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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 8, 1883.

THE WEEK.

FREE Trade has won a victory over Protection in the ranks of the Democratic party by the nomination for the Speakership of the House of Representatives of J. L. Carlisle.

TROUBLE is brewing between Orangemen and Nationalists in the North of Ireland. The revocation of Lord Rossmore's commission as Justice of the Peace has created great excitement among the former.

THE Liberals have won a victory in Lennox, Mr. Allison being returned by a majority. This is the first direct loss the Government have sustained since the last general elections. The result will strengthen Sir Richard Cartwright's hands.

O'DONNELL has been found guilty of the murder of Carey, and is sentenced to death. It is not altogether clear from the evidence whether he figures as a private assassin or as the emissary of some secret society, though the burden of proof lies in the latter supposition.

ONE cause of agitation and dissatisfaction has been removed by the issue of the proclamation granting a charter to the new Citizens' Gas Company of Montreal. It comes too late in one sense, but it is an act of justice performed, and, in so far, there is matter for congratulation.

AFFAIRS in Tonquin continue to be critical. The French are beginning to find out that the Chinese will fight, and will not simply submit to be intimidated. Diplomatic negotiations are still in progress, and there is yet a faint hope that arbitration will prevent the outbreak of hostilities.

THE situation in this Province has not improved. From appearances in the early part of last week, it was expected that there would be some Ministerial changes tending to a stronger administration, but it is now stated that M. Messieu is determined to retain the *status quo* and hold on to office.

THE Irish National party are utterly opposed to the emigration of their people to Canada. Archbishop Croke says that, after what has been achieved during the last few years by the Irish party in Parliament, he had no doubt, if the people avoided crime and refused to be transported to Canada, a good deal would be achieved within a measurable period of time.

AN interesting meeting took place in London on Saturday. The annual dinner of the Scottish Corporation was held, over which the Marquis

of Lorne presided. Sir A. T. Galt, formerly Canadian High Commissioner, and Sir Charles Tupper, the present High Commissioner, were among the guests. Lord Lorne, responding to a toast to his health, said that any merits which his tenure of office in Canada possessed were negative, as the Governor-General was simply like an ambassador to tell the colonists of the love borne them by the mother country. Sir Charles Tupper, in response to a toast to the visitors, referred to the profound gratitude of all Canadians for Lord Lorne's work in the Dominion.

DE LESSEPS has issued a note in which he asserts that the Suez Canal Company can enlarge its canal upon its own land, without being under the necessity of asking authority or money of anyone. A convention relative to the Suez Canal was concluded between the English ship-owners and M. de Lesseps. It provides that either the present canal shall be enlarged or a second canal shall be constructed. A commission of engineers and shippers, half of whom are to be English, will examine the question. Seven new directors, chosen from English shippers and merchants, are to be admitted as members of the board. A consultative committee of English directors is to be formed in London. The company is in future to bear all the expenses resulting from accidents on the canal, excepting collisions, or resulting from damage to the company's prospects, provided ships are not in fault. From January 1, 1884, pilotage dues are to be abolished, and from January 1, 1885, transit dues are to be diminished according to the rate of dividend.

LADY LANSDOWNE.

FAREWELL GREETING AT THE DUKE OF ABERCORN'S HOME.

The new Governor-General of Canada, who is connected with the noble House of Hamilton, leaves Ireland to-morrow, and to-night Baroncourt bade him and the Marchioness of Lansdowne *bon voyage*. The enthusiasm of the occasion was a renewal of that which less than a week ago welcomed Sir Stafford Northcote at the charming Irish estate, only that more abstract feelings governed the people than those expressing loyalty to the Sovereign and devotion to the institutions of the country. A current of warmth, born of personal acquaintance more than of political position dictated to the hundreds on the Baroncourt estate what their conduct to-night should be. They felt in Lady Lansdowne's departure almost individually a loss. The youngest daughter of the Duke, she has ever attracted to herself in the district surrounding her paternal mansion a very large share of popularity, and that their "dear Lady Maude may not for a long time revisit the loveliness of Baroncourt was the consideration that impelled all to make the farewell one whose remembrance the mighty power of changing scene cannot obliterate. Lady Lansdowne and family have during the past few weeks been remaining at Baroncourt with the Duchess of Abercorn. On Tuesday she was joined by the Marquis. The influences of home and its associations are strong, and the day of sailing has been almost dreaded. The circumstances of to-night's demonstration—for the leave-taking assumed the conditions and extent of a demonstration—were of a gratifying nature, and regarded as the spontaneous outcome of the desire of the cottagers to show their esteem and love for the daughter of the kindhearted Duke. The proceedings were surprisingly elaborate. During the past week preparations have been in progress. The occupants of nearly every one of the comfortable hamlets dotting the "Court" Demesne have been at work, with the result that, some time past dusk to-night, after the company at Baroncourt had dined, an army of twenty score torch-bearers, marshalled in regular order, wound a way along the main avenue leading to the front terrace, scattering abroad a lurid light that danced among the stately elms and stalwart oaks, and found reflection on the waters of the pretty lake. The scene was a picturesque one. It seemed that every man, woman and child in the neighborhood was included in the assemblage that was headed by Baroncourt Brass Band, playing in grand marching time "Forward, Christian Soldiers." The object of the visit was not, of course, to be known until the hundreds of voices burst forth in the following verses, composed for the occasion and entitled—

OUR FAREWELL.

To thy old home, Lady, we come to proffer
Our prayers that the new may all happiness
Offer.

Home still though in distant land,
When with children and husband,
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell awhile.

With the new day, alas! soon comes the
parting:
From all hearts and lips but one wish is
starting:

"Safe the journey o'er the deep;
"All good angels vigils keep."
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell awhile.

And he who will rule there for Country and
Queen,
May his toil in the weal of his people be seen,
And crown him with love and fame
Far higher than jewel's flame.
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell awhile.

Farewell! Let its mem'ry still live in your
hearts.
Till with our glad welcome the echo departs;
And when once more we greet you here,
May your loved ones all be near.
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell awhile.

On the first strains, the party staying at Baroncourt, including the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis of Hamilton, the Marchioness of Blandford, Lord Claud John Hamilton, Lord and Lady George Hamilton, Earl and Countess Winterton, accompanied the Marquis and Lady Lansdowne and family, Earl Kerry, Ladies Evelyn and Beatrice Fitzmaurice, and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice to the terrace colonnade. The entire domestics were assembled in front. The singing was led by the Baroncourt Church Choir, under the leadership of Rev. W. H. Winn, who, with Mrs. Winn, Miss Charlie and Rev. A. G. O'Donoghue, were amongst those present. The bright light from the torches shone on many hundreds of faces. The singing was very effective, "Auld Lang Syne" having been heartily sung.

Lord Lansdowne, amid cheers stepped forward. Lady Lansdowne remained beside him while he spoke as follows:—My friends, there are moments when even a Governor-General elect feels that he is bound to recognize the fact that he is not entirely his own master, and on this occasion I am obeying the mandates of a domestic tyrant—(laughter)—whose rule I acknowledge, and in her name—in the name of Lady Lansdowne—(cheers)—I thank you for your most touching and most impressive demonstrations; but I can assure you I have some doubt as to whether I am the proper person to speak to you to-night, because I stand here as the one who, fourteen years ago, stole away from Baroncourt your Lady Maude, who had won the hearts of the greater part of the country side—(cheers)—and now I am afraid I am going to do worse still, for I am going to take her along with me many hundreds of miles across the wide ocean, on which I shall be to-morrow. I feel I owe you some explanation and apology for my conduct. It is simply this: I thought it my duty to undertake the honourable position that was placed within my reach, and Lady Lansdowne like the good wife she is, thought it her duty to stand by me. (Cheers.) I think if she spoke to you now she would tell you that during all the years of her married life, in spite of the attractions of her English home, to which she is deeply attached, in spite of the attractions of another Irish home, of which she is very fond, her heart has remained true and loyal to her old home at Baroncourt—(cheers)—and I think she would also tell you that, of all the trials of the parting hour, that of separating herself from Baroncourt, and breaking, at least for a time, the many tender associations that cling around her here, is one of the sorest. She will tell you that she will during our absence look forward to the time when, in God's blessing, she may come back again—(cheers)—and she would add that she wishes you all, during our absence, you and your family belongings, all peace and happiness, and that those kindly feelings and those cordial relations that have so long existed between you and her family may never be interrupted or impaired. (Cheers.) We thank you from our hearts for what you have done this evening, and we shall never forget this memorable occasion. The sweetest song must end and the brightest torch burn out, but your sweet songs have roused in our hearts an echo that shall linger within them while we live, and your bright torches have kindled within our breasts associations and a warm glow of gratitude that time, distances nor the cold temperature of Canada shall ever extinguish. We thank you heartily for your farewell demonstration to-night.

Loud cheers were then called and heartily given for the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hamilton, Lord and Lady Claud John Hamilton, Lord and Lady G. Hamilton, and Earl and Countess Winterton. The Choir then sang "Come Back to Erin" effectively, the band accompanying. The pleasant proceedings terminated with the singing of "God Save the Queen." A number of the tenantry and villagers shook hands with Lord and Lady Lansdowne. The band played a number of lively airs and the evening was passed with village festivities.

Lord Lansdowne will leave Baroncourt by special train. At Newton Stewart, Strabane and Derry addresses were presented to him attesting the esteem in which he is held by the Irishmen of Ulster.—*Exchange*.

THE DECAYED GENTLEWOMAN.

There is a familiar figure in novels, which is sometimes amusing and sometimes very pathetic. It is the person unhandsonly described as a decayed gentlewoman, the lady who "has seen better days," and whose sole remaining pride and comfort seems to be in recalling that fact. Her present occupation is generally depicted as letting lodgings, and she casts a glamour of state and elegance over her dingy and forlorn apartments by recounting to the applicant the splendor of her ancestral home and the luxurious delights to which she was accustomed in other years. But while often the storyteller can hardly refrain from giving a ridiculous

turn to this figure, gently satirizing its weaknesses and caricaturing its aspect, the original is exceedingly sad and touching, and deserves a kindly sympathy and regard.

