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Montreal Free Press Illustrated News

Vol. XXIII.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1881.

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BREAKING UP OF SCHOOL—WITH FAITHFUL PORTRAITS OF THE GOOD BOYS WHO GOT THE PRIZES.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

April 3rd, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 36°	24°	30°	Mon.. 32°	18°	25°
Tue.. 36°	19°	27° 5	Tue.. 42°	20°	31°
Wed.. 41°	19°	30°	Wed.. 40°	23°	31° 5
Thur.. 44°	30°	37°	Thur.. 47°	25°	35°
Fri.. 50°	32°	41°	Fri.. 46°	30°	38°
Sat.. 45°	20°	32° 5	Sat.. 48°	28°	38°
Sun.. 30°	14°	22°	Sun.. 55°	43°	49°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 9, 1881.

THE WEEK

THE Archbishop of Dublin has brought a hornet's nest about his ears by his, to say the least of it, imprudent utterances on the subject of the Ladies Land League. Whatever may be said against the practice of ladies interfering in such matters, Archbishop McCabe clearly overstepped the mark in imputing motives to the members of that society which they would be the first to disavow, and above all in condemning their action as immodest and unworthy of their sex. Clearly Mr. Sullivan, in his temperate reply has scored one for the Land League as against its priestly opponent. That Archbishop McCabe honestly dislikes the League is most evident, and, to our thinking, to his credit, nevertheless we should be sorry to impute motives to its members or to endorse his ungracious imputations. Such are not the weapons with which the fight must be fought, and their use weakens the cause for which they are employed. Women have been an influence in politics since the days of Cleopatra, and though perhaps that lady's line of conduct is hardly to be recommended for imitation, yet there can be no doubt that many modern lobbyists of the fair sex have been free from the faintest imputation of unwomanly conduct. We do not think female interference with politics is to be encouraged; to go further we are disposed to condemn the League's action in this matter; but the Archbishop of Dublin has run his head against a stone wall in imputing motives where should have attacked principles, and charging immodesty when he should have merely deprecated interference.

DR. TANNER has a rival of what is generally erroneously described as the "weaker sex," a definition which may probably be attributed to an ignorant bachelor. Miss HALLIE DUELLEN, a maiden of the tender age of 55, who has hitherto successfully resisted the appeals of the male admirers of her charms, and steadfastly refused to merge her identity with that of any man, has lately come to the somewhat remarkable determination not to speak or eat any more. The French poet who attributed the absence of beard upon the chins of the fair to the constant vibration of their tongues, would probably have been delighted with the first determination of this remarkable lady, while there is scarcely a housekeeper in this country who would not be charmed with a boarder who eat nothing. But it seems the unreasonable relatives of Miss DUELLEN are not content with their exceptionally fortunate lot, but continue to tempt the lady with various dainties, cold water amongst the number. The last-mentioned luxury she was prevailed upon to "drink freely" upon the assurance of her brother-in-law "that it would not in all probability pro-

long her life." It seems a great pity that Miss DUELLEN and Dr. TANNER did not become acquainted in early life. People to whom a pump and a tin cup constitute the whole needs of existence gastronomically speaking, have exceptional facilities for entering upon housekeeping, not enjoyed by the balance of the population. But it is a little late in the day to think of these matters, as it seems more than possible that Miss DUELLEN, who, when last heard from, was in her 34th day, is by this time beyond the needs of this world, confined as they have been in her case to that unintoxicating draught, which we hope she will have no need of in the next.

MR. LABOUCHERE is adding to the laurels (albeit, perhaps, none of the freshest), which he has gained as a journalist, by fresh achievements in the courts of law. His cross-examination and general conduct of his case in the action brought by Mr. LAWSON, of the *Telegraph*, are described as equal to some of the best efforts of Sergt. BALLANTINE, a gentleman, by the way, of a somewhat similar kidney. It was a little difficult in the interchange of compliments between the two antagonists, each thirsting for the other's blood in something between a metaphorical and a literal sense, to express the depths of hatred and contempt felt upon either side in strictly Parliamentary language, and Lord COLERIDGE raised a laugh by his comment upon Mr. LABOUCHERE'S language on one occasion. "I have no desire to insult Mr. LAWSON," said Mr. L., with possibly a slight inflection on the word "insult." "Then," said Lord COLERIDGE dryly, "you have succeeded in doing what you did not intend." But Mr. LABOUCHERE did not have it entirely his own way, and it must have been worth a long sitting in a crowded court to have seen the expression of Mr. LAWSON'S face when he said in the course of examination, "As I was saying good-bye, I remarked that there were persons base enough—I was thinking of you at the time—to attribute my action to sordid motives," and the contemptuous wave of the hand with which he indicated Mr. LABOUCHERE as the person he had in his mind.

APPROX of Mr. LABOUCHERE, there is a story of him, which, though old, gives in a few words the man's character, and is worth repeating on that account, especially as it may be new to some of our readers. Mr. LABOUCHERE was one of the trio who started some years ago the *London World*. His connection with the paper was, however, dissolved, in consequence of a quarrel with Mr. YATES, the present editor, and his then co-partner in the enterprise. A few days after the occurrence a friend met LABOUCHERE in the street and button-holed him. "What's this I hear, LABOUCHERE. They say you have given up the *World*. How's that?" "Well, you see, my dear fellow," responded the imperturbable journalist, "I wanted to devote my entire attention to the *Flesh and the Devil*!"

IT is possible that MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in her description in the current number of *Harper's Bazar* of Mr. WHISTLER'S Venice Pastels, now on exhibition in London, had no intention of being amusing. If this is the case, she is in the same predicament as Mr. LABOUCHERE placed himself in his cross-examination of Mr. LAWSON; she has "succeeded in doing what she did not intend." It is hard to read the article and treat it as seriously as the author seems to wish us to. When Mr. WHISTLER'S personality is described with evident admiration as resembling "An exceedingly clever sketch in black and white by some French artist"; when we are entreated to pause and wonder at the charming story-teller who "has frequently appealed to you with a semi-preoccupied 'Don't you know?' 'Don't you see?' the edges of whose words have been blurred, and sometimes several run together in one mass;" we remember that

we have seen and noted these things and—laughed at them. But this is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at, for, says Mrs. HAWTHORNE, "the abysmal ignorance of the average British barbarian, when confronted by these matchless little gems of art is most amusing," and we feel comforted at the reflection that some of our fellow-ignoramuses (if there be such a word) have afforded to Mrs. HAWTHORNE a little of that amusement which she has given to us. We remember, and the remembrance is with us as that of some bad dream, the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery and our introduction to the "nocturnes in blue" and "phantasmagoria in neutral tint," which were the first of Mr. WHISTLER'S marvellous productions to dawn on our literally aching sight. And "though lost to view to memory dear," we recognize the faithfulness of Mrs HAWTHORNE'S description of one at least of the drawings. "Look at No. 30 for example, 'San Samuel.' Three quarters of the whole area are plain brown paper, with a few straggling lines thereon." Verily Mr. WHISTLER is Mr. WHISTLER yet.

ALL this is not to say that Mr. WHISTLER has not a special excellence in his own legitimate line of art. In the use of the needle he is probably unsurpassed by any of our modern etchers. Some of his productions in this line, notably his "Billingsgate," may rank with many of the best productions of any age. But it would seem that it is not as an etcher that Mr. WHISTLER would fain be judged, but as a producer of strange "harmonies" and incomprehensible "nocturnes." Incomprehensible, that is, to the "average British barbarian" (I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word). Mr. WHISTLER'S sketches, are effective, no doubt, many of them; perhaps too effective, inasmuch as they generally consist of a great deal of effect and very little picture, but, as sketches, we should have little to say against them. It is another thing, however, when such crudities are to be submitted to the final criticism of the public as complete, or, at all events, sufficient in themselves. This we shall always look upon as an insult to that public, Mrs. HAWTHORNE and a crowd of aesthetic stargazers to the contrary notwithstanding. One last sentence of Mrs. HAWTHORNE'S is too good to be lost. This is her description of No. 6, "The River, Sunset—red and gold." "So far as the manual labour on it is concerned, it looks as if it might have been done in twenty minutes. But the intensity and truth of this sunset splendour have not been surpassed even by the gorgeousness of TURNER, and, indeed, we prefer Mr. Whistler's rendering!" The italics are ours—also the marks of admiration.

TRUE NOBILITY.

True nobility lives exclusively in neither the ranks of a duchesses nor in peasants. To any of either, who can hurt another's feelings intentionally, affect a position they cannot fill naturally, or carry the egotism of human nature to an inordinate extent, to them is the motto, *Noblesse Oblige*, truly a dead letter.

Without any wish to misconstrue Mr. Davin's definition of true nobility in women (in his letter in last week's issue), or to detract from that possessed by Mrs. Carlyle, for the saying that "a man is what his wife makes him," is as true in her case as in another's, I should yet be undeserving of the name of a Canadian were I unable to say a word in defence of my country women—to make no invidious distinction between Ottawa, Toronto, or any other city of our broad Dominion. That the girls of the present have no higher aspirations than Mr. Davin gives them the credit of possessing, is, perhaps, rather a sweeping assertion—how few girls, though, will lay bare their real feelings and wishes even to most intimate friends—but, granting he is right in the main, whose fault is it? Do not these very girls see those who possess the wished for riches, houses, &c., paid court to by the men whom they perchance would like to have at their side, men who are gentle, manly, frank, true, and often having brains and education enough to make them not only pleasant companions, but firm life-long friends. What wonder that they sigh for the attraction that will first claim their attention, knowing that once claimed the better stuff beneath the gilding will keep them.

Had Mr. Davin an invisible cloak wherein to wrap himself, or fairy power to transport him within the inner circle of nine homes out of ten

in this Canada of ours, he would learn there were many who "bent their faculties to economical problems, and manage so well that comfort is never absent from their homes," keeping the prying eyes of outsiders in ignorance of either poverty or riches. How many girls with, perhaps, a couple of silk dresses, remnants of their mother's trousseau, a few yards of real lace, come down to them from their grandmothers, by clever ingenuity, taste, a few shillings spent on a bit of lining, flower, or fresh frilling, and some hours of work, will make their appearance at every ball and party of the season, where not one man in ten but will think sadly of "how so-and-so, who has only so much per annum in the Civil Service, can afford to dress his daughters so well. Is it any wonder that these girls will sometimes sigh for enough money to feel that they could honestly afford a whole new dress made at— and —, and not have to think what colour they will have these (as they think) well-known dresses dyed for next winter.

That Mr. Davin is right, in that women of Mrs. Carlyle's calibre would say at once, "Of what benefit is this barren whirl, this straining after society and fashion? I do not for one moment deny, and there are a few who have struck out a bold path for themselves," who have chosen their own society in preference to that of others, hampered with the effort to keep pace with their surroundings, and what is the general result? When spoken of it is, "Oh, they never go out anywhere, and they don't entertain. Nobody ever sees them." &c. The few, perhaps, who would like to still keep up an intercourse with them have their time so occupied in fulfilling the requirements of the "whirl," calling where they have been entertained, upon strangers, returning hospitality, and last, but not least, "working out those economical problems," that they are unable.

That two-thirds of the Civil Service are in debt is not to be laid to the charge of "cabs, dresses, gloves, &c., of their women folk," but, that being sons of gentlemen, retired officers, who themselves, younger sons, perchance, of an impoverished house, educated with all the expensive tastes, feelings, and actual requirements of their class, were brought up, and will probably die, in debt. It takes some generations of even this fast-growing, matter-of-fact age to obliterate the feeling that it is a compliment paid to one's tailor to owe him a big bill; and stray young Englishmen, who, finding it impossible to live at home, come out here, and, not having energy or real pride enough to go out into the North-West, discard gloves, coat and neckties, turn to with the roughest, and, by dint of hard labour—the harder because of their up-bringing—make a home and a place for themselves, prefers the small salary and treadmill work of an under-clerk, with no thought beyond to-morrow; growing callous to duns, while they have a quarter in their pockets for a game of billiards and a "bid" for the next party. Many of these, to their credit be it spoken, have roused themselves from their gentlemanly apathy, and are striving for better things, incited thereto by these very "sighers for money."

One word for Ottawa, between which and Toronto Mr. Davin unconsciously draws a comparison: Toronto is a much larger city in every way—older in institutions, affording opportunities for living a higher, better existence, in fact, any existence one likes, as few know who their nearest neighbours are: richer in money, brains and intellect, because of the large population from which to strike an average; and until Ottawa attains something of this size and wealth and ceases to be what it is now, a collection of small villages, where everybody knows everybody and everybody's business, so will society be dependent upon the whim of the majority; and Mr. Davin can have lived but little in capitals not to know that, during the "season," the butterflies from all quarters flock to sip of the sweets of quiet there, where "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and he probably being in the best possible places to receive the full tide of their outpourings, cannot wonder that they talked of what they had come to Ottawa for the express purpose of doing. That the Governor-General can do nothing towards altering such a state of society here is evident, were not an attempt made by Lady Dufferin, who possessed tact to no ordinary extent, which resulted in a failure still in our memories. Knowing how difficult it was for men with small salaries, in a word the civil servants, to have congenial society without incurring the expenses incident upon "going out," she gave afternoon parties, in order that her guests might take advantage of the street cars and come in their ordinary every-day attire, to skate, have tea, and a dance. Totally regardless of their host's costume, which was invariably simple, by degrees the dresses of her guests became more and more expensive; short skirts gave place to looped-up trains (to loosen upon going into the house), silk and velvet succeeded serge and cloth; lace and flowers were tucked under fur caps, and at last, occasionally even a full concert dress emerged from under a baggy-looking ulster, until the few who had stood their ground, Her Excellency amongst the rest, to avoid being singular, were obliged reluctantly to change their dresses too. Few people remembering these pleasant teas agree with those who think "Lord Dufferin almost ruined the people of Ottawa." His is a safe back on which to lay the onus of their own sins and short-comings, but it is scarcely kind to strike where there is no possibility of a return blow, a truly incorrect rendering of our motto, *Noblesse Oblige*.

OTTAWA.

MR. BLAKE'S SPEECH.

(From an occasional correspondent).

The new opposition leader has made a set, elaborate and brilliant speech in Montreal. Mr. Blake evidently intended to strike the key note of his programme and the commercial metropolis was not an unfitting place for this. The banquet at which this speech was made was given to him by a club of young Reformers of this city; and it may be noticed, *en passant*, that clubs of this kind, both Conservative and Liberal appear to have become a feature of our political parties.

Mr. Blake commenced by telling his hearers that party organization was the one thing necessary for the triumph of the principles of the Liberal cause in Canada; and then referring to the Pacific Syndicate measure, on which he dwelt at some length, he described it as a "great public misfortune," in fact "a great public crime." This is, at the least, very strong language; and at the best, a mere using of wild words at random, which is not a sign of good omen from a man on whom rests the responsibilities of leadership. But Mr. Blake went further, and he said he did not speak without having weighed his words when he stated that his belief was, that there was at one time "not merely outside the House of Commons, but also within its walls, a preponderance of opinion adverse to the contract;" and he asked: "By what means? Under what circumstances? By what pressure? I don't accuse any one of baseness; I don't accuse any one of impropriety, but there was a rallying to the support of the Government which deliberately chose to pledge itself to the carrying of that contract. What that preponderating influence may have been, it is not for me to state; it is for the country to judge." Now there can be no mistaking the meaning of this insinuation; and we have to say first, that it would have been more manly and much more respectable to have taken the responsibility of saying outright that he believed the majority of the House was corrupt; or that the very large and unbroken majority which voted for the Pacific Contract, changed their opinions for corrupt reasons. If this were true it would be very shocking and demoralizing. But the insinuation is not one which ought to have been lightly made or without sufficient proof, for the reason that it would be something as demoralizing to our political discussions as the alleged offence itself would be criminal. We ourselves noticed that there were many members who were at first staggered and taken aback by the bold confident denunciation with which the measure was assailed; but whose views in favor of it became fixed as the argument proceeded and the country in various ways was heard from. It does not seem to have occurred to the glowing and confident gentleman who held forth before the audience of young Reformers at the Windsor on Tuesday evening, that the arguments for the measure were a great deal stronger and more convincing than those against it, and that it would require far different words than any of which he appears to be the master, to make the people of this country believe that it is not an extremely advantageous bargain for the Dominion to obtain the building of the Through Pacific Railway for twenty-five millions of acres of land and thirty-two million dollars of money. It is certain that this measure has relieved the Government of this country from the depressing effect of possibly unknown burdens; while on the other hand, the carrying out of the works projected by the Syndicate will bring an undreamt of prosperity, against which, Montreal of all other places, should not indulge in the folly of declaiming.

Mr. Blake in the next place dwelt upon the public debt of Canada, and the tariff of customs duties. Neither of these subjects is his forte, and neither has fallen within the special line of his studies. As respects the public debt, he took a position which can not be maintained. It is very light when compared with that of the United States; or those of the colonies of the Empire. And it is moreover, represented by public works to which Canada owes its prosperity; and not the waste of war. With respect to the tariff, Mr. Blake avowed himself to be a free trader, and he indulged the young gentleman of the Liberal club with some very elementary arguments in support of his position. Few educated men pretend to call in question the positions which he stated. But there are special and governing facts which affect the tariff relations of nations; and there is much reason to doubt now whether the one-sided arrangement which has been made in England for the last thirty years is favorable, or can be very much longer maintained. As respects the particular tariff of Canada, moreover, it must be borne in mind, that while it is called a National Policy Tariff, it is still a commercial one. This is proved by the increasing revenue which Mr. Blake's friends in Parliament ventured to prophesy would not come. The Canadian tariff, moreover, is only about half as high, or in other words, levies only about half the taxation of that of the United States. We did not, however, understand Mr. Blake's speech to mean, that he is set in favor of reversing Sir Leonard Tilley's tariff policy; on the contrary we gathered the reverse, despite the elementary propositions he stated, and it is a well known fact that many of the Liberals of the Province of Quebec are not willing to pin their faith to the rigid propounding of tariff doctrines which were made so iron a rule under the Government of Mr. Mackenzie. In truth this is the only substantial *raison d'être* for the substitution of Mr. Blake as leader for

Mr. Mackenzie. The change does afford an opportunity to him which the retention of Mr. Mackenzie would not have done.

