, and train time was nigh,  
There was protest and pleading, and tearful good-by.  
We laid the three gently upon the white bed,  
And tenderly pillowed each sorrowful head.  
The lips were all silent, and soft were the sighs:  
The lashes were hiding the beautiful eyes;  
On the right lay the dark waves that rippled with gold,  
On the left flowed the silver that never was told,  
And the wing of the raven between.

The brown eyes said, closing, "I hope you'll be late;"  
The blue eyes yet trembled, "How long can you wait?"  
The grey, dark with pleading, were closing in prayer:  
The hush of His angel was still in the air.  
The brown hands lay crossed and pressed in their place:  
The white hands lay lost in the fold of the lace;  
In velvet and dimples, the hand that was stirred,  
The breath of the sleepers was all that I heard,  
And the shriek of the incoming train.

I twice kissed the proud lips—the ruby lips twice.  
The lips that were pouting I turned to them thrice.  
Then hurried forth blind in the pitiless rain  
And into the night on the outgoing train—  
But I think while I bent over tresses and hands  
All my heart-strings were caught by the motionless  
hands;  
For whenever I wait, and wherever I roam,  
They are driving me on, they are drawing me home,  
While I dream of the brown, blue and grey.

## A VICTIM OF FOLLY.

(Concluded from our last.)

It was a thousand years to the little girl as she arrived at the artist's house in Kensington; the distance seemed interminable; and she was so tired and listless when she joined her friend that it needed all the admiring badinage of Giordina to make her feel that the time she had eagerly looked forward to was come, and that she was going to spend an entrancingly happy evening.

"I've been here some time, and had two dances," said Madame Bertani, as she took Rita's hand to lead her up-stairs and present her to their hostess. "but I came down again three times to see if you were come. The Captain's here. You're sure to see him, though the room is very full; his is quite the most striking dress here."

Margherita soon perceived him, and with a thrill of horror: a devil with horrible horns and along tail; no scarlet Mephisto from the opera, scarcely any more dreadful to behold than the hero himself, but a hideous "Old Nick," the nursery bugbear with whom naughty children are threatened.

He was talking with a buxom water nymph, and Margherita not knowing any one sat down by Mr. Moreton, who was very glad to meet his pretty little model again, and talk to her about the blithe old days in Italy. But she was far too noticeable and captivating in appearance to remain quiet very long; partners were quickly introduced, and she was dancing away unceasingly. Somehow it was not as pleasant as she had anticipated. She had nothing to talk about beyond the costumes, for she had no topics of conversation in common with those of the men she danced with; she had been nowhere, and knew less than nothing of what was going on in London; and an hour's dancing in that crowded gas-lighted room made her feel more weary than a whole evening had often done in Italy.

Her jingling dress attracted Captain Tomlinson's notice immediately, and as soon as he was free from the plump Undine, he hastened to engage her. In spite of her first shock at his appearance, Rita imagined that she would enjoy the dances with the enamoured Captain more than those with strangers; yet somehow, the compliments he paid her, though all that the vainest could have wished, did not quite stifle a feeling that she would fain be away from all this, at home comfortably in bed.

I fear she did not exactly wish she had not come at all, and if she had been feeling quite herself the gay scene would have been more delightful than any previous dissipation she had experienced. But her head ached, her limbs felt heavy, and the dryness of her throat increased till it was positively painful.

"You are tired; let us miss this vase," suggested Captain Tomlinson, after he had given her an ice; and he led her into an artistic little nook on the staircase, where blue china lined the walls, and a single *cassuse* for two occupants indicated plainly that only one couple at a time was intended to rest there and admire the Danish crockery.

Madame Giordina on her way down to supper perceived them, and hoped secretly that the Captain was "about it." She lingered some time over her chicken and champagne, rather expecting that her little friend would come tinking after her to confide the happy fact that she was Captain Tomlinson's *fiancée*. When tired of waiting, she returned to the ball-room. She was both surprised and disappointed at seeing the satanic Captain waltzing again with Undine, whilst Margherita was neither visible nor audible.

Giordina, in her capacity of chaperon, was asked on all sides "what had become of Miss Courtland?" and at last she began to say "that the devil had made away with her." This was after she had asked Captain Tomlinson where she was, and noted a certain confusion in his manner when he replied "that really he couldn't say—dancing with some other fellow, most likely."

But Margherita had danced enough that evening, and for many evenings to come, she thought, as she was being jolted along the Kensington road on her way home.

A feeling of dislike, of horror almost, had seized her while her admirer bent over her,

speaking words which were no more than she had been expecting. She did not quite know what he said; but her cheeks burnt as she remembered how very near his face had been to hers when she snatched her hand away from him and dashed down-stairs. The room where supper was going on was quite away from the entrance to the house, the servants were all occupied, and the hall, where impulse had guided her, was quite deserted. She had opened the door, and closed it silently and swiftly after her, before she remembered that she had not got her cloak. But she was far too anxious to make her escape to return for it, or feel any apprehension lest her stepmother should be disturbed by her bells as she stole up-stairs on her return.

"Carriage, miss?" inquired that blot in the constitution of entertainment which the growing wisdom and refinement of the age has not yet abolished—the noisy, officious, semi-insolent, wholly intoxicated linkman.

"I came in a cab; can I not get a cab?" fluttered Margherita, appealing to a policeman. "Four-wheeled cab; four-wheeler!" bawled the linkman. "Or aansom, miss! Hope you've enjoyed yourself, miss! Remember the linkman, please!"

But the policeman protected her, and put her into the cab, which was close at hand, took the direction from her to tell the driver; and she curled up in the dingy corner of the rumbling vehicle, and burst into a comfortable-relieving fit of weeping.

But she had not cried long, not enough to ease the burning weight of her poor giddy head, before the tears were arrested by a sudden concussion, as her charioter bumped up against a lamp-post, and rolling unsteadily down from his box, staggered up to the cab-window to ask what street he had been told to go to. With a scream, being under the conviction that the driver's intention was to rob and murder her, Margherita turned the handle of the opposite-door, jumped out into the road, and, not knowing which way to fly, ran into the arms of her supposed assassin, who, although not perfectly sober, was not sufficiently far gone to allow himself to be cheated of his fare.

"How dare you stop! I'll have you sent to prison. Help, help!" she called wildly, hearing footsteps approaching along the quiet street; and with a sensation that she must inevitably fall down in a dead faint, she sank upon the kerbstone, and for a minute became unconscious.

Two friends were walking down Queen's gate, having quitted the same party in each other's society. It was a lovely night, and after the heat of the rooms they came from it was no hardship that they were not overtaken or met by an empty hansom immediately.

"I'd rather walk if you'll give me a word," said the younger of the two. "Thanks," as Alfred Standish provided him with what he desired. "Hullo! that gentleman has had his supper," he added, as a cab passed them, making rather serpentine progress.

"Drunk as a fiddler. I say, look out!" ejaculated Alfred, as the vehicle pulled up as he have described; and the two friends had already hastened their pace just as Rita's appeal summoned to her aid.

"What a lark! a lovely female in distress!" cried the other young man. "And love! what have we here?" he added, as the distressed damsel, recovering herself, rose tinking to her feet ere the knight-errant could lift her up.

"O, thank you for coming; but I think he is only tipsy. I will give him some money, and let him go away."

The beautiful troubled countenance, with the tears still wet on the long eyelashes, was lifted towards Alfred, whose companion, meanwhile, took upon himself to reprimand and dismiss the cabman.

"Do be quiet, Percy. I tell you I know her. At least—" this was a rapid aside, cutting short Lord Percy Trevor's somewhat free-and-easy manner of addressing Rita, whom he not unnaturally took for some burlesque actress who had not changed her dress before leaving the theatre.

"Will you wait here till one of us brings another cab?" Alfred continued, ardently hoping that Percy would behave properly, and like a friend allow him the privilege of staying to guard this realization of his dream. In springing from the cab, Rita had given a little twist to one of her ankles, and it was the pain of this, almost as much as her agony of terror, that had caused her to turn sick and faint. She had confided to Alfred her fear that she could not walk, but after a few moments the pain subsided and she felt able to proceed.

"Only I don't know the way," she said. "I have no idea where this is, or how far from my home. But, gentlemen, I shall walk so slowly. Pray, pray do not wait for me. I am not frightened. If you will tell me if Welbeck street is near—"

"It is more than two miles, and you are going away from it!" exclaimed Percy; "but we can find a cab of course." Then he whistled shrilly and, as it proved successfully, for a few minutes the rumble of wheels was heard, and a hansom was within hail.

"I'll look you up to-morrow about twelve, shall I?" Percy asked, taking it as a matter of course that Alfred would escort this extraordinary young lady of his acquaintance to her destination. As for Alfred, the line his friend adopted assured him that his first impulse was not a wrong one, namely, to see her safely home. But Rita was urgent in protesting that

she had received quite enough assistance from them, and would far, far rather that they let her go alone; and it would only have been impertinent and intrusive not to have yielded to her desire.

So Percy comported himself, as he afterwards declared, like a respectable father of a dozen wild daughters, took the number of the cab, and impressed steadiness and civility upon the driver, informing him of the accident which had just occurred.

"O sir, I fear the other gentleman is paying him money!" cried Rita, in a half-offended agony, her quick ears catching an intonation of gratitude in the cabman's voice as he swore to obey the young man's behests.

"No, indeed, madam! Really, I wouldn't take such a liberty," said Percy. "Only you know unfortunately by your recent experience that his species are not always very civil, and I have merely told him to behave himself, and hinted that, if he did so, you might possibly tell your servant to give him an extra sixpence when you get home."

"How much ought I to give him?" asked Rita, looking with her baby blue eyes into Alfred's face as he lent upon the wheel of the cab. "I paid three shillings to the man who drove me there; the maid where I am lodging told me that was the right sum. But I have more than that—at least I hope I have;" and she felt in the pocket of her little rainbow skirt. "O, yes!" and a look of relief took the place of a momentary shade of anxiety. "I have not lost my purse or the latch-key."

"You are not being sat up for, then?" said Percy thinking to himself that it was a most extraordinary want of gallantry, and more than slow of his friend not to insist upon taking a romantic moonlight drive with this lovely little mountebank.

"No," said Rita, feeling herself blush, "I am not. So," she added with a little laugh, to pass off her embarrassment, "it is a good thing I have not lost my key, or I should have had to wait on the doorstep till the milk arrived."

"No, the best plan would be to ring and call out 'Sweet!' " said Percy. "This is the earliest morning sound where I live."

"But in this dress," said Rita very seriously, "I should be afraid to call out. Any one passing, or looking out of window, might think—I don't know what. London knows nothing of carnival. But is three shillings money enough, or should I pay him more as it is so late?"

"The man will be perfectly satisfied if you give him that," said Alfred, taking her last words as a dismissal, and closing the cab-doors.

"I thank both of you, gentlemen, a thousand times," said Margherita, bowing gravely, while the little bells on her head-dress jingled.

"We are honoured at having been able to serve you, though only in this slight manner," replied Alfred, drawing his friend away.

"Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, madam. good-night;" and the cab drove off, leaving the two young men to stare after it for a few moments before they put on their hats again, ejaculating simultaneously.

"Well?"

"Well?"

Percy's was the interrogative. "Have the goodness to explain," he continued, taking his friend's arm as they walked on.

"I can explain nothing," said Alfred.

"Nothing! Why? O, but hang it all, you said you knew her!"

"I have seen her, that is all. I saw her on the street one day, and have not got her face out of my mind ever since. I am sure I have seen it before—in a picture, or a dream—"

"How very romantic, to be sure!" laughed Percy. "But what a blessing old St. Kevin or Senanus you were to resist a *tte-à-tte* drive! But, poor little sinner, I don't believe she meant you to go with her, though in general a woman's *don't* is *do*."

"I'm glad you think that, Percy, very glad; and although appearances—"

"O bother appearances! Mrs. Grundy is in her dotage in this advanced latter half of an enlightened century. Girls do go about unchaperoned occasionally, and this one is all right—a lady I mean, don't you know. Where was the ball?"

For, during the minute or two that Percy had been calling a cab, Rita had hurriedly explained the reason of her strange attire.

"O, don't, please!" cried Margherita, as the exemplary driver, after having actually got down from his seat, prepared to ring a lusty peal at the door-bell, while the numerous little emblems on Folly's head continued quivering after the cab was still.

"Not ring! Very good, miss. Thanks, the gentleman has paid me," he said, assisting her to alight.

"Then I shall pay you also," said Rita, with dignity, though she could have shed tears of mortification. As if the whole evening had not been failure enough, without the additional humiliation of being under a pecuniary obligation to a total stranger!

She opened the door and entered, creeping cautiously up to her own room. The gray dawn peered coldly in through the window-blind, there was no need of a light to undress by. In a few moments the gay costume lay in a tumbled heap upon the bed, and its shivering, heavy-limbed, unhappy little wearer was sobbing herself into a slumber of exhaustion.

The next few weeks passed like some confused dream with Rita. A time came when she seemed to lose the consciousness of suffering, and felt as if she were being wafted off into a vast infinity far away from those faces that had bent over her in her sickness. Those were familiar faces that had tenderly watched at her bedside—Giordina's, Mrs. Courtland's Jane's; but there had been others besides, phantom figures that she raved of in her delirium, sometimes with a shrinking kind of loathing, while now and again little expressions of courteous gratitude would come from the fevered lips, and her eyes would smile and glisten, as though with pleasure.

"Have I been dangerously ill?" she asked at length, when she woke up, and realised to her astonishment that her stepmother was standing by her side.

"Yes, darling," was the reply; "but, thank God you are out of danger now."

She had no strength to ask any more just then; but by degrees, and from different people, she learnt how Jane, coming to her with a cup of tea on the morning after that terrible night, had found her moaning, and only half-conscious, had undressed and put her properly to bed, and gone off for a doctor. Then how Giordina had called to find out what was the reason of Rita's sudden disappearance, and, being allowed to go into the sick-room, had been alarmed by her friend's illness to confessing what happened—that is as far as she was able, for only Rita's rambling words could give the real clue to her odd behaviour in leaving the hall, or hint at the greatest adventure of that eventful evening.

Margherita, in deep contrition, spoke of her wrongdoing and all its consequences, whilst she was still too weak to be treated other than gently and indulgently; and then she was told that during her fever her relations had come to town, and held communication with Mrs. Courtland. They seemed to be a very kindly sort of people, and not ill-disposed towards the poor little upstart, and Lady Courtland had expressed a gracious desire that, as soon as she was sufficiently convalescent, Rita should migrate from Welbeck street to Grosvenor place, in order to become acquainted with her cousins.

"I feel so thankful about this," said Rita's stepmother, with tears in her eyes. "Now, when I am taken, I shall die in peace, thinking that you will be properly cared for. It rests with yourself to win your relations' hearts, and you are always loved. Then, under Lady Courtland's charge, you will be sure to make a good marriage."