Many of the fine and smiling queens and leaders and "ornaments" of gay society are potentially the figures to which we allude. Especially in great cities a man who receives an ample salary, or a revenue from his business or profession, who is young and well and sanguine, with all the world before him where to choose, spends his income, lives profusely and luxuriously, believing that the evil day is afar off, and that he has ample time to provide for the future. Such men are very apt not to confide the actual pecuniary situation to their wives, who ask no questions, and unconsciously trust their husband's good sense. Easy and pleasant living becomes a habit. The wife's occupation is the care of her family and household, and the usual routine of visits and amusements. One bright and busy and satisfactory day follows another, until suddenly the darkest of days arrives, and ends in a night of bereavement, sorrow, and destitution. The husband dies. His income dies with him. The woman who was living yesterday without a thought of the means of living, is to-morrow alone in the world with a family to support, without an income, without the least knowledge or experience how to obtain it, without a trade, or a profession, or an accomplishment which she can turn to account. Her habits, her tastes, her requirements, all imply leisure and ample resources. She is at more terrible disadvantage than the poor woman whom it has been part of her daily routine to relieve.

It is, in fact, one of the most tragical of situations, and it awaits at this moment many a woman whose unsuspecting eyes are glancing at these words. When it suddenly opens upon her she will think of teaching a little school, of taking in sewing, of writing for the magazines, of copying, or of letting lodgings. But in all these efforts she will encounter the most relentless competition. All the places are taken before she arrives. There are teachers and seamstresses and writers and copyists and lodging-house keepers enough and to spare. Is a woman caught in this cruel snare, fronting the grimdest poverty,—for that is the situation,—essentially a figure of comedy? Is there a sadder figure in familiar experience? Doubtless there is the original Mrs. Lirriper, shallow and voluble, and there are the easy women whose pleasure in recalling better days is greater than the pinch of days which are worse. But there is a multitude of sensitive, refined, educated, accomplished women, of whom the awkward and cumbersome phrase decayed gentlewoman is truly descriptive, and whom every one who understands the situation would gladly help. There are a few retreats provided for them. Hampton Court, in England, is such an asylum for ladies of "good family." Mr. Corcoran's "Lonsa Home," in Washington, is another. But these houses cannot be regarded with complacency by many of the women of whom we speak, and they are of course inaccessible to those who have families to support, and who prefer to keep themselves, which is the instinctive preference of the American woman and mother whom poverty suddenly overtakes.

It is not surprising that the impulse of charity, which was never so wisely directed as it is now, should have included this class of women. If the feeling of a common humanity always underlies all movements for charitable relief, the principle of such relief has never been so intelligently comprehended as it is now. What is called scientific charity is one of the signal distinctions of the time. It proceeds upon a principle which has never before been so clearly perceived, that true charity consists in helping the needy to help themselves. Some, indeed, the aged and the infirm, cannot help themselves. They must be wholly relieved. But the relief must be so given as not to increase the evil it would remedy. The saddest moral of the novelist's decayed gentlewoman is that she is a natural product of a social spirit which holds, in effect, that "a lady" is a being designed

"To eat strawberries, sugar, and cream,
"To sit on a cushion and sew up a seam."

Men and women are mutually helpmates. But the condition of helping others is ability to help one's self.—*Wm. Curtis, in "Harper's Magazine."*

CHARLES DICKENS.

In his book on Dickens, Mr. A. W. Ward writes thus of some of his habits:

He was an early riser, if for no other reason, because every man in whose work imagination plays its part must sometimes be alone; and Dickens has told us that there was to him something incomparably solemn in the still solitude of the morning; but it was only exceptionally and when hard pressed by the necessities of his literary labors, that he wrote before breakfast. In general, he was contented with the ordinary working-hours of the morning, not often writing after luncheon, and except in early life, never in the evening. Ordinarily, when engaged in a work of fiction, he considered three of his not very large MS. pages a good, and four an excellent day's work; and while very careful in making his corrections clear and unmistakable, he never re-wrote what a morning's labor had ultimately produced.

A temperate liver, he was at the same time a zealous devotee of bodily exercise.

But walking exercise was at once his forte and his fanaticism. He is said to have constructed for himself a theory that, to every portion of the day given to intellectual labor, should correspond an equal number of hours spent in walking; and frequently, no doubt, he gave up his morning's chapter before he had begun it, "entirely persuading himself that he was under a moral obligation" to do his twenty miles on the road. By day, he found on the London thoroughfares stimulative variety, and at a later date he states it to be "one of his fancies that even his idlest walk must have its appointed destination; and by night, in seasons of intellectual excitement, he found in these same streets the refreshment of isolation among crowds. But the walks he loved best were long stretches on the hills or across the downs by the sea, where, following the track of his "breathers," one half-expects to meet him coming along against the wind at four and a half miles an hour, the very embodiment of energy, and brimful of life.

And, besides this energy . . . he hated disorder, as Sir Arctegal had injustice; and if there was anything against which he took up his parable with burning indignation, it was slovenliness, and half-done work, and "shoddiness" of all kinds . . . "Everything with him," Miss Hogarth told me, "went as by clock-work; his movements, his absences from home, and the times of his return, were all fixed beforehand, and it was seldom that he failed to adhere to what he had fixed." Like most men endowed with a superfluity of energy, he prided himself on his punctuality. He could not live in a room or in a house, till he had put every piece of furniture into its proper place, nor could he begin to work till all his writing gear was at hand, with no item missing or misplaced.

MICE IN POETRY.

Mice are not suitable subjects for poetry. There is very little of the hieroglyph, few subtle significances, in the pantry-invading, cat-eating, mouse. It is difficult to dignify it. Mouse character is very one-sided: there are no normalities about it, no picturesque ferocity, or blood-curling wolfishness; nor does it conceal itself sufficiently to be worth calling "obscene." Besides, it is so absurdly small. Once in a way it was well enough to make "the crumb ravisher," "cheese-rind nibbler," "bacon-licker," and their comrades-in-arms, heroic; but the joke does not bear repetition. It is said that cats should think so well of them as food, and that mouse-traps should be so efficacious, but what is to be done? They insist on being where they should not go, and affront man himself by tampering with his victuals.

Such is the poetical acceptance of the mouse. As "Tom's food" they are benignly congratulated upon their utility, and though expected to rejoice when cats debase, are sternly reminded that pussy alive was a wholesome corrective to mouse excesses. Thus Clare—

Ah mice rejoice! ye've lost your foe,
Who watched your scheming robberies so
That while she lived you'd not know
A crumb of bread;
'Tis yours to triumph, mine's the woe,
Now pussy's dead;
While pussy lived ye'd empty maws,
No sooner peep'd ye out your nose
But ye were instant in her claws,
With squeaking dread;
Ye're now set free from tyrant's laws,
Poor pussy's dead.

They may eat crumbs if they can, but if the cat comes, it will serve them right if they get eaten themselves.

So the brick mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
Till the green-eyed killing comes,
Then to her cabin, blest she can escape
The sudden danger of a rape.

So also when the mouse is caught in a trap, the poets hold it inevitable justice that it should die. Thus Somerville speaks of "the vigorous decree of fate" that condemns cheese-hunting mice to decapitation, and Clare of the "rigid fate" that awaits the tiny pillifer.

But outside the poets, the mouse has considerable dignity. It is "the ravisher" of Vedic legends, and in the solar myth the mice are the shadows which creep out from under the hills and which the cat moon and her kitten, the twilight, hunt. It was turned into a tiger as a reward for assisting a Brahmin, and might have been a tiger still, had it not in its new shape proceeded to eat the Brahmin, and for this been promptly turned back into a mouse again. Nor can an animal be called merely a pantry thief that sometimes eats kings and archbishops, to say nothing of the sons of Polish dukes. Is the mouse, portentous to Rome, to be perpetually covering before "green-eyed kitlings"? If poets have no respect for mice, have they none for St. Gertude, their patron? Take again their position in fairy tales. The mice are always beneficent. Their feud with the sparrows is doubtless deplorable, but did it arise from the fault of the mice? Were not they and the sparrows firm friends till the former behaved so meanly in that matter of the old poppy seed, eating the whole of it themselves instead of fairly dividing it with the mice? Nor should it be remembered as disgraceful to the mouse that it is not on good terms with the cat, for the cat behaved very shabbily toward its little partner about that pot of fat which they had stored away in the church, for joint winter con-

* King Populus was eaten by mice, also Duke Conrod's son (of Poland) also Otho, Archbishop of Mentz; so it is said.

sumption; for, not content with faithfully eating all the fat by herself, Grimalkin also ate the mouse for reproaching her. The majority of fables are to the credit of the mouse: its gratitude is conspicuous, its services to princes in trouble momentous; and did it not, at the risk of its own life, release a lion? Lions are great mouse eaters.

But the mouse, apart from the man's household and yet more sacred person, that is to say the field-mouse—for poets consider corn-stealing in the country merely an amiable weakness as compared with the iniquity of crum-stealing in the town—receives more sympathetic treatment. Thus Clare delights in the pretty little animal with its nest swinging from a wheat stalk:

The little chumbling mouse
Gnaws the dead weed for her house.

The fields are cleared, the laboring mice
To sheltering hedge or wood retire,
When hips and haws for food suffice
That chumbling lie about their hole.

Hurdle sits out to watch

The wanton mouse,
And see him gambol round the primrose head,
Till the still owl comes smoothly sailing forth,
And with a shrill whistle breaks off the dance
And sends him scurrying home.

Hurdle laments over the

Wee sleeket cowrin tum'rous beastie,
and its little home in the stubble ruined by the plough,

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble.

It is not, however, out of place here to remind poets that the "delightful" field-mouse, as they think it, and as it undoubtedly is to all lovers of nature, "the corn destroyer" of Holy Writ, and that they are "the mice that marred the land" of Philistia, the scourge of an angry Jehovah. Nor to descend to lesser catastrophes—are the filed-mice that ate up the Bishop of Bingen altogether trivial creatures. In England and Europe generally, field-mice sometimes commit very serious depredations in the barns and rick-yards into which they have been carried at harvest time. Those that have been left behind in the fields become partially torpid, and take refuge in little grass-lined burrows; but their more fortunate friends in the barns keep awake in the winter "as if on purpose to show their gratitude for their liberal provender."

References are made to many of the mice of story—Wyatt's fiendish mouse; the town mouse and its country cousin; the golden mice of the covenantal ark; those that fought the frogs, the mouse in (Crabbe).