Mr. Blake devoted another portion of his speech to the discussion of the relations of Canada with the Empire, and there is much that he said on this point which may call for serious reflection. He endeavored to lead the young men of the Liberal Club to what he considered higher aspirations than merely colonial life; yet not to any state apart from connection with the Empire. But the Dominion of Canada is not now a merely colonial state. It is, on the contrary, a self-governing dominion, to use the descriptive term of the act. It acknowledges the sovereignty of the Queen, but not by any tie which carries with it responsibility for the burdens of the Empire. Mr. Blake, however, analysed, and here the tone of his legal mind led him into a most unworthy quibble. He said, with reference to matters of our own foreign policy, that we are not merely subjects of the Queen, but subjects of the Queen's subjects, meaning and saying that it was the Queen's Ministers which decided our common civil treaties for us. But this is only to say that the Sovereign of the Empire is a constitutional one; and instead of doing acts of her own free will, only does them upon the advice of Ministers who are responsible to Parliament—a system which is our boast and pride, as offering the best conditions for freedom and stability which have ever yet been discovered. We cannot agree with all the criticisms we have seen on Mr. Blake's speech on this point. We do not think the last words have yet been said with regard to the relations of the outlying portions of the Empire with the United Kingdom, and there is always something gained by intelligent discussion. We doubt if any change is possible which shall merely rest on a cut and dried paper constitution; at least in the immediate present; but we see events which may arise in the near future which may bring important constitutional changes with them.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The cartoon upon our front page should by right have appeared in last week's issue, from which an accident alone excluded it. The Breaking up of the Parliament School at Ottawa will be easily understood and the faces of some of the most successful members during the recent session will be recognized amongst the prize winners, while the Opposition crowd discontentedly into the background empty handed.

"The Joys and Miseries of the Little Birds" is the title of a series of charming illustrations by Giacomelli, others of which we expect from time to time to reproduce. The story of it is told by the verses underneath which are from the French of M. Hervilly.

THE LATE CAPT. BRONSON AND HIS "ARK."—One of the most eccentric citizens New York has had for many a day died on the 25th ult., and was quietly buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. The obituary records of the day contained no notice of his demise, and few of those who were familiar with his strange home are even now aware that the occupant has been removed. His name was Lemuel H. Bronson. Born in Litchfield, Conn., some seventy-five years ago, he came to New York when twenty-five years old to engage in oyster-planting. He owned, and his widow still owns, two houses and eight lots in Fordham. But the old captain by brevet said he "didn't want to be smothered in a house," with a contemptuous emphasis on house; so he bought himself a canal-boat that had been in the grain and feed transportation, and had it towed into the Harlem River out of the reach of breakers. Anchor was dropped about thirty years ago into the mud near the mouth of Sherman's Creek, an inlet on the west shore, near what would be West Two Hundred and Sixth Street if that thoroughfare existed. This neighbourhood is now included in Inwood. For thirty years "Pop" Bronson lived there in his cozy boat. He called it "Noah's Ark," and then began to people it. He married three times, and his widow still clings to the ark with her son and daughter. For a year the veteran oysterman was unable to go on deck. Confined to his cabin and his berth by sickness, his view of the world was bounded on four sides by the small window of his stateroom, and confined to the Harlem River and the neighbourhood of Fordham Landing, nearly opposite.

"Noah's Ark," where this interesting old man lived so long, is a most attractive habitation. Without, it looks like any other canal boat which might have drifted ashore there. It has missed painting for a long time; but within, it has advantages which the most elegant or the most commodious house in Fifth Avenue can never possess. Inhabitants of flats will appreciate what it is to have no "dark" rooms and no light shafts. Dwellers anywhere would enjoy the view which this half-floating palace commands. The scenery of the Harlem River is quiet, but it is beautiful, and from the little square windows of his cozy cabin "Pop" Bronson loved to rest his eyes upon the natural vista without and beyond. The interior, too, was a revelation to a stranger entering. The cabin is fitted up in the most comfortable fashion. Paintings and prints are upon the standing walls, and knick-knacks here and there fill in with artistic effect the spaces of the parlour. The galley, or kitchen, where Mrs. Bronson presides, is small, but there are no flights of tiresome stairs up which the coal must be carried for the kitchen fire, which

glows in the tidily kept stove. This apartment is in the stern of the boat. Amidships is the grand saloon, or parlour, while forward are the sleeping rooms. In summers past Mr. Bronson used to take a few boarders who agreed with him in appreciating the beauties of his surroundings and mode of life.

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN CHESTER RIVER.—For several years the State authorities of Maryland have had much trouble with oyster-dredgers working either out of season or within prohibited limits. The swift-sailing schooners generally succeeded in eluding the officials when detected in unlawful dredging. At length the patience of the officers gave out, and a police boat was built expressly to prevent the dredgers from trespassing on grounds forbidden to them under the law, one of the provisions of which is that there shall be no dredging beyond the headlands of the rivers and estuaries of the bay; and another provision of which is that the dredgers must cull their oysters on the natural or legal grounds whereupon they were taken.

In the thick fog of Friday, March 18th, a fleet of oyster-dredging schooners passed inside of the headlands of Chester River, went up the river and there commenced taking oysters on the forbidden grounds. No trouble was experienced until late in the afternoon, when several of the fleet ran down and capsized the tongs who were at work along the stream. The tongs, who are the irreconcilable enemies of the dredgers, saw a chance for revenge, and so sent a delegation of their men across Gray's Inn Neck to the captain of the police boat *Nannie Merriman*, who at once headed for the mouth of the river to lie in wait for the dredgers. The first vessel to arrive was the schooner *Eugene*, Captain John Wilson, owned by Patrick Pendergast, of Baltimore. The captain of the *Nannie* ordered the *Eugene* to drop her jib and lie-to. No answer was returned, and the schooner kept on her course, when the sloop ran up alongside of her and repeated the order. Still it was not heeded, and then the fight commenced. The *Nannie* fired from a swivel-gun, and the *Eugene* replied from several large shotguns in the hands of the captain and crew. For a while the exchange of shots was lively. Captain Wilson stood to his helm until a tin cup on the top of the binnacle was shot away, and then he lashed his helm and dropped under the sail for safety. His vessel was the faster sailor in a light wind, and he soon got out of the way, suffering no greater loss than the cutting away of his sounding-pole by shot from the sloop, and the riddling of his bulwarks. At one time he was so close to the *Nannie* that in jibing his mainsail his boom struck the shrouds of the police sloop and knocked off the starboard light. The *Nannie* did not endeavour to pursue the *Eugene* any further, but turned back to look after the rest of the fleet of illegal dredgers. Shots were exchanged with the schooners *Merrick*, *Cambridge*, *Kite* and *Petrel*, as they tried to run the gantlet, but all succeeded in escaping except the *Kite* and *Merrick*, which were captured, and, with their captains and crews, were taken under the escort of the sloop to Charlestown. Notwithstanding the briskness of the firing, it is not known that anybody was hurt beyond a man in the *Petrel*, who was slightly wounded in the forearm. The *Eugene* arrived in Baltimore and discharged her cargo. The *Merrick* and the *Kite* belonged to J. Fred Bucheimer, who went to Charlestown and paid the fine of \$100 and costs for each of his vessels.

The contrast between the streets of New York and Paris is sufficiently striking. Some little time since we published in the letter of a Paris correspondent a description of the different manner in which a Parisian and an English lady cross a muddy street, but we fear had his ideal *Parisienne* been condemned to make her way across Broadway in these latter days she would have made almost as bad a job of it as her English rival. In truth the accounts of the condition of the streets is really appalling, but the illustrations we publish from *Hesper's Weekly* might serve as a hint for other places beside our sister metropolis.

We give an illustration this week of the grand ball at Potsdam on the evening of the Berlin Marriage. The ball was opened by a detachment of the Imperial Body Guard, the historic "Blue Boys" of Frederick I. of Prussia. This monarch, albeit an insignificant looking fellow enough (in point of size) himself, or perhaps for that very reason, insisted that every member of his picked body guard should exceed six feet in height, (German measure), or about 6ft. 2 1/2 in. of our own. They still show at Potsdam the measure under which he used to make them, measuring them with his own hands, and for fear of deception not only "in their stockings," but in that condition which a lady of our acquaintance was wont to call *au naturel*. The height and costume of the Guard has been maintained to this day, and a very fine appearance they make in their blue cutaways, white cross belts and leggings and mitre helmets.

The illustrations on our back page was by error fully described in our last week's issue in which it had been designed to place it, and to which we refer our readers for explanation.

A NEW requiem, composed by Herr Bonawitz, was to be performed for the first time in England on March 11, at St. Matthias Church, West Brimpton. The tenor solos were written for Mr. Faulkner Leigh, with a violin obligato by Herr Joachim, accompanied by a full orchestra and chorus, conducted by the composer.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE surrender of Potchefstroom is confirmed.

DANIEL WATERS, the President of Siberia, is dead.

SPOTTED typhus has made its appearance in New York.

A CANADIAN despatch says Ayoub Khan has been taken prisoner.

A LONDON cable announces the death of Admiral C. G. Paley.

THE situation of affairs in Tunis is assuming a serious aspect.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S condition is very critical.

A WASHINGTON despatch says there will be no extra session of Congress.

A MONSTER Democratic meeting held in Madrid last week condemned Cuban slavery.

THE Boers are said to be dissatisfied with the terms of peace, and further outbreaks are apprehended.

THE Earl of Caithness died at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, last week, from paralysis of the heart.

THE murderer of Captain Elliott, killed while crossing the Vaal River in January last, now lies in prison at Heidelberg.

A CONSTANTINOPLE despatch says the European Powers have accepted the frontier line proposed by Turkey.

THE editor of the *Freiheit*, the Socialist organ in London, has been arrested by the Government.

THE new American Protestant Episcopal Church in Paris, the corner stone of which was laid last week, is to cost half a million of dollars.

VARIETIES.

IN a case of assault and robbery at Sheffield recently, one of the witnesses was asked how far he stood from the spot where the deed was done. He answered unhesitatingly, "Sixty-three feet seven inches!" "How, sir," cried the prosecuting lawyer, "how can you possibly pretend to such accuracy?" "Well," replied the man in the box, "you see, I thought some d—d fool would be sure to ask me, and so I measured."

AN IRREPRESSIBLE ORGAN.—In a small church at a village near Brighton, where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist, they bought a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the purpose and constructed to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going and how to stop it, but, unfortunately, he forgot the latter part of his business, and, after singing the first four verses of a hymn previous to the sermon the organ could not be stopped, and it continued playing two verses more; then, just as the clergyman completed the words, "Let us pray," the organ clicked and started a fresh tune. The minister sat it out patiently, and then renewed his introductory words, "Let us pray," when click went the organ again and started off another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the spring, but no one could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument and they carried it down the centre aisle of the Church playing away, into the churchyard, where it continued clicking and playing until the whole forty tunes were finished.

A PHYSICAL WRECK.—A hacking cough saps the physical constitution, not alone because it destroys the tissue of the lungs and develops tubercles which corrode and destroy them, but also because it ruins rest and impairs digestion. How important, therefore, is a resort to judicious medication to stay its ravages. A total physical wreck must inevitably ensue without this. In the choice of a remedy, the pulmonary invalid is sometimes misled by specious representations, to the serious prejudice of his bodily well-being. The only safe resort is a tried and highly sanctioned remedy. The credentials of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda entitle it to the place it occupies, viz., that of the foremost cough medicine and lung invigorant sold on this continent. The testimony of veteran physicians, and a popularity based on merit, combine to give it the prestige of a standard medicine. In cases of asthma, weak chest and lungs, bronchitis, laryngitis and other throat and lung complaints, it may be implicitly relied upon.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Our agent, Mr. O. Aymong, will visit Ottawa and all places on the O. M. O. & Q. R. to Hochelaga during the next fortnight, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions due to this paper, and obtaining new subscribers. We trust that those who are in arrears will make a special effort to settle with him.

Mr. J. H. Gould is at present on a tour through Ontario in the interests of the NEWS, and is now in Toronto, where we trust that he will meet with a good reception from our friends that are and those that are to be.



The sparrows are come, as they've oft come before
To rob the poor rabbit, and empty their store.
For the birds 'tis a pleasant adventure—O vary ;
'Tis the rabbits who somehow don't feel quite so merry.

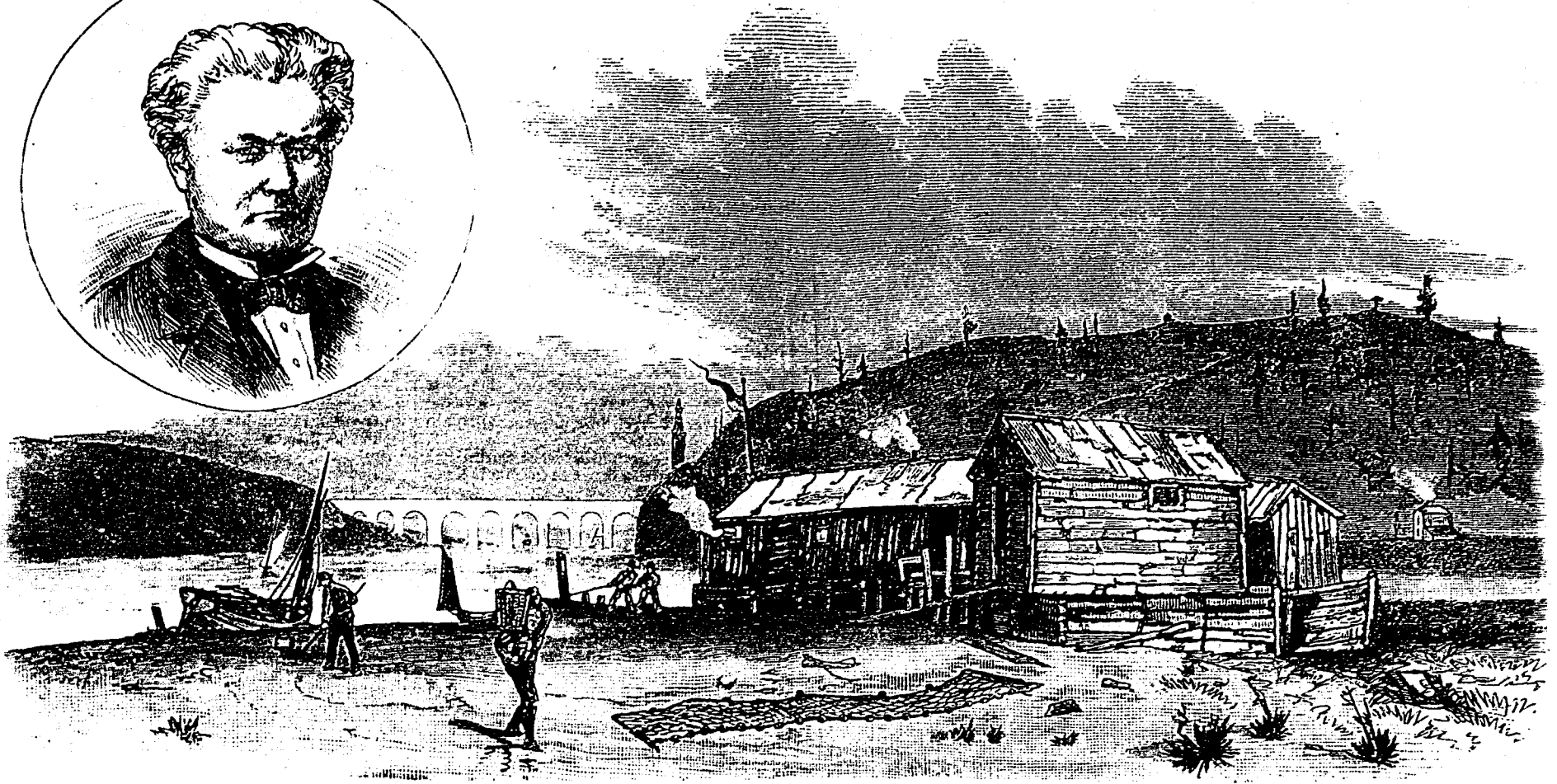
By George! 'tis their dinner that's fast disappearing,
In spite of their efforts to get a fair hearing,
Heads poked 'tween the bars, (though they never so tight)
be,
And the thieves are 'nt so penitent half as they might be.

Nay, quite the reverse. " Pray don't make such a fuss,
We know that the table was not laid for us ;
But still, in this world of contention below,
One must live and provide for one's young 'uns, you
know."