Margherita, lying feeble and listless on her pillows, could not refrain from shuddering as she recalled her recent views respecting a marriage. Captain Tomlinson's gaze of bold admiration seemed again to be bringing the hot blushes to her cheeks, and in fancy she once more enacted that wild escape from his embrace, her dangerous spring from the cab; and then her two preservers seemed before her, and she allowed her vivid imagination to stray off into surmises whether she would ever meet them again, and if they would recognize her, should they see her in rational costume.

She so often let her thoughts rest upon this question that it betokens no mesmeric affinity of souls that, at the very time when she was thus musing, a plan for making her acquaintance was being laid before Alfred Standish, which accorded with his ideas of chivalry and decorum. Percy had suggested many wild and romantic schemes from the very first, but each had been scouted in turn; so that at length he declared "it was no use trying to help a fellow on, and that he should leave his friend to his own unassisted devices."

Had he fulfilled his threat, it is probable that Alfred would not have seen his beautiful ideal for many months, and it is also likely that, if chance threw her again in his way, she might have been married, or at least engaged to another man. However, Percy was too much in the habit of interesting himself in his friends' concerns to let the matter drop, as he believed to be Alfred's intention.

It would take too long to enter into details, and I must pass over many things, only briefly glancing at a few of the measures that were adopted.

Rita had no opportunity of speaking confidentially with her faithful accomplice Jane until her escapade was a thing of a month ago, and half forgotten by the others, who thought that the terrors and annoyances of that night must have existed to some extent only in her fevered imagination. But one day, when Mrs. Courtland was quite worn out with nursing, and had gone down to her own room, Jane sat in charge of the invalid, and Rita went over the whole story. The maid looked all excitement during the narration, and at the close exclaimed, with wide-open eyes,

"Well, I never! And to think that missus should just have happened to answer the bell instead of me!"

Rita asked what she meant, and the girl proceeded to relate how that, on the day after the ball (some time in the afternoon it was, when she, Jane, had been despatched by the doctor to get a prescription made up in a great hurry), two gentlemen on horseback had called, and asked if the lady was quite well after her accident in the cab.

The excellent Mrs. Jones, having heard nothing of any accident, and being ignorant of the fact that her front door had been left on the latch all night, informed the gentlemen "that they must have made a mistake in the house—that no one had been at a fancy ball from there—that her only lodgers were two ladies, both invalids now, poor dears, and neither of them

likely to go out, except in their coffins." For the landlady was of a melancholy disposition, and inclined to take the most hopeless view of matters.

"I think it was very polite of them to call," said Rita, feeling a little shame at the memory of Percy's having deceived her about paying the cabin. There was also a faint sensation of disappointment at the way things had turned out; she would have liked to have heard who the young men were, and she would very much indeed have liked them to learn her name, and know that she was respectfully connected. The opportunity was lost for ever of explaining the whole circumstance, or paying Percy what she felt she owed him.

Jane did not mention—for indeed it had utterly slipped her memory—that one morning a handsome cab had driven slowly past, looking at all the houses, as though in search of a particular one whose number he had forgotten, and, seeing Jane cleaning the doorstep, had respectfully addressed her, and asked if she would tell him the names of her mistress's lodgers. Jane complied with his request, thinking nothing of the occurrence; for the man merely thanked her, with a disappointed expression of countenance, supposing "she could not oblige him by saying at what number an old gentleman of the name of Johnson lived?" Nor would it have occurred to Rita that this was a little piece of amateur detective business; for she did not remember the appearance of the man who had driven her to Welbeck street, though the faces of both Alfred and his companion were vividly before her.

But Percy considered a great point gained when he had learned the name of Alfred's "Folly," and the business of discovering the house in Kensington where a fancy ball had taken place that evening was not very difficult.

"Now, you old duffer!" he cried one morning, bursting into his friend's room, "you'll go to Rome now, won't you, just when the heat is getting intolerable, and look for some one to give you an introduction to Miss Courtland?"

Alfred coloured. "It was a wild-goose idea, of course. I never really entertained it. I must wait patiently; very likely I shall meet her somewhere some day. But have you picked up anything fresh? How is she? Tell me that, if you know."

"The servant-girl won't talk to the chemist's young man. He thinks she loves a policeman, but there are too many of the species in London to settle which; moreover, it's a risky thing to corrupt a servant of the Government; besides, I think we can do without. But you want to know if she is better. Pills supposes so, as there are fewer and different prescriptions to make up. And now for my business, you slow-pulsed, nineteenth-century, unident woeer! Read this first, and then this?" and he produced a couple of letters, watching the expression of his friend's handsome face as he perused them.

The first was this:

Gainsborough House, Kensington.  
"Mr. Moreton presents his compliments to Lord Percy Trevor, and will be happy to allow him to visit his studio any Tuesday from three to seven o'clock."

The second caused greater excitement:  
Grosvenor-place, Monday.

"Dear Lord Percy,—Of course we perfectly remember meeting you three years ago at Spa, and are only sorry chance has not sooner afforded an opportunity of renewing so pleasant an acquaintance, but we have been so little in town. In answer to your questions about my husband's niece, I have very little doubt that she is the same Miss Courtland whom your friend knew in Rome, as her father always lived abroad, and her mother was an Italian. However, Margherita is now paying us a visit, and we shall all look forward to seeing you and your friend Mr. Standish. I enclose cards for my first evening this season, and hope to see you then, if not earlier.

"With kind regards, sincerely yours,  
ELEANOR COURTLAND."

"My dear boy, what have you been doing?" cried the bewildered Alfred.

"Well, I told a cram or two; but all's fair in love, don't you know, and if they come to cross-question me, I shall have made a mistake, and been too officious, or something of that sort. But we'll go and call, and you can pretend to have seen the Margherita in Rome, as well as her portrait. Or if you are too conscientious, you can stick to facts now we have gained the entrée to her friends' house, and the girl will be less than female if she is not flattered at the pains you have been at (per deputy) to become introduced to her. O, as for that one," Percy continued, anticipating a query of the other's about Mr. Moreton's note, "I showed you that first because it leads up to Lady Courtland's, don't you know. When I found out that there had only been one fancy ball within reasonable cab-distance of Queen's-gate (where we fell in with 'Margherita,' if you remember), my first business was to obtain admission to the said house. So I wrote an effusive note about my great admiration of Moreton R. A.'s pictures, and humbly asked if he ever admitted the vulgar public to his studio. I received this answer, and acted upon it. Moreton is a very nice fellow, and has got such a jolly house. He took me all over it to show me his collection of china and Old Masters; both very valuable, at least he says so, and I didn't tell him I knew nothing about either. Well, I was wondering how I could introduce the subject of his fancy ball, when Fate arranged the matter most splendidly for me. We entered a fresh room, and suddenly my attention was arrested at the sight of

one particular picture. I struck an attitude, and, like the fellow in 'The Tapestry Chamber,' ejaculated 'Tis she!' It was a picture of a little girl, with rough hair, and tears in her eyes, and a sort of enchantingly naughty expression—"

"Not 'La Ragazzuccia'?" cried Alfred.

"Yes; some such name as that he called it. He had painted it, he said, in Rome some years ago; but it was 'Margherita' all the same, bar the difference of costume. I fell into ecstasies about it, said I had seen her, and wondered who she was; and he told me all about the little creature. She has hardly a rap of her own, and is going to live with her relations, the Courtlands, very good people, whose acquaintance I luckily remembered making at a *table d'hôte*. You'll get on splendidly with them, and of course they'll be glad enough to persuade the little girl to accept you, supposing you are not disappointed in her when you meet her again. O my, won't there be desolation in some tender breasts when it is known that you have been hooked!"

"My dear fellow," said Alfred warmly, "I have heard of friendship and unselfish devotion, but it is difficult to imagine it possible for any one to have done all this for another man—a fool who never would have thought of half the things you have done. Percy, you have fallen a victim like myself to that girl's exquisite face!"

"Blessed if I have! *Pos si bête*—at least, I don't mean to speak disparagingly of your innamorata, but I assure you I am as incapable of being inspired with a romantic passion, or love at first sight, as you would make a fellow incapable of friendship," replied Percy. "No, believe me, I have managed this from pure love of a lark, and I shall be amply rewarded by witnessing your wedded bliss, and hearing all the envious disappointed ones picking Miss Margherita Courtland to pieces."

This story would never have been written had it ended differently from Percy's expectations, and therefore it is hardly necessary to say anything more. But in consideration of the young man's meritorious services, it is only just to add that he experienced no disappointment in either respect. Alfred and Margherita were a very happy and satisfactory couple, and Percy was amused to find that much of the popular admiration of Alfred Standish had been transferred to himself since the appearance of the lovely Miss Courtland in society. He had the candour, however, to avow that he was only becoming a favourite because he pretended to condescend to those who lamented Alfred's sudden infatuation, as a mad freak of fancy, as a wild dream from which he would one day awake only too sadly, and he often delighted in bringing a bright colour to the pretty cheeks of Mrs. Standish, by speaking of her husband as "a victim of Folly."

POETS OF ONE POEM.

"Sing many songs that thou mayest be remembered."—Isa. 23, 16.

This is rather a satire than a serious recipe for securing fame. It is more easy to remember a single master-piece than a multitude of splendid things, and great authors' names generally go, in public mention, with the name of some single great work of theirs. It is surprising to find how many people of real merit have "sung one song and died." They saved themselves a world of useless labor for fame by striking twelve the first time. Somewhat like the following, the author and his best production, have found a lodgement in our minds:

- Henry Carey—God Save the King.
Hopkins—Hail Columbia.
Key—Star Spangled Banner.
John Howard Payne—Home, Sweet Home.
Chas. Wolfe—Burdial of Sir John Moore.
Chas. Kingsley—The Three Fishers.
Edgar A. Poe—The Raven.
Tom Hood—The Song of the Shirt.
Julia Ward Howe—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Bret Hart—The Heathen Chinee.
The history of some of the poems which have immortalized their authors will be found entertaining.

Hood's touching lyric, "The Song of the Shirt," was the work of an evening. Its author was prompted to write it by the condition of thousands of women in the city of London. The effect of its production was foreseen by two persons, the poet's wife, and Mark Lemon, the editor of Punch.

"Now mind, Tom; mind my words," said his devoted wife, "this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Mr. Lemon, looking over his letters one morning, opened an envelope enclosing a poem, which the writer said had been rejected by three London journals. He begged the editor to consign it to the waste-paper basket if it was not thought suitable for Punch, as the author was "sick of the sight of it." The poem was signed Tom Hood, and was entitled the "Song of the Shirt."

It was submitted to the weekly meeting of the editors and principal contributors, several of whom opposed its publication as unsuitable to the pages of a comic journal. Mr. Lemon, however, was so firmly impressed with its beauty that he published it on December 16, 1843.

"The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain. People of every class were moved by it. It was chanted by ballad singers in the streets of London and drew tears from the eyes of princes. Seven years after the author's death the English people erected a monument over his grave. The rich gave

guineas, the laborers and sewing women gave shillings and pence. Sculptured on it is the inscription devised by himself: "He sang the Song of the Shirt."

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon, kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which in both our estimations far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," replied Woodworth, tear drops glistening in his eyes.

Returning to his printing office, he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well"

was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word.

Mr. Kingsley's song of "The Three Fishers," was not the mere creation of his imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen of "men who worked and women who wept," while he was a boy in the fishing village of Clovelly. His father was the clergyman of the parish, and such was his sympathy with the fishermen that when the herring fleet put to sea, he would hold a short religious service on the wharf.

The hardy men and boys, and their anxious mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts would join in singing the prayer book version of the 121st Psalm:

"Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings  
Thou shalt securely rest."

It was sung as only those can sing who with stout hearts go out, because it is their duty, to danger and to death.

It was one evening after being wearied and worn out by the work and trials of the day, that Kingsley wrote the song which reproduced the scenes of his youthful days.

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
Out into the west as the sun went down."

Authors do not always appreciate their good work. We all have enjoyed Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and every school-boy has shouted:

"The combat deepens, on ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave!"

Yet Campbell did not know whether this fine ballad was worthy of publication. He and Sir Walter Scott were once travelling in a stage coach, and, as they were alone, they repeated poetry, in order to beguile the time. At last Scott asked Campbell to repeat some of his own poetry. Campbell said there was one thing he had written but never printed. It was full of "drums and trumpets and blunderbusses and thunder," but he didn't know if there was anything good in it. Then he repeated "Hohenlinden."

Scott listened with the greatest interest, and when he had finished, broke out with: "But, do you know that's very fine. Why, it is the finest thing you ever wrote, and it must be printed."

Mrs. Hemans' "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" is familiar to every school-boy; but the history of the little hero thus immortalized is not generally known. Owen Cassabianca, a native of Corsica, was born in 1788. His father was a distinguished French politician and naval commander, and his mother a beautiful Corsican lady. But she died young, and little Owen went with his father in a war vessel, and at the early age of ten he participated with his father in the battle of the Nile.

The ship caught fire during the action, and Capt. Cassabianca fell wounded and insensible upon the deck, while the brave boy, unconscious of his father's fate, held his post at the battery. The flames raged around him; the crew fled one by one, and urged the lad to do the same, but he refused and fought on until the whole vessel was in flames, losing his life in the tremendous explosion which followed.

All of us are familiar with the pretty little Scottish ballad, "Comin' thro' the Rye." The common idea of this song is that a rye field is meant, but who ever saw a Scottish lassie walking through a field of rye, or any other grain? The river Rye, at Daily, in Ayrshire, is meant. Before the days of bridges it was no easy matter to cross rivers without paying such a penalty as has immortalized Jennie in the old ballad. Burns wrote the ballad and Brown modernized it. As Burns wrote it, it includes the river plainly enough:

"Jenny's a' wet, pair bodie,  
Jenny's selton dry;  
Sae drag 'a' her pottle  
Comin' thro' the Rye."

Rye is spelled with a capital R. The air is nearly pentatonic—the only F which occurs in the melody being very characteristic and effective.

The following is the origin of Longfellow's "Hanging the Crane":

A dozen years ago, shortly after the marriage of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Longfellow visited the young couple and took tea with them at their charming little house in Boston. The supper was laid on a very small table indeed, but the poet, always vigilant in his search for new ideas, took the smallness of the table as a theme for discussion, and associating the ideas

with an old Acadian custom, then and there spun the thread of his future poem.

"As the family increases," said he to Aldrich, "the size of the table must be increased. When, after long years, the children have grown up to manhood and womanhood and have left the fold, the large table will again be replaced by the small one for the two old folks who linger at home. Here you have a picture of life, of the growth of the family; and as you are now entering upon a literary career, and have already written some good essays, why not write an essay on the subject in hand?"

Mr. Aldrich promised to think about it. The years flew by, but no essay had appeared. Three years ago the elder and the younger poet met again. "Have you thought of that theme," asked Mr. Longfellow, "which I proposed to you a long time ago?" "I have thought of it a hundred times," replied Mr. Aldrich, "but I cannot make anything of it." "The subject reverts to me, then," said the venerable poet, and he at once began to write:

"The lights are out and gone are all the guests."

He completed the poem and sent it to Mr. Bonner, receiving in return the princely compensation of a thousand dollars. In the ensuing winter, after its publication in the *Ledger*, the poem was put into the elegant holiday volume in which it may be said it then became widely known.