That trespassed and the treasure stole,
Found his lean body fitted to the hole;
Till having fattened he was forced to stay
And, fasting, starve his stolen bulk away.

and those of the Mouse Tower on the Rhine, while the morals and wise saws, derived from the same animal are unexpectedly numerous.

I hold a mouse's wit not worth a leke,
That hath but one hole for a stenten to.—*Chaucer.*
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

So Herbert—

The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken,
'Tis a bold mouse that nestles in a cat's ear.
I give a mouse the hole and she is become my heir.
—*Herbert.*

Dronke as a mouse.—*Chaucer.*

The mouse
Finds no pleasure in a poor man's house.—*Quarles.*
State vermin, gnawing into labor's bread.—*E. Cook.*
Show him a mouse's tail and he will guess,
With metaphysic swiftness, at the mouse.—*Keats.*

Women, it is proverbial, dread mice.

She who will tremble if her eye explore
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor.

But they do not, as a rule, altogether dislike them, or the poet might regret his simile who writes:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice creep in and out,
As if they feared the light.

In Jean Ingelow there is a pleasant reference to the "water-mouse" among the reeds:

His bright eyes gleaming black as beads,
So happy with a bunch of seeds,

and several poets refer kindly to the "drowsy," "wondering," "sleepy" dormouse. In Red Indian fairy tales, the dormouse, the "blind woman," is a thing of some consequence. Once upon a time, a dwarf, annoyed by the sun, persuaded his sister to make a net out of her hair, and going out to the edge of the prairie next morning, he caught the sun just as it was rising, and pinned it down inside the net to the ground. Prodigious was the consternation in nature when the sun did not rise, and long and serious the howl of the beasts. But at last the venerable dormouse (at that time the largest of all animals and the Ulysses among them) guessed what was the matter, and going to the edge of the prairie released the luminary. But in doing so it was shrivelled up to its present size.

As regards its forethought for the winter, the dormouse is even more interesting than the squirrel. For not only does it, like the squirrel, lay up its little hampers for occasional picnics in the snatches of fine weather, but it takes care, before turning into its cosy little moss-ball for the winter, to fatten itself up to an

+ Pope has it weakly—

extraordinary obesity. So fat, indeed, does it become, that without any food at all laid by, it could sleep out a whole winter comfortably. But the delightful little Sybarite is not going to run any risks; so, like the juryman in Punch, it first of all eats itself into invincible fatness, and fill its pockets beside with condensed food.

It was their capacity for fattening that endeared the dormice to Roman epicures. Their "gliralia" or "dormouse parks" were most extensive and costly erections, planted with oaks and nut-trees for the sustenance of the small deer, who as required for the table were caught and put into jars provided with every sort of mouse luxury.

HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM.

To sweep and dust a room properly is an art, and, like all fine arts, has a right method. Well done, it renovates the entire room, and the occupants take possession feeling that "all things have become new." It is not merely a performance to be done by the hands, but a work into which taste and judgment—in other words, brains—must enter. Are these closets opening into the room to be swept? Arrange the shelves, drawers or clothing preparatory to sweeping-day, then let this be first to be swept. Cover the bed with soiled sheets; as also all heavy articles that cannot be removed; first, however, having carefully dusted and brushed them. Remove all the furniture that can easily be set in hall or adjoining room, having first dusted it; then, taking a step-ladder, begin to sweep or brush, or wipe the shades to the top of the window, or, if there are inside blinds, dust them carefully. Open the windows. All the dust left in the room now is in the carpet or air, and the current of the windows will soon settle it. Now begin to sweep, not toward a door or corner, but from the outer edges of the room toward the center, where the dust will be taken up with a small brush or dustpan. Go over the room once more—this time with a dampened broom; that removes the last bit of dust and gives the carpet a new, bright appearance. Replace the articles of furniture as soon as the air is entirely free from dust, uncover the rest, and the room is new and clean. All this seems an easy thing to do, but there is not one in a hundred will follow out its details. Some will sweep the dust into the hall or from one room to another, and then wonder why their house is so soon dusty again. Others forget corners and pictures, and thus leave a seed of future annoyance; while a third class will do all but using the damp broom, which is the finishing touch of a picture.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 17.

It is said that the *Christian World* will appear next year as a morning daily paper.

It has been discovered that the house in which Lord Lytton's distinguished father was born is 31, Baker street. At present the house is a milliner's shop.

EVERY member of the band of the Grenadier Guards has been presented with a massive gold ring by the executive committee of the late Fisheries Exhibition.

A RADICAL contemporary, alluding to our remarks relative to the change of political feeling in the country, exclaims, quotingly, "Tell me where is fancy bred?" Answer: "Fancy bread may be had at most superior bakers."

The proposal has been made that chess-boards and fixing or peg-men should be on hire at chief railway stations, to be delivered up at another chief station on the line. A deposit would be necessary, which would be refunded.

THE young ladies of Girton College, Cambridge, propose to give during the winter a representation of a Greek play. With the exception of "classical tutors"—favored and erudite beings—the stronger sex is to be jealously excluded from the performance.

MR. SPURGEON, who is so strongly opposed to pictures of saints in a church that he denounces the adornment of churches with figures of the apostles as almost idolatrous, preached at Exeter Hall the other night before a big picture of Luther, which he hoped would carry home to the minds of his hearers the reality of the man.

SOME of the ventilators in the Embankment gardens are being reduced in size. This, they say, is to prevent so much steam from rising—a very strange reason for the alteration. It is much more likely to be a sort of compromise to get rid of the still standing quarrel between the no-funnelists and the funnel-for-ever partizans.

NEXT session a demand will be made, at the instance of Colonel Hogg, for money to extend and develop the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. It is generally admitted that in the by no means improbable event of three large fires occurring in the metropolis at the same time the brigade would be found utterly inadequate to cope with them.

Who sent the mutton? This is the last burning civic question of the day. Next year, if the Australian mutton story be true, we may look for a Lord Mayor's Show which will be a novelty. Every good man in the metropolis will mount the speciality of his business on four wheels, and run it into a foremost place as the Guildhall company proudly pace the various streets.

THAT is an interesting story about the member of a suburban School Board who attempted to quote the Bible and failed. It was promptly moved and carried that a Bible be laid upon the table for reference. The unenlightened member is said to be a follower of Mr. Gladstone in his views with regard to the administration of the oath to the elected M.P.'s, and the rebuke administered to him is well invented, if the tale, as is very likely, happens to be a figment.

AMONGST the expected arrivals in London is one which will be of the greatest interest to our artists. Deng Tong, a Chinese painter, who has been practising with immense success in Chicago, is about to visit us. Deng Tong professes to be far superior in knowledge of his art to the more skilful of the brotherhood amongst the "foreign devils." The likenesses are really striking, but the execution too smooth and *l'éché* to please the "outer barbarians" of the craft. His oil painting is as highly finished as miniature, and looks like water-color.

It seems that we are to have another monster hotel, and it is certainly curious that while the tendency of London life is westward the tendency of London hotels is to spring up cityward. Of course, if they are intended for business people the explanation is simple. The truth is, it is the theatres that feed the hotels, and all the Strand, like all the world, is now a stage. The new hotel, however, finds its attraction in the new Law Courts, and it is to become the hostelry of litigants. It will be built close to the new Palace of Justice, and within sound of the new clock.

THE Royal Academy finds that its space is quite inadequate to the just demands upon it. The builders are at work in Burlington House. It is said that we are to have two new galleries. Though these are to be built in order to hold water-colors and architectural drawings, the benefit of the new addition will really be for the oil painters. They will get the rooms in which hitherto the drawings and water-colors used to hang. And it is quite right they should. The water-color rooms, thrust in as a sandwich between the stronger oil paintings, were always seen to disadvantage.

THE Kensingtonians complain, and with justice, that the noble gardens are being rapidly cleared of the fine old trees which used to add such a picturesque charm to this quarter of London. More than one hundred trunks were to be seen lying on the grass recently, and more are yet to fall. Quite as many more are decayed, and will have to be removed; but this need not have been the case if a little common sense and knowledge had been exercised. Large forest trees can hardly be expected to flourish when the earth and moisture upon which they depend are removed. It would be more sensible to cut them down at first, the timber would at least be valuable. Now it is ugly, rotten, useless, and the gardens are disfigured.

It is refreshing to hear that Mr. Millis has gone to "fresh fields and pastures new" for subjects to paint. It seems that we are to expect some Highland scenes from his brush at the next Academy exhibition, his labours having lately been expended on the landscape scenery near his seat at Biraham. N. B. It is not the first time he has gone to Scotland for a theme, and his picture of "Effie Deans" will always be remembered as one of his most charming productions. But of late years Mr. Millis has been associated either with portraits of great personages, the latest edition being that of Mr. Henry Irving, or with the heroine who does duty for such pictures "Cherry Ripe," "Pomona," and others of similar character.

CHAPTER II.

Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache.

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle nearly cured me."