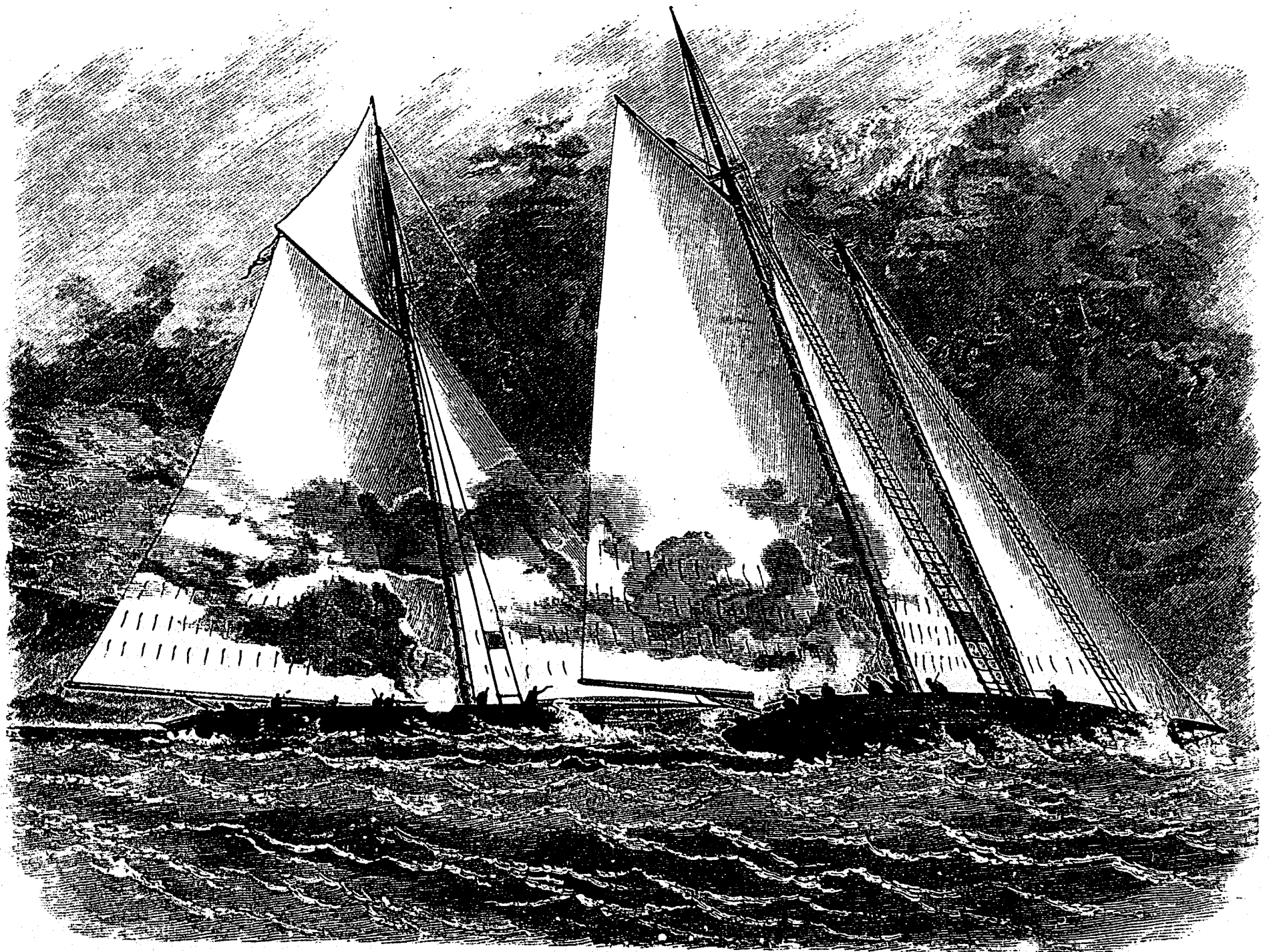
A wee drop of moisture distils from the eyes
Of Jeanot, who with stifled emotion replies :
" Eat on without stinting ; the grain you may fare at,
If you'd just have the kindness to—pull us a carrot."

From the French of ERNEST D'HERVILLY.

THE JOYS AND MISERIES OF THE LITTLE BIRDS.—BY GIACOMETTI.



A NEW YORK CELEBRITY.—THE LATE CAPT. "POP" BRONSON AND HIS ARK.



NAVAL ENGAGEMENT WITH OYSTER DREDGERS IN CHESTER RIVER.

BEFORE THE SPRING.

The wind has blown the last year's leaves
From off the primrose head;
The lilac-shoot its rison cleaves:
The elm-tree tips are red.
And all about, though trees are bare,
And covert none to sing,
The blackbird heralds every where
The coming of the spring.
Sing on, sweet bird, for you have faith
To trust all darkness is not death!

The spring has signs to show her nigh,
And bid the world prepare:
Has joy no herald, or must I
Look for no future fair?
My heart seems barren as a wood
Where Spring comes nevermore:
No leaf shows from its sheath uncurled:
No birds their raptures pour.
Yet, faithless heart, believing be—
The Spring must come again for thee!

—London Spectator.

The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSOR ALAN NEIL.

Professor Neil was troubled in his mind. His breakfast remained untouched, and his fragrant coffee stood cooling in the cup into which he had poured it, with a steady hand and a tranquil mind, ten minutes before the postman had knocked.

He paced the little parlour with long strides and anxious looks; ran his fingers through his thick black hair, till it presented the appearance of a tumbled haystack; then unconsciously kicked the cat three good yards away from him, when she purringly rubbed herself against his legs, as was her almost hourly custom, causing the injured animal to beat a rapid retreat behind the arm-chair, from which safe ambush, if feline expression could be read aright, she glanced stealthily forth at intervals, and wondered if her beloved master had suddenly gone mad.

Alan Neil was the youngest professor in the College of St. Breeda, a university in the north of Scotland, which had sent more than one sturdy son across the border, to return in later years laden with honours gathered on the broad fields of science, where their opponents had been men of intellect and culture.

For more than a century St. Breeda had been famous for her professors and her scholars. Both, it is true, were of no ordinary calibre. Strongly-built, muscular Scotchmen mostly, who had been reared in Highland cottages, and played with nature among the purple heather until childhood imperceptibly merged into boyhood; and then came the teaching in the parish school-house—a plain, uninteresting building, generally situated in a clearing on the outskirts of a wood.

During the vacation, or "play," as it is termed in the North, as a rule, they were engaged in ordinary farm-labour on the paternal estate. This was the life even of the studiously inclined till about seventeen or so; and then, if they wished it, the gates of St. Breeda could be opened to the poorest of them through the competitive bursary system.

Not that each individual student could hope to gain a bursary, but in reality there were a great many who did; and if a poor Scotch lad is determined to go to college, he will find the means and way to pay his fees. He will fare scantily and dress poorly, but decently; will toil in the harvest fields in the autumn; will teach during the winter evenings; and, in the end, all barriers being overthrown, will drink his fill at the classic fountain to which he fought his way by slow and irksome but certain steps.

Alan Neil's father had owned the flour mills of St. Breeda. If you stood within the college portals on a still day, and listened, you could hear the great wheel turning in the stream, churning the water into the frost-like foam.

Alan was an only child, and his father's original intention had been to make a miller of him also; but the boy was destined to leave his mark elsewhere than on the old mill door.

Donald Neil lived long enough to see him leave St. Breeda the first student of the year—a circumstance which the old man scarcely appreciated as he ought to have done.

"Learning" was all very well in its way, he knew; but a flourishing corn merchant commanded more respect from him than the most gifted professors in Christendom.

From the little university town Alan went to Cambridge, and was a fellow of his college and a lecturer on some abstruse science when the professor of metaphysics in St. Breeda died, and Alan was offered and accepted the vacant chair.

So, at twenty-six, he was settled once more in his native town.

Society in St. Breeda was very exclusive, and old Neil, the miller's son, would have been completely ignored; but the young professor was quite a different person, and society longed to welcome him within her charmed precincts, but he waived her flattering overtures, and buried himself, socially speaking, in a quaint little house, amid a pile of dry and time-stained books.

His housekeeper was an elderly woman, a very dragon of respectability and virtue, who had known him when he was a curly-headed

boy, sailing his paper-boats in the old mill-dam, with his two constant playmates, Charlie Ross and Katey Glen, the minister's son and orphan niece, the latter of whom had found a home in the Manse since she was two years old.

Charlie Ross was a handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, who was perpetually in mischief. Who painted old Miss M'Whannel's pet cat a brilliant yellow, which effective top-dressing caused the poor animal great discomfort and several soapy scrubbings in hot water before she recovered her ermine whiteness. Who wrenched off door-knockers and changed shop signs with an energy worthy a better cause; sent half the parish on April fool errands; put pepper into the schoolmaster's snuff-box when he inadvertently left it on the desk an instant, and turned on the water-tap one evening, flooding the school-room, and thereby securing an unexpected holiday next morning. All these and a hundred other boyish escapades were laid, and not without good proof, at Charlie Ross's door.

But fifteen years had rung their changes since those halcyon days.

Old Mr. Ross slept with his fathers, and young feet pattered no longer about the Manse; for Mr. Graem, stern and grim to look on, reigned there alone in bachelor solitude.

Charlie and his wife—once little Katey Glen—had been five years in India, a friend of his father's having secured him a fairly remunerative appointment there. Now and then letters passed between him and his old chum. It was the advent of one of those rare missives which had caused the agitation previously mentioned on the part of the professor.

He sat down, and spreading it on the table, began to read it again; but after the first line, a great sob broke the stillness of the room.

Memory had flung her flood-gates wide open, and he saw three children sailing boats upon the surface of the old mill-dam. Two of the paper boats filled rapidly and sank, and one went floating bravely on to the other side.

So it had come to pass in earnest as it had been dimly shadowed forth in play. The waters of death had swamped their two frailarks; his alone still sailed securely on.

No wonder that the professor was sorrowful. The hand was powerless now that had traced those unevenly-pencilled lines. How characteristic they were of Charlie—lovable, handsome Charlie Ross! They were as follows:—

"DEAR OLD ALAN, —

"I have not written to you for nearly two years, and I shall never be able to do so again. But you must forgive me; for I have been in trouble, and all out of sorts. I am dying—that's a true bill. A tiger got hold of my leg yesterday when we were out hunting; but I am not able to write particulars. I was a fool to go, for I was as weak as a kitten. I had been down with fever and ague for weeks. However, I was feeling better, and up and about, and mounted my horse. I could scarcely keep in the saddle, and yet I went with a party into the jungle after an old brute who had been prowling around the station for some time.

"What I want to say is this: Katey died a year ago. I couldn't write at the time to let you know. I shall be gone by to-morrow; and my poor wee Stannie (she's just three years old) will be without a friend in the world. I am going to send her home to you. I know it will be a starter to you when you read this; but what can I do? I haven't a living sister, or cousin, or aunt; and what's worse, I haven't a penny to leave her. But I know that you will shelter the poor little thing—at any rate, till she grows up. Perhaps she can be a governess or something then. It's not her fault that her father was a ne'er-do-weel. I wonder if you are married; if you are, your wife is sure to be a nice woman. Ask her to be kind to Stannie. It's hard lines to die at twenty-six, but I've had a jolly life, taking it altogether; and it's weary work without Katey. I have—"

Here the letter ended abruptly, without signature or date. The professor put it back into his pocket, and took out another, written in a lady's delicate hand:—

"DEAR MR. NEIL, —

"Your friend, Mr. Ross, died about an hour after writing the unfinished letter which I have forwarded to you. My husband and I were with him at the last, received his wishes regarding his child, little Stansmore, and saw him buried beside his wife, in the English cemetery at Hydapore. We sailed for England almost immediately after, bringing little Stannie with us. I am anxious to deliver her into your keeping as soon as possible, for my mother, who resides in Devonshire, is very ill, and eagerly awaiting my coming. I am also impatient to see my children, who are with her. If you can be in London by Wednesday evening, I shall bring her to you at the Charing Cross Hotel. Telegraph immediately on receipt of this. I am at present at my sister's house, in Inverness Terrace. Captain Hunter has gone into the country to-day, or he would have written to you himself. He hopes to see you soon.

"With kind regards, I am

"Yours faithfully,

"CHARLOTTE HUNTER."

The professor got up in a hurry and consulted a "Bradshaw." By starting in an hour he could be in London at the time appointed. Summoning Janet, his housekeeper, he told her to put some things into a portmanteau at once, for he was going from home. The old woman would fain have questioned him as to the cause of his sudden resolution, but he gave her neither time nor opportunity.

Leaving the room, he walked into the passage, and put on his Inverness cape and broad-brimmed felt hat, which invested him with an aspect half clerical, half pedagogic, and going out, hailed a passing cab, and drove rapidly to the college.

He briefly explained to his assistant that urgent business called him suddenly to London, and that said assistant must go on as best he could for a few days without his superior.

Then he drove to the station, stopping an instant at his house in College Bounds to pick up his portmanteau. He sent off a telegram to Mrs. Hunter, took a second-class ticket, and before he had clearly realized what he was about, St. Breeda and her old grey towers lay miles behind him.

He had bought a newspaper, but he could not read; politics, English or Irish, contained no interest for him, and the Stock Exchange was worse than gibberish; but its pages served to shield his countenance from his opposite fellow-passenger, an obese farmer, who, nothing daunted by the slender encouragement that he received, discoursed eloquently on the merits of a new and fattening oil-sake, the excellence of which bovine delicacy the professor was willing to acknowledge, but unprepared to discuss.

Only one idea was in his mind during the long journey southwards. Charlie and Katie were both gone.

How fondly he had looked forward to making them welcome one day in his simple home they would never know now. Dearer than a brother had the minister's son been to Alan Neil. And Charlie Ross had known that, else on his death-bed he would not have bequeathed to him the most precious thing he possessed—his infant daughter. A legacy which most men would have hesitated to give, and few would have cared to accept; but neither time nor distance can put true friends asunder, and Charlie had felt very sure that Alan would be faithful to the trust reposed in him. Of the inconvenience and expense it would entail upon his friend, Charlie had not thought. He would have done as much for Alan, had circumstances demanded and permitted it.

Man like, the professor had not considered what he was to do with the child when he got her, or he would never have started off alone to London.

There were a dozen at least of his colleagues' wives or elderly sisters who would have gladly accompanied him on such an odd and romantic journey, had he expressed a desire for feminine help; but accustomed from boyhood to act alone, he took no one into his confidence.

The short November day was already ended, and the gas-jets scarcely penetrated the yellow fog which hung over London when the train rolled slowly into Charing Cross Station.

The professor stumbled awkwardly on to the platform, and stretched his cramped limbs leisurely, while his keen looks roved over the mountains of luggage in search of his diminutive portmanteau. He described it far down beneath a heap of hampers, despatch-boxes, and other bulky articles dear to the British tourist's heart. So waiting tranquilly, he watched his opportunity; and when his property was freed from its tottering top pressure, he grasped it boldly in his strong hand, and walked off with it in silent independence, to the undisguised contempt of a knot of unemployed porters who were hanging round.

"A private sitting-room and two bedrooms," was his brief order on entering the hotel. And declining all offers of dinner or refreshment in any form, he at once established himself in the former, and commenced to read again the letters which had been the cause of his hasty journey.

He stirred the fire into a blaze, and lighted a fourth burner, for the room seemed strangely gloomy. He wondered if the fog outside possessed some subtle power of penetrating through the stones and mortar? The thought suggested a problem worth working out, and he approached the still unblinded window with an idea of inspecting more closely the palpable yellow veil, when a knock at the door arrested his progress midway.

"Come in," he said, in his clear Scotch voice.

A waiter flung the door wide open in compliance with his invitation, and announced, "Mrs. Henry Hunter."

CHAPTER II.

STANNIE'S ADVENT.

"Good evening, Mr. Neil," said the newcomer, walking up to him, and holding out her left hand—her right one was clasped around a sleeping child, whose head nestled on her bosom. "Excuse the left hand; I did not wish to waken Stannie till she got here. She has slept in this position all the way, and the cab jostled fearfully over the stones. I'll let you see her in a minute; she is a pretty creature! I hope my Lotty, whom I haven't seen for three years, may be half as beautiful!"

He shook her left hand warmly, but otherwise stood like a man of wood. What on earth was he to do or say? He was not a ladies' man, scarcely knew how to address one. If it had been Captain Hunter, he might have got on well enough; but that outspoken, handsome woman took his very breath away. He could only gaze at her in an agony of shyness as she proceeded to take off the numerous shawls in which the child was wrapped.

"Wake up, dear!" she said, as she untied the black silk hood which hid the tiny sleeper's face. "Wake up, and look at uncle Alan! You remember papa told you about him out in India. Here he is, waiting to speak to you!"

Mrs. Hunter stooped down, and placed the child on the floor as she spoke; and Alan Neil's great chest heaved with emotion as he looked on the fragile Indian-dressed little one. Every feature in the lovely baby-face was Charlie's. The same finely-chiselled chin and nose; the bright blue eyes, and soft, clear skin and flow of yellow hair.

He held out his arms, and instinctively she made a faltering step towards him. The next moment her white dress, black sash, and shining curls were all crushed in an indiscriminate mass within his close embrace.

"She knows you quite well!" said Mrs. Hunter. "We have spoken of you constantly to her since her father died. I thought that you would like her to call you Uncle Alan, so we have taught her to do so."

"Thank you!" said the professor, hoarsely, speaking for the first time.

Mrs. Hunter looked around the room, as if in search of some one else, or, at least, some visible sign of another person; and a doubtful look came into her kindly countenance.

"Pardon me, Mr. Neil," she said, "but I am not aware if you are married or not. Mr. Ross said perhaps you were since he had heard from you."

"I am unmarried," replied the professor, smiling, and still studying Stannie's sleepy face.

"Then what will you do with this child? You had better give her back to me. She has been with me ever since her mother died. I have four children of my own, and one more in the nursery will make no more extra trouble. Shall I take her away again?"

"Never!" said the professor, clasping her closer to his breast. "I am grateful for your offer; but my poor friend left her to me. I shall keep her, and, in my rough way, try and fill his place towards her."