It would be appropriate, in this connection, to refer to Bishop Heber, whose other poems, whose learned Bampton lectures and able articles in the *Quarterly Review*, are weighed down by a single matchless missionary hymn. It came about in this wise:

While he was rector of the Episcopal church at Hodnet, in Shropshire, he paid a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, the vicar of Wrexham, on the border of Wales. On the next day, which was Sabbath, Dr. Shipley was to deliver a discourse in behalf of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Lands." Knowing his son-in-law's happy gift in rapid composition, he said to him: "Write something for us to sing at the missionary service to-morrow morning."

Short notice that, for a man to achieve his immortality. Heber retired to another part of the room and in a little time prepared three verses of the popular hymn commencing:

"From Greenland's icy mountains"

Dr. Shipley was delighted with the production, but Heber was not satisfied. "The sense is not complete," he said. In spite of Dr. Shipley's earnest protest, Heber retired for a few moments longer, and then, coming back, read the following glorious bugle blast which rings like the reveille of the millennial morning:

"Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole,  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign."

The next morning the people of Wrexham church listened to the first rehearsal of a lyric which has since been echoed by millions of voices around the globe.

No profane hymn-tinker has ever dared to lay his bungling finger on a single syllable of those four stanzas which the Holy Spirit moved Heber to write.

On that Sabbath morning he caught the first strains of his own immortality. He "built better than he knew." He did more to waft the story of Calvary around the earth than if he had preached like Apollon, or had founded a board of missions. "In the monthly concerts held in the school-houses of New England, in frontier cabins, on the decks of missionary ships bound to Ceylon's isle, and in the vast assemblies of the American boards, Heber's trumpet hymn has been sung with swelling voices and gushing tears."

Cowper's great Hymn of Providence, too, had a history. He wrote it after those two sweet devotional gems, "O for a Closer Walk with God," and "There's a Fountain Filled with Blood." A foreboding impression of another attack of insanity began to creep over him. The presentiment grew deeper; the clouds gathered fast.

He even meditated self-destruction, and left his quiet cottage to drown himself in the neighboring river. He was under a pall of overwhelming gloom. Just while those black clouds of despair were darting their vivid lightning into his suffering soul, the grandest inspiration of his life broke upon him, and he began to sing out these wonderful words:

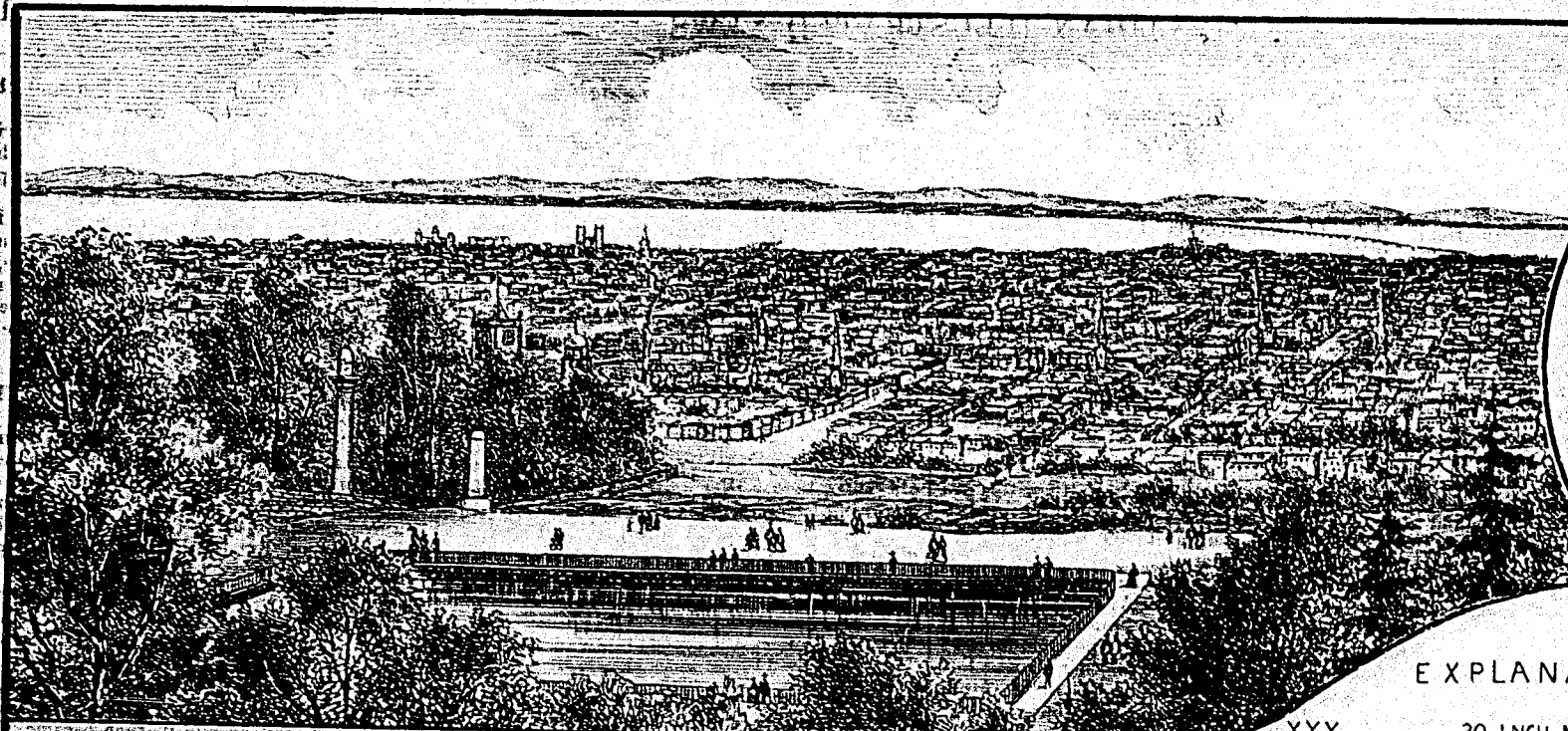
"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

For several years Cowper's splendid intellect was to be under a total eclipse. The penumbra was already darkening its disc. But in full view of the impending calamity, the inspired son of song chanted forth those strains of holy cheer:

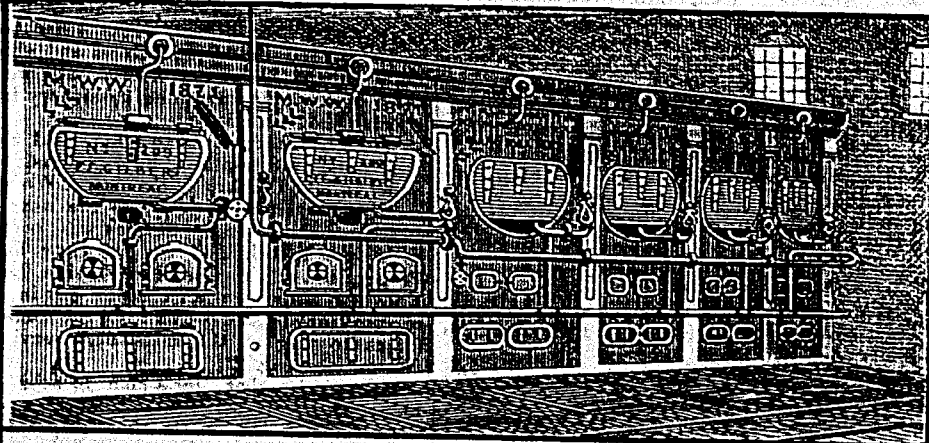
"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face."

Cowper never could have sung that sublime anthem of victory except under the immediate inspiration of "power from on high." The storm was coming, but Cowper's eye of faith saw "Jehovah riding above the storm." This matchless hymn of providence which God put into the soul of his afflicted servant has been a "song in the night" to millions of people under the discouraging clouds of adversity.



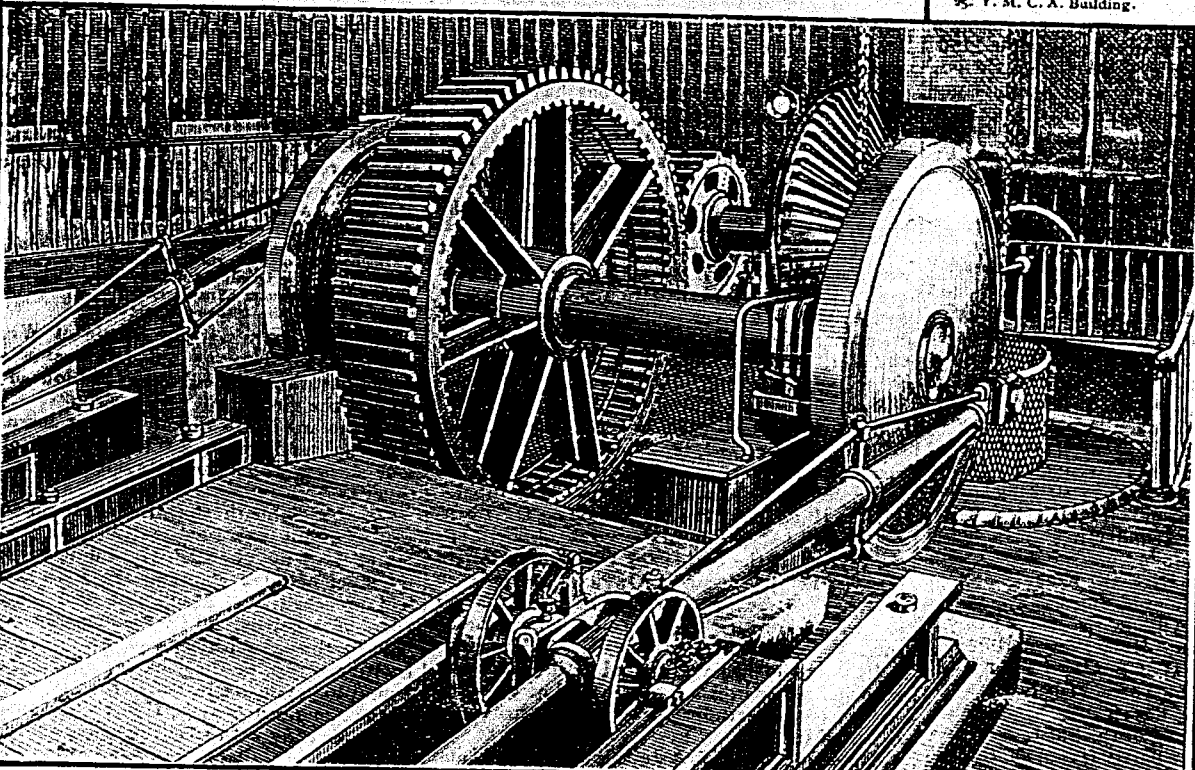


UPPER-LEVEL RESERVOIR.

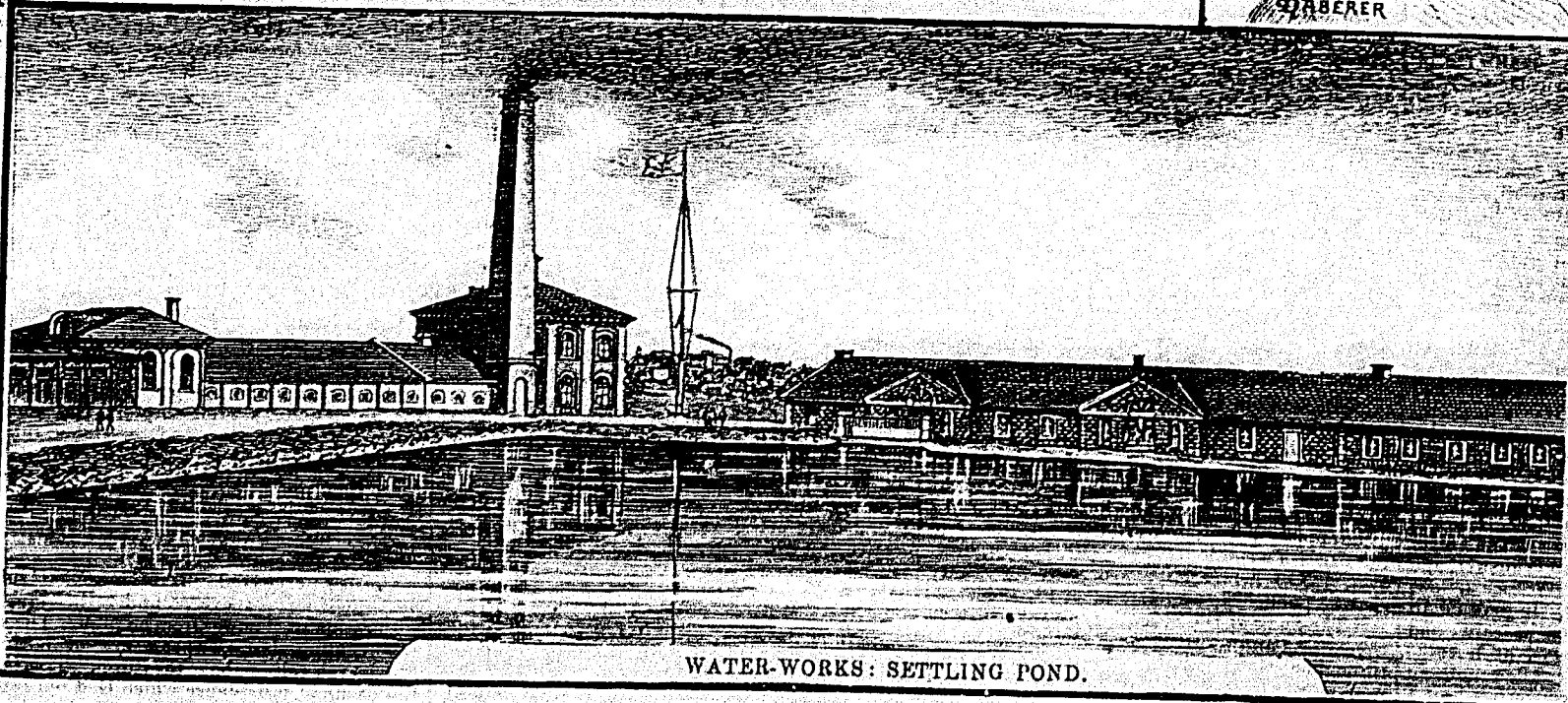


TUBULAR BOILERS

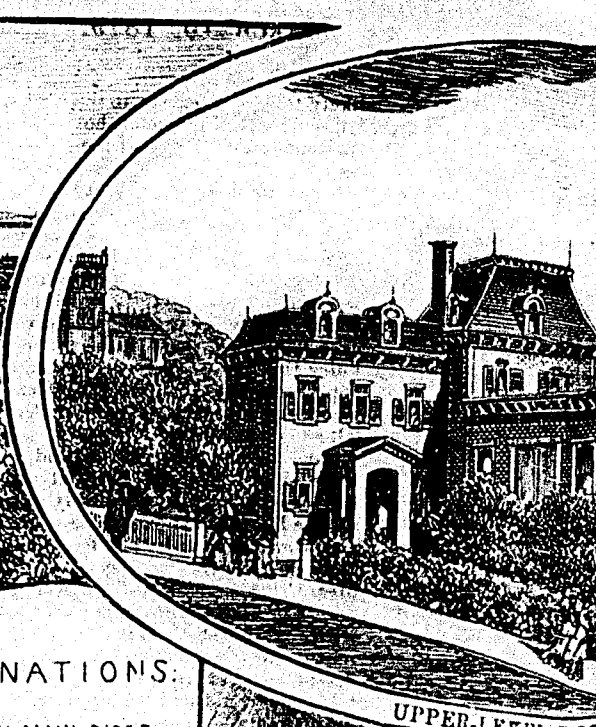
1. Post Office.
2. Montreal Bank
3. City Bank.
4. Theatre Royal.
5. Geological Museum.
6. Notre Dame.
7. Seminary.
8. Custom House.
9. Montreal Telegraph Co.
10. Exchange Bank.
11. Bank of B. N. A.
12. Ottawa Hotel.
13. Mechanics' Institute.
14. Monsons Bank.
15. Merchants Bank.
16. Wesleyan Church.
17. St. Lawrence Hall.
18. Durand-Desbarats Co.
19. Protestant House of Indust.
20. General Hospital.
21. Court House.
22. New City Hall.
23. Harbor Commission.
24. Albion Hotel.
25. Y. M. C. A. Building.