The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—'Incurable!'"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

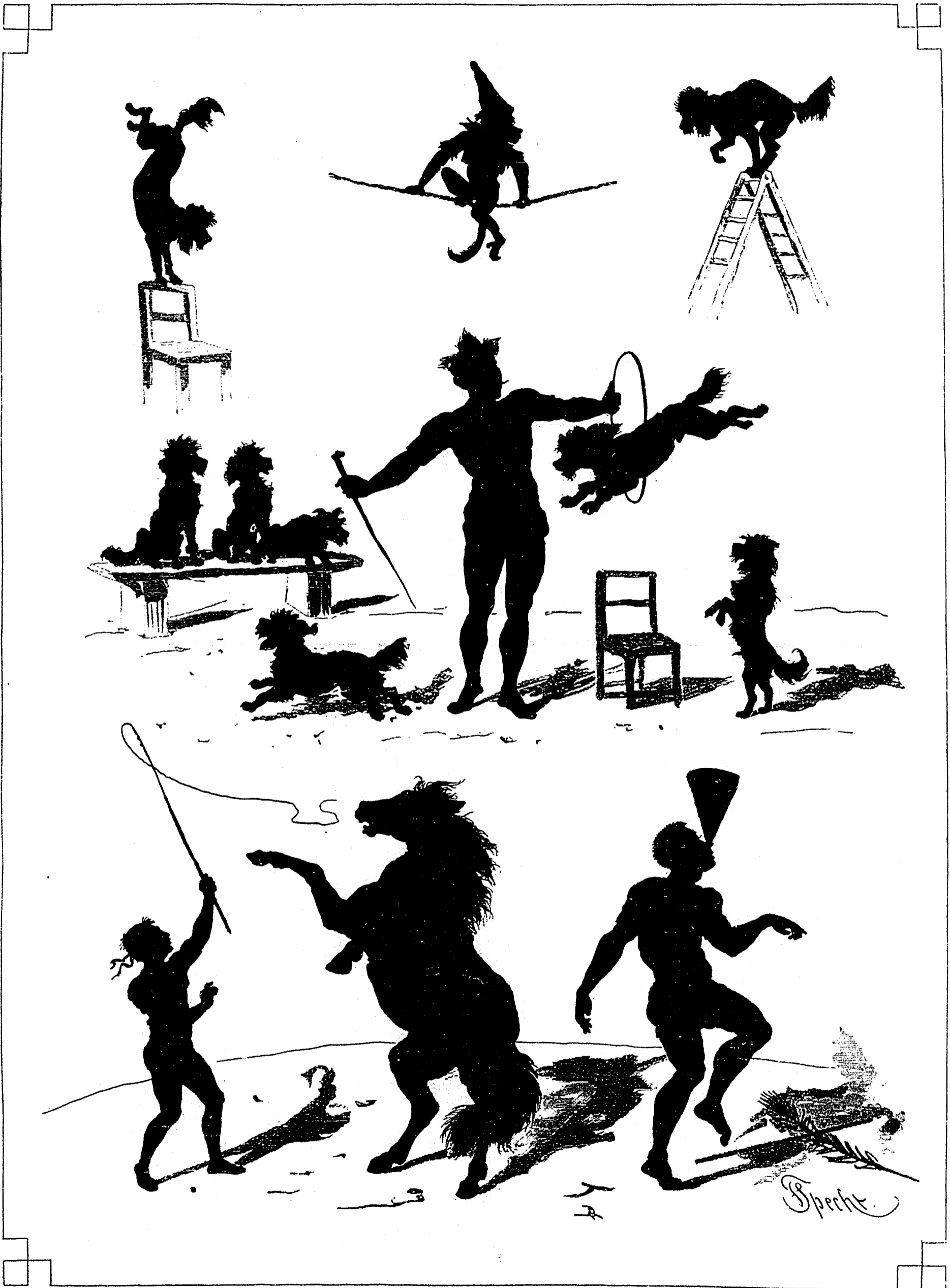
"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

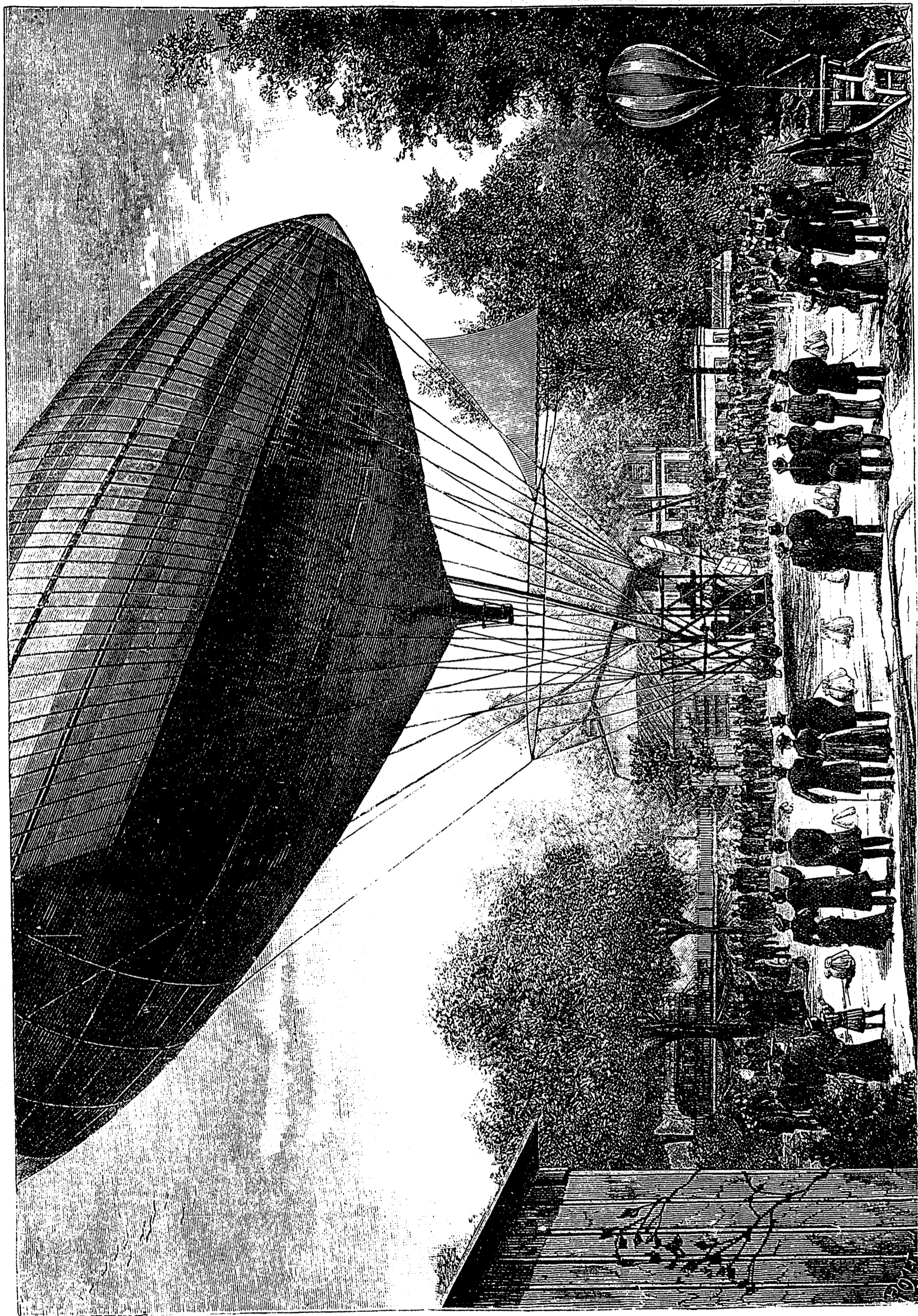
And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost do miracles!"

—Mrs. E. D. Slack.



SILHOUETTES.



THE BALLOON GUIDED BY ELECTRICITY.

YE ANCIENT C. T.

It was an Ancient Traveller,
Who stayed me on my way,
With "Stop ye here, no need to fear;
Hear what I have to say."

He wore a suit of dingy clothes,
His hat was shocking bad;
A man of woes, one would suppose,
Goes melancholy mad.

He seemed a core worn down by care,
Some sin of blood or greed?
His matted hair and gruesome air
Bears hints of dire some deed.

His heavy breath suggested rye,
His nose carbuncle-crowned!
But, standing nigh, it was his eye
By which he held me bound.

That eye so roving, fierce and gray
Possessed strange powers of stare;
And what I saw of one I may,
Ay! say about the pair.

"Now, Ancient One," I said, "detrain
Me not, for I would go
To catch my train; it soon will rain."
Vain! For he muttered, "No."

"Pray, tell me, Ancient Traveller,
What style of man ye be,
I seem to peer the Mariner
Seer Coleridge brought from sea.

"Afeard am I to linger here
Beside a wight like you!"
He answered, "Near is lager bier
Steer hither: "order two."

He grasped that foaming pot of drink
"Twas principally foam!"
He eyed its brink, and with a wink,
"Think, as ye benevolent roam

"Of one who knoweth not the sea
Nor any trade save one,
I used to be a brave C. T.,
Believe me, it was fun.

"But that is past, to never more
Return. 'Tis now my fate
To bore and bore, one or a score;
For none may choose but wait.

'Tis mine to warn, so you may see
The sad results of op-
Per-tu-ni-tee neglected be.
C. T., that's why you stop.

"A trav'ling biz I used to do
With samples gayly borne,
And but few 'twixt me and you,
Blew any louder horn."

I tried to steal away just here,
For I did not note his gaze
From bold and clear was waxing clear:
Queer grew his cranky ways.

But, no! He may not let me pass,
His arms aloft he swines:
"Ho! by the mass, another glass:
Bass!" This the waiter brings.

In what a dreamy way he takes
That foreign froth-filled can!
"I took the cakes and won the stakes,"
Breaks forth this sudden man.

He said this with so fierce a shout
It raised my ruffling hair.
I set about the finding out
Mout be his secret share?

"The C. T. market I could bull,
And none mote corner me;
O'er all I'd pull proverbial wool,
Full toned I used to be!

"One glorious advantage I
Possessed, as you'll infer,
I'd scarcely try, yet I could lie
By instinct, as it were.

"For I could lie without regard
To facts I had to face;
I'd lie by card and by the yard;
Hard practice won the race.

"And many tried to rival one
Whose fame did brightly glow,
But to outrun them all was fun,
Munchausen had no show!

"Superiority will lead
To carelessness sometimes;
I did a deed which broke my creed:
Need it be told in rhyme?

"One day—ah! I was but a youth,
And thought not of the end—
In speech uncouth I spoke a truth!
Sooth, that I ne'er could mend.

"The story spread the country o'er
That I one truth had told—
My heart's too sore to travel more,
For this thing made me old!

"Except that once I always lied
Consistently and straight;
It was my pride! Ah, how I sighed,
Cried at this change of fate.

"Farewell, my friend, the tale is through,
Excuse my foolish rhyme:
It doesn't do to lie a few,
You must lie every time."

He loosed his grasp and dropt his gaze,
And suffered me to go;
In blank amaze I went my ways,
Praise it! it ended so.

JOHN ALBRO.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTREAL HUNT.

It is a pleasing feature, devolving credit on the character of Canadians that our commercial prosperity has also developed arts and science in a fair measure, and that with the advancement of all our aims, due attention for healthy bodily development has not been lost sight of. We look upon our snowshoers, oarsmen, skaters and Lacrosse players with just pride. They have materially added to bring the name of Canada into prominence, having commanded recognition for our Dominion from the nations of the world along time before our vast natural

resources were better known to the world, or had become matters of successful speculation.