"You will do it very well," said Mrs. Hunter, quietly.

Some women can read men as they do in an open book; and she read him in one swift glance. She had often heard the Rosses speak of him out in India, and had gathered from them that he was a man of rare talent, unfortunately combined with a reserve which at times amounted to bluntness. Consequently, she was prepared for his embarrassed silence, and took no notice of it; but she saw beneath the surface, and recognized his sterling worth, and to her his want of what is called manner was amply atoned for by the grand simplicity which characterized him, as it does all those on whom nature has stamped her royal insignia of gentleness.

"Stannie will sadly upset your bachelor arrangements," she continued. "Have you got a nurse for her?"

"A what?" asked the professor, nervously.

"A nurse," repeated Mrs. Hunter, laughing.

"Do you propose travelling down to Scotland alone with her?"

"Had she a nurse coming home?" asked the professor, truly alarmed now, as a vision of himself making an entry into St. Breeda accompanied by a ginger-coloured ayah, rattling with bangles, and decorated with a nose-ring, presented itself in mental review.

"No; I took care of her myself mostly. When I was engaged, there was a soldier's wife who attended to her. I don't see what you are to do without a nurse. Shall I hunt up one to-morrow? I don't leave town till evening."

"I think not," he answered, unspcakably relieved. "I would rather leave that matter to my old housekeeper, Janet Scott. She holds the chief position in my small household; and I own to being the least bit frightened of her. I have not broken the news of Stannie's coming yet; but she will give her a warm welcome, for her parents' sake, I am certain; and an English nursemaid would find no favour with Janet, I'm sure."

"If you ever grow tired of your guardianship, Mr. Neil, or find that you are not capable of training up a little girl in the way she should go—for children are often more incomprehensible than grown people—I have had some experience of them, you see—will you promise to send her to me? I offered out in India to rear her as one of my own, and her father would have given her to me but for you; he said that you were the only person living whom he would like her to be indebted to for a home, so I could not press my claim. Indeed, I had none, except that I loved the child, and loved her poor mother, too. My husband, at present, is not what would be called wealthy; but he will be some day. He is the eldest son of Mr. Hunter, of Cumrie Chase. I merely mention this to let you know that the additional expense would be nothing."

Mrs. Hunter paused, and waited for his answer, half-regretting her words, for she knew that he would never, come what might, accept her offer.

"I hope that you will always be her friend,"—the professor spoke boldly now; his shyness had all melted away in the atmosphere of her genial presence;—"but Charlie Ross' dying wish must be honoured. Stannie is my child now. If anything should happen to me, however—life is a very uncertain thing, Mrs. Hunter—I shall have directions that she is to be sent to you. I'll even go further, and ask a promise

of you. If she should ever be very ill, or in trouble of any kind—no one knows what may happen, and I am only a plain Scotchman, with a little book knowledge, nothing more—will you come to St. Breeda and help her?"

"If I can ever be of the slightest use, send for me at once."

"There's another thing," continued the professor. "You must have been at a good deal of expense on Stannie's account, and I fear her father's also; may I ask you to send any unsettled bills to me. I have a sort of right to pay them, you know."

"I have brought one for you, Mr. Neil," and she opened her pocket-book as she spoke. "We thought that you might like to pay for the stone which marks your friend's grave. Capt. Hunter chose a very plain one; but it is artistic, too. His taste may be trusted in most things. Mr. Ross was not without money when he died. There are no expenses to refund. We paid for the stone before we left, and it only struck us on the way home that perhaps that privilege was more yours than ours. If you care to claim it, you may. I think you understand me, Mr. Neil!"

And she looked inquiringly at him, as she handed him the cancelled bill.

"Quite, Mrs. Hunter. I should have felt hurt if you had not given me the chance of doing that much for Charlie and Katey. Are you sure there's nothing else? Put it as you will, you must have been at a great deal of expense and trouble as well."

"That's all," she answered. "Stannie has been a great pleasure and comfort to me for a year in the absence of my own children. But to return to the question of a nurse. If you will excuse me, I shall see one of the chambermaids on this floor, and enlist her sympathies for the night. You can't possibly know how to put the child to sleep. How soundly she sleeps! She has taken to you at once."

Curled up in Alan's arm, she was sleeping as peacefully as though she had been in a down-cushioned crib.

When Mrs. Hunter left the room on her kindly errand, he touched the pure white forehead tenderly with his lips, and mutely vowed that, come what might, he would shield and treasure her even more than his own existence.

"I have arranged it all," said Mrs. Hunter, re-entering the room, accompanied by a rosy-cheeked damsel, one of the hotel servants. "This girl will take care of Stannie till you leave. The child's luggage is downstairs; it's rather bulky for so young a traveller, but all her poor mother's things are in the larger boxes. She will like to have them when she is older. I shall bid you good evening now, Mr. Neil. Henry will call early to-morrow morning. Will you be in about ten!"

"Oh, yes; I have nothing to take me out till I am going away altogether, and I shall be very glad to see Captain Hunter."

He rose up, and after placing the child in the girl's arms, shook hands with Mrs. Hunter, mentally perplexed as to the propriety of seeing her downstairs and into a cab, or even all the way home; and before he had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion on that distracting point of etiquette, she was gone, and he was left alone to sit and ponder on the strange fate which had sent an orphan baby across the seas to find a refuge in his dreary home; for dreary and dull he knew it was, although hitherto it had answered his purpose well enough.

CHAPTER III.

ST BREEDA TALKS.

The inhabitants of St. Breeda had got hold of a choice nut, and the cracking of it occupied them fully the orthodox nine days, after which allotted time wonders cease to be wonderful. Professor Neil had stepped out of a London railway carriage, holding in his arms a little girl dressed in deepest mourning, and that mysterious child had luggage enough for a regiment of foot—at least, such was the profound belief and utterance of the porter who deposited it in two loads at the Professor's modest door in College Bounds.

Four large iron-clamped boxes were in truth a liberal allowance of luggage for anyone; but the interest they aroused, however it might be in their size and in a conjecture as to the probable nature of their contents, it certainly culminated on the top, where in large white letters, which the blindest of gossips could read, were printed the words, "Ross, Passenger to Madras." There hung the key which could unlock the mystery, or, rather, the hammer able to crack the nut.

Within the memory of the eldest dame or bachelor in St. Breeda, only one Ross had ever been a passenger to Madras—or, more strictly speaking, two; and the same address had done for both Charlie Ross, the minister's wild laddie, and his girl-wife, Katey Glen.

What Alan Neil would do with the bairn was a question which excited speculation of the most improbable and varied nature.

He would certainly marry now; he should have done so a year ago, was the unanimous verdict; and the prospect roused a fluttering of hope in more than one maidenly bosom. Or he might advertise for a lady housekeeper, and her advent would open his barred doors to the outer world. Society, rigidly exclusive though she was, could not but be kind to any lady who might be the means of bringing the Professor a little more to the front.

Or, perhaps, he would place the child out, not at a baby farm—those remarkable establishments of recent date and satanic origin being totally unknown in St. Breeda; but what could be more suitable than to place her in the family of one of the numerous widows of high respectability, of whom there were so many in the town? Or there were two good boarding-schools; she might be sheltered in either of them.

The principal's wife, Mrs. Mactavish, an easy-natured, kind-hearted woman, called immediately, equipped to the teeth with suggestions and advice; to all of which the Professor listened with an attention so profound that the eloquent speaker was quite unprepared, when lack of breath compelled her to pause at last, for the decided manner in which he set all her well-meant hints aside.

"Thank you, Mrs. Mactavish," he said gravely. "You are very kind to trouble yourself about Stannie; but I think she will thrive well enough here with me for the present. Janet has engaged a young girl, a cousin of her own, to attend to her, and she can play about in the garden, and wander in the glen till she's a little older; and then I'll give her lessons myself. I have an objection to boarding schools for young children. When she's that length, she has another guardian, a lady, whose advice I shall take."

There was no use arguing with Professor Neil. Everybody in St. Breeda knew that he was determined to exercise unaided his prerogative of proprietorship, so must be left to do so in his own way; and what a way that would be!

So St. Breeda smiled, and shook her head collectively, as she thought of the quiet student, buried among his books, presuming to understand the management of a spoiled child, for she was certain to prove her father's daughter. Lovable and beautiful, but wayward as the supple bough of a young tree, as she would certainly be, was it likely that she would take kindly to the study of Latin and Greek, or even metaphysics? And, of course, the Professor would be able to teach her nothing else!

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Mactavish to Mrs. Macpherson, her next door neighbour. "I fear she will be sadly neglected; but what can we do? I think Alan Neil is the dourest, most unsociable man in the world, for all that he's so clever, unless it be Mr. Graem, at the Manse. He's every bit as bad."

"Well, dear, replied Mrs. Macpherson, a quiet woman, who was kept considerably down in the world, being the mother of nine children, and her husband only an assistant professor,—“well, dear, you can't help it. I hope Janet Scott knows something about measles, and chicken-pock, and scarlatina, for Stannie-Ross is certain to take them all. Indian children take everything."

"If she does, it's quite certain that Alan Neil knows nothing about them. But if he won't allow anyone to help him, we can't insist. I don't see why she shouldn't be happy enough. I saw him buying a doll's house for her in the Arcade. He gave thirty-five shillings for it."

And Mrs. Macpherson sighed at the recollection of what had seemed to her an unnecessary, and almost sinful, outlay of money.

"Oh, he will never grudge her anything," said Mrs. Mactavish, heartily; "and he's no need to. Old Neil left a good round sum in the funds, and Alan's Cambridge fellowship goes on for a few years yet. Besides, he has a good salary, and the Principal tells me that his books sell by the hundred. Charlie Ross did the one wise act of his life when he sent his child to Alan Neil."

"It's a great charge for a young man;" and Mrs. Macpherson sighed again. Indeed, she was always sighing; it seemed to agree with her.

"Yes; it's a heavy responsibility; and so he will find it. She will grow up like poor Charlie, a flighty, feather-brained chatterbox. His father would not hear of a lady housekeeper when he lost his wife, and the consequence was those two grew up like weeds."

"They were both charming," said Mrs. Macpherson, warmly. "How good-looking he was, and how Katey sang! I can sometimes fancy I hear her voice, pet, in the choir on Sabbath. How sweet and clear it used to ring out!"

"Yes; she lilted like a bird, poor lassie! For her sake I would willingly do my best for the orphan; but one must keep up their position, and that's not done by running after Alan Neil too much. I'll rue it some day that he was so independent, mark my words. It's not a man's place to bring up a motherless child without help, even if she were his own, let alone another's. The Principal never interferes in the nursery, and see how well my bairns are all turning out!"

"They do you credit, I am sure," sighed Mrs. Macpherson, feeling that she was a great hypocrite, as a vision of the six red-haired young Mactavishes, as she had seen them last, fighting energetically over a pot of jam in the nursery, came vividly to her recollection.

The Mactavishes were generally called "dear, sweet children." How could they be termed the reverse in St. Breeda? Their father was the Principal of the College, and a man of vast learning. And their mother was the leader—well, scarcely of fashion, when one considered the shape of her bonnets—and she possessed no aesthetic tastes; but her social position in the place was secure and well recognized; and it somehow was the usual thing to describe the children as engaging, to call them pet lambs, and other such endearing epithets.

In reality they were not what could be called

objectionable; they were good-natured, impulsive boys and girls, with high cheekbones, and an abundance of animal spirits, who fought with each other tooth and nail one minute, and kissed and made it up the next.

Alan Neil, however, as has been before hinted, possessed a theory of his own as to what constituted nice children, and the little Mactavishes did not exactly correspond with it. He gazed at them in their pew in the parish kirk every Sabbath day, and in his quiet way was highly amused with the dumb pantomime every week enacted there.

Master Donald would settle himself in a comfortable posture, conducive either to sleeping or listening; whereupon Miss Mary would slyly pull his hair. There was a tuft on his crown, which always moved about in a tempting manner. The disturbed youth would then protrude his tongue at her, till the very roots of that very useful member were visible to the whole congregation, if they cared to look, and shake his clenched fist in a menacing manner behind his mother's back, that lady generally leaning forward as she sat with her eyes devotionally closed.

Incited by their boldness, Miss Annie, the next in size, would proceed to distort her little features in a frightful way, rolling her eyes upwards, and stretching her flexible mouth into a smile, which brought it to close angles with her ears.

Alan Neil, as he witnessed these playful goings from his post of observation in the gallery, resolved to accept of no counsel, however delicately offered, from one, or any, of the mothers in St. Breeda regarding Stannie's training. She should grow up for the next five years, at least, unfettered and uncontrolled by any prescribed rules. And, if later, she developed a tendency to comport herself Mactavish-like in church, he would call in the aid of Mrs. Hunter.

But never did child merit consideration so little as Stansmore Ross. Reared in an atmosphere of love, she grew and expanded like a flower. The Professor combined the affection of a father with the tenderness of a mother; and Janet Scott petted and treated her with an indulgence such as had never before been witnessed in St. Breeda.

And though last-mentioned, not behind those two in devotion, came Mr. Graem, the plain-featured, quiet parish minister.

But no amount of petting could mar the innate gentleness of Stansmore's nature. And, after all, it is a fallacy that love spoils either children or grown-up people.

Over-indulgence, in some cases, may be seed sown which will yield a harvest of tares one day; but pure, genuine love never spoiled man nor woman yet.

The little house in College Bounds rang with her laughter; and the Professor was never so deeply occupied with a book, or the compiling of a lecture, but that he could lay either aside whenever his study door opened to admit the daintily-clad little figure; for the softest of velvets in winter, and finest of muslins in summer, set off to advantage each budding charm.

Mrs. Mactavish often wondered where Alan got the "tasty" garments in which he loved to see the young girl dressed. She would have marvelled still more could she have seen the checks which were sent half-yearly to Mrs. Henry Hunter to defray Miss Stansmore Ross's bills.

Nothing was too good for his adopted child. If Mrs. Hunter had sent cloth of gold embroidered with pearls for his ward's wearing, he would have paid for it cheerfully.

Without intending, almost without knowing it, he had imitated St. Breeda in her exclusiveness so far as Stannie was concerned.

She had no infantile playmates, no childish companions. Occasionally she went and drank weak tea, and ate Bath buns, cut sandwich style, with jam between, in the Mactavish nursery; and at rarer intervals still she sat enthroned like a diminutive queen in the midst of the Macphersons.

But these youthful reunions were a weariness to her little spirit. Returning from the former hospitable mansion one afternoon, she climbed into the Professor's arms and said, "Stannie never go out to tea again. Stannie stay at home with Uncle Alan always."

"Why, my darling?" questioned the Professor, as he stroked her yellow hair. "Were they not kind to you?"

"Oh, yes—very kind; but Stannie likes better to be at home with you."

And so the social question was settled, and from that day she accepted no more juvenile invitations.

Mrs. Mactavish had remonstrated one Christmas when Stannie was about six years old. Her young people were to have a tree in the back drawing-room, which was to be laden with tapers, shining balls, dolls, and toys of every description; and naturally the good-hearted woman wished the "orphan child," as she persistently called her, to participate in the coming fun, the prospect of which was filling her children with the wildest excitement.

The Professor thanked her as usual for her kindness, but referred the decision to Stannie. The "ungrateful" child came into the study, and stood before Mrs. Mactavish in her dark blue velvet dress, with soft lace falling around the neck and short sleeves, looking the prettiest little culprit in the world.

"You'll come on Tuesday evening like a good bairn, Stansmore, and see the Christmas-tree, and get a toy off it, will you not?" said Mrs. Mactavish, insinuatingly.

"I'd rather stay at home, please. We are going to have a plum-pudding with holly on the top, and fire all round it, and Mr. Graem is coming to dinner," was the little woman's prompt answer; and no allurements of gilded nuts or boxes of sweetmeats could induce her to change her mind.

"Alan Neil, you are ruining this orphan child; it's sheer madness to defer to her will, and give her her fling in everything. Why will she not come?" demanded Mrs. Mactavish, rising, flushed and angry, from her seat. "I said long ago that you were not fit to bring up another man's child, and time has proved it. She is completely spoiled. You should make her come."

"Don't be angry with her, Mrs. Mactavish; perhaps she is the least bit spoiled. I do not wish to keep her apart from other children; but what can I do? I can't drive her like a little calf into a field among other little calves."

"I am not vexed with her, but I am with you for the way you have guided her. It's unnatural in a child to care nothing for parties. The Macphersons are wild about going out; they like to get on their brow dresses and sashes; but Stansmore is always so grand"—and she glanced reprovingly at the little blue skirt—"it's no treat for her to get on a white muslin and red shoes. What extravagance to dress her up like a peacock as you do!"

"I can afford to dress her well, and it pleases me to see her looking nice," said the Professor with knitted brow.

Mrs. Mactavish saw that she had gone too far, and hastily said, "Of course you can. I know that. You are making a fortune by your books. The Principal tells me that your last one was a great hit. You are getting to be a famous man, Alan. You will be leaving us some day for a chair in Glasgow or Edinburgh, or maybe in London."

"No danger of that; I shall be faithful to St. Breeda!" laughed the Professor, as he opened the door for the Lady Principal's exit; and added, "I know, Mrs. Mactavish, that Stannie would like you to say good-bye to her. She will be unhappy all day if you don't."

"Oh, I'm not angry with her. Kiss me, bairn; and if you change your mind, and come after all, so much the better."

(To be continued.)

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

HUMOROUS.

A TOAST for the people of Morocco—The Dey we celebrate.

SOME men are called muffs because they are used to keep a dirt's hand in.