TURBINE WHEEL No. 1.



WATER-WORKS: SETTLING POND.

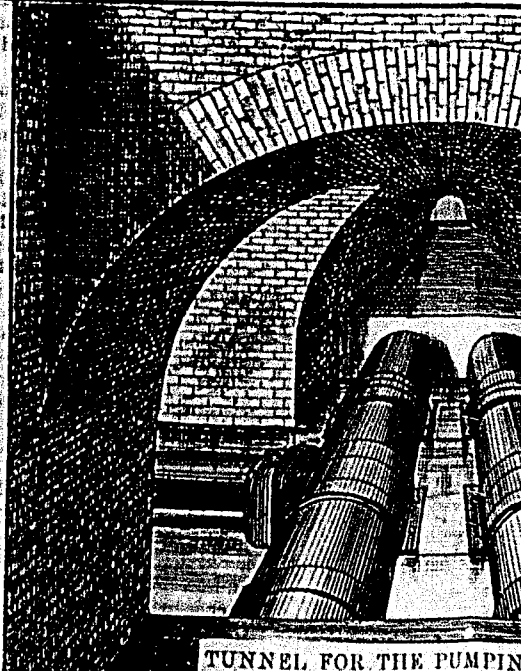
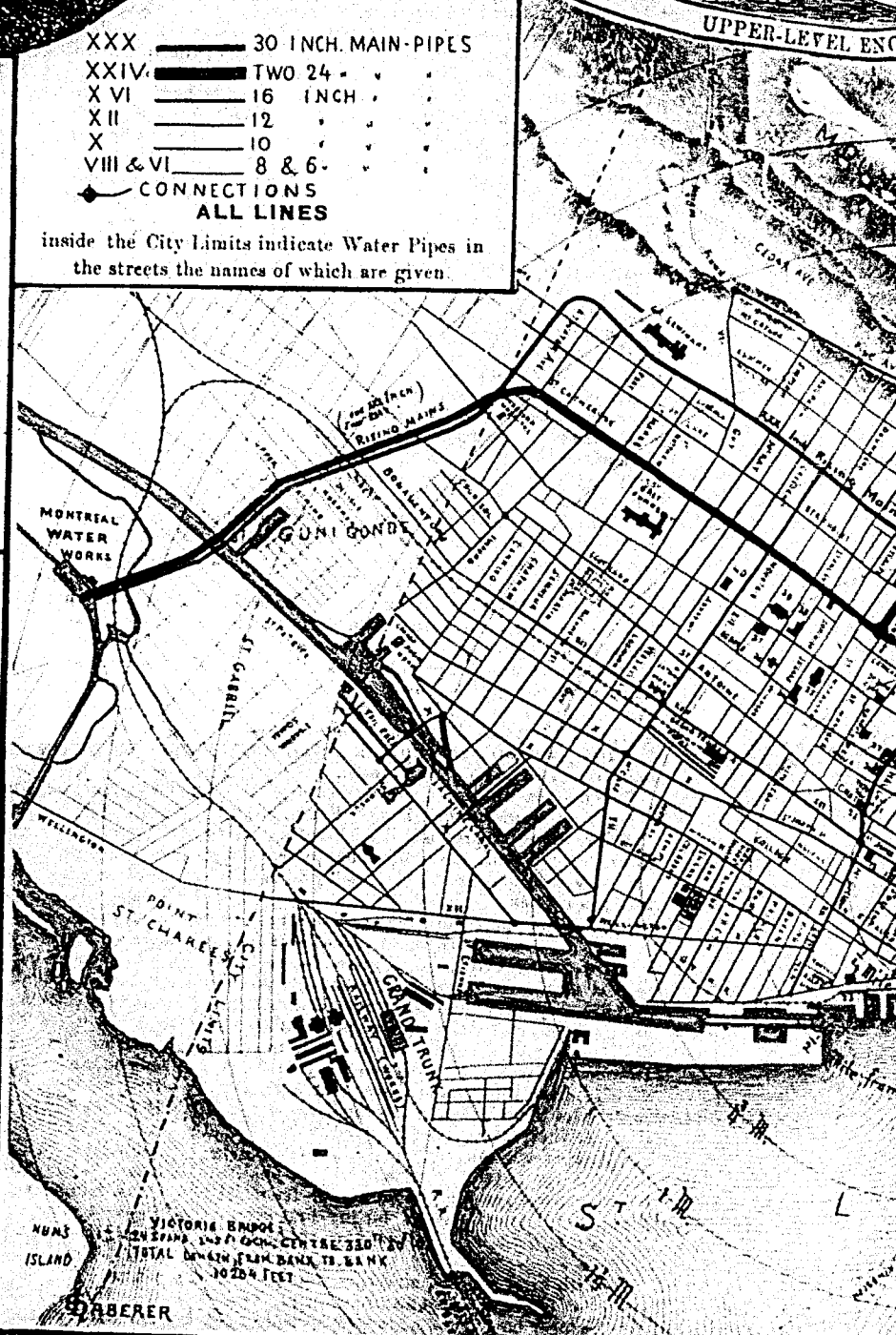


UPPER-LEVEL ENCLOSURE

EXPLANATIONS:

- XXX ——— 30 INCH. MAIN-PIPES
- XXIV. ——— TWO 24 " "
- XVI ——— 16 INCH. " "
- XII ——— 12 " "
- X ——— 10 " "
- VIII & VI ——— 8 & 6 " "
- CONNECTIONS
- ALL LINES

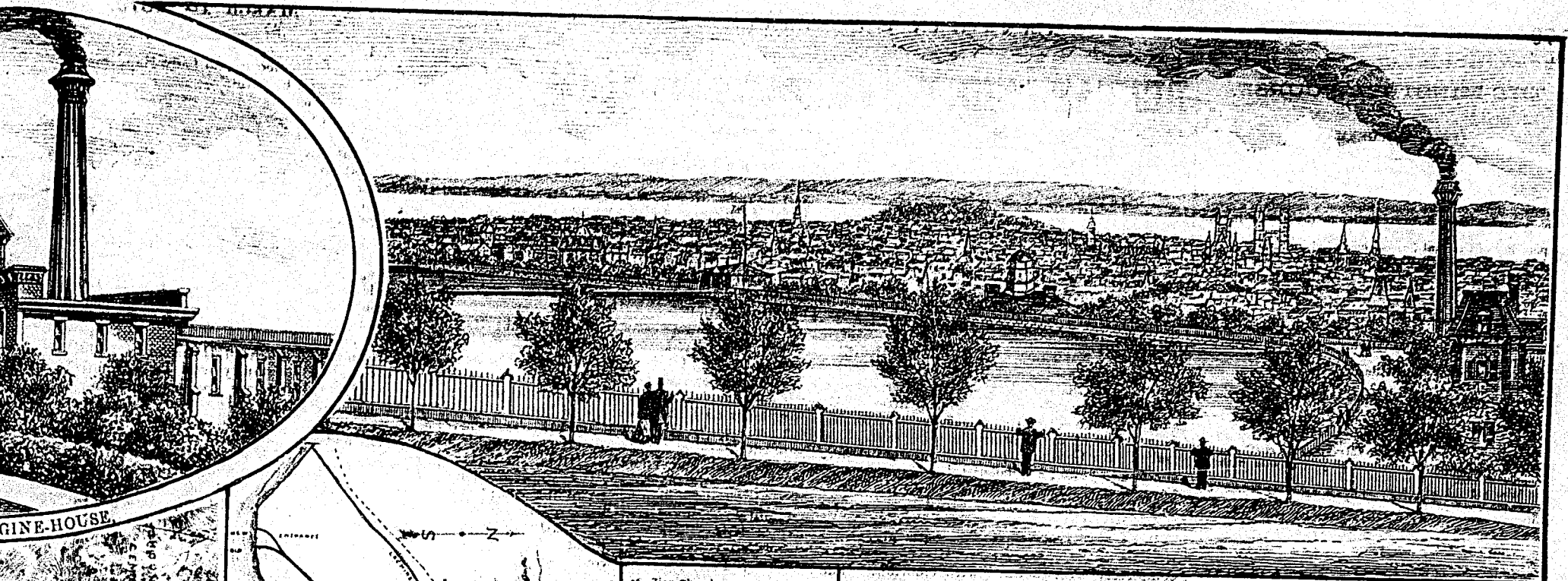
inside the City Limits indicate Water Pipes in the streets the names of which are given.



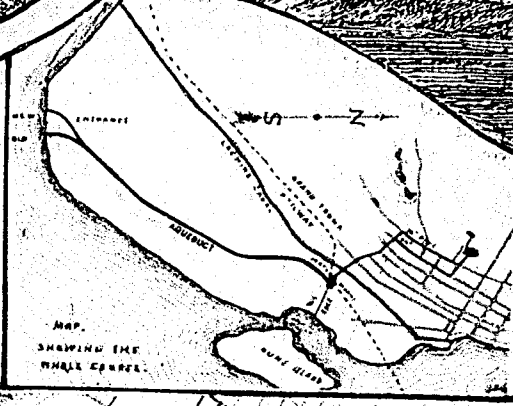
TUNNEL FOR THE PUMP

THE MONTREAL WATER WORKS





ENGINE-HOUSE

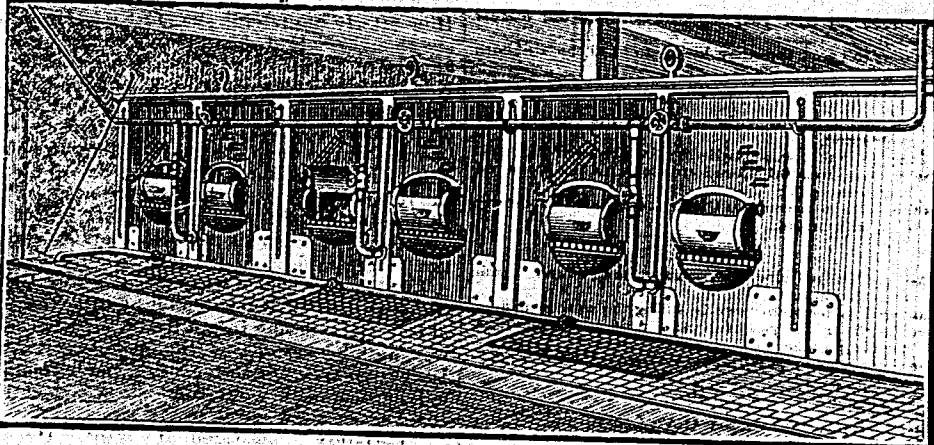


MAP SHOWING THE SMALL CANAL

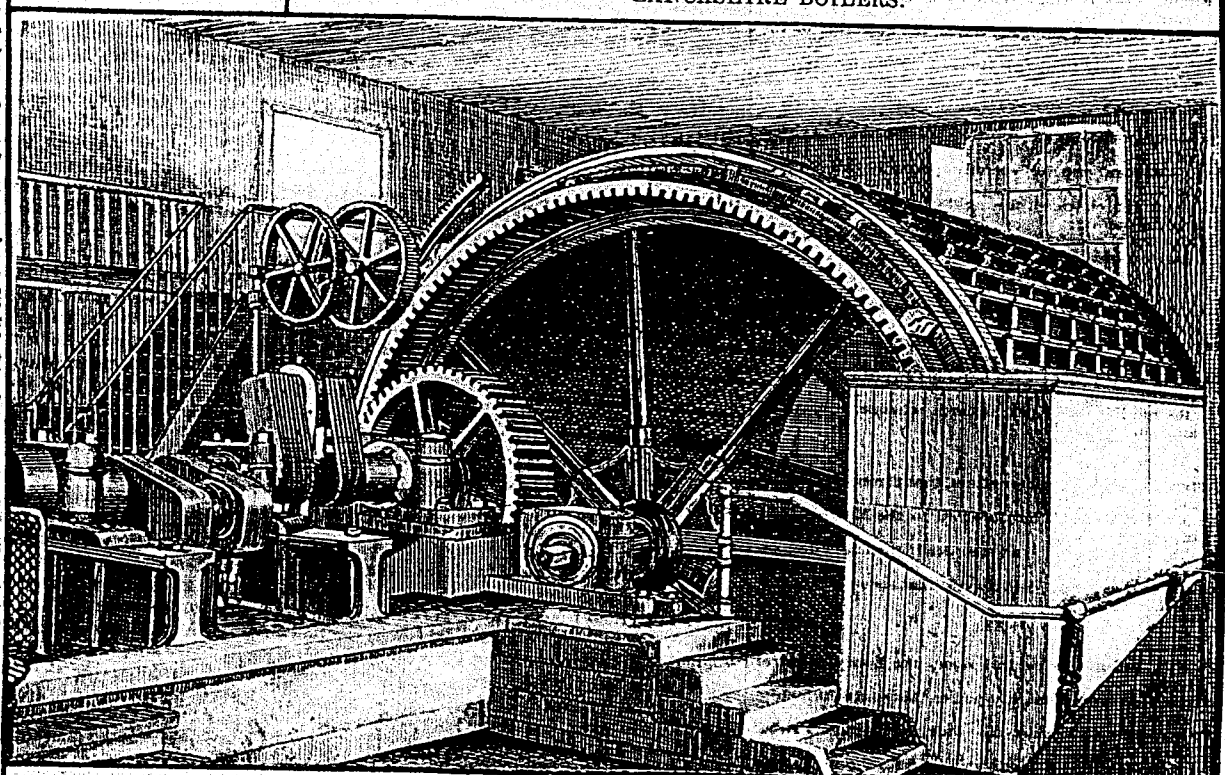


- 26. Zion Church.
- 27. St. Andrew's Church.
- 28. Unitarian Church.
- 29. St. Patrick's Church.
- 30. Wesley Congregational Church.
- 31. First Baptist Church.
- 32. St. James' Church, R. C.
- 33. Old Military Barracks, Proposed Depot of the Q. M. O. & O. R. R.
- 34. R. C. Bishop's Palace.
- 35. St. Peter's Church, R. C.
- 36. St. George's Church (Episco.)
- 37. American Presbyterian.
- 38. Windsor Hotel.
- 39. Victoria Skating Rink.
- 40. Crescent Presbyterian Church.
- 41. Academy of Music.
- 42. Christ Ch. Cathedral (Episco.)
- 43. Presbyterian College.
- 44. Observatory.
- 45. McGill College.
- 46. Medical College.
- 47. McTavish Reservoir.
- 48. Upper Level Engine House.
- 49. Upper Level Reservoir.
- 50. McTavish Monument.