To-day, we deal with another manly recreation, which by its long flourish amongst us and attending successes, merits to be annexed to the number of Canadian sports of which we may justly be proud of. It is the sport of fox-hunting, inaugurated nearly 60 years ago, and carried on through many vicissitudes to the present day by the Montreal Hunt.

Visiting their elaborate Kennels, in Colborne Avenue now, one almost cannot help getting an insight into the scientific treatment of horses and hounds, and of the careful study bestowed on all matters connected with the chase. And when in connection therewith, one hears the thrilling tales of glorious runs had during the last seasons, a taste for the exhilarating pleasures of the chase is imbibed, and with continually growing interest one regrets only that early training, as far as horsemanship is concerned, prevents the participation in a sport which is carried on with so much enthusiasm and conscientious forethought, labor and expense.

From recollections and notes of one of the oldest members of the Montreal Hunt we gather some interesting historical facts which we trust the present generation will take pleasure in hearing.

The founder of the Hunt, Mr. Wm. Forsyth, was a sportsman to the core, a straight rider, gifted with high administrative talents. Up to the present day, no more care for the well-being of horses and hounds has ever been bestowed than in his day. When removing the pack from Three Rivers to Montreal, in 1829, the kennels were located on the right side of Papineau road, opposite Logan's farm. Although consisting only of wooden structures, they contained all necessary appurtenances which the standard of well regulated hunting establishments in the old country required. Besides stables for hunt-horses, there were kennels with sleeping, lodging and feeding rooms, covered and open yards, a boiling and a slaughtering house. The premises were in charge of huntsman Outhet, who acted also as kennelman, who in those days was in the habit of riding a stout cob, on the near side of which were fastened two stirrup leathers of different length to the saddle, so that Outhet, who seems to have considered usefulness more than style, could regain his seat comfortably after the many necessary dismountings the state of the country required.

We are told that Outhet kept always near his hounds. He would gallop up to an impracticable jump, dismount in a wink, scramble over and leave the well-trained cob to follow him as best he could. The country principally hunted over was on the Longueuil side, between Chambly and Laprairie, where miles of good galloping could be enjoyed without meeting a single enclosure. The hounds met twice a week, at 11 o'clock, and the average field numbered upwards of fifty riders.

Foxes, in those days, seemed to have been very numerous, for we are told on good authority that on an average ten brace were killed every season in this district alone, besides those killed on the Island of Montreal. Under these circumstances, the meanings of the words "drag" and "bagman" were almost unknown, and the followers of the chase enjoyed genuine sport, unadulterated with "red herring" or "amused" which cannot be said of the sportsmen two or three decades thereafter.

In 1834, we find Mr. John Forsyth, master, with Morris as huntsman, and Kennedy in the position of whip and kennelman.

From an illustration, in a London sporting paper of that time, now adorning the Secretary's room in the Club house, a humorous incident of hunting in those days is transmitted to us. It represents huntsman Morris with a field of hunters in his rear, mounted on cob-tailed and crop-eared horses, parlaying with some French-Canadian farmers about the passage over their fields, which they try to prevent with sticks and pitchforks. When no final arrangement can be arrived at, the huntsman sounds his horn to draw off his hounds which the farmers take for the signal of a military attack, and falling on their knees pray for their lives. We find that the pack consisted of twenty-seven couples of entered hounds, at this period, with the kennels still on the Papineau road. Also, Mr. John Forsyth was a keen sportsman and fearless rider, but mounted on his thoroughbred stallion "Competitor," by "Cock of the Rock" out of "Roxana," the last get of "Eclipse," of whom "Competitor" was the dead image. We may say, that Mr. John Forsyth, who is now in his 78th year, still enjoys hunting three days a week, at L'Amington, England, where he keeps a stable of six capital hunters. Mr. John Forsyth has, within the past year, corresponded with some of the members of the Montreal Hunt, expressing his great pleasure at still being remembered in Montreal, and his satisfaction that the institution in which he formerly took so much active interest continues in a flourishing condition.

After the rebellion, in 1837, which had brought to this country a large number of military men, many of whom took an interest in foxhunting, Captain Wm. Jones and Wm. T. Stockley, Sen., R. A., became successively masters, and at this time steeplechasing was first introduced in connection with the Hunt. Purse and prizes made it worth while to keep good horses, as we learn cups valued at £100 and £150 were run for, and thence date the annual Hunt steeplechases.

On the retirement of Mr. Stockley, Sr., his

son, T. T. Stockley, Jr., became his successor, who again was followed by Captain Hon. Keane, R. E.

It is a characteristic of their times, that the enjoyment of fast runs, which legitimate sport would not furnish, was frequently enforced by the laying of drags over an open country, which sometimes became so fast and severe that at the end of a run a number of hounds would drop dead, and others had to be carried home in an exhausted condition. After the retirement of Capt. Keane, in 1847, financial troubles necessitated the disposal of the pack to a company of sporting gentlemen residing in Cobourg, at the head of which was a Mr. Hubert. However in 1851 the pack reappears in Montreal. Mr. Habet returning to England, resold back to the old members of the Montreal Hunt. Lieutenant C. Lutgens of the 20th Regiment, then stationed at Montreal, acted as master for a season. We may here remark that Mr., (now Captain) Lutgens is looked upon in England, to-day, as the successor of the late Sir Edwin Landseer as an animal painter, some of his pictures of hunting scenes having been admitted to the Royal Academy. Two or three of his early efforts are held by parties in Canada, and are highly prized by them. A very fine hunting scene, "A Kill in a Fog," is owned by D. Lorn MacDougall, Esq., and has, we believe, been exhibited in our own Art Gallery.

Lieutenant Cox, R. E., succeeded Mr. Lutgens and was master for two seasons. He had to contend with many difficulties, for the gradual withdrawal of the military who had for some time been the principal supporters did not tend to improve matters in this critical period in the Hunt's history. However, Mr. D. Lorn MacDougall who had always taken an active interest in the hounds, came forward, and it is to him that the members of the present day are indebted that the pack is in existence.

For several years, he almost supported them at his own risk and out of his own pocket, the subscriptions amounting to only \$700, whilst expenses were \$1,500 per year. Under his mastership the Longueuil and Laprairie coverts were often hunted, which always held foxes that gave good runs. Pointe Claire was another favorite country, being open and the enclosures consisting mostly of stone walls, which receive preference to stiff timber fences even in the present day.

All those who followed Mr. D. Lorn MacDougall admired him as a straight cross country rider and look back with pleasure at the capital sport furnished by him.

It was during his mastership that, in 1859, the late Mr. Alloway, formerly master of the "Ems" hounds, Queen's County, Ireland, came to Montreal and relieved Mr. MacDougall, in a great measure, of his arduous duties of hunting the hounds.

Whilst Mr. Alloway was in charge of the pack, the kennels were removed for a time to the corner of Guy and St. Joseph Streets, and Mr. Alloway continued acting as huntsman, not only during Mr. MacDougall's mastership, but also under the following regimens—until 1866.

In 1861, Major Burke was elected master for one season, then came Captain, now Colonel De Winton on His Excellency's staff, who deserves great credit for having handled the pack so well as he did, considering the discouraging scant subscriptions and the inadequate material at his disposition, from all of which he knew how to make the most of it, as many members of his day are testifying in his praise. After Col. De Winton's departure, no regular master was appointed for two seasons, during which period the Hunt was in charge of a Committee, of which Mr. W. M. Ramsay was Chairman, the hounds being hunted alternately by one of its members, amongst which Captain Mooney and C. J. Cunningham, Esq., held prominent positions.

In the fall of 1866, Mr. Alloway's contract was not renewed, and Mr. Drysdale, the present huntsman, who previously had been whipper in Mr. MacDougall's time, was engaged, which position he has held without interruption to the present time to the satisfaction of members and officers of the Club. Being connected with the Hunt now for more than twenty-six years, he has acquired a considerable knowledge of the country which materially aids him to fulfil his duties in the field. Although a judicious rider, no impediments are too high, wide or deep to prevent him remaining close to his hounds of which he is justly proud. Within the last years, the kennel management as well as the mode of hunting have materially been changed, but he has shown his adaptability to enter with zeal into the new methods which have been advocated for the sport, and it may therefore be expected that Wm. Drysdale, will, for years to come, remain the faithful and useful huntsman of the Club.

In November, 1867, Mr. John Crawford was elected master for the first time, which position he most ably filled for the period of six years, and pretty trying ones they were. However, by his energy and business habits, he carried along the Club, with the assistance of an active committee, until 1874, when Mr. Andrew Allan was unanimously elected master. Although not himself a cross-country rider, he was most worthily represented by his two sons, Mr. J. Allan and Mr. Hugh Allan, who were always to be found in the first flight. It was with great reluctance, in 1876, that Mr. A. Allan's resignation was accepted, when the fine meets at his two country seats, "Sanderton" and "Ardgowan," which will ever be remembered in red letters in the annals of the Club, came to an end.

In March, 1876, Mr. John Crawford accepted

the mastership for the second time, and we need hardly say, that under his leadership in the field, there was some lively work. Cock-tails had a poor show, when the pack took up the scent, and the worthy master on "Forester" got under weigh. The hardest riders in the Hunt admit they had a hard row to travel and a tough one to beat when following Mr. Crawford on his game old horse, with whom whenever he liked he could hound the best man on the best horses. "Forester," this favorite hunter of his, is now in his 27th year and still fit as a fiddle when hounds are in front of him. Mr. Crawford's well-known face and figure is seen daily in our streets, but on a hunting day it is a treat worth travelling a hundred miles to take in his cheerful countenance, his faultless get-up, style of riding and keen judgment in a run when hounds are at fault. Delicacy alone prevents our saying all we should like to respecting Mr. Crawford, but it must be conceded that by his sterling qualities in the field, his example and friendly advice to all inexperienced ones he was cherished almost like a father during his mastership, and his geniality and hospitality at the pleasant gatherings at "Verdun," before and after the day's run, which have tended so much to awaken a keener and more general interest in our hunt will ever be remembered with the greatest of pleasure by those who were present.