A GOOD lawyer is not a necessity, for necessity knows no law.

WE have heard some people say that they could live on music. Then it must be on note meal.

DURING peace a regiment is quartered; during war time it is occasionally cut to pieces.

COULD it be said of a man who rang the bell for a false alarm of fire that he tolled a lie?

"MUMM" the word at a champagne supper," is the "dry" remark of the Rome Sentinel.

IN a recent discourse the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher described a bass drum as "two sheepskins spread over empty middleiness."

JOSH BILLINGS says of society that his acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but that the pulpit would hold his friends.

A MAN who lost his money in Stock Exchange speculations denied that he was either a "bull" or a "bear." He insisted that he was simply an ass.

A LITTLE girl who was much petted said, "I like sitting on gentlemen's knees better than on ladies; don't you, ma?"

INSULAR PREJUDICE.—"And in France, you know, Parker, they speak French. Instead of saying 'Yes,' for instance, they say 'Wee.'" "Lor, Miss! How paltry!"

TEACHER in American high school: "Are pro and con synonymous or opposite terms?" Scholar: "Opposite." Teacher: "Give an example." Scholar: "Progress and Congress."

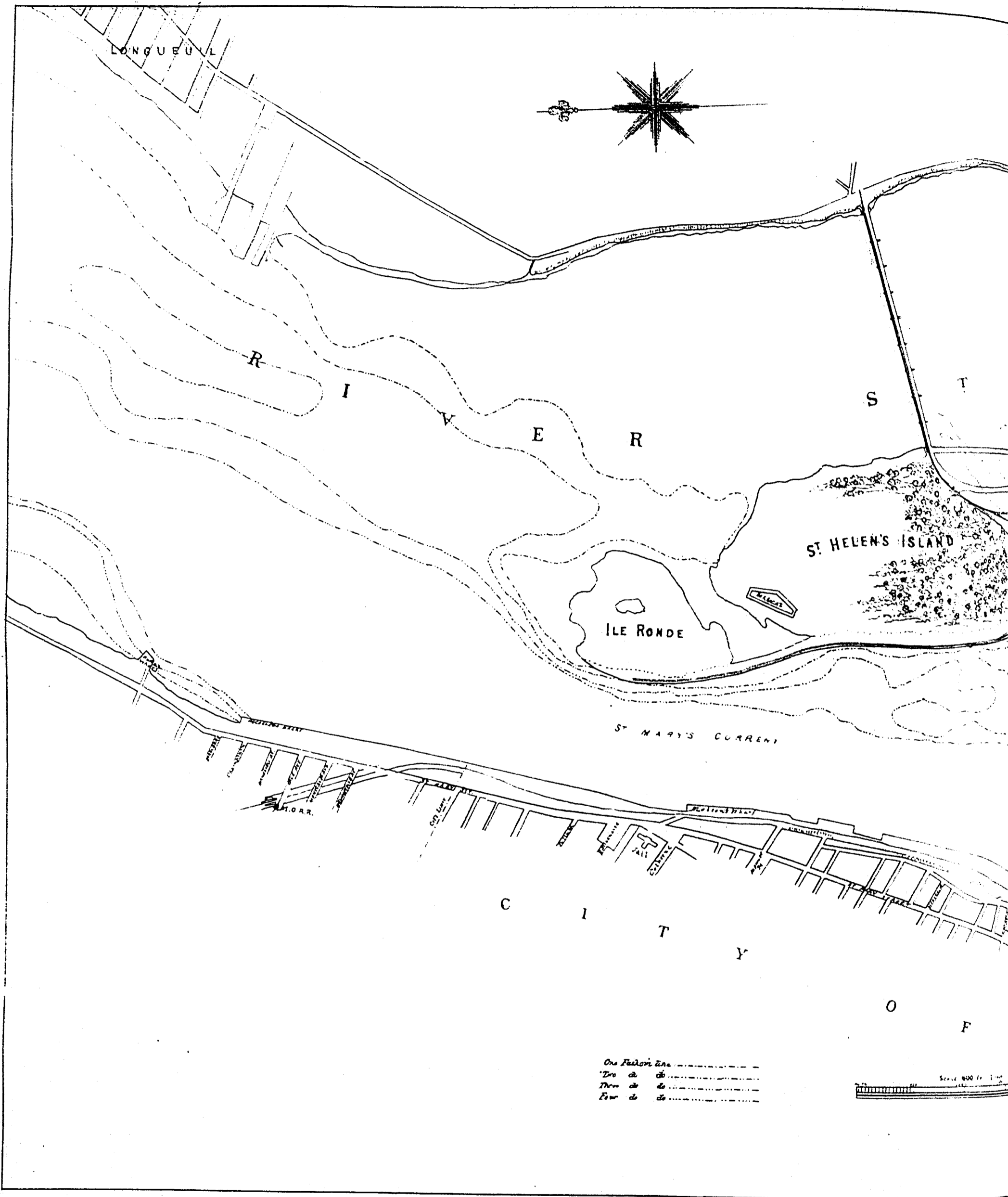
WHY does not ISSI resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa?—Because there is I at each end.—*Family Herald*. On the contrary it resembles them closely, because the two weights are in the middle.—*CAN. ILL. NEWS*.

GOING THRO' THE RYE.

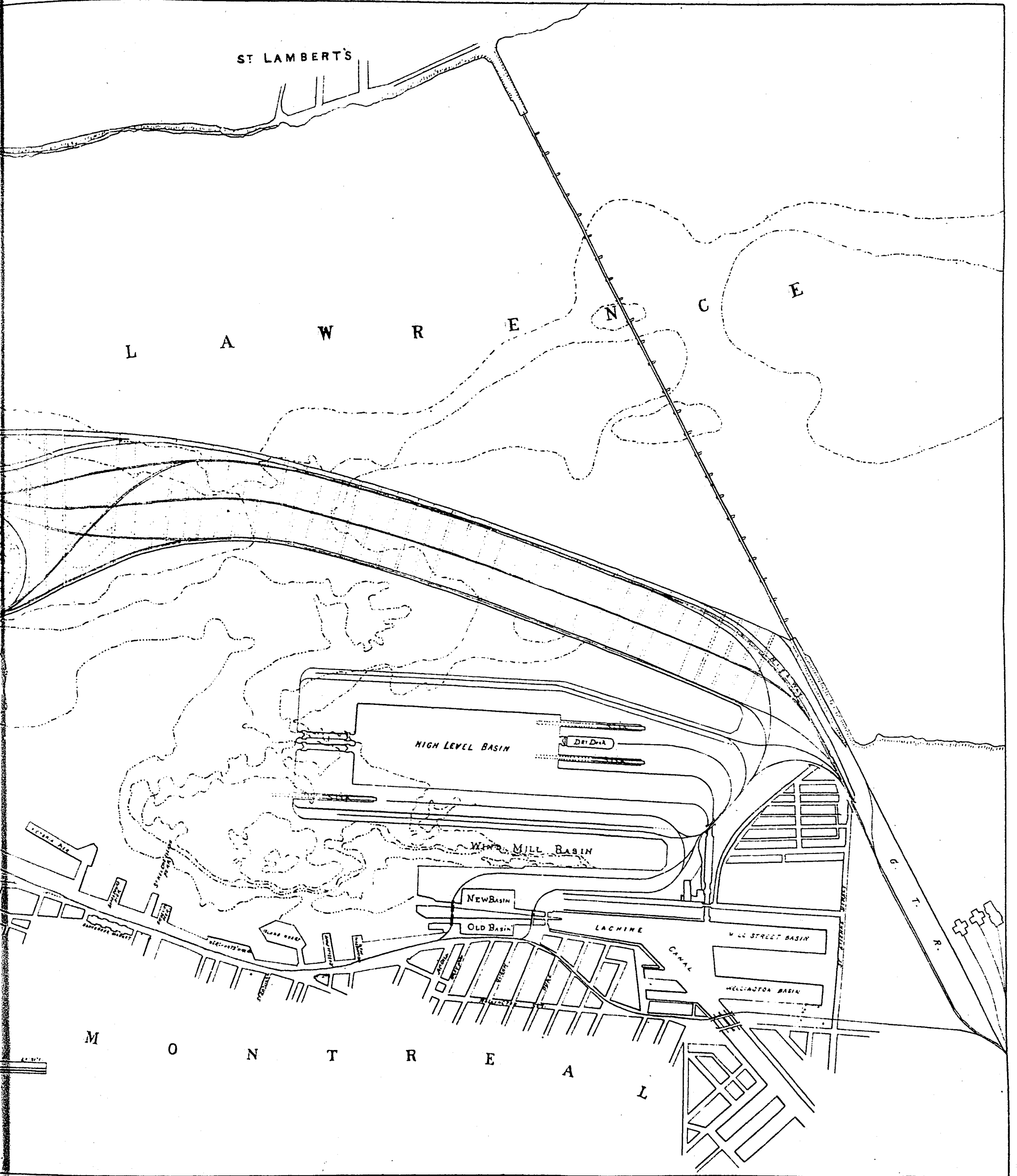
Says the Captain to Pat.
"Come, I'll have none o' that!"
As Paddy of whisky was drinking his fill.
With a satisfied sigh,
As he finished the rye.
Says Paddy: "B' Jabbers, I don't think ye will!"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. c-o-w



SHEARER'S HYDRAULIC SCHEME FOR THE M



IMPROVEMENT OF THE MONTREAL HARBOUR.

THE EARL'S DOOM.

A LEGEND OF ST. NECTAN'S BKLL.

"O, grip me, bands of the sturdy grip,
That have bled for me and mine,
And deeply dip each loyal lip
In a mighty cup of wine.
My last stout cup—ay, mine eye is bright,
And my heart beats full and free;
Yet I know that the dawn of to-morrow's light
Shall bring no light to me."
Hark to the notes that sink and swell!
Hark to the toll of St. Nectan's bell!

"St Nectan's bell in the western tower—
The ringerless, ropeless bell—
Self-sounded, it pealed in my natal hour:
Self-sounded, it hath tolled my knell.
This windless eve, 'twixt the light and dark,
Like a soul that parts in pain,
It moaned in mine ear, it groaned—O, hark,
Those iron sob's again!
Hark to the notes that sink and swell!
Hark to the toll of St. Nectan's bell!"

They gripped his hand with a sturdy grip.
They gazed with misty eyes,
And deep was the dip of each bearded lip
In the earl's great cup of wine.
He held it high, and he drained it dry,
Then forward drooped his head,
And, with never a word and never a sigh,
He fell on his face stone-dead.
Hark to the notes that sink and swell!
Hark to the toll of St. Nectan's bell!"

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

V.

"FOR EVER AND EVER, DEAREST."

"Madge, my darling!"

She stands before him demurely, dressed in a neat, sober, outdoor costume that becomes her wonderfully. Her eyes look a little red as if she had been weeping; but she gazes up at him with quiet assurance.

"Shall we walk, Mr. Darrell?" she says, composedly. "Down the avenue, if you like."

He follows her mechanically, as she leads the way to the front of the house, and then into the drive in silence. His whole soul is on fire, and the words that rise to his lips seem tame and inapt.

He loves her at this moment, he knows, desperately, blindly, as if life depended on it. Yet there is a repose, a dignity about her, which lets him feel that matters are not now as they have been between them.

They walk side by side, without speaking, a few minutes. Then she says, with the faintest possible tremor in her low tones, "I think, Mr. Darrell, if you wish to say anything, it had better be understood first on what ground we meet again. We can never be quite strangers to each other; yet by-gones must be by-gones. We must meet as if for the first, and most probably for the last, time. Is this agreed?"

As she glances up, the evening sunlight is streaming in broad bands through the arching foliage overhead, and touches his pale, quivering features ruddily. His lips are tightly compressed, and there is a wild light deep in his blue eyes.

"Let us go from here," he says, thickly, without looking at her. "I have something to hear that means life or death for me. I can't stay here, where everybody may watch us."

She makes no reply. They pass from the drive, across an open, sunlit glade, and into the red woodlands.

Here Mr. Turnbull's barbarian ingenuity cannot leave its mark—at least, it has not been able to do so far. What he threatens with this grand old timber, which he seems to view only in the light of a small gold mine, will take time. They wander on together. Presently Archer pauses before a hoary monarch of the wood, throned on a grassy knoll.

"Shall we sit here?" he says. "You will not fear taking cold?"

She seats herself, and leans back against the noble tree-trunk. On the soft turf beside her he lies, and the minutes go silently by. The long red lines steal more slantingly between the branches; then fade out. The world grows colder, more hushed, and like a soothing spell the twilight stillness comes upon them—

"Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands stood there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!"

Archer rouses himself. Madge will not speak, it seems. He must.

"Madge, I have been very foolish. Will you forgive me?"

It is better to go to the point at once. This suspense is fearful.

"I do not think I have anything to forgive, Mr. Darrell," she says, very softly. "If I have, it is long since forgiven."

"Don't play with me, Madge. I have suffered fearfully for this folly. Will you—can you—"

"Stay, Mr. Darrell! I said by-gones must be by-gones. It is impossible I can listen to—"

"Never, Madge!" he interrupts, passionately. "I won't hear it! Your heart does not speak there, unless—unless you have ceased to love me. Is this, then, so?"

"Please listen to me a minute. I think you forget when you speak of your sufferings for what you term your 'folly,' that there may have been other sufferings. I may have endured as much, or even more. I believe they say women are more liable to that sort of thing than men. And now that my wound has perhaps healed

over, why should you ruthlessly lay it bare again to no purpose?"

"Oh, Madge, if you will but listen—if you will but be your old self, it shall be to some purpose. I love you more now—ah! more than I can tell. I can only curse myself for a brute for having bruised your gentle, winning, true little heart as I did! It would serve me right if you had forgotten me—if you hated me! But I have had bitter experience. You must see how I have been through the fire. I never pleaded in those other days like this—so humbly, so abjectly; not for love, even!"

She sits with her face bent low, so that he cannot see it where he lies. But he knows by the tremulous movement of the little hands that she is affected.

"Do you—have you found this out, Mr. Darrell, since you have learned that I am not the wealthy woman you thought me?" she asks, with a kind of half-sob.

"No, Madge! If I had met you sooner as I meet you now, I could not have restrained myself. Honestly, I am glad to hear the property is not yours in one way, though sorry in another. But what does it matter? I am rich, my love—so rich! It's like a fairy story or a chapter of miracles. My father's cousin—whom we were talking of on that fatal Sunday—is dead, and has left me twenty thousand pounds. Madge darling, it's all yours; and I'm yours, if you will have me. Say you will, Madge!"

He is kneeling beside her, and clasps her little white hands in his own. He bends over to get a peep at the downcast face, which she still keeps from him.

"For—how long?" she asks, in a voice in which tears and archness are struggling for mastery.

"For ever and ever, dearest!" Being held at bay still.

"But you are a rich man, and I am a poor woman; and—and I could never marry a rich husband. What would the world—"

"My saucy, dear love!" and he folds her in his arms. "Oh, Madge, you have given me new life!"

She says nothing to this lover-like assurance. Now that her restraint is thrown to the winds, the tears keep coming up faster and faster, until they well over. She lays the dainty little head down on his shoulder, and lets them have their way. And so they sit, while the twilight deepens, and the stars come out and take sly peeps at them between the leaves from the dark-blue vault above. With one hand she smooths the dark, wavy hair fondly, and murmurs of love and constancy that ought to be as eternal as the twinkling glitter above them.

Presently she whispers from his shoulder, half-archly, "And you will not grumble again, Archie, if I should become a rich woman—if I should succeed to a fortune?"

"Never! Long before that event happens we shall be married, I hope. And, Madge, can we not marry soon—very soon? Why not next month! I have already given notice to leave the Academy."

"You forget, dear, Mr. Turnbull may—"

"Oh, these Turnbulls again! What does it all mean, love? I was never more thunder-struck than when I heard about this fresh will. Is it genuine? Has it been properly attested, or can my suspicious be correct? Have they been defrauding you?"

"You had better ask Mr. Turnbull, Archie," with her low, musical laugh. "I should have thought you were glad enough to be rid of the property on any terms."

"So I am; but not for a man like Turnbull to come with a rigmarole story, and desecrate a glorious old place like this. Upon my honour, Madge, I think the matter ought to be legally investigated, to see if the will is genuine."

"Hadn't you better wait till we are married, Archie?" she asks, with a slight touch of humour.

He replies with a laugh and a kiss, to which she makes no objection.

"But, Madge, how is it you are here! Surely you don't wish to stay with them?"

"Archie, I have been so miserable since—since—you mustn't ask questions, sir!—that I have cared for nothing but to keep out of the world's way. So I have stayed here, and have done as I was told to do."

"My darling," he whispers, tenderly, "how could I? But you shall leave here at once—tomorrow—and go somewhere where you will be quite comfortable."

"Where can I go to, Archie? I have no friends I can stay with till we are married."

"Mrs. Audley has been a kind friend to you," he rejoins, after a moment's thought. "If I called on her, and told her how matters were, would she not make you welcome, love?"

"Yes, I'm sure she would. But, do you know, Archie, now I think about it, I fancy Mr. Turnbull has some reason for keeping me here. He has not pressed me to stay, simply because I have not wanted to go; but he looks after me very sharply. I wonder he hasn't been to see where I am before this. He has padlocked the gates, you know, and keeps the keys himself."

"So I found, to my surprise."

"And if he does wish to keep me, it will be a difficult to get away."

"Not in the least. I'd come and demand you, and make him give you up, or know the reason why," exclaims Archer, feeling very fierce. "You're your own mistress."

"But that might make a scene; and I would rather not have that. He was very good to me after poor mamma died."