McTAVISH RESERVOIR.



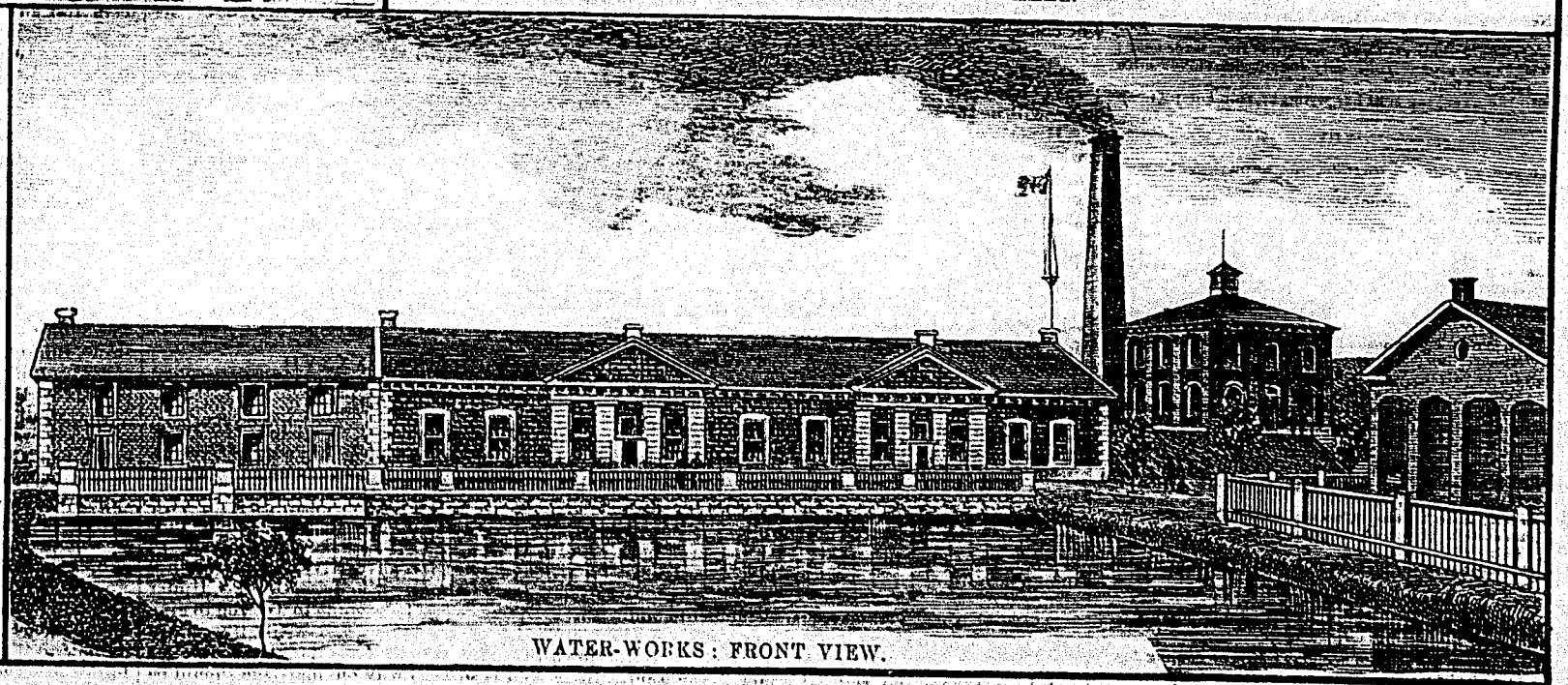
LANCASHIRE BOILERS.



BREAST WHEEL.



ING MAIN PIPES.



WATER-WORKS: FRONT VIEW.

# WATER-WORKS.



## THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

## I.

In olden times a castle stood, high on a mountain's crest,  
Gleaming far over distant lands, to the ocean in the West.  
A paradise of fragrant flowers encircled it around,  
When fountains dancing in the sun in summer's heat were found.

## II.

A haughty king once dwelt therein, for realms, for conquests famed,  
Glowing and stern his countenance, his spirit dark, untamed.  
His every scheme spread terror wide, his every look showed rage,  
His spoken words like scourges fell, he penned a bloody page.

## III.

A noble pair of singers now to this mountain castle came,  
One with the stalwart strength of youth, one with an aged frame.  
The Minstrel old, with harp in hand, a goodly horse bestride,  
Gaily the comrade by his side breast the mountain road.

## IV.

Thus to the young man spake the old, "Be ready, O my son,  
Our deepest, fullest strains to raise before the day be done.  
To waken joy and yearning pain demands our utmost skill;  
'Tis ours to break the stony heart, to bend the stubborn will."

## V.

In the lofty, spacious, columned hall, the singers take their stand,  
Fronting the throne, encircled by the nobles of the land.  
The King in dreadful splendour shows, as the blood-red Northern light;  
As the moon in heaven the Queen looks down in beauty calm and bright.

## VI.

The gray-haired sire with master hand draws music from the strings,  
That ever triller, richer swells, lifting the soul on wings,  
Streams from the youthful voice a song, harmonious, thrilling, grand,  
The elder joins in fainter notes, as from a distant land.

## VII.

Spring, Love, the blessed Golden Age, their fitting themes of song,  
Freedom, True Worth, Fidelity, the heart that knows no wrong,  
All tender softening things of Earth, the flowerets of the sod,  
All high and holy things of Heaven, that raise the soul to God!

## VIII.

The scoffing throng of courtiers forget their wonted part,  
Each stubborn warrior secretly prays in his inmost heart,  
Saddened, yet charmed, the noble Queen all grateful stands confest,  
And throws the matchless minstrel pair the white rose from her breast.

## IX.

Trembling in every limb with rage, his soul in furious strife,  
"My people ye have duped, and now, would ye allure my wife!"  
The King shrieks out; then hurls his sword right at the younger man,  
And the red life blood gushes forth whence streams of music ran.

## X.

Scattered as birds by winter storm, that throng of bearers go,  
The Minstrel sighs his last farewell to the Master bending low,  
Who folds his cloak around the dead, then lifts him on the steed,  
Upright as living man, and leaves that scene of bloody deed.

## XI.

Yet still, before the central door, the hoary Minstrel turns,  
Grasping his harp of mighty power, his soul within him burns,  
The harp he casts against the wall, its fragments strew the ground,  
And then his deep prophetic voice pierces the air around.

## XII.

"Never again, ye blood stained halls, shall sweet notes echo here,  
Never again shall visit you minstrels from far or near!  
Be sighs and groans your only sounds, let slaves crawl round in fear,  
Until the avenging soul has wrought ruin complete and drear."

## XIII.

"To you, ye gardens, fragrant, fair, through the fostering light of heaven,  
To you, I show the countenance of my loved one, from me given.  
That, withering at the sight, your sprigs may henceforth cease to run,  
That Earth may ever know the spot accursed beneath the sun."

## XIV.

"Thou tyrant foul, whose murderous hand hath struck the Minstrel low,  
In vain be all thy efforts to win fame from conquered foe;  
Forgotten be thy name for aye, never to see the light,  
As dying groans in empty air, absorbed in endless night!"

## XV.

Heaven heard the old man's righteous curse, answered his burning prayer,  
The lofty halls in ruin lie, no walls are standing there,  
No token tells of splendour past, save a single column tall,  
A shattered witness that ere night may totter to its fall.

## XVI.

Where once the fragrant gardens stood, now desolation dwells,  
No tree gives shade from noontide glare, no cooling fountain swells;  
No ballad and no chronicle declares that tyrant's name;  
Lost and forgotten! such the doom that cursed the deed of shame.

Windor, N. S.

## BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SON AND HEIR.

Hayward was angry with Hilda after the scene in the conservatory, and yet in his heart he acknowledged that he had deserved her rebuke. He went home almost immediately afterwards, and began to call himself to account for his folly. Yet he found himself making excuses for Isabel. Sir George was so cold and hard to her, she was so young and beautiful. It was the old story—the siren voices chanting on the shore, and the mariners drifting into danger as they listened to the too enchanting sounds.

But if Hayward was disturbed after their brief wrangle in the conservatory, Hilda was almost completely overwhelmed with emotion. The poor girl was scarcely alone when she recalled with bitter self-humiliation what she had said. How utterly ungrateful she must seem to him, she thought. Had she forgotten in her jealous anger that Hayward had saved her and little Ned absolutely from starving in London? Had she forgotten his constant friendship and generosity to her, and how, the moment that he was in a position to do so, he had asked her to be his wife? Hilda hid her face and cried bitterly as she remembered these things. What must he think of her? she thought, and Hayward no doubt at that moment felt considerable irritation on the subject.

But his anger faded away when he saw Hilda the next day. There was no mistaking the look of pain and suffering imprinted on her face. She was walking on one of the roads near Combe Lodge, when he encountered her, and with much nervousness and hesitation she asked if she could speak a few words to him.

"Certainly," answered Hayward. He was riding, but he dismounted at once, and putting his arm through his horse's bridle, prepared to walk by Hilda's side.

It chanced, however, just at that moment, that a violent shower came on, and in common courtesy Hayward could but offer Hilda the shelter of his roof.

"Come, Hilda," he said, smiling, as she hesitated, and after a moment's thought she followed him into his house, and was of course received with marks of great joy by little Ned.

But Hilda was too much agitated to respond very cordially to her little brother's signs of affection. She sat down by the library window and looked at the beating rain. Presently Hayward came and stood beside her.

"What a shower!" he said. "It's well you've found shelter, Hilda."

"Yes," she answered. She was not thinking of the rain, or the shelter, but how ungrateful she had been to the faithful friend by her side. Hayward, watching her, saw a heavy tear steal down her cheek, and fall upon her knee. This touched him.

"What is vexing you, Hilda?" he said, kindly, in a low tone.

Hilda only looked at him in answer, with her wet, sad eyes.

"Run, Master Ned," said Hayward the next moment, "to Mrs. Watkins (this was the house-keeper) and tell her to send up some tea for your sister, and stay with her until it comes up. What is it, Hilda?" again he asked when the boy left the room in obedience to his request.

"I—I—am so sorry," began Hilda. "I said yesterday what I should not—I was vexed—I had better go away from Massam, I think."

"But why?" said Hayward. "Yes, Hilda," he continued, gravely, "you said yesterday what you should not," (as Hayward said this he put his hand kindly on Hilda's shoulder.) "But I am quite ready to forgive you," he added, "if you will never say the same things any more."

Hilda was silent for a moment. She sat there with her hot tears streaming down her cheeks, and with strong and varying emotions struggling in her heart. Then, after a little thought, she turned round and took Hayward's hand.

"I will never say them again after to-day, Philip," she said, "but may I speak a few words to you now?"

"What will be the good, Hilda?" he answered. "I know what you will say—you made a fool of yourself once about Miss Trevor, take care you don't do it again about Lady Hamilton. Isn't that it, Hilda? But do not be afraid," he added. "As I told you before you came here, Lady Hamilton is the wife of the man who honours me with his friendship."

"But an unloved and unloving wife, Philip," urged Hilda.

"That may be," said Hayward (and these words of Hilda's were not unpleasant to his ears), "but she is his wife. I can never forget under any circumstances what I owe to Sir George."

Again Hilda was silent for a few moments, and then after another little mental struggle she continued:

"I—I have no right, I know," she said. "It is only because I—care so much that I speak. I—can never repay you what I owe you, and it cuts me to the heart to see you again

being deceived. Don't be angry, Philip, I must speak! Lady Hamilton is not a good woman. She does not love you, or I could forgive her—she does not love her husband, and she will never—"

"Had we not better end this conversation, Hilda?" interrupted Hayward. "I have given you no cause to say what you are doing, and Lady Hamilton has given you no cause."

"Oh! why do I care! why do I care!" said Hilda, rising suddenly, and beginning to pace the room with uneven, restless steps. "Why did we ever meet, Philip?" she went on, wringing her hands, "for it has caused me nothing but bitter pain!"

"I—I—am grieved, Hilda," said Hayward, "but what have I done?"

"Nothing! I know you are not to blame," continued poor Hilda. "I got to care for you without any fault of yours. I saw you wasting your heart on Isabel Trevor, and I could not put out my hand to save you—and then—when you knew—"

"You tried to comfort me, Hilda," said Hayward, following the girl's restless steps, and putting his hand through her trembling arm: "and you did so, my dear. We are both very unhappy, Hilda," he went on gently. "If you could have married me, I would have tried not to cost you any pain. I would have loved you very dearly, Hilda—but as it is not to be—"

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be any trouble to Sir George and Lady Hamilton, as I am sure it will be Hilda's wish as well as mine, to be married as quietly as possible. If little Ned could remain with you until our return from a short wedding tour, all Hilda's anxiety about him would be at rest. Write and tell me what you think, and if it will be convenient for you to put me up next Tuesday and for the three following days.—I remain, dear Philip, yours affectionately,

"HORACE JERVIS."

Hayward felt very much disturbed after reading this letter. It gave him a kind of shock, and yet it contained no news. He knew this marriage was to be, but it had seemed far off somehow until now.

He had not seen much of Hilda lately. She had been indeed constantly with Lady Hamilton, and Lady Hamilton was very exacting. But he had thought of Hilda a good deal. The girl's trembling and agitated confession of how much she had loved him had recurred to him again and again. Isabel had seemed further away, and Hilda nearer to him, during the weeks which had preceded the birth of Isabel's child. He had not forgotten that Hilda was engaged to Horace Jervis, but he had remembered it always with increasing aversion to the idea. Now it was brought to him face to face. Jervis was evidently coming to Massam to urge Hilda to fix the wedding day.

Yet he could not, of course, refuse to receive him. His errand was a legitimate one, and Hayward was bound to treat him with all courtesy and kindness.

Strange to say, he expected another guest also, just about the time Horace Jervis had proposed to come. This was no other than his old friend, the Rev. Matthew Irvine. Many letters had passed between Combe Lodge and the parsonage of Sanda since Hayward had been in Yorkshire.