After acting two years on his second term most efficiently, and we can say most liberally towards the Club, Mr. Crawford's resignation was very reluctantly accepted.

Mr. T. R. Hutchins was the next master, but served only from December, 1875 till August 1879. It can truly be said of Mr. Hutchins, that not ever, excepting his predecessor Mr. Crawford, was there ever a more daring cross-country rider than he was or a member with more enthusiasm for the chase or more lively interest in the welfare of the Club.

In August, 1879, Captain Campbell, of St. Hilaire, was unanimously chosen Master, which position he held for three years.

When first elected the Club's finances were far from being in a satisfactory state, owing to the commercial depression of the few preceding years. However with the assistance of an energetic Committee composed of Messrs. H. Bouthillier, Hugh Paton, A. Baumgarten, T. R. Hutchins and A. Galarneau the club was gradually brought to a standard, which to-day is far ahead of any other one on this Continent and second to few in England, as far as its complete arrangements and buildings are concerned. From Captain Campbell's military training he was particular that all details connected with hunting were thoroughly carried out and that the Montreal Hunt should be managed as near as possible by regularized systems governing English establishments. It may specially be mentioned that the successes of the Annual Hunt Steeplechases were in a great measure due to his experience in racing matters and to his integrity and thoroughly honest desire that everything connected with these races should be unshuffled by any taint of wrong. During his mastership he regularly entertained the members on the opening day at his beautiful country seat at St. Hilaire, which were delightful reunions. Although prevented in consequence of his distant home from taking active part in the thorough re-organization of hunting matters which took place during his term, he was the most energetic supporter that all drag-hunting should be discarded and that the experiment should be made to re-establish true hunting with strenuous effort. It is under his mastership that the most honest hard work to further this object was done by an Executive Committee and only an unequalled enthusiasm for the chase could have accomplished so much in comparatively so short a time. It having become evident that attempts to hunt the wild animal with a degenerated pack of hounds and without the assistance of thorough knowledge of country and earths, resulted frequently in wild-goose chases, it was first resolved to produce a geographical hunting map of the Island. The Executive Committee undertook this task most energetically, investigating twice weekly for six months the country in all directions, taking measurements and drawing up plans with the result of producing a nice map now at the disposal of each member, showing all coverts, roads, villages, and brooks in the realm of the hunt. Then an earthstopper was engaged whose duty it was during the non-hunting season to find, especially in winter by following up "reynard's" track in the snow, new earths and hiding places, and the location of nearly fifty earths, which on hunting days can now be stopped, are the result of this work, facilitating the systematic and sensible prosecution of genuine sport. It was also during Captain Campbell's term of office, that, feeling the quality and number of their hounds not being up to the standard that the Executive opened a subscription list for the importation of new hounds, which was liberally and quickly filled by the leading gentlemen of the Hunt, so that Captain Campbell was enabled to communicate with Mr. Leonard Moonogh, Dublin, Master of the Ward Union Stag-hounds for the purchase of as fine a lot of hounds as could be found. Owing to the disturbed state of Ireland Mr. Moonogh succeeded in securing the whole of Lord Huntington's pack, consisting of 27 couples. They arrived in town last year and compose now the bulk of the Montreal pack, which in all numbers forty couples of entered hounds. The whole have proved a superior lot as the result of last season's hunting—twenty-five "kills" in twenty-six hunting days—proved.

[There is one pleasing feature not to be omitted in this account, which is: that all the ex-masters from Mr. Crawford's first election in 1867 up to this time, though out of harness, are amongst the most active members both in the field and in furthering the prosperity of the Club.

The spirit to advance the latter and to work for the general good has for a long time governed all the officers of the Hunt, but were it not for one gentleman's good business tact and arduous labors, its affairs would not be in so well-regulated and favorable a condition as they are now. The position of Secretary and Treasurer which Mr. Paton has held for the last three years is a difficult and trying one, but his geniality and popularity, his business capacity and social standing have overcome all difficulties and whilst in former times subscriptions came in reluctantly, like collections towards a charitable institution, it is due to him that now it is considered an honor to be admitted a member to the Montreal Hunt and that the annual balances do not show deficits as was almost the rule in the past. In all his actions in connection with the Hunt, frequently entailing sacrifices of time and money, Mr. Paton is governed alone by his true love for the sport, which he has evidently inherited from his uncle the late Mr. Shedden, who did as much, if not more, than any man in the Province of Quebec for the advancement of sport in the field and on the turf.

We now come to the last chapter in the history of the Hunt and we commence it with some diffidence, feeling our inability to do the subject that justice it deserves. On the retirement of Captain Campbell in December, 1882, Mr. Baumgarten was unanimously elected Master, a compliment most deservedly earned by him. Since his arrival in this country, eleven years ago, he has been an active member in every way and the moving spirit of the Executive Committee since its inauguration, (four years ago). As his appreciation of the sport of fox-hunting increased Mr. Baumgarten determined to make the park and kennels of the Montreal Hunt *vulgo* *la s'cand*. How his energy, perseverance and liberality have succeeded to achieve this aim it is almost unnecessary to say. The reputation of our Hunt has spread far and near; few visitors coming to Montreal leave without paying the kennel a visit, and all, from his Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, who lately inspected them, are loud in their praise and admit they are more completely in every respect than even the finest in the land of fox-hunting, Old England. It may not generally be known that the property on which the kennels, etc. are built is the private property of Mr. Baumgarten. Having purchased the land in 1859, he in 1861 built the kennels and stables as well as a wooden club house, which latter, however, was last year pulled down and the splendid brick buildings erected which are now in use. The premises are leased by him to the Hunt at a nominal rent. Owing to the restriction of hunting the wild animal exclusively the staff of servants had to be increased and double the number of hunt-servants, horses, and hounds became necessary and with the unavoidable expenses to keep this establishment in repair the annual expenditure of the Club has almost doubled. But the present generation of hunting-men is satisfied that this expense is well spent and continually increasing numbers enjoy the genuine sport afforded them. The wish of all for more frequent runs in the open and less chopping up in covert will, however, only gradually be realized when our deep woodlands diminish or become easier of access.

As the Island of Montreal holds large numbers of foxes it is due to the farmers, who, out of friendly feeling towards the Hunt, preserve them for the maintenance of sport against shot and poison, that they should not become the sufferers from an increase of the "varmint" and it is for their sakes that the satisfaction of a kill must often be greatest, which could be avoided if the game were less abundant. Were we not afraid that this article is already too long we could expatiate on the advantages derived by farmers, saddlers, horse-boarders, blacksmiths, etc., in fact all tradesmen, as it is computed that the expenditure on account of the Hunt directly and indirectly amounts to \$60,000 per year, but we close our remarks in giving the names of the officers of the Club for the current season:

A. Baumgarten M.F.H.; Hugh Paton, Secretary and Treasurer, T. B. Hutchins, C. Galarneau, W. C. Richardson, Executive Committee.

MISCELLANY.

A CERTAIN newspaper has promised to send a gold necklace as a Christmas gift to the barmaid who shall, between now and the 25th of December, have been adjudged the best-looking of her class in London or the provinces. Each "gentleman" is at liberty to bestow one vote on the object of his choice, the lady who has received the greatest number of votes being accounted the winner of the prize. It is almost incredible that several hundred of people have engaged in the competition.

The *Gaulois's* special interviewer in London who attempted to see Lord Granville on Lord Mayor's day received the following answer: "Monsieur, I beg you to thank the *Gaulois* director for his polite note. It is always most agreeable to me to meet distinguished Frenchmen. I greatly regret that the multiplicity of affairs prevents me from receiving you now. It is probable that you may want to know my political views. As to that I have nothing at present to say. We shall see later.—Your most obedient servant."

CHRISTINE.

It was the twenty-third of December, a still beautiful night, not a breath of air stirring in the trees, with the light powdering of snow, that sparkled and shone in the weird moonlight.

So still, so bright, was it, that a spider's web spun in delicate, intricate fashion from one frost-bitten rose-leaf to another, stood out from its dark background as if outlined in diamonds; and far-off church bells sent their strokes so solemnly and distinctly through the room, that before the eleventh had sounded, even Robert Lovell's absorbed attention was roused, and putting aside his book, he rose, crossed the room, and flinging open the unshuttered window, looked forth into the quiet winter night. Looked slowly from its glistening diamonds, up to where shone its numberless stars.

A year ago he had stood by the same window, at the same hour, thinking how, if all had gone well, it would have been the evening of his wedding day; and almost unconsciously he began comparing his sensations of to-day with those of that bygone time, tearing down the dividing curtain that twelve months had drawn between past and present.

"Though there is not much to remind me of it," he thought, "this quiet scene, and that other December night, with the wind roaring through the trees, and the rain falling in torrents, and an echo of its fury in my own breast."

"I said then I would never forgive her. I wonder do I forgive her now? No, I do not think I forgive," folding his arms, "but perhaps I understand her better."

"She was so weak and timid, and they persuaded her to say 'Yes.' Ah, why did she? If she had only told me the truth; but," sighing, "she had not the courage, and I—I never guessed it. And so—Yes, I suppose the sequel was natural."

And his mind for a minute lingered over the sequel. The timid, gentle girl, struggling to put aside the love that had been forbidden her, and be kind to the suitor who had found favor in her parents' eyes. Then the old story—a chance meeting with him who had won her heart before wealthy Robert Lovell came a-wooing; a few words from him telling of the wherefore of his departure in silence;—a soft reply from her which told how the silence had broken her heart; then one day a letter signed "John Fane," addressed to old Mr. Davidson, informing him that his daughter had preferred poverty shared with the writer to that other future to which he had essayed to bend her unwilling feet. And by the same post an envelope containing one small sheet of paper was put into Robert Lovell's hands, a small sheet all blotting with many tears and on it only two words written:—"Forgive me," and a signature, which for the moment puzzled him—"C. FANE." But that had all happened more than a year ago.

It was an old story now, quite thrust out of his life, and the woman who had been his love was the wife of John Fane, living far away in India.

No tidings of her ever reached him; he did not wish for any.

She had cut herself adrift from him—from the love and the wealth that would have stood between her and the rough places of life—and had chosen instead—she paused in his thoughts and said half aloud: "Has chosen instead, a bad-tempered man with a narrow income. That is about it."

He sighed quickly and impatiently when he had so spoken and shifted his position, leaning more heavily against the window frame.