"Yes; and it's wonderful to me how he has

altered. I never saw wealth spoil a man so quickly. It doesn't seem to have made him up-pish so much as vulgar. I can't understand it."

At this instant, the soft silence of the summer night is disturbed by a hoarse bellow, "Peggy, Peggy!" followed by a further roar, of which the only distinguishable word is "Jupiter!"

"There he is!" exclaims Madge, starting from her lover's arm. "I must run back to the house, Archie, and you meet him and tell him I have gone in. You can't get out except with this key."

"Nonsense!" mutters Archie, wrathfully. "Come with me, love, and confront him. I'll pretty soon let him know that he can't interfere with my property!"

"But I'm not your property yet, Archie!" she whispers, clinging to his arm as they walk towards the avenue. "Mr. Turnbull may say he has the greatest right to me at present. Besides, I could not leave here to-night; and if you and he were to quarrel, it would be very unpleasant for me afterwards."

"Well, then, little love, I shall come here to-morrow to arrange about—"

"No, Archie; don't come! It might excite Mr. Turnbull's suspicion. Write to me by post, and disguise your hand as much like a woman's as you can. He hasn't stopped my letters as yet, thank goodness!"

"And if I devise a scheme for getting you away without braving Mr. Turnbull's rage, you will come, Madge?"

"I will, dear Archie; that is, if it doesn't mean scaling park railings, or any adventures of that sort. See; there he is, rushing up and down the avenue like a madman! I must go, love!"

He takes her in his arms while they yet linger in the shadow of the dark woodlands, and kisses her again and again, and then she darts away lightly in the direction of the house.

Archer stands watching her for a moment, and then joins Mr. Turnbull. He finds that worthy man not looking so amiable as usual, having succeeded in roaring himself nearly voiceless.

"Well, young man," he demands, huskily; "do you call this respectable conduct, keeping a young woman out in a wood till this hour of the night! A precious fine job for me to have to go tearing about the place tearing after her, by Jupiter!"

"I'm sorry you troubled yourself, Mr. Turnbull, says Archer, carelessly. "Miss Grey has gone in some little time."

"Sorry, are you! Then, by Jupiter! you may move off the premises, and you needn't trouble yourself to move on to them again this side of Christmas!"

Mr. Turnbull is in a towering passion, and might say more if he could find any more breath to say it with. As it is, Archer puts a strong curb on his own temper for Madge's sake, and walks down the avenue without a word of retort, which only seems to make the ex-contractor, who follows, more furious. He flings open the side-gate, and slams it behind Archer, with a series of wild grunts, the only means left him of expressing his wrath.

"Mr. Turnbull's time will come," soliloquizes Archer, when he is on the Hambleton high road again. "I'm sure there's some villainy going on there!"

But for all that, the young lover steps along with a very much lighter heart than when he came that way some hours ago.

VI.

Ding-dong! ding-dong! ding-dong!

Three days have elapsed, and the hour is ten p.m., when Mr. Turnbull's own original "front gate bell" booms out this tremendous peal on the darkness and the stillness of the night.

Three vigorous tugs has Archer Darrell given to the bell handle to produce this result.

"Aha!" he chuckles to himself. "I hope old Turnbull has just settled down cosily with his slippers and his pipe. It'll serve the old rascal—Hullo! it's started these horses!"

The sounds of a horse stampede came through the darkness from further down the road. Nothing can be seen. Archer steps out into the middle of the road, and in a minute all is quiet again. He gives a faint whistle, which is responded to by a cautious, "All right!"

"A confounded nuisance if those brutes had bolted!" he mutters, as he goes up to the side-gate again, and peers through the bars. "Not a light to be seen. If old Turnbull has taken it into his head to go to bed early, I shall have to give him another dose of bell. Madge is sure to have received my letter. She's ready and waiting to follow him, I'll wager. The trick will be to lure the wily old rogue out here. Once through this gate, and she'll have time enough to slip out. Ha! those are his footsteps! No mistaking them. Now for it!"

Archer crouches down a few yards from the gate in the ditch which skirts the park palings, and which is fortunately dry. Here he commences preliminaries by producing an intense prolonged groan.

"That ought to work him, if he has a spark of human feeling," comments Archer, privately.

He renews the groan rather more loudly as the footsteps reach the gate.

"Who the deuce is there?" comes Mr. Turnbull's voice, in a tone of great aggravation, through the bars.

A more dire and prolonged groan is produced for Mr. Turnbull's especial benefit.

"By Jupiter! this is 'orrible!" continues

Mr. Turnbull. "How many of you are there? Can't any of you speak?"

He pauses for a reply, but receives only groans.

"Orrible! It gets worse and worse! At one's own front gate, too!" And poor Mr. Turnbull groans in sympathy. "Somebody has been set on and killed! Jupiter! if I go out I shall be accused of it. I'd better go back."

As this brilliant thought strikes him, the groans are suddenly reduced in volume and quality.

"Well, I don't know! He's either getting worse or better. I think I'll wait. If I could only see something."

There is a pause. Mr. Turnbull is evidently trying to satisfy curiosity through the bars; but as the ditch is nearly flush with the gate, and the darkness prevails extensively, his efforts are not crowned with success.

"Dear me, it seems nearly all over. I think I'll—I'll venture out. There's only one, that's clear, and looking can't hurt."

Thereupon Archer hears the padlock shot back, and the gate creak on its iron hinges; then Mr. Turnbull emerges cautiously.

Archer gives a very faint moan, and crouches down closer. Mr. Turnbull, after gazing furtively round, advances along by the ditch.

At this moment something takes place which would astonish Archer considerably if it were not that he is so out of sight that he can see nothing.

A dark-robed, fairy figure glides almost noiselessly through the gate into the road.

That this should be so is the dearest wish of Archer's heart. But how staggered he would be if he could only perceive Mr. Turnbull silently blowing huge kisses to this pretty figure, which stands an instant to return them with interest, and then flits away down the road in the direction of Hambleton. Archer, so securely concealed in his ditch, loses all this by-play.

"I wonder," pants Mr. Turnbull, in a very disconcerted tone, "wherever the party who groaned can be! Very strange, but there's no sign of—by Jupiter, I—see it!"

A sharp, sudden whistle, like a signal, rings out at that instant from further along the road.

Mr. Turnbull is creeping carefully towards where he can dimly discern the outline of Archer's back in the ditch, when that young practical joker springs up with a loud burst of exulting laughter, and bounds off in the darkness the same way that the darkly-robed figure has taken.

Again would Archer be sorely puzzled if he could be a witness of Mr. Turnbull's demeanour. That worthy man, instead of being alarmed or surprised, crams as much of his handkerchief into his mouth as he can, and goes stamping about in an immoderate laughing fit.

"Ho, ho! This beats play-acting, by Jupiter!" he gasps, as he hears carriage wheels rolling away in the distance. "If this isn't the very funniest job I ever had in hand in all my born days! 'Pon my honour, I must tell the missis and the young 'uns! Ho, ho, ho!"

"Quite safe, my darling!" whispers Archer, springing into the vehicle, which rattles away towards Hambleton.

No answer is necessary as she nestles to him—behind the driver, of course—and he bends and kisses her.

"Fancy that old curmudgeon to-morrow! he laughs, triumphantly. "Didn't I take him in nicely? I'd give anything to see his countenance when he finds it out, my love!"

Madge joins him in his laugh right merrily, and Archer rejoices to find her in such capital spirits.

They arrive in Hambleton, and Mr. and Mrs. Audley make Madge very welcome. While with them before she has been dear to them, and they treat her now with almost parental kindness.

A month later the wedding takes place in the principal church in Hambleton. It is a very joyous affair. Madge is given away by Mr. Audley, the Misses Audley are the bridesmaids, and the sun shines brightly, as it ought to do, on such a beautiful bride. Archer, of course, is in an ecstasy of delight!

Nothing has been seen or heard of Mr. Turnbull during this time. Madge has extracted a promise from Archer not to interfere with the present possessor of Aspern Court until after they have been married awhile.

Archer wishes to buy and furnish a house before they are married; but Madge suddenly develops such fastidious taste that, though they look at every empty dwelling-place near Hambleton, she will not be satisfied with any, and the month slips away, and nothing is done.

So it is arranged that when they come back from the honeymoon they shall stay at the Audley's large house until they make up their minds where to settle down.

Archer doesn't exactly relish the plan, but it seems to suit Madge perfectly.

VII.

"AM I FORGIVEN, ARCHIE?"

"Now, then, Archie, for our visit to Aspern Court and its master!" exclaimed pretty Mrs. Darrell, six weeks after their marriage.

"You seem very anxious to beard the lion in his den, my love."

"It will be such fun," she returns, gaily.

"Do you know, Archie, I'm not sure that I sha'n't have to appease the lion with a kiss! I

warn you it may be necessary, or perhaps he will eat poor little me up!"

"You'd better take care I'm not behind you, then, Mrs. Darrell," he laughs, shaking his head at the demure little woman. "I'll spoil the lion's beauty if I can."

They are soon on the road in a handsome little chaise; and Archie, who is driving, recalls the night of their flight, over which they have a hearty laugh.

"I wonder how Turnbull's getting on with his job?" he says, as they near the park. "He shall have the benefit of his bell this time."

But it is strange; when they come within sight of the lodge, they find the great carriage-gates standing wide open, as if inviting them to enter. These have received a fresh coat of paint, too, and the lodge itself seems to have recovered its former trimness.

As Archer drives past it up the avenue, he perceives also that his old friend, the bell, has disappeared, and that the identical old keeper whom they saw on their first visit is standing in the doorway, looking at them in evident delight.

"Whatever can have happened?" Archer exclaims, as he gazes round on the smoothly-gravelled drive, from which all the disfiguring mounds have been removed. "Old Turnbull must have let the place, and gone away! It is in beautiful condition!"

Madge says nothing, and Archer is too much occupied with the changes about him to notice the curious little smile that puckers the rosy dimples round her mouth.

"This is superb!" continues Archer, in raptures, as they emerge from the avenue and get a charming view of the house, the lawns, quaintly-shaped flower-bed, and conservatories, all in a state of perfect order and elegance again. "Oh, I don't believe Turnbull's had any hand in this! He's let it!"

Archer starts, as he suddenly becomes aware of a flush of tell-tale merriment on Madge's pretty face, which she cannot for the life of her repress.

Another minute and they will be before the great handsome portico.

"Archie," she whispers, excitedly, laying her little gloved hand impressively on his arm, "we haven't a moment for explanation! Do as I tell you, or you'll ruin my happiness for life! Don't seem surprised at anything—take everything as a matter of course! Here we are!"

As they draw up, the massive doors roll back on their hinges, and two tall, red-plushed footmen come forward.

One of them holds the chaise-door while Madge descends; then Archer, nearly dumb-stricken with astonishment, follows her.

A thousand fancies are coursing through his brain. He is in almost helpless bewilderment, until Madge puts her little hand through his arm, and presses him forward into the fine old-fashioned hall.

Here a perfect array of upper and lower servants, footmen, grooms, stable-men—in fact, the whole domestic staff of a wealthy gentleman's establishment—meets his amazed stare, ranged on each side of the hall.

A handsome old dame in neat cap, evidently the housekeeper, makes them a profound courtesy.

"Squire Darrell, myself and all your household here assembled, do give you and your beautiful lady a hearty welcome home!"

"Hurrah for the Squire! Hurrah for his lady! Hurrah!" And the shouts are taken up with a hearty goodwill, and make the old hall ring again.

"Now, Archie," whispers Madge, while the cheering is still echoing round them, "you must thank them for yourself and me, and say how pleased we are."

Archer has no time for thought. Notwithstanding his perplexity, his half-formed conjectures, he understands this much, that he is what is popularly termed "let in for it," and must go through it somehow. So, casting aside all doubts as to who he is, he stammers forth a few sentences of thanks for the master of Aspern Court, and everybody seems highly satisfied and delighted.

"Mrs. Mapleson," says Madge then, turning towards the old dame, "we shall be glad if you will show Mr. Darrell and myself over the Court. As yet, we have to learn our way about our new home."

Thereupon Mrs. Mapleson precedes them, and they view the numerous reception-rooms, and up-stairs the boudoirs and bedrooms, and then round by the servants' offices, where Archer recognizes the Turnbulls' sitting-room, and so in time over the whole premises. Everywhere are evidences of luxury, good taste, and comfort. Archer scarcely says anything; his thoughts are too busy trying to account for all that he sees. But Madge, flushed and happy, talks enough with the old housekeeper for both of them. Presently they return to the large, sumptuous drawing-room, and for the first time are left alone.

Archer now has a chance of demanding an explanation. Everything has followed so suddenly hitherto, that it has been as much as he could do to play his part.

"Now, Mrs. Darrell," he commences, rather severely, "you will perhaps have the goodness to explain this precious farce."

Madge, with the most bewitching little smile in the world, lays her head on his shoulder, and holds up a pair of lips like twin rosebuds for his kiss. But Archer doesn't seem inclined to yield to temptation.

"Come, what does it all mean?"

"That you, Mr. Darrell, are the lion that I have bearded in his den—otherwise the master of Aspern Court!" she replies, gaily. Then, with a sudden change to earnestness, "Oh, Archie, don't look so! You know I couldn't lose you all through this stupid property. It wasn't my fault; it was Aunt Crompton's. And so Mr. Turnbull and I made a—little plot, and—and I thought you wouldn't mind, Archie,"—looking up again brightly through her tears. "You said you had no objection to a fortune after we were married, love. So don't play a real lion, and worry poor little me."

For an instant, as all the scenes with Mr. Turnbull flash across his memory, pride and obstinacy rise within him; but quickly they are laid low, when he looks down on the pretty and artful little pleader. Besides, there is a sort of feeling in the background that the master of Aspern Court is a very lucky man, after all. So he shakes his head with a certain comical gravity at the eyes peeping up from his shoulder—half coaxing, half saucy, beneath their long lashes—then yields to the temptation of her rosebuds.

"There, Archie, I knew you'd be my dear, good boy!" she whispers, wiping away a tear.

"Madge, you are a little witch. But you are a very dear little witch, and I love you very much, darling,"—pressing her to him tenderly.

At that moment there is a knock at the door, and the young couple fall asunder in some confusion.

A footman enters. "Please, sir, there's a gentleman to see you. He says he's been directed here by Mr. Audley."

The man presents a card to Archer upon a salver.

"Mr. Joshua Hawthorn, New Zealand," reads Archer, in a tone that is wonderful to hear.

"Yes, sir; that's my name!" exclaims a loud, hearty voice; and a well-preserved specimen of the old Englishman gentleman walks coolly in at the open door.

He is a sun-browned, portly man, somewhat past the prime of life, with iron-gray hair and whiskers. He has bright, kindly eyes, an upright figure, and a countenance full of character and decision.

"You are the son of my cousin, John Darrell, unless I mistake, and about the only relation I have left in the old country," he says, cheerily. "I have just heard that you returned from your wedding trip yesterday, and hasten here to congratulate you, my dear boy."

The old gentleman comes forward with extended hands and a frank smile, but Archer falls back with very pale, set features. The footman has gone, and Madge has sunk down on an ottoman, and buried her face in a cushion.

"Joshua Hawthorn!" falls from Archer's white lips, in a strange, stifled voice. "It—it is impossible!"

"Impossible, sir!" exclaims the old gentleman, drawing himself up. "What do you mean? I am Joshua Hawthorn, and I believe that you are Archer Darrell, my second cousin. To-day I hear that you have lately married, and here I am to congratulate you."

"But have—have you risen from the dead to—to congratulate me?" stammered Archer, backing a little further.

"Nonsense, sir!" cried the self-declared Joshua Hawthorn, beginning to look irritated. "I returned from New Zealand about a month since, and after numerous inquiries, managed to trace you as far as Hambleton, where I arrived this morning; thence on here."

Archer stares amazedly at this new-found cousin.

"There's some mistake," he says, hoarsely. "Joshua Hawthorn, of Blenheim, New Zealand, is dead!"

"Dead! Do you mean to tell me that I am dead?" demands the old gentleman, highly excited. "I say that I am not dead, and I think I ought to know!"

"He died last year," replied Archer, recovering himself, as he considers the unghost-like specimen of flesh and blood before him. "He left me twenty thousand pounds in his will."

"The deuce he did! Did you ever get it?"

"Certainly; and married on the strength of it."

The old gentleman blows a long whistle, and wipes the perspiration from his brow with his handkerchief.

"Well, I never!" he ejaculates. "And who the deuce am I, sir, if I'm not Joshua Hawthorn?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," returns Archer, politely, as he sees the old gentleman is really perplexed. "Are you a bachelor?"

"Good gracious no!—got a wife and six!"

"There, you see, is a difference at once, sir. My cousin Hawthorn lived and died a bachelor. He was disappointed in love when young."

"So was I! I got over that!"

"Very strange!" says Archer; when at that instant he catches sight of Madge, who is shuffling all over with suppressed merriment.

"Oh, what shall I do!" she exclaims, springing up, and coming forward in comical despair. "Mr. Hawthorn, I must appeal to you for mercy. I am the wicked cause of all this trouble."

The old gentleman turns to Madge's pretty, pleading self.

"My dear," he says—and his kindly smile

returns at the sight of hers,—“don't appeal to me. I could deny you nothing. Explain this mystery. I don't need to ask whether you are Archer Darrell's property!”

"She is Mrs. Darrell," interrupts Archer, putting his arm proudly round his property, and shaking his head at it, as if it were a very wilful, naughty piece of property. "And I fear I understand now how it comes about that twenty thousand pounds were left in your will, Mr. Hawthorn. This is the little culprit. She declared also that you died a bachelor, and she ought to be made to suffer for her temerity. An explanation from her is your due; but it will be a long one, and had better wait. Will you, meanwhile, allow me to apologize for my unfortunate mistake, and give you a right hearty welcome now, my dear cousin!"