The parson's welcome loan of ten pounds had long since been returned out of Hayward's salary in London. But when he got to Combe Lodge he did not forget the Irvines. Mrs. Irvine's heart had been uplifted by a present of a very handsome dinner service, and to Miss Amelia Shadwell, Hayward had forwarded one of the best pianos he could procure in town. To the parson himself he had sent a gold watch with a suitable inscription, and with no small pride the Rev. Matthew had donned his "boy's gift," as he called Hayward's watch, and had laid the old silver tub, that he had worn all his life before, away for ever.

And now he was going to visit Hayward. Mrs. Irvine had been invited also, but her stern sense of duty prevailed over her love of pleasure.

"No, Matthew," she had said to her spouse, "you go and enjoy yourself, and I will stay and look after the school. But mind you, write and tell me exactly how Hayward looks. Don't be led away by him having a colour, for that's often a sign of something wrong. I'd rather hear that he looked sallow, as that's natural to him, and I'm always doubtful of your fine complexions."

"Very well, my dear," said the parson. "Anything else?"

"Sound him," said Mrs. Irvine, in her hollow tones. "I don't encourage the girl. I tell Amelia Shadwell that the dinner service, and the piano, and the gold watch all meant nothing. That is, nothing particular; but still they may. If Hayward has any fancy for Amelia Shadwell, it is our duty to encourage it."

"But, my dear, I don't think he has," answered the parson, meekly.

"You mayn't think so, Matthew, but she may," answered Mrs. Irvine, oracularly. "But at all events there's no harm done by sounding him." And the Rev. Matthew having promised to sound Hayward, was permitted to prepare for his journey.

The idea of this visit gave great pleasure to the genial parson. Not many had come in his way, poor man, all his life, but this really was one. To go and stay with his "dear boy," when that dear boy had come in for some of the good things of this world, and to have a few days' rest and change, seemed a wonderful piece of good fortune to the Rev. Matthew.

He could not resist bragging a little to the Squire of Sanda, of Hayward's invitation.

"You see prosperity has not turned his head, Mr. Trevor," he said. "He has not forgotten his old friends."

"I was pleased to hear that my son-in-law, Sir George, had offered the late Mr. Hannaway's appointment to Mr. Hayward," said the Squire, in his old pompous fashion. "Sir George, of course, owed this young man a good deal."

"Yes," said the Rev. Matthew, with his humorous smile.

"But he has now amply repaid this," continued the Squire. "My father-in-law, Mr. Featherstone, informs me that the appointment is worth something like £1,000 a year. An excellent appointment!"

The Squire's family and the parson's were now on more intimate terms than formerly. Lucinda Featherstone had never been proud in her unmarried days, and she was not proud now. She was kind to Mrs. Irvine, and kind to Amelia. Indeed, Lucinda was doing her best to win the good-will of those around her, and show her gratitude to her elderly husband. She was grateful to him for his kindness to her father and sister. Graceless Anthony Featherstone now spent a good deal of his time at Sanda Hall. His debts and his duns couldn't very conveniently follow him there. He had, moreover, to eat and drink of the best at another man's cost, and a good horse to ride on, and plenty of game to shoot, so what did Anthony want more? No.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

FIXING THE DAY.

Hilda Marston had been about nine weeks at Massam, when one morning Hayward received a letter from his friend, Horace Jervis. It was as follows:

"My Dear Philip,—I hear from Hilda that the little heir, whose appearance has been so anxiously looked for, has arrived, and that her friend, Lady Hamilton, is doing well. Under these circumstances I am going to ask you to give me a bed for a day or two, as I would like to run down to see Hilda, and I see no reason now (as little Ned is so well) why our marriage should be any longer delayed. Could Hilda not be married from Massam? This seems to me to be the most desirable course we could adopt. It would not



thing, he told himself, and he was always telling Lucinda that she was the pride and darling of his heart.

Patty, too, almost always lived with her sister. Two lively young women trying to please him was a new experience in the home life of the Squire, and he decidedly liked it. He was vain and pompous, but he meant well in his narrow way, and he was really fond of his young wife. "She had played her cards well," her father said, but Lu had not only played well, but was a very pleasant and unassuming winner.

She and Patty Featherstone knew, of course, all about the great lady at Massam Park. Lady Hamilton had all but cut her old friends, and never thought of inviting them to meet her new ones. But her mother-in-law, Lu, and her neighbour, Patty, still continued to know a good deal about her doings. They had heard the rumours about Mr. Hannaway's devotion, and it had come out somehow that as soon as the breath was gone from the late lawyer's body, that Sir George had ridden over to Combe Lodge, and shut himself up in the library, and that since then the husband and wife had lived on bad terms.

Isabel thought that she hid this, but she did not. Her maid overheard Sir George speaking in a stern voice to her, when he had first returned from town, after Mr. Hannaway's death, and the lady's maid had reported this in the servants' hall, and so the stormy interview and its upshot had crept out.

When Lady Hamilton's child was born, most of her friends and neighbours knew that she and her husband were anything but friendly. But the good-natured ones argued well at the birth of an heir. "This will make it all right," they said; and the ill-natured ones sneered, and wished it might do so. But both the good-natured and the ill-natured came to congratulate Lady Hamilton of Massam. Isabel was a great lady still, even though Sir George might have some cause to be annoyed at her conduct.

Some ten days after the little babe had made its advent, to take its share amid the lights and shadows of the world, Isabel was lying on a couch in her luxuriously-furnished dressing-room. Hilda Marston was sitting near her, and was reading a novel aloud to her, when the cries of the newly-born child, who was in the adjoining bed-room, disturbed the mother.

"Hear that little wretch!" said Isabel. "Do, Miss Marston, go and tell the nurse to take it at once to another room."

Hilda rose to obey her command, and went into the bed-room and directed the nurse to take the child away.

"Did my lady say that?" said the nurse, casting up her eyes in horror, for in her mind babies were the kings of earth, and everything ought to give way to their comfort and convenience.

"Yes, the child disturbs her," said Hilda, bending down and kissing the little pinched red face, enclosed in embroidered flannel and lace frills.

"Does it?" said the nurse, but she said it like an anathema. "Lady Hamilton would come to no good," she was thinking, "and deserved no good after her unnatural conduct, and we would see what would be the end of it."

After all, the nurse was not far wrong. The woman who hears her baby cry unmoved is not a good woman, and will probably—as the nurse thought—"come to no good." The heart must be hard and cold when no tender instinct thrills through it at a baby's trustful touch.

As Hilda was returning to the dressing-room after having delivered her message to the nurse, Isabel's lady's maid rapped at the door, and brought in several letters. There were five for Lady Hamilton, and one for Miss Marston, which, unlike the others, bore neither monogram nor crest. But Hilda knew the handwriting, and retired at once to one of the windows to read her letter.

It was from Horace Jervis. A manly, affectionate letter, in which he told her he was coming to Massam on the following day, and that he hoped to prevail upon her to consent that their marriage might take place almost immediately. Hilda read thus far with quickened breath, but presently a burning flush spread over her face as she went on with the letter:

"I told Hayward," wrote Horace Jervis, "why I wish to come to Massam, and he has kindly invited me to stay with him. He will keep little Ned with him while we are away, so you, my dear one, may be quite sure that he will be well cared for. Do not let us wait any longer, dear Hilda. Lady Hamilton will, no doubt, give her permission that our quiet wedding may take place from her house, and Hayward will act as best man if one should be required. But we need not many attendants to the altar, Hilda. If God's blessing goes with us that will be enough. May it be you, my Hilda, now and forever."

It was a solemn letter to receive—serious and solemn. Hilda knew that Horace Jervis never doubted her as she read it; that he believed her heart was as it should be; and that she would make him a loving as well as a faithful wife. With a deep sigh she restored the letter to its envelope, and as she did so, Isabel called out from the other end of the room.

"What a sigh!" she cried. "I declare I feel the draught it made here. What has he done this lover of yours? Jilted you? Parsons you know are always carrying on semi-religious, sentimental flirtations with the young ladies of

their congregation. 'She works religious petticoats,' eh?" And Isabel gave a little scoffing laugh as she made the quotation.

Hilda made no answer to this speech, but she rose from her seat by the window and went and stood by the fire, near which Isabel's couch was placed.

"Here's a lot of flattery and nonsense," said Isabel, once more addressing her, and pointing to the various notes of congratulations that she had just received, and which were lying on the table before her. "There's one just worth having, though, for it's from the handsomest man I know—Hugh Warrington."

"I think I remember him," said Hilda.

"He is Mrs. Woodford's brother, is he not?"

"Her half-brother, and the coldest, handsomest, most fascinating man I ever saw."

Again Hilda made no remark. Then presently she said, with some hesitation:

"Lady Hamilton, Mr. Jervis is coming here to-morrow."

"Is he really?" said Isabel. "Well, you are quite delighted, I suppose?"

"He is going to stay with Hayward," continued Hilda.

"Ah, indeed. Well, I shall be pleased to make his acquaintance. Mr. Hayward tells me he is a very gentlemanly man."

"Yes," said Hilda, with rather a sad smile.

"When do you talk of getting married?" asked Isabel.

Hilda hesitated and blushed.

"A brilliant idea has struck me," went on Isabel, before Hilda could well answer her question. "Why not get married here? We could arrange it in ten days or a fortnight, and it would make a little amusement in these dull times. We could ask the Woodfords, for, of course, the Vicar would have to marry you, and I will ask Captain Warrington. I declare it would be great fun!"

"But—" began Hilda.

"My dear, spare me the 'buts,' and 'it is such a short time,' and so on, of the blushing bride. My advice to you is—get married when you can. Not many men will marry a girl entirely without money like you."

"No," said Hilda, "it requires some generosity," and her face flushed as she spoke. She was thinking of Hayward. He, too, had asked her, though she had no money. God bless and keep him for his generous thought!

"I should think it does require some generosity," said Isabel. "I'm not given to match-making in general, but I think I shall try to arrange yours. I shall tell Mr. Jervis how much nicer it would be for you to be married from here than from a London lodging."

"That is what Mr. Jervis thinks himself—what he urges in this letter," said Hilda, with just a little touch of womanly pride.

"Then you don't say you are hesitating?" asked Isabel. "Nonsense, my good creature! I will settle it all with the lover before I have been half an hour in his company. We shall have a wedding at Massam, and get up some little gaiety for the occasion."

"No, please don't," said Hilda earnestly. "It is most kind of you to wish me to be married here, but don't have any company if it is arranged so. Both Mr. Jervis and myself would really dislike it."

"Well, we shall see," said Isabel. And so at once she began planning and arranging everything in her own mind. The wedding became one of her fancies. When an idea took possession of her, she remained immersed in it for a while, and then another fancy succeeded. But when Horace Jervis arrived at the Park, on the following day, she was still full of wedding, and determined that it should take place at Massam.

Hilda was very much agitated when she saw again the calm sweet face of the young man whose wife she had promised to become. She felt somehow as if she were guilty towards him. His perfect truthfulness, his serene faith in her, filled her heart with self-reproach. It seemed the greater wrong because he never suspected that her love was not entirely his own.

Lady Hamilton received him with great courtesy when he was presented to her. She was, indeed, impressed by his simple, yet dignified bearing, and smiled her sweetest smiles during the interview which took place between them. Yet, she did not feel quite as much at ease in his presence as she expected. She had donned her most becoming dressing-gown for the occasion, and was indeed fair to look upon, and yet after Jervis's steady gaze had rested on her lovely face for a few minutes, something in its expression repelled him. Beautiful as Lady Hamilton was, the memory of Delilah's snareful charms rose once or twice hauntingly to the young clergyman's mind.

"So you and my friend, Miss Hilda, contemplate taking what I consider the very rash act of matrimony?" said Lady Hamilton smiling, addressing Jervis, after they had talked together some little time on ordinary subjects.

"Yes," answered Horace Jervis, and he looked at Hilda who turned her head slightly away.

"And when?" continued Lady Hamilton.

"I hope you don't think of having a long engagement, for they are such wretched things!"

"It is about this that I have taken the liberty of coming to Massam," answered Jervis.

"I most earnestly wish Hilda to marry me at once."

"Quite right," said Isabel, with a little decisive nod of her head. "Miss Marston is an old friend of mine," she continued the next minute, "and it will give both Sir George and

myself great pleasure if she is married from Massam."

After this it was settled. It seemed to Hilda that she had no voice in the arrangement, but stood there with burning cheeks and beating heart, listening while Lady Hamilton and Jervis fixed everything between them.

"My dear, the bride elect never speaks on these occasions," said Isabel, repressively, when Hilda once, in a faltering tone, ventured to make some objection.

Yes, it was all arranged. When Hilda and Jervis left Lady Hamilton's dressing-room, their wedding-day was fixed, and their destiny sealed. It was to be a fortnight from this time, Isabel settled, and the wedding-dress was to be her gift.

"May this be for your happiness, my dearest," said Jervis, taking his promised bride in his arms, and kissing her cold cheeks, when they were alone. But Hilda's tears fell fast in reply.

"You are so good," she murmured, "far, far too good."

She thought this many and many a time during the next few days. He was so good. Always thinking of her, and trying to make things easy and pleasant to her. He was not a man who cared for gay dress, or indeed ever noticed it, but he sent Hilda a cheque for a hundred pounds on his return to town to buy her modest trousseau with, and the poor girl shed some bitter tears over the kindly tender words which accompanied this gift.

"I am not a rich man, my dear one, you know, or I should have sent much more," he wrote. Ah, he was rich, Hilda thought, rich in treasures that money could not buy. This was what filled Hilda with such constant self-reproach and pain. If he had been a shade less perfect; if he had been selfish, rough, or unkind to her, she could have borne it better. As it was she felt as if she wronged him every time that the recollection of Hayward recurred regretfully to her heart.

These were very unhappy days also for Hayward. Of course he heard all about the wedding, and the bridegroom's gift, and even the wedding dress. Isabel sent for him and told him about these things, and wondered to him what made the bride not appear elated by her good fortune.

"I think she is a most lucky girl," she said to Hayward, but Hayward made no answer to this opinion.

He never saw Hilda. The girl shrank from him, and dreaded the idea of seeing his face again, after the time of her marriage was fixed with Horace Jervis. Sometimes Hayward would ask himself impetuously if all this were right. Was it right thus to deceive Jervis? Far better tell him the truth, he would mentally argue, and let him decide. But then, again, the remembrance of the complete unselfishness of Jervis' character rose before him. Hayward knew how he would decide. He would give up self. "He is so good," Hayward also repeated to himself, as poor Hilda had done. They both owed him so much that their lips were bound to silence. But we can understand the struggle. Even Sir George noticed, and spoke both to Hayward and Isabel, about the change in Hilda's appearance.

"Is this marriage any arrangement of yours, Isabel?" he asked of her, in the cold, stern way in which he now habitually addressed his wife.

"My good creature," answered Isabel, shrugging her shoulders and putting on her grandest air, "what do you mean by any arrangement of mine? Miss Marston was engaged when she came here, and had been engaged for some time, and Mr. Jervis came by her wish, I understand, to settle the exact time of their marriage."

"Well, all I can say is," said Sir George, "she looks anything but happy. I never saw a girl so much altered."