"I wonder if she has ever repented?"

The thought flashed quickly through his mind, and perhaps from slight consciousness of motive, that was the mainspring of the thought, he colored a little in the moonlight.

Then he shivered, roused to the fact that the night was cold if still, and that he had been standing a long time by the open window.

He took a final look abroad, noticing, as he did so, that the conservatory door stood open.

"I must go and shut it," he decided, and closed the window.

"Last year, as I did that," he reflected, "my last thought was that I hoped she would live to repent; to-night," waveringly, and there paused, and added, as he turned the arm-chair round to the fire, "to-night I am not sure."

And yet she wrecked my life; took out of it all the happiness that she had herself promised it should contain. Why should I wish her life to be happy either?"

Turning from the chill contemplation the outside world to the warmth of the fireside, did not break the chain of his thoughts, did not cause these to shift from the centre figure, round which the hour and scene had served to group them.

He scarcely noticed that the fire needed replenishing, as he traced in its red caverns the story of his life. The little, lurid tongues of flame, lighting with transient gleam the few bright hours of his engagement with the shrinking, timid girl whose love he had once felt so sure of winning.

And as he watched, his thoughts grew harder toward her, though he had fancied sometimes in these late months they had been softening, or perhaps they had only usurped a less prominent place in his life, thrust aside by the endless work with which he strove to replace that other, happier life that was to have been his.

"I must not let my mind dwell on it—it changes me, hardens me."

But for the moment he did not check the

current, rather allowed himself to contemplate with a kind of defiant satisfaction the idea that she was learning in her Indian exile that there were worse things in life than remaining true to the man who loved her.

"Come in."

The knock, gentle, hesitating as it was, made itself distinctly heard through all the turmoil of his brain.

"Come in," he repeated, as there was a moment's lingering still; then very noiselessly the door was pushed open and a slender woman's figure entered the room.

Long before she stood beside him, almost before his eyes had done more than take in the slim outlines in the shrouding cloak, Robert Lovell knew who it was.

And seeing her, he felt no surprise, no wonder that she should be there, that no dividing ocean stretched between them; on the contrary, she seemed to him for the moment merely the embodiment of his thoughts—that was all.

Even her unannounced arrival failed to startle him; the open conservatory door seemed to explain it.

But seeing her thus standing before him, silent, for she spoke no word of greeting, it was strange how his thoughts changed. The point of view had shifted at once. This was the girl he remembered, who had striven to please him and her father and had failed.

Not boldly declining the task she found too hard, but slipping out of it, leaving others to bear the burden she had shrunk from. Yes, the weakness that had faltered before her share in the battle of life was plainly visible in the pleading eyes, the trembling lips. But then it was for all these things he had loved her—before he knew.

And for a moment it was of his love alone that he thought.

"Christine!" he cried, and for the moment only the past was present to him, "what brings you to me to-night?" And then as she lifted her eyes and looked at him, he realized the change the year had brought to her. So white her cheeks, so large and sad her eyes, he felt that it might have been possible even for him to have met and not have known her.

"How changed you are," he said then, and his voice almost involuntarily softened, "have twelve months done so much?"

"Life is too hard for me," she said, and there was a suggestion of tears in her voice, which had the sad emphasis of her eyes. "I made you suffer, I know it well. Ah," coming a step nearer, "how many gray hairs you have, that you had not when I saw you last! Is that all my doing?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "that is all your doing. And you," lifting his eyes, and looking at her again. "Are you happy? But, no, I see you are not. Ten minutes ago I hoped you were not. I hoped your life was as bare and wretched as mine is. Now that I have seen you—"

"Well?" she questioned as he hesitated.

"Now I wish that you were happier. But I knew it," almost exultantly, a moment later repeating his own words of so short a time ago. "A bad-tempered man with a small income, what chances were there of happiness?"

"But did you wish," she cried, kneeling down by his side, and laying her slender ungloved hand on his, a hand on which gleamed her wedding ring, "did you wish it? Are you glad to know that he is tired of me, unkind to me, that I find life too hard to bear? Is this all your love was worth? Could such a flower indeed yield such a poison?"

His own words! Just that which he had thought himself, but letting the idea half vaguely, half fearfully surge through his mind, was different from hearing it put in plain words, with those sad, heartbroken eyes looking into his.

"No," he said, sitting more upright, and taking the small trembling hands in his. "No, you are right, that would be a poor sort of love; mine was of better worth than that."

"Do not cry, poor child, poor child," smoothing back the fair hair from her forehead.

"I feel your tears still falling upon my hand. Tell me, what can I do for you? Why have you come to me?"

She half lifted her head, but did not take her hands from his.

"Now you look kind and good, as you did in the old days when you were always so tender to me, and I almost grew to love you."

"Almost," he repeated. "Ah, child, if you had stayed, I would have made you love me!"

"No, I could not—I loved him always, always. But I knew you were good, very good—only"—she sighed—"But you are changed."

"I also?"

"Yes, you are not like the Robert Lovell I once knew. Your eyes have grown stern and hard—they frighten me, frighten me so, that when I came in and saw you, I could not tell you what I had come for."

"What was it?" he said gently. "Trust me, tell me."

"Only for your forgiveness," she sobbed, clasping her hands tighter, "only that; but I am afraid to ask you. I thought always that if you knew I craved for it, you were so good you would grant it, but when I looked in your face, I read there, that you would not, I read in your eyes that you were glad that I had suffered, too, that you had been hoping all this year that he was making my life miserable, that you would rejoice when you knew it was so."

"You were quite right," he answered slowly. "I have never forgiven you, never. But—"

She had slipped her hand away, and had risen

to her feet, wrapping the heavy folds of her cloak about her.

"Then that is all," she said, her voice falling sadly in the empty room. "It would have made me happier, I think," hesitating and looking toward him once again—"and—"

"Come here," he said gently, stretching out his hand and taking hers. "Come here, and look again into my eyes. Do you not see written there, as plainly as you hear my words, Christine, that all I have to forgive, is forgiven, and I wish that with my life I could buy back your happiness?"

"Yes," she answered softly; "I see it all there."

And having so spoken, she sank down to the ground at his feet.

He felt the tears raising to his eyes as he noted her, and then:—"I trust you may be happy yet," he said.

"Forgiven," he heard her say very softly; "yes, I am happier."

There were a few seconds' silence, whilst he watched the slender outline of her figure in the firelight; seconds in which he was wondering what he should say next. Then the door of his study was suddenly flung open, and looking up, he saw standing on the threshold a lovely dark-eyed woman, a glad vision of white satin and diamonds.

"Cecile," he exclaimed, rising hastily to his feet and moving toward her, with the vague idea of standing between her and the timid, shrinking figure in the firelight.

But something in his sister's face changed the current of his thoughts. Something was wrong, but the something must surely have to do with the other, and he glanced unconsciously back; but no shrouded figure met his hasty glance.

"Where is she?" he cried.

"Robert!" his sister's hand was on his arm, her lovely eyes, misty with unshed tears, were looked into his. "Robert, I have come straight to you; I was at the Davenants' where I heard the saddest thing. And I was so afraid," her voice trembling, and a tear falling, "that you might hear it first from some one else."

"What is it?" he questioned.

An awed feeling stole over him, due in part to the shadow of the past, in part to the shadow of the future.

"She is dead—"

"Who?" he faltered, but there was no need to ask.

He knew, though no name answered his question.

"Yes, she is dead, her baby was born—and they both died. Oh, Robert, is it not too sad!" He was sitting down now, not in the chair drawn close up to the dying embers of the fire, but in the big arm-chair from which he had risen to look at the beauties of the outside world.

And Cecile had her arms about his neck; he could feel her tears falling fast.

"You must never again feel hard about her," she said. "Of course, you had a great deal to bear, but I knew her well, and was so fond of her—and she was never brave."

"No," he said, gently, "no." And then, "poor child, no, Cecile, I do not feel hard at all. If," hesitatingly, "I ever have been so, such is no longer the case. I have quite forgiven her."

"Ah, yes, now," began his sister.

"No, not now, Cecile, I forgave her before I knew of this. Good-night," he said a moment later; "it was kind of you to come, but I should like best to be alone."

His sister stooped and kissed him, and noted, as she did so, that the dark hair was growing sadly gray, but that on the kindly face was an expression of tender pathos, that had been absent from it, she had often noted, with a sigh, of late. She said nothing, only turned away in silence, and had reached the door before his voice calling "Cecile" arrested his attention. She turned round to find that he had followed her.

"Tell me," he said, in a slow, constrained voice. "You have often heard of her since she married. Was she"—his eyes shifting from hers—"happy?"

"Yes, quite happy—I am sure. She wrote to me once—speaking timidly—and told me so. You are glad, are you not, to know it?"

"Surely," he replied. "Oh, Cecile, it cannot be that you"—he paused abruptly—"Good-night," he said again, and, opening the door, watched her until she had disappeared, then re-closed it.

He walked slowly back to the chair on the hearth-rug, and stood there a moment, in silence watching the place where the kneeling figure had been; whence she had turned her pathetic eyes toward him. "It was all a dream," then he said, "but so real that I still can see her eyes and hear her soft voice."

He moved over to the unshuttered window, and flung it open, as he had done earlier in the same evening, and looked abroad at the peaceful night, where moonbeams still were turning the light snow to diamonds, myriads of stars still shining overhead. Through the still cold night came the loud strokes of a church-bell, cleaving their way distinctly through the frosty air—twelve, he counted—and then: "It is Christmas Eve," he said. "Only one hour since I stood here before and said I could not forgive her—and now I have learnt that she is dead."—The Author of "Miss Molly."

An authority assures us it has been decided that Parliament shall meet on the 24th day of January.



THE BIRTHD.



DAY CAKE.

DOWN BY THE GARDEN GATE.

BY MRS. E. A. JONES.

Come out in the sunshine, fair lady,
Come out among the flowers with me,
We'll wander among bluebells and roses,
While I whisper my love tale to thee.
I've a story, my darling, to tell you,
For to-day I would know my fate,
Then come and walk with me, darling,
Down to the garden gate.

I would tell you the story, fair lady,
The story so old yet so new,
The sweet story of love that is burning,
In my bosom, my darling, for you,
Then come out, fair lady, and listen,
While the dove is calling its mate,
'Tis thus I would woo thee, my darling,
Down by the garden gate.