And Archer grasps the old gentleman's outstretched hands warmly.

"My dear boy, it's a capital joke, don't mention it! And as for this bewitching little conjuror, who can conjure money out of people's pockets without their missing it—No; I must! It's a cousin's right, you know."

And the old gentleman gets his kiss, despite Madge's blushes and laughter.

"And am I forgiven, Archie?" she asks, when the little scene is over. "I couldn't resist the temptation of making you well off. Mr. Turnbull did it. He arranged it all with the lawyers, and then met you that afternoon in the train on purpose."

The footman enters before Archer can speak, hands him a telegram, and retires.

"What have we here?"—tearing it open.

"Why, it's from the very man—Turnbull!"

"Read it out!" exclaims Madge, brimming over with mirth and mischief.

"From James Turnbull, steamship *Cete-wayo*, Liverpool, to Squire Darrell, of Aspern Court."

"Wishing you and your lady long health and happiness. Hope I finished your job to satisfaction. All just off for Canada. Splendid job there, thanks to one you know. Good-bye!"

"Oh, Madge, you are hopeless!" says Archer, taking his little wife to him, and looking at her tenderly.

"But what does it all mean?" asks the old gentleman, who has been a patient and amused spectator.

"It means, Cousin Hawthorn—" says Archer, and then pauses, while Madge takes up the burden.

"It means, Cousin Hawthorn," she says, saucily, from the shelter of Archer's arms, "that Archer Darrell had an objection to marry a wealthy woman."

"Ah, I see!" returns the old gentleman, with a merry twinkle; "and you, Mrs. Darrell, have proved one too many for him!"

W. C. W.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE CZAR.

A correspondent who saw the late Czar at Ems in 1874, thus describes him as he appeared before Nihilism lifted its terrible front and when he could move about without fear: "He is now fifty-six years of age, hale and strong, with no signs of mental or bodily decay. The personal appearance of the Emperor is very pleasing. He has a good shapely head, well set upon his shoulders and indicating fair mental capacities, though a superficial observer might run some risk of under-rating him, because he is a slow and cautious thinker, whose idea does not flow readily into words, and his voice is harsh and hesitating when he first begins to talk. His forehead is frank and open, his eyes gray, and somewhat troubled in their look—they are sunk very deep in his head—and at times there seem to be awful meanings to them. They are eyes of the very sorrowful sort, not unfamiliar with tears, and in colour they are of that uncertain blue which denotes a melancholy temperament. Occasionally, very rarely, they have a gleam of solemn authority, half fearful, half touching, as though he had a painful consciousness of the tremendous responsibilities which weigh upon supreme power.

The lower part of the Emperor's face is well-bred, the nose fine and delicately chiselled, the mouth large but firm, affectionate and full of pleasant words. He is almost bald with the constant fretting of a military helmet which he wore habitually in early life, and the little hair he has left is of that undecided, neutral tint which is soon to become grey. He is very tall and large limbed, weighing perhaps seventeen stone in the saddle; but there is no awkwardness in his gait or manner. His disposition is gentle and good-humoured. He treats his intimates with an easy familiarity, very rare in a sovereign, and he has a determined, almost a dogged unwillingness to take offence. He is so brave, magnanimous and forgiving that he goes about alone and unattended, although many foolish attempts have been made to assassinate him; and he has repeatedly pardoned incorrigible rebels who would have found no grace before any other tribunal than his own merciful judgment. It is safer to offer him an affront than to displease the least of his servants. On one occasion it is known that he warned a Polish nobleman, against whom an order for arrest had been issued, to run away, and privately sent him means of support while he remained in exile. He was so unwilling to punish any of his revolted subjects in 1863-64 that he was called 'the chief of the Polish rebellion,' and he has shown a chivalrous generosity to those who endeavoured so resolutely to shake off his author-

ty. A literary man who had interpreted the new laws upon the liberty of the press rather too freely, and was threatened with imprisonment, made his way to the emperor, and his majesty on hearing that the literary man had got into trouble, quashed the proceedings against him, observing 'that he had better abuse him (the emperor) another time, and take to writing nothing against people who might hurt him.' He is so constant in his friendships and so open-handed with his friends that it is said some of them owe all their fortune to his munificence, and it is on record that once upon a time, when a man he loved was in straits, the emperor sat down to play cards with him—and didn't win the stakes. There was, perhaps, as much delicate generosity in the act as in any which is reported of Napoleon III."

A BLOODY FIGHT WITH CATS.

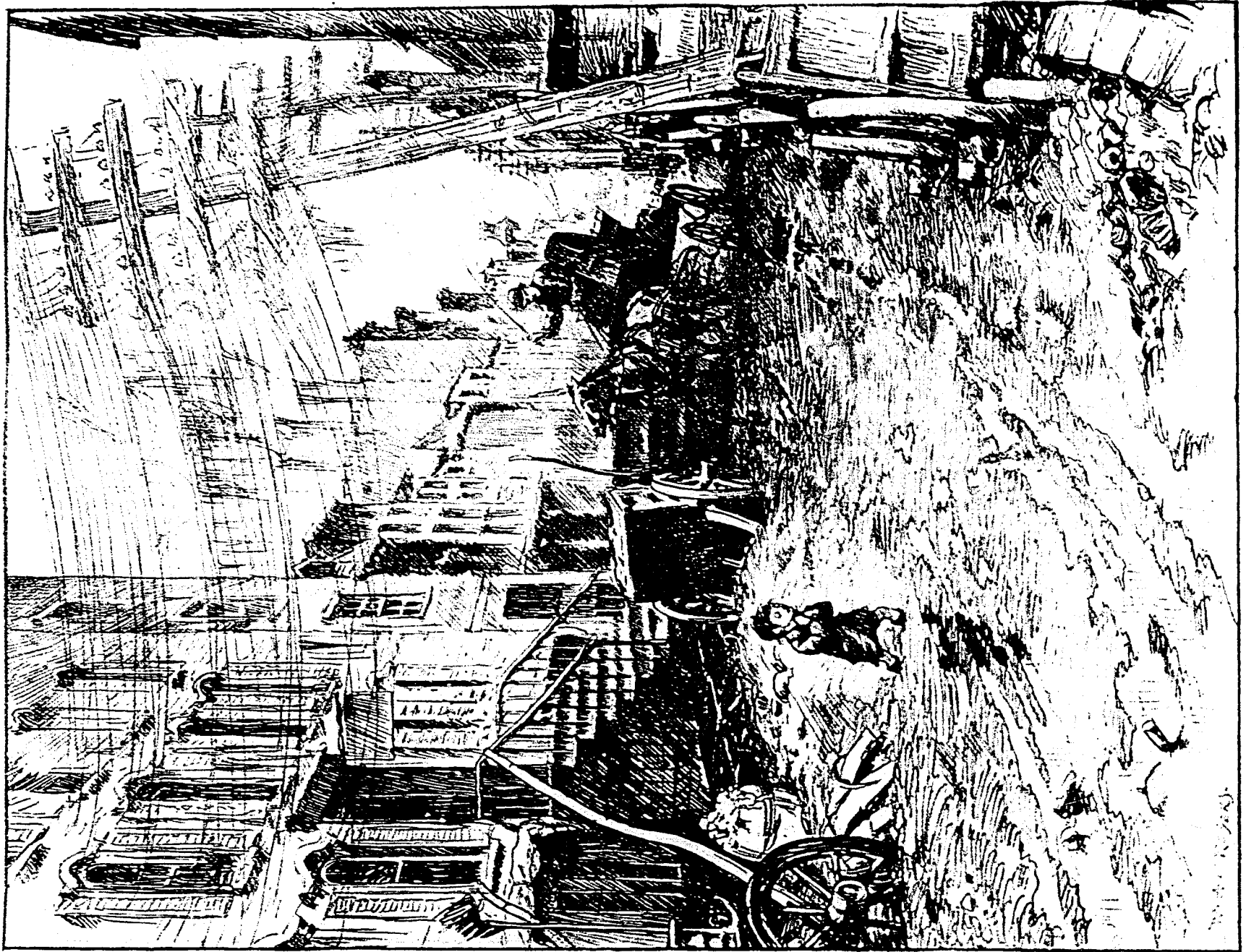
Several mornings ago a boy about fifteen years old, a nephew of Mr. Harrison's, an inmate of his family, went out to the barn to feed the horses. When he entered the loft he discovered two large cats lying on the straw asleep. Boy like he took up a bundle of fodder and creeping up struck both of them one blow. There was something of a disappointment in the result. The cats, instead of running away, sprang at the boy with a fury that startled him. Having nothing with which to defend himself he tumbled about, while the cats squalled, clawed and bit him unmercifully. His cries did not bring assistance, and the boy sprang toward the ladder leaning against the rafters, and ascended to the roof of the house. The cats followed him, and, despite his efforts to keep them away, bit and clawed him frightfully. Realising his ladder folly, he jumped down on the hay. The cats followed him. By this time he was bleeding very freely, and his coat was almost torn in threads. Seizing one of the cats by the hind legs, he attempted to beat it to death against the wall, but the animal doubled around and began tearing his arm. Shaking it off he ran to the ladder leading down. The animals followed him. Just as he reached the ladder he discovered a monkey-wrench lying on the floor. Seizing it he turned, dealt the foremost cat a blow between the eyes, and before it could recover mashed its head. The other animal fought with great fury. With a heavy blow the boy stretched out the remaining cat, and beat out its brains. Catching them by the tails he marched to the house to give an account of the battle.

HEARTH AND HOME.

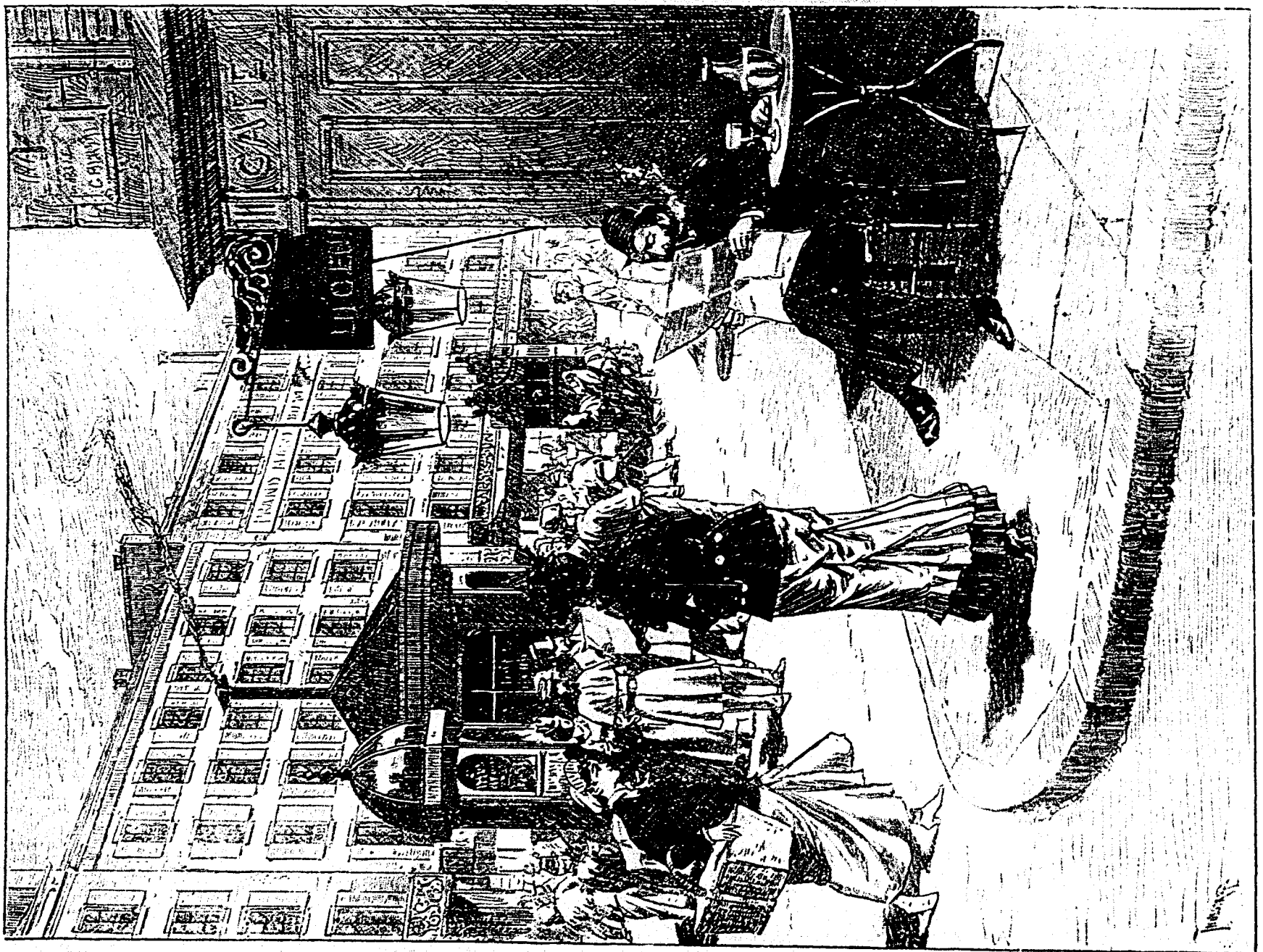
COMMON-sense is symmetry of mind, of character, and of purpose in the individual combined. It represents man in completeness, harmony and equipoise. It clothes him with dignity, invests him with power, and stamps him with superiority. It is not genius, for that is often erratic; nor cunning in its sinuous course; nor tact, with its decline into trickery. Common-sense is the embodiment of true manhood. It confers a patent of royalty, though birth be plebeian, and exalts men from lowliest fears to the highest stations. Not by sudden freaks of fortune or a train of adventitious circumstances are they thus dignified; but step by step, through obstacle and hindrance, they overcome by the force of character and the proper direction of the will-power. Common-sense is a tremendous force in this lower world. Its power is felt and acknowledged through all the ramifications of governments, society, business, finance, science, and commerce. In fact it is the history as well as the true philosophy of the ages. It is the salt that has saved humanity from barbarism, and the moving power that has propelled the race onward in its march of progress and civilization.

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.—The miser was counting his money when the mouse came out of her hole to look for a crumb of bread for her little ones. She was cold and hungry, for it was a very poor house for one that had a family to bring up. But the mouse was filled with happy expectations when she heard the miser say, "I am now happy; my soul is filled; the hunger I have suffered for years is satisfied; I will toil no more, but live in peace with my large possessions." The mouse thought there must be a lot of nice bread crumbs coming now, perhaps a little cheese, and maybe the small end of a delicious tallow candle. So she watched the miser, and, as he counted his money with trembling hands, he let a gold piece fall on the soft wool at his feet without knowing what had happened. The mouse was so overjoyed that she made more scuffling than was prudent in her haste to get the gold piece, but she got off clear with it, and in another second she was endeavouring to feed her young with it. But neither she nor they could make even so much as a mark with their teeth upon it; and when they were all dying of hunger she said, "If this is the miser's food, no wonder he looks thin and haggard, and never has a friend to dine with him. As for me and my babes, we must now perish, although we have a portion of that which this man declares has satisfied his hunger." Moral.—Money is but a curse to those who know not how to make use of it.

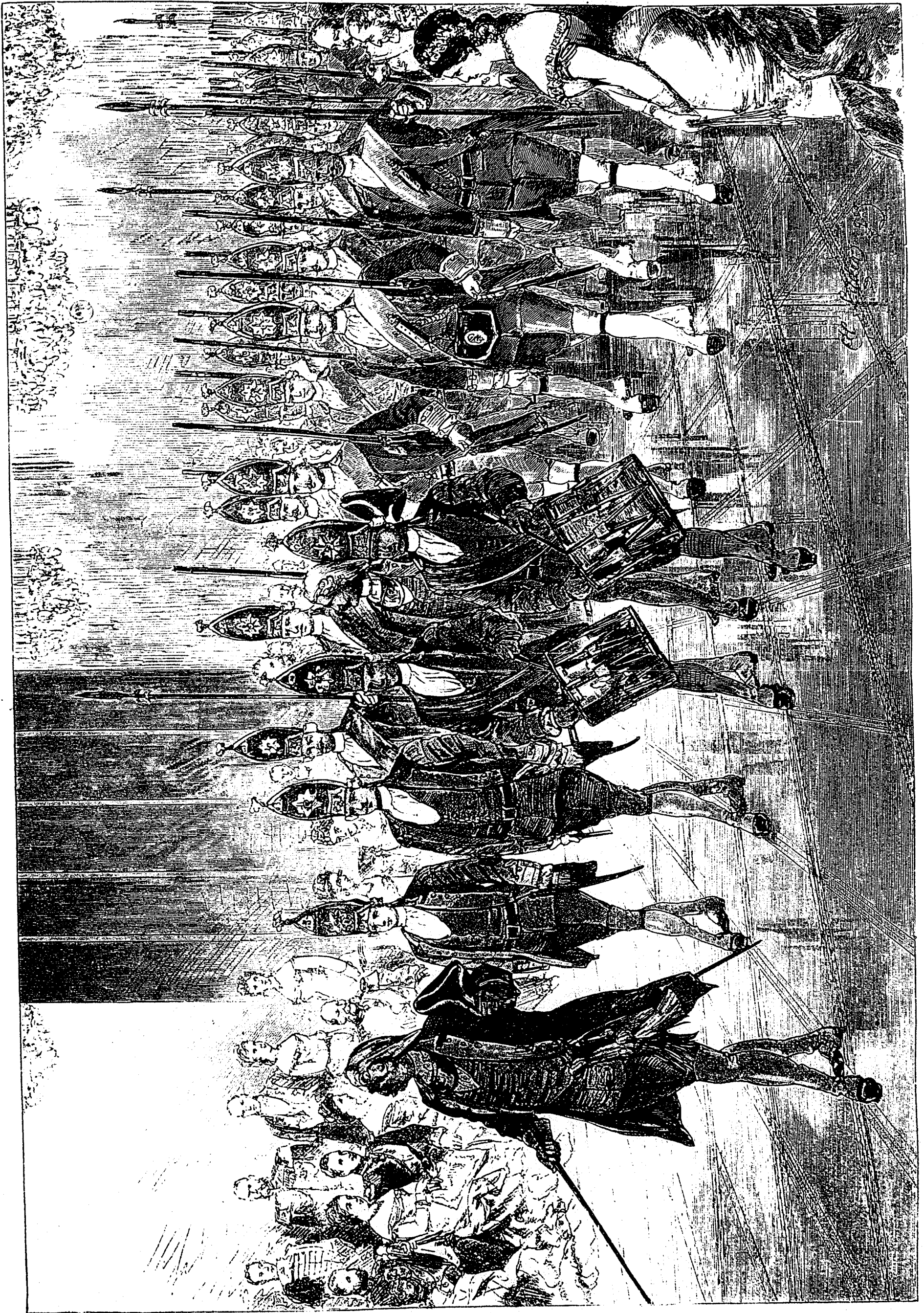
INTERESTING new discoveries have, *Nature* says, been made at Pompeii. A house has been excavated which was in course of construction when the terrible catastrophe occurred, and which differs materially from all other Pompeian houses in its plan.



THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.



THE STREETS OF PARIS.



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN BERLIN.—OPENING OF THE BALL AT POTSDAM BY THE GIANT BODY GUARD

"JOSIAR."

I never kin forget the day
That we went out a walkin'
An' sot down on the river bank
An' kept on hours a-talkin'
He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together
An' said he thought for harvest time
'Twas cu' us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there—
Josiar seemed uneasy,
An' mother she began to call:
"Loweezy! oh, Loweezy!"
An' ther Josiar spoke right up,
As I was just a startin',
An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin'—
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But law! I couldn't do it;
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it.
An' lookin' down into my eyes
He must a seen the fire
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshipped my Josiar.

—DELPHIA.

SHEARER'S PENINSULAR SCHEME.

Montreal, from its geographical position as the natural meeting place for the interchange of ocean and inland freight on the most direct line of communication between Europe and the great West, is destined at no very distant day to be one of the principal commercial centres of America.

The comprehensive scheme which forms the subject of our two-page illustration this week, was originated by Mr. James Shearer of this city, from whom we have obtained the following particulars:—

It is proposed to build a dam to extend from Point St. Charles to St. Helen's Island, a distance of 10,500 feet; this dam to be (at first) 150 feet wide, of which 3 feet will be used as a parapet, 12 feet for a sidewalk, 60 feet for a highway, and 75 feet for railway tracks.

It is proposed to build from St. Helen's Island to St. Lambert an iron bridge (30 feet above water level) 2,700 feet long, resting on 2 abutments and 8 piers of cut stone, making 9 spans of about 300 feet each.

It is proposed to have 4 roadways; two on one side for railways, and two for highways, with sidewalks outside.

From the St. Lambert end of the bridge along the bank towards Longueuil, for a distance of 4,200 feet, will be a stone wall 12 feet high and 6 feet thick, to protect the bank and to prevent the obstruction of passing ice.

When the above mentioned work is all completed at an estimated cost of \$3,400,000, the annual revenue from the railways and highways will be double the amount of yearly interest on the outlay.

The harbour side of the peninsula can then be commenced and wharfed from Point St. Charles to the lower end of Ile Ronde, a distance of 15,500 feet, by 45 feet wide, and 12 feet above the harbour level; the whole built up of crib work and concrete below water, and filled up above water with dredging from the harbour—

The harbour along the peninsula wharf will be dredged to a depth of 22 feet as may be required, and the material dumped in as a foundation for the flumes, the bottoms of which will be on a level with the harbour.

The total estimated cost of the whole work—which includes the iron bridge, the peninsula with its highways, streets, warehouse and factory lots with water power, the harbour wharfing and dredging, &c., and the cleaning up of the new channel—amounts to \$6,400,000.

Annual surplus \$ 338,600
A sum sufficient for the maintenance and improvement of the Harbour of Montreal, and for the attainment of that great desideratum—a Free Port.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

APRIL MAGAZINES.—In the April Atlantic Mrs. Phelps' charming story "Friends" is continued, as is Henry James' "Portrait of a Lady."

THE North American Review has an array of good names and of deep and important subjects. Judge Tourgee writes of "Reform and Reformation"; Mark Pattison of "The Thing that Might Be"; Bishop McQuaid on Religion in Schools, and Mr. John Fiske of the beginnings of the Protestant feeling in Religion.

In Lippincott's the new serial story, with the quaint title of "Craque-o'-Doom," opens well, the characters being novel and yet life-like, the movement rapid, and the style crisp and spirited.

On the first page the plate presenting the analogy between the flight of birds and the swimming of fishes is to our mind a remarkable specimen of the perfection to which wood engraving has been brought.

St. Nicholas is a little "old" we cannot help thinking, this month. One story, the account of "How the Rocking Horse Eat the Cake" is really fit for the nursery, but with this exception the little children are rather left out in the cold.

THE Art Amateur comes to hand as we write this, too late for any critical notice. As far as we can judge by a cursory glance it contains the usual amount of good reading and artistic illustrations which combined with the excellence of its general dress make it always welcome to our exchange table.

MESSRS. WARWICK'S Budget of English reproductions is of course dated March, but may find a place in this notice.

because the February number of the Girls' was so unusually good, but there is much in them worth reading, and well illustrated.

NEW MUSIC.—The best of a selection of sheet music from Oliver Ditson & Co. is the old Scotch song of "The Four Maries," the words of which are familiar to us, and which are set to a plaintive melody which harmonizes well with their spirit.

Messrs. Suckling send me a sacred song by R. S. Ambrose, "The Contrite Heart," which will be a very welcome addition to the somewhat meagre list of good sacred music.

MUSICIANS.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the for-une and happiness of her husband and children; and, if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny.

She can do much, alas! perhaps more, to degrade a man if she choose to do it. Who can estimate the evils that woman has the power to do? As a wife she can ruin herself by extravagance, folly, or want of affection.

Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty, and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the earth smiles with a loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and arid desert covered with the scorn of all evil passion, and swept by the bitter blast of everlasting death.

MR. MOSS, much perplexed by the decision of Judge Sedgwick, has been heard to murmur, in the language of Bon Gaultier: "I can't tell who the deuce it was, That gave me this Forget Me Not."

MARY Anderson indignantly denies the report that she is going to marry Prof. George Riddle. Mary, you are right. If you should become a Riddle, lots of Americans would give you up.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

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

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings.

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

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 314.

The death of M. Pretl, of the French Chess magazine, La Stratagie, has occasioned much regret in chess circles on both sides of the Atlantic.

The annual chess contest between the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, will take place on Wednesday, April the 6th, at the rooms of the St. George's Chess Club, St. James', London.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Webber, for several years a teacher of chess to a large class of pupils at the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, London, Eng., has been compelled to resign his position, owing to illness.

The arrangements for the contest which has been negotiated between Messrs. Blackburne and Gunzberg, have now been definitely settled, and upon the following conditions:—The winner of seven games to be the victor; draws not to count; time limit, fifteen moves per hour, stakes £100 aside.

It is highly creditable to Mr. Gunzberg that he should have consented to forego the conditions that stood in the way of an agreement.

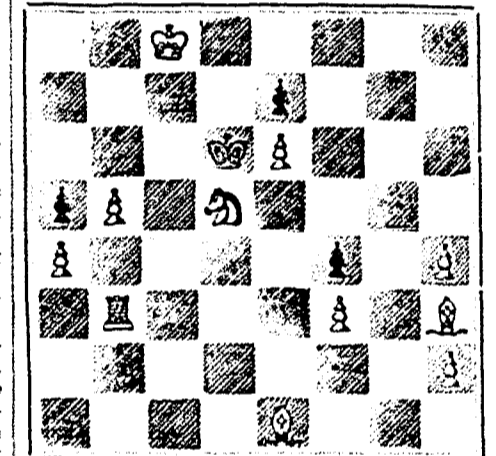
Capt. Mackenzie has won the fifth game in his contest with Mr. Judd. The score is now: Mackenzie, 3; Judd, 2.

PROBLEM No. 323.

(From the Mechanical Magazine.)

By J. G. Pluch.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS MATCH BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND CALCUTTA.

The telegraphic chess match between Liverpool and Calcutta has been brought to a conclusion. One of the two games was won a short time ago by Liverpool, and the other has ended in a draw.

GAME 450TH.

Played recently by telegraph between Liverpool and Calcutta.

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

Calcutta here offered to draw, and Liverpool accepted.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 321

- 1. R to H 2, 2. B to Q 6, 3. Mate acc., 1. Kt takes R, 2. Aught

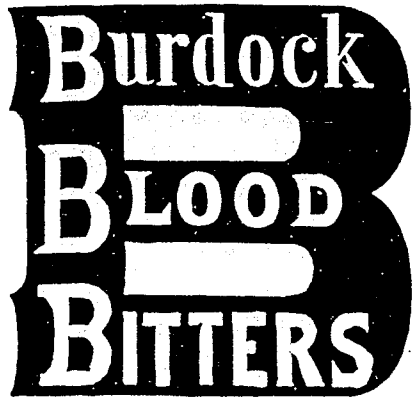
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 319

- WHITE. 1. R to Q 7. 2. Kt to Q B 5 (ch). 3. R mates.
- BLACK. 1. K to K 3. 2. K to K B 4.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 320.

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

White to play and mate in two moves.



PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

Montreal, the fourteenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one. Be it known, that the Provincial Loan Company, a body politic and corporate, having its principal place of business in the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, heretofore known and carrying on business under the name of the Provincial Permanent Building Society, and authorized to change their corporate title by an Act of the Quebec Legislature, 39 Vic. Cap. 62, by their petition dated the 9th of March instant, under number 861, and this day granted by the Honorable Frederick W. Torrance, one of the Judges of the Superior Court, pray for the sale of an immovable therein, described as follows, to wit: "That certain lot of land situate in the Parish and City of Montreal, known and designated as 'the principal part of lot number five hundred and six (506) on the official plan, and in the book of reference 'of the said Parish of Montreal, and a small portion of lot number ten (No. 10) on the official plan, and in the 'book of reference of the St. Antoine Ward, of the said 'City, containing twenty-two feet six inches in width, 'by eighty feet in depth.'"

Petitioners alleging that there is now due to them under the deed of obligation and mortgage, consented by Moses Roy, of the City of Montreal, engineer, passed before Hunter, notary, on the ninth of October, one thousand eight hundred and seventy five, the sum of one hundred dollars, the capital of the said obligation, the sum of forty-nine dollars and fifty cents, for bonus and interest which have accrued and become due and payable up to the ninth day of January last (1881), the sum of forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents for premiums of insurance paid by them, said petitioners, in virtue of the conditions of the said deed of obligation, and the sum of seventy-five dollars for fines incurred, in consequence of the default to pay the instalments of the said principal sum, interest and bonus, as they became due, the whole forming the sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, and for which the said herein before-described immovable is hypothecated to said petitioners, with interest thereon until paid and cost of these proceedings.

Petitioners further alleging that they have made due search and used due diligence to discover the owner of said immovable, but have been unable to find such owner, and the owner or owners thereof are unknown and uncertain.

Notice is therefore given to the actual owner or owners of said immovable, to appear before this Court, within two months from the date of the fourth publication of these presents, to be inserted once a week during four consecutive weeks, in a newspaper printed in the French language, and in another in the English language, both published in the City of Montreal, and answer the said demand; failing which, and by the judgment to be rendered in this behalf, the said herein before-described immovable shall be declared to be hypothecated in favor of said petitioners for the payment of the aforesaid sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, with interest and costs, and ordered to be sold by the Sheriff, after the observance of the formalities required by law, in order that out of the net proceeds of the sale, the said petitioners be paid of their said claim in principal, interest and costs.

HUBERT, HONEY & GENDRON, Proby S.C.

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Those in Love will find in this Book strange Secrets always hidden before to mankind, and an Easy Way to Marriage, also many Ancient Secrets that the married should know. If a wife is neglected by her wayward Husband this Book will surely reclaim him to his first love. It proves that Failure to Win the object of your Choice is impossible. We have ransacked every country to get these Secrets of Love Making. They will cause millions of Hearts and Hands to be United in Marriage.

What strange things regarding Love Making you can find in this Book. If your love is not reciprocated, this great Book will open wide the barred door, and make Love's pathway clear. Start right and the battle is half won! This book sent by Mail for 25 cents currency or 10 three cent postage stamps. Five books for \$1.00 bill. Valuable Catalogue of 1,000 fast-selling articles for Agents free.

70 LATEST Styles of Photograph, Giltedge Chromo, Imported Bevel-edge, Embossed & Pictorial Sample Cards, 15c. 50 STYLES Chromos in beautiful colours, name neatly printed, 10c. 14 Packs for \$1.00 Caxton Printing Co., Northford, Ct.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of THURSDAY, 11th APRIL, 1881, for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, at Fort Walsh and Fort Macleod for the year 1881-82, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c.

Forms of Tender and full particulars relative to the supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque of a Canadian Bank for the sum of five thousand dollars, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

[No newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.]

L. VANKOUGHNET, Deputy of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 25th March, 1881.



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



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	12.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.	---	---
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	---	---
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.	---	---
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.	---	---
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.	---	---
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.	---	---
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.	---	---
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.	---	---

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)
Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.
All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

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TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place D'Armes, 202 St. James Street, MONTREAL. Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. L. A. SENECAI, Gen'l Supt.

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W. S. WALKER, IMPORTER OF Diamonds, Fine Watches & Jewellery. ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS. SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE. No. 321 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

CARDS—10 Lily & Imported Glass, 10 New Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroll & engraved in color in case, & 1 Love Letter, Name on all 15c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

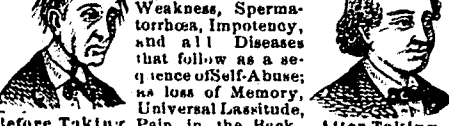
25 New and Beautiful Japanese, Rose Bud, Transparent, Comic and Blue Bird Cards, with name on all, 10c. Twelve packs for one dollar. Agent's complete outfit, 10c. Sample of Magic Cold Water Pen (writes without ink), 5c. Agents wanted. Queen City Card House, Toronto.

TIME TO TRADE

in Canadian Bank Shares. No stock dabbling. Purchases upon wide margins only. Profit on seven shares secured by investing price of one; 1000 per cent. realized last year. Chances offer almost monthly to make from 25 to 100 per cent upon investment of from \$50 to \$500. This is not exaggerating, but a fact that can be proven by the daily records of our stock market. The time presents chances for small capitalists to make money. Pamphlet mailed free. Address Wm. Walkerton & Co., Stock Brokers, Cartier Bank Bldg, Montreal. Capital, \$25,000.

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

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CAFE DES GOURMETS.

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It is a well-known fact that Coffee roasted in the ordinary manner and not placed in air-tight receptacles, is greatly deteriorated by evaporation of the aromatic particles, and as this process goes on for months afterwards, the result is apparent to every one.

WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

Being roasted and ground in a Patent Apparatus, packed in Glass Jars while hot and then hermetically sealed; by this process not a particle of the Aroma is lost.

It is much stronger, for the reason that it is roasted higher, after the manner of the French. They put no water with it while in process of roasting, as is universally done to save weight.

It is more economical, as two-thirds of this is equivalent to one pound of the other Coffee.

It is clarified, has a beautiful colour, the flavour is delicious, wholesome and invigorating.

WILLIAM JOHNSON & CO.,

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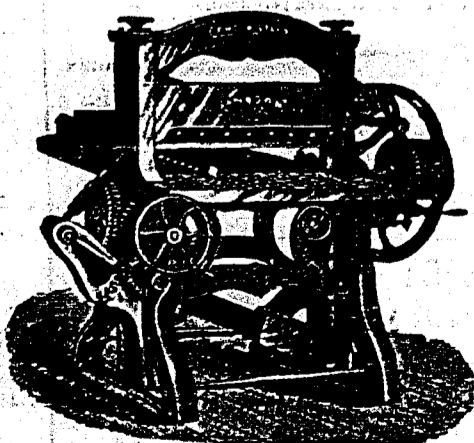
CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" 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. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

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

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.

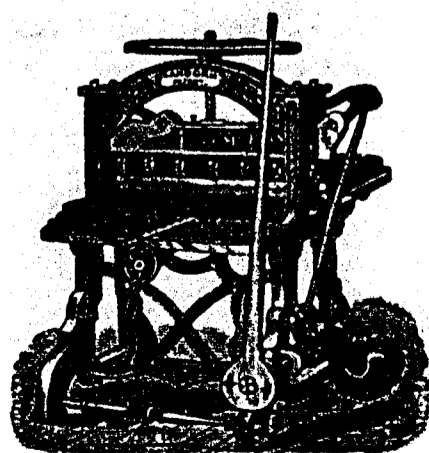
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30 inch, 32 inch, 34 inch, 36 inch, 44 inch, 48 inch.

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