"Well, all I can say is, then, that she is a fool," said Isabel, contemptuously. "Mr. Jervis is a gentleman—is well off, and certainly not ill-looking, and she has simply nothing to offer in return—not even beauty."

"She is better without it," said Sir George briefly, and he turned away. But he said something of the same sort to Hayward, and his words left a very painful impression on the young man's mind.

"What is the matter with Miss Marston?" he asked, addressing Hayward, who was writing some business letters for him in the library at the Park. "She looks so utterly wretched."

"I—do not know," answered Hayward hesitatingly; but he made up his mind at that moment to try to see Hilda once more.

He wrote a note to her to ask her if he could do so, during the day. But before night came, a few ill-written and tear-stained lines were brought to him.

"I cannot see you, Philip," the poor girl had written, "I dare not. May god bless you. H. M."

There was nothing more. In these brief words Hayward felt that she took leave of him. On his desk was lying an invitation to be present at her wedding. Lady Hamilton had carried out all her plans, and her favourite, the handsome guardsman, Captain Warrington, had written to his sister, the vicar's wife, to say that he would be down in Yorkshire on such a day, after receiving a private intimation of the approaching marriage from Isabel.

It wanted only a few days to the time when Hayward wrote to Hilda; only a few days, and the girl who loved him so well was to be married to another man! It was at least a very bitter

reflection. True love is not lightly won or lightly lost, and Hayward felt that Hilda's love was very true.

He would have left Massam for a time if he could have done so, but it was not possible. His old friend Mr. Irvine was still with him, and Jervis had written to ask him to put him up the day before the marriage. And then there was little Ned.

Thus Hayward was forced to hide his feelings as best he could. They were anything but happy ones, but it was for Hilda that he felt more than for himself, when he held out his hand to welcome her lover, the day before her wedding day!

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A CLEVELAND man, being asked by his wife to buy for her the latest pattern-sheet, called for "the latest pattern for a sheet."

A NOVELTY and a luxury now among Baltimore ladies is a perfumed glove; the odor is made delicate and lasting.

THE pedestrian mania has proved that women can walk. Married men will remember this when their wives ask them to carry the baby.

ONE of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend on a hired girl.

THE Chicago Journal thinks there is a great and growing demand in this country for girls whose front names do not end in "ie." It wants to go back to the days of plain "Sal."

THE editor of Cincinnati Saturday Night discovered that his girl wore two sets of gold-mounted false teeth, and he sat down and wrote a poem entitled, "Rich and rare were the gums she wore."

WHEN a woman goes visiting she wants shoes fully two sizes too small; but it's astounding what a deal of comfort the same woman can extract from a pair of slippers three sizes too large, in her own house.

"WHAT'S the matter, John? You look very much depressed. Has your bank burst?" "No, but my sweetheart and I have had a quarrel, and I'm so afraid that she'll make up with me that I don't know what to do."

"WHAT does your husband do?" asked the census man. "He ain't doin' nothing at this time of the year," replied the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the census man. She blushed scarlet to the ears. "Law, no!" she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly. "We ain't been married more'n six weeks."

WHEN a woman spends three hours in a hot kitchen and roasts her brains out almost in preparing a tempting and appetizing dinner for her husband, to which he sits down without a word of commendation and replies, when asked how he likes his dinner, "Oh, it will do," the tired-out wife doesn't feel encouraged to waste much time on his supper.

A CITIZEN went into a Norwich hardware store the other day and inquired: "How much do you ask for a bath-tub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "W-h-e-w!" whistled the customer. "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle till prices come down."

A NEW YORK bridegroom recently sent a pair of diamond ear-rings to his bride, inclosing the box containing them in a jewel-casket, fourteen by sixteen inches, and nineteen inches high. The sides of the box were of solid selected Marchal Neil buds, bound by a rim of tea rosebuds; the cover was of superb white rosebuds. A ring of violets was the lid-lifter. The inside of the box was lined with white satin.

A YOUNG lady, being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed that the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the apt and complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

"IF I ever can be freed from these adverse environments," said the despondent working-man.—"Oh, dear, John," broke in his tender-hearted wife. "Have you got that? It is too bad, you have such luck. Is it catching? I do hope that the children won't have it, especially the baby, for he's teething, and—" John didn't wait to hear more, but started for the environments of the woodshed, where he chopped adversity out of his mind, getting the kindlings ready for the morning fire.

THE SAFEGUARD.

A baby crept to his father's knee, And was lifted up and lulled to rest, Till the blue eyes closed, so tired was he, And his little head fell peacefully At ease on the ready shoulder there. While the baby hand so soft and fair, Lay like a shield on his father's breast. Of old 'twas said that when men drew near To fierce temptation or deadly strife, And lost their way in a maze of fear, Or periled their souls for worldly gear, By a way unknown an angel hand Would lead them, out of the dangerous land Into the light of a noble life.

The story is true for the world to day; We see no white-robed angels mild; But out of the dark and perilous way Where men and women forget to pray, Into a place of a purer land, They are led by a gentle, shielding hand— The hand of a little, helpless child.





THE MASQUE OF WELCOME.



THE HERMIT OF WESTON.



A LITTLE HEATHEN.



THE CHAMPION SKATER.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.





WINTER.



### GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTREAL WATER-WORKS.

The present Water-Works were begun in the year 1853, and have been progressing from year to year to this date.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PRESENT WATER-WORKS—AQUEDUCT.

The present water supply of the city is taken from the river St. Lawrence, about one mile above the head of the Lachine Rapids, at a point about 37 feet above the summer level of the Montreal harbour, and brought down in an open canal or aqueduct, 26,200 feet long, to the Lachine Canal, at Gregory's Farm, where are placed the wheels and pumps hereinafter described. The dimensions of the canal or aqueduct are 20 feet wide on bottom, 40 feet wide at the water surface, and an average of 8 feet depth of water. The water perimeter of the canal is faced with stone, with interval slopes of one foot and a quarter vertical for one foot horizontal, and the profile of the bottom is about 5 inches per mile.

There is another canal or aqueduct of larger dimensions tapping the river St. Lawrence at about 3,000 feet higher up than the one above described, and joining it at 4,800 feet below its entrance, giving an additional foot of more head of water to the whole aqueduct.

The dimensions of this second aqueduct are as follows, viz.: Width at bottom, 78 feet; at water-level, 130 feet; depth of water, 14 feet; inclination of bottom, 2½ inches per mile; side slopes from bottom to three feet below surface of water, two feet horizontal to one vertical; from three feet below surface of water to four feet above it, 1½ foot horizontal to one vertical; from this last point to top of bank, two feet horizontal to one vertical. The portion of the side slopes with the inclination of 1½ to one is lined with a heavy, dry stone wall. A still water basin, 600 feet long by 400 feet wide, built in the St. Lawrence, forms the entrance to this second canal. The water in these canals or aqueducts is controlled by two sets of regulating gates—one set placed at the entrance of the smaller aqueduct, and the other on the large one, near its junction with the small one. Two stone bridges and a third bridge of stone and iron are built over these aqueducts at their crossing with public roads.

#### PUMPING APPARATUS—WATER-WHEEL.

At Gregory's Farm, the lowest extremity of the aqueduct, near the city limits, are placed the pumping works, consisting of water-wheels and steam engines. The water machinery consists of three water-wheels and six pumps, that is, two turbines and one breast wheel, with each two pumps, with a total capacity of ten millions of imperial gallons per twenty-four hours.

The whole of these wheels and pumps are enclosed in a substantial stone building of Grecian style of architecture.

#### TAIL RACE.

The water from the wheels is returned to the St. Lawrence about half a mile above the Victoria Bridge, into an open tail race, 3,500 feet long. The water fall from the aqueduct into the tail race is 17 feet.

#### STEAM PUMPING APPARATUS.

The steam machinery consists of three steam engines, with six pumps, that is, one compound beam engine (rotary) with two pumps, one low-pressure rotary beam engine, with two cylinders, one at each end of the beam, and two pumps. One Worthington duplex compound direct-acting horizontal engine, with also two pumps. All these engines are double-acting. The two first mentioned are each of a capacity of three million imperial gallons per twenty-four hours; the Worthington, of eight million imperial gallons per twenty-four hours. The Engine-House buildings are built in brick on stone foundations, and are placed at about 100 feet west of the wheel-house above described.

#### PUMPING MAINS.

From the pumping works the water is forced into a reservoir built on the slope of Mount Royal Mountain, through three pumping mains, one of 30 inches internal diameter, and two of 24 inches internal diameter, and 14,100 feet long. The route of these mains is as follows: The 30-inch flows through Atwater Avenue from the pumping works to Sherbrooke street, passing under the Lachine Canal, where it is laid in duplicate—and at the crossing of St. Catherine street it is connected with the city mains—then runs along Sherbrooke street to Papineau road.

At the crossing of Sherbrooke and McGill College avenue it is connected to the two 24-inch mains going up to the reservoirs. Connections are also made with all the city mains east of McGill College avenue. The two 24-inch mains from the pumping works follow also Atwater Avenue to St. Catherine street, passing also under the Lachine Canal, then turning into St. Catherine street and following that street up to McGill College Avenue, where they are branched off into four branches, following McTavish Reservoir, connecting at Sherbrooke street with the 30-inch main as above mentioned, and with the 12-inch main of Sherbrooke street. The two other branches follow St. Catherine street, eastward, and unite into one single 24-inch a few hundred feet past McGill College Avenue. At Phillip's square, this single 24-inch main is subdivided into one 16-inch, one 12-inch, and two 6-inch mains. The 16-inch runs down Beaver

Hall to McGill street, and along McGill street to William street, connecting with the city mains at Dorchester, Laguchetiere, Craig, St. James, Notre Dame and William streets. The 12-inch main distributes water along St. Catherine street, and the 6-inch along Beaver Hall and Radegonde street.

#### RESERVOIR.

The reservoir is placed on McTavish street at an elevation of 204 feet above the level of the water in the Montreal harbour, or about 166 feet above the level of the water of the aqueduct at the Wheel House. It is 24 feet deep, dug out of the solid rock, and is divided into two compartments by a strong wall of masonry. The contents are about thirty-six and a half millions of imperial gallons when full.

#### DISTRIBUTION PIPES.

The water is distributed into the city both directly from the reservoir and the pumping mains and through various mains, whose total length is 131 miles.

The number of hydrants for fire purposes is 823, and the total number for house services is 25,123; and the daily consumption of water is at present up to 9,091,131 of imperial gallons.

#### HIGH LEVEL SERVICE.

At the McTavish reservoir is placed another engine house, with a high-pressure Worthington duplex steam-pumping apparatus, of the capacity of half a million of imperial gallons per 24 hours. The water is forced from the McTavish reservoir to a smaller reservoir placed in the Mount Royal Park, at the head of Peel street, 218 feet above the level of the McTavish reservoir. This reservoir, which is called the High Level Reservoir, contains, when full, about two millions of imperial gallons. A 12-inch main from the engine-house carries the water to this reservoir by following McTavish street to Pine Avenue, then Pine Avenue to Peel street, where it is divided in two branches of 12-inch main each, one going up Peel street to the High Level Reservoir, and the other running all along Pine Avenue, westward, as far as Guy street, and eastward as far as University street, connecting with all the main pipes crossing Pine Avenue, so that all the houses above the level of Sherbrooke street, on the slope of the Mountain, are supplied from this reservoir.

#### FOOT NOTES.

**MEDICINAL EFFECTS OF ONIONS.**—A mother writes to an English agricultural journal as follows: "Twice a week—and it was generally when we had cold meat minced—I gave the children a dinner which was hailed with delight and looked forward to. This was a dish of boiled onions. The little things knew not that they were taking the best of medicine for expelling what most children suffer from—worms. Mine were kept free by this remedy alone. It was a medical man who taught me to eat boiled onions as a specific for a cold in the chest. He did not know at this time, till I told him, that they were good for anything else." The editor of the journal adds: "A case is now under our own observation in which a rheumatic patient, a severe sufferer, finds great relief from eating onions freely, either cooked or raw. He asserts that it is by no means a fancy, and he says so after having persistently tried Turkish baths, galvanism, and nearly all the potions and plasters that are advertised as certain alleviators or cures."

**NERVES AND LITERARY WORK.**—Literary composition of any kind very frequently exercises a most depressing influence upon the mind of the writer, independent of any effect it may have on the reader. Writing is, as everybody knows, unnatural, purely artificial, and it is not strange, therefore, that it should in many cases produce melancholy even by anticipation. A few days since a girl of twelve or thirteen, attending school in a town in Northern Illinois, became so distressed because she had to write a composition, that she attempted to drown herself in a cistern, and nearly succeeded. A medical student of Baltimore having a thesis to prepare not long since, grew so morbid that he swallowed an ounce of laudanum, declaring he would rather die than do the hateful work. A bookbinder of Rouen, who was sent to the Paris Exposition, his expenses having been paid out of a lottery fund, found on his return home that he was expected to draw up a report of what he had seen. This rendered him wretched, and though his friends tried to comfort him, and offered to do the writing for him, the thing so weighed upon his mind that he waxed gloomy and morose, disappeared from his home, and his body was soon discovered in the Seine. Authors are often discontented, irritable, sullen and saturnine when engaged in composition, and many of them have doubtless become dissipated and gone to the bad generally, on account of their calling. The mere process of composition brings the nerves to the surface, unduly excites the sensibilities, and, habitually followed, has a tendency to cause morbidity and certain mental disorder. To be perfectly healthy in body and mind, a man should turn his thoughts outward, be much out of doors, and feed on the sunshine.

**AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.**—On the afternoon of the first day's fighting at Gettysburg, General Gordon's rebel command struck the eleventh corps of the Union army, and General Barlow, commander of the division, fell danger-

ously, and it was thought mortally wounded. He was shot directly through the body. Two of his men attempted to bear him through that shower of lead from the field; but one was instantly killed, and General Barlow magnanimously said to the other: "You can do me no good; save yourself if you can." Gordon's brigade of Georgians, in its wild charge, swept over him, and he was found by General Gordon himself, lying with upturned face in the hot July sun, nearly paralyzed and apparently dying. General Gordon dismounted from his horse, gave him a drink of water from his canteen, and inquired of General Barlow his name and wishes. General Barlow said: "I shall live probably but a short time. Please take from my breast pocket the packet of my wife's letters and read one of them to me," which was done. He then asked that the others be torn up, as he did not wish them to fall into other hands. This Gen. Gordon did, and then asked, "Can I do anything else for you, general?" "Yes," replied Gen. Barlow, earnestly. "My wife is behind our army; can you send a message through the lines?" "Certainly, I will," said Gordon, and he did. Then directing General Barlow to be borne to the shade of a tree at the rear, he rode on with his command. The wife received the message, and came harmlessly through both lines of battle and found her husband, who eventually recovered.

Since General Gordon's election to the United States Senate, both he and General Barlow were invited to a dinner party in Washington, and occupied opposite seats at the table. After introductions General Gordon said: "General Barlow, are you related to the officer of your name who was killed at Gettysburg?" "I am the man," said Barlow. "Are you related to the Gordon who is supposed to have killed me?" "I am the man," said General Gordon. The hearty greeting which followed the touching story, as related to the interested guests by General Barlow, and the thrilling effect upon the company, can better be imagined than described.

**RULES FOR HUSBANDS.**—Don't think when you have won a wife that you have got, also, a slave.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relationship to you is simply changed—not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life towards her on marriage. She appreciates these things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your buttons still.

Don't make your wife feel incumbent on you by giving her grudgingly. What she needs give as cheerfully as if it were a pleasure for you to do so. She will feel much better, and so will you.

Don't meddle with the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen, than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employes.

Don't find fault with her extravagance in ribbons, &c., while you waste money on cigars, tobacco, whiskey, &c.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children, on the score of economy, while you go to theatres and spend money at billiards.

Don't bolt your supper, and then hurry off to spend your evenings away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend your evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl about till midnight, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think that the woman whom you have solemnly promised to "love, cherish and protect," becomes a servant for you as her part of the contract.

Don't think that board and clothes are sufficient for all that a wife does for you.

Don't expect a wife to love and honour you if you prove to be a brute, and unworthy of her love and honour.

Don't cross your wife in public, and then snarl and growl at her when you are in private. This proves that you are a hypocrite.

Don't wonder that your wife is not as cheerful as she used to be, when she labours from early morn till late at night to pander to the comfort and caprice of a selfish pig who has not soul enough to appreciate her.

#### A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INSMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City.

#### NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

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It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter, &c., received. Many thanks.

J. B., Montreal.—Score of game received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 214 received.

R.F.M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 211 received.

E.H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 212 received. Correct.

H. and J. McG., Cote des Neiges.—Correct solutions received of Problem for Young Players, No. 211.

A member of the Quebec Chess Club has kindly forwarded us the annexed extract from the *Chronicle* of that city, and we are glad to insert it, as it is strong evidence of the interest taken in the Royal game in the ancient capital.

We have not heard the results of the contest of the 27th ult., but should they reach us they shall receive timely notice.

(From the *Quebec Chronicle* Feb. 27th, 1879.)

**CHESS.**—We would direct the attention of all lovers of the royal game to the advertisement announcing a renewal of the battle between the Greeks and Trojans to take place in the Chess Club Rooms, on Thursday evening, the 27th instant, at 7 p.m. The President's medal has been won by Mr. E. B. Holt, and the 2nd prize by Mr. D. C. MacKeddie. The following players competed in the first class:—Messrs. F. H. Andrews, H. Blakiston, Dr. Bradley, E. Burke, C. P. Champion, E. T. Fletcher, E. B. Holt and E. Pope. In the second class—Messrs. W. R. Dean, E. C. Fry, G. C. Hossack, M. LaFaire and D. C. MacKeddie. The concluding game between Messrs. Holt and MacKeddie, in which the latter received the odds of the Pawn and move, was one of the best contested games in the tourney, and was only won by Mr. Holt after five hours' hard fighting. Mr. MacKeddie holding the advantage of the pawn till within half an hour of the close of the game. Both gentlemen are to be congratulated on their play throughout, as neither lost a game in the class in which he entered, Mr. MacKeddie winning all his, and Mr. Holt drawing two and winning the remainder of his games.

#### PRESIDENT GREVY AS A CHESS PLAYER.

(From the *Paris Continental Gazette*.)

French chess amateurs of all parties will probably rejoice at the political elevation of a gentleman who has belonged to the brotherhood of chess players for more than thirty years. M. Grévy, the newly-elected President of the French Republic, is a player of more than average force, and has devoted a great deal of time and attention to this mental exercise. He was a warm supporter of chess matches and tournaments, and took a prominent part in promoting the last International Chess Congress, held during the Exhibition. During the Empire, when M. Grévy had retired from all political activity, he was an almost daily visitor at the Café de la Régence; and the frequenters of that ancient home of French Chess will have occasion to be specially proud of the new President, for this is the second time that a comparatively unknown habitué of that establishment has risen to the highest political honour in France. It is on record that the Emperor Napoleon I., while only a lieutenant in the army during the Reign of Terror, was in the habit of playing chess at the Café de la Régence; and the old table which he had used is still exhibited in one of the rooms of that café.

(From *Land and Water*.)

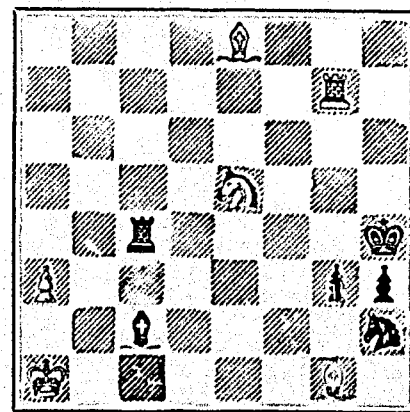
We understand that a handicap tournament, consisting of the very large number of sixty-four entries, is now in progress at the Manchester Athenæum Chess Club. It commenced early in November, with five classes handicapped according to their strength, and it speaks well for the regulations in force that there are now only six players left. Four prizes are given of the value of £35, £25, £15, and 10s. 6d. Mr. Higginbotham, the Honorary Secretary of the Manchester Athenæum Club, has reason to be proud of having accomplished such a feat as to launch a "chessboard tournament."

#### PROBLEM No. 216.

(From *Chess Problems*.)

By Rev. A. Cyril Pearson.

#### BLACK.



#### WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.



GAME 345TH.

Played by correspondence between Mr. W. C. Phillips, of Toronto, and Mr. John Barry, of Montreal, finished 28th February last.

Gioco Piano.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Phillips.) 1. P to K 4 2. K to B 3 3. K to Q B 4 4. P to Q B 3

This is not the Book reply on the part of Black. 5. P to Q 4 6. P takes P 7. B to Q 2 8. Q takes B 9. Castles 10. Kt to Q B 3 11. Q to K B 4 12. P to K 5 13. Kt takes P

White should have played P takes P, for his three previous moves have afforded Black relief from a cramped position, and the present move merely assists Black further to the same end.

- 14. K R to K sq 15. P to Q Kt 3 13. Castles 14. B to K 3

White, we think, should have accepted the offered exchange of Bishops.

- 15. B to Q 4 16. R to K 2 17. Kt takes Kt 18. Q R to K sq 19. B to Q 3

Black has certainly been allowed to strengthen his position very materially.

- 20. Q to K Kt 4 21. R to K 3 22. Kt to Q sq 23. R to K 6 24. R takes Q 25. B to K 4

Black has turned the tables, and now assumes the attack, and retains it to the end of the game.

- 26. K to Kt 2 27. Q takes Kt 28. K takes R 29. K to Q 3 30. P to K B 3 31. Kt to K B 2 32. B takes B (ch) 33. Kt to Q 3 34. P to Q R 4 35. Kt to K 5 (ch) 36. Kt to Q 7 (ch) 37. Kt to Q B 5 (ch)

White would have done better by playing to Kt 6, although his game is discouraging with either move.

- 38. K to Q 4 39. K takes P 40. K to Q B 3 41. Resigns.

This stroke of Black's decides the game, which should now be abandoned by White.

- 32. R takes Q 33. R to K B sq (ch) 34. B to B 4 35. P to K Kt 4 36. P to K R 4 37. R takes B 38. K to Kt 3 39. P to Q R 4 40. K to B 3 41. K to K 3

NOTES BY J. B.

GAME 346TH.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

(From Turf, Field and Farm, Feb. 28th, 1879.) A lively skirmish, in which Mr. Mackenzie gives the odds of the Q R to an amateur.

(Remove White's Q R.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. M.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P to K B 4 4. Kt to K B 3 5. P takes P 6. K to B 2 7. P to Q 4 8. Kt takes Kt 9. B to Q Kt 5 (ch) 10. K to K sq 11. K to B sq 12. Q to Q 3 13. Kt to K 4 14. P to Q B 4 15. Q to Q 2 16. P to K R 3 17. Kt to Q B 3 18. Kt P takes B 19. P takes B 20. Kt to K R 5 21. Q to Q 7 22. R to K R (ch) (c) 23. Q to Q 6 (ch) 24. B takes Q

NOTES.

- (a) Black has managed the opening but indifferently, and must now lose a piece. (b) The only move to extricate the Kt. (c) Leading to a rather neat termination.

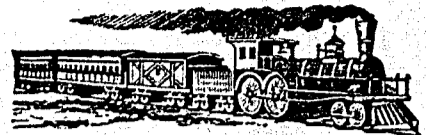
SOLUTIONS.

- Solution of Problem No. 24. WHITE. 1. B to K R 6 2. Q to Q Kt 5 3. Q to B mtes. BLACK. 1. K to Q 5 2. K or P plays

- Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 212. WHITE. 1. B takes P 2. B takes P mate. BLACK. 1. K takes Kt.

- PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 214. WHITE. K at Q R 5 Q at Q B 4 Kt at K 5. BLACK. K at Q R 5 R at Q B sq B at Q 2 B at K B sq Pawn at Q Kt 5

White to play and mate in three moves.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

NOTICE. Is hereby given that the Government of Quebec will apply during the present session of the Dominion Parliament, to have vested in it all the rights and powers held by the Montreal, Ottawa & Western River, at or near the City of Ottawa, and for power to obtain and hold in the Province of Ontario the lands necessary for purposes in connection with the Provincial Railway system of the Province of Quebec. Quebec, February 13, 1879.

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WILLIAM JOHNSON, 28 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal, Sole Agent for United States and Canada.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY. Eastern Division.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th. Trains will be run on this Division as follows:—

Leave Hochelaga. Arrive in Quebec. EXPRESS.....3.00 p.m.....10.10 p.m. MIXED.....7.10 a.m..... 3.50 p.m.

RETURNING. Leave Quebec. Arrive in Montreal. EXPRESS.....12.45 p.m..... 7.30 p.m. MIXED..... 6.15 p.m.....10.10 a.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Leve & Alden, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and 152 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations. J. T. PRINCE, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Feby. 7th, 1879.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name in gold in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

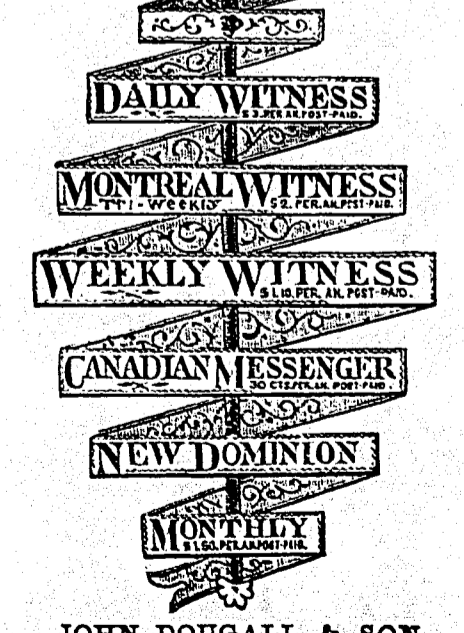
QUEBEC, 23rd January, 1879.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased by Order in Council, dated the 20th January inst., to add the following clause to the Timber Regulations:

All persons are hereby strictly forbidden, unless they may have previously obtained a special authorization to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands or from his Agents, to settle, squat, clear or chop on Lots in Unsurveyed Territory, or on Surveyed Lands not yet open for sale, or to cut down any merchantable trees which may be found thereon, comprised within the limits of this Province, and forming portions of the locations granted in virtue of licenses for the cutting of timber thereon; said timber being the exclusive property of the holders of said licenses, who have the exclusive right to enter actions against any person or persons who may be found violating this order.

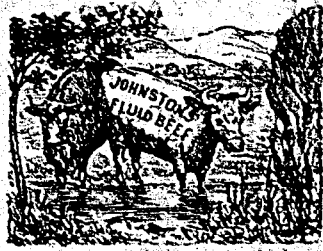
F. LANGELIER, Commissioner of C. L.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and plain.





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25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plate of Gold, Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hall & Co., Hudson, N. Y.

**J. K. MACDONALD;**

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

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17-20-52-184.

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BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love.....	50
DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle.....	60
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**GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.**



**WESTERN DIVISION Q. M. O. and O. RAILWAY.**

Shortest and Most DIRECT ROUTE to OTTAWA.

Until further notice, Trains will leave Hochelaga Depot as follows:

	A.M.	P.M.
Express Trains for Hull at.....	9.30	5.00
Arrive at Hull at.....	2.00	9.15
Express Trains from Hull at.....	9.10	4.45
Arrive at Hochelaga at.....	1.40	9.00
Train for St. Jerome at.....	4.00	p.m.
Train from St. Jerome at.....	7.00	a.m.

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later. GENERAL OFFICES—13 Place d'Armes Square. TICKET OFFICE—302 St. James Street.

C. A. STARK, C. A. SCOTT, Gen. Freight and Pass. Agent. Gen. Superintendent.

**PROFESSED COOKS are sure that**

You will never be disappointed if you order the Durham brand; it is much superior to all other preparations.

**GREAT CLEARNESS OF COLOR**

is a noted feature in this preparation, while so perfect is the purifying process to which it is subjected that it far exceeds other makes in its low SPECIFIC GRAVITY and absolute purity.

**IF THERE ARE ANY LADIES**

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS FOR COLDS AND COUGHS



TENNYSON'S MAUD.

**THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.**

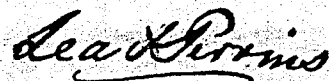
TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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

In consequence of spurious imitations of **LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,** which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

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TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy. TRADE MARK.

will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of Indiscretion, excess or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success.

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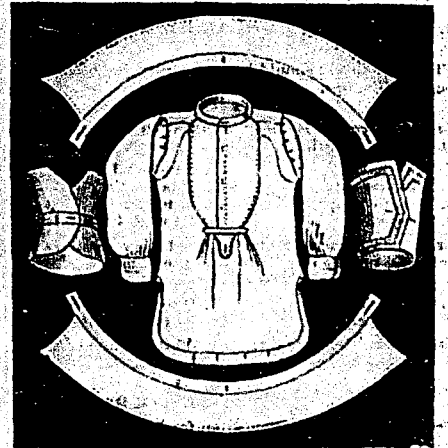
25 Beautiful all Chromo Cards, 10c. or 65 Snowflake, Rep. Damaak, assorted 10c. (large size). Agent's Outfit 10c. Send Canada 1 and 2c P. O. Stamps in payment. L. C. COE & CO., BRISTOL, CO. N.

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26-17-52-369



**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**

1878-79.

**Winter Arrangements.**

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY except Sundays as follows:—

Leave Point Levis.....	8.00 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	2.00 P.M.
(Arrive) Fresh Point (Dinner).....	3.00 "
" Rimouski.....	4.49 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	10.00 "
" Dalhousie.....	10.21 "
" Bathurst.....	12.28 A.M.
" Newcastle.....	2.10 "
" Moncton.....	5.00 "
" St. John.....	9.15 "
" Halifax.....	1.30 P.M.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains. These Trains connect at Point Levis with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m. Pullman Car leaving Point Levis on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.

For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON,

Agent,

177 St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES,

General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.

Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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