The birds sing loud in the branches,
The violets bloom in the dell,
And here among the birds and the blossoms,
The tale of my love I would tell,
My soul is sick with its longing,
My heart for acceptance awaits,
Oh, here I would woo thee and win thee,
Here by the garden gate.

See, the dove to his mate is returning,
And he tells his love story and over,
And the glad birds sing in the branches,
And the birds hum loud in the clover,
And here, in the glad May morning,
My heart for its happiness waits,
Come, tell me my fate, my darling,
Here by the garden gate.

No gems from thy far away mountains,
I bring to lay at thy feet,
But a heart that is honest and true, love,
Is mine forever to keep,
In mine by thy hand, like a snow-flake,
My own, my beautiful mate,
I'll keep the sweet vows, all unbroken,
I've made at the garden gate.

A WOMAN'S TRIUMPH.

The setting sun retires among a rolling mass of crimson-tinted clouds, that part reluctantly with the last, soft, brilliant touch of dying day, and cling to the fading colors till long after the lurid ball of fire has sunk into the mist, only to return when the last kiss has lingered and left the horizon-sweeping, nebulous shape, that seems to reach out its fantastic, changing form, as though death to loose the borrowed finery that for a moment adorned it, into cold, black, tumbling, threatening clouds, whose harshness has been but masquerading to presage the coming darkness. The fields of stik-n corn bend before the rusting wind that sweeps up the valley, growing bolder and less playful as rumbling thunder and nervous, hissing ditches fill the heavy air. The kite lift up their heads and acknowledge the omnipotence of nature's power in affrighted sniffs. The birds are dumb and swing in mute wonder among the swaying branches. No sound, save the tolling of the village church bells, breaks the stillness that marks the intervals between grumbling storm-bursts. Nature rules abroad and laughs at death's presence.

A little white cottage, back from the road, surrounded by a garden plot, bright with pinks and carnations, that try to hide their trembling leaves from the increasing violence of the approaching storm, seems to lighten the diminishing twilight. A forge adjoins the house, but the fires are out, the hearth strewn with cold ashes, the wheezy bellows still, and the clink-clank of the busy hammer gives place to dreary silence. The smith's leather apron hangs against the door, but the smith has but little use now for apron, forge, or hammer. Within the quiet cottage, whose twinkling, green blinds are tightly closed, all that is earthly of him lays cold and stiff,—the muscular frame, the brawny arms, and toil worn hands chained in death.

Across the unconscious form a young girl has thrown herself, in the heavy abandonment of grief. No loud weeping marks the extent of her terrible sorrow; only hard, dry sobs, at frequent intervals, tell the story of her saddened heart. The rain comes. Large, rapidly descending drops patter harshly on the roof, and then bursts the storm: the thunder roll, the lightning flashes, and the wind howls itself in blind fury against the cottage, seemingly intent on tearing away the slight barrier that separates it from death's havoc. The girl is heedless of the shrieking elements; no power can overcome the grief that numbs her brain.

The door suddenly flies open; a man crosses the threshold. The rain that sweeps in before he can close the door again reaches the girl. With a shudder she raises her head and tear-stained eyes, and seeing the stranger jumps to her feet, and a light, as near unto gladness as the sorrow-drawn face will permit, springs to her eyes as she holds out her hands to him. He throws off his wet coat, removes the slouch hat, and reveals a handsome face, marred by a deep scowl and an expression of annoyance. Without noticing the welcoming gesture of the girl, and casting a cursory glance at the dead form, he seats himself near the door.

"Dead!" he asks of the girl who stands before him. Her arms have dropped at her side, and a pitiful, pleading gaze seeks the face of the man.

"Yes," she whispers gently, with a quick glance at the dead form, as though half expecting it to start at his coarse tone. There seems to be something in common between this man and woman, and yet it is easily apparent that the one moves in a strata of society to which the other is a stranger. Although a beautiful, womanly girl, labor stamps her with its mark. She is of the working classes,—that mass which

struggles day by day for existence. He wears that haughty air and indescribable something with which aristocracy favors her scions.

"Well, you have sent for me; now what do you want?"

The girl gazed silently at the man as he utters the words gruffly, without meeting her eyes and in a tone which plainly tells he is there without his will. For a moment or two there is silence, until he, awaiting her reply, looks up to find the cause.

She is very still. Her hands are clasped before her, and her eyes, which seem to pierce his very soul, are overflowing with tears. A picture of misery confronts him.

"What do I want," she replied in a low, subdued tone and with a nervous glance at the other occupant of the apartment—"what do I want? O Richard, not much, not much; only a little love, a little sympathy, a little kindness. Not much, Richard; but it would go so far, so far toward easing my weary, breaking heart. I am alone now; there lies all that bound me to home, the cold, dead body of my father. Take me, oh take me to your heart, Richard; take me away from here, or I shall die."

"What do I want?" The girl straightens herself up here, and a look almost as haughty as the man's comes over her face. She is a beautiful woman. "What should a woman want of her husband!—his protection, his love in the hour of trial, which comes to us all alike. Richard, by that holy union which has bound us together for a year in secret, I demand that you acknowledge me as your wife. If you cannot give me the love I ask, give me justice at least. Husband, did you know this is the anniversary of our wedding-day, which for most women is fraught with joy, but for me is laden with sorrow,—deep, hard sorrow."

"Bother!" grumbles the man, moving uneasily at her sad pleading, but not once meeting her eyes. "You know well enough that six months ago I was ready to present you as my wife, but you preferred to remain with your father; now he is gone, you fly out at me. You'll have to bide my time now. My affairs are in too confused a state, and my father a trifle too angry at the last draft to allow of my presenting him with a blacksmith's daughter as my wife. Your father's interests have been consulted without reference to mine; so now you must rest satisfied to wait upon my pleasure. Here's money, I'll send you more when I can; and mind this, do not attempt to communicate with me by word or letter until I give you permission. Remember."

The man rises as he speaks, and tosses a purse at her. It strikes her skirt and rolls down unheeded to the floor. The contact seems to change her very nature. The face in which sadness and love were softly blended becomes cold and set; an angry light flashes in her dark eyes and her slight, erect frame is fixed as stone. Slowly raising her arm she points to the door.

"I ask you for my right, for simple justice, and you try to buy me with gold. You could not buy my love, yet you think to purchase what love or hate alone could yield you,—silence. I refuse to sell it. Go!"

"But—" He now hesitates and starts.

"Do not fear. What I will not sell I freely give. Go! Henceforth we are strangers. I hate you. Get from my sight!"

He bows before her wrath, but draws a breath of relief at her words. The latch is raised, the cold rain bursts in and caresses the unconscious form on the tier. The man passes out into the storm, and as the girl closes the door behind him, the purse of gold rattles on the gravel path. He stoops and picks it up.

She is alone with death again; and she longs to join him who has gone before.

"By Jove, Carleton, isn't that a beautiful woman?"

"Yes; don't you know her? She is Mademoiselle Alicia, the prima donna at the Standard. She's all the rage."

"And well she may be," mused the first speaker as the object of their remarks, a stately, elegant woman, whose young face was doubly fascinating for the streaks of silver that mingled with the ebony blackness of her hair, passed in an open carriage.

As she rolled by, she turned partly round, and her eyes rested on the two men who were standing on the steps of the club. For a moment she gazed at them, and then realized her position, blushed vividly and looked away. Her eyes had met those of the man who had first spoken. He seemed numbed by the contact of glances.

"Strange," he muttered; "who can she be?" Turning to his companion, he continued, "Do you know her?"

"No; but it is an easy matter to make her acquaintance. She is to be at the reception to-night after the performance. Why, what's the trouble, Lawrence,—touched? Better have a care. She is a married woman, I understand, although the husband is kept in the background. Shall we go to-night?"

"Yes, I will be there."

The reception was a brilliant affair. The spacious apartments of the Leominsters were thrown wide open, brilliant with light and music. The company, though very select, comprised a large number of literary, musical, and histrionic geniuses, it being the pride of the host and hostess to gather together at their pleasant assemblies the cream of professional life.

There were more, however, present this evening than was usual, on account of the desire to

meet the reigning star, Mademoiselle Alicia, the beauty whose face and voice had captivated the entire metropolis. Mrs. Leominster was somewhat astonished to see Lawrence, as it was not his custom to join these gatherings; but she divined his motive for appearing, and greeted him heartily as soon as she caught sight of his tall, aristocratic form.

"Good evening, Mr. Lawrence; shall I have the pleasure of introducing you personally to the prima donna?"

"It would give me p' sure," he answered.

"Is she here?"

"Yes, here she comes, just entering. You have seen her, of course. Come with me before she is discovered by the multitude." The bright old lady grasped his arm, and trembling in spite of himself as he neared the beautiful woman, they approached Mademoiselle Alicia.

The *diva* stood in the doorway, her lovely eyes wandering over the guests as though in search of some expected face.

Suddenly her eyes met those of Lawrence, and they both started involuntarily. She recovered herself in a moment; but he appeared over-coming, as he had on meeting her glance in the afternoon, and hesitated to approach nearer, pausing, forgetful of his surroundings, while a tremor ran through his frame. He started as he felt Mrs. Leominster's hand upon his arm, and almost unconsciously moved up in front of the star, his eyes the while seeking hers, which refused again to look into his.

The introduction was over. He was on speaking terms with this rarely beautiful woman. Mrs. Leominster left them, and they were alone together as much as two persons can be in a crowded room. Still he was powerless to speak; his usual easy manner forsook him. He seemed under some spell that controlled his very mind.

"Were you at the theatre to-night?"

It was the woman who spoke. The tone was low and subdued. He looked quickly up into her face; her voice thrilled his soul, but he could not meet her eyes. She was looking away toward a farther corner of the room, and following her gaze, Lawrence saw a man, a little older than himself, tall, well built, and with a noble face. He did not seem to notice the *prima donna*; but notwithstanding, Lawrence felt a sudden feeling of angry jealousy come over him, that sent the hot blood to his cheek. He could not control this passion any more than his thoughts, and he grew angry with himself and with the woman who had such an unaccountable influence over him. He had seen her but twice, had not spoken to her at all, and had heard her voice but once; yet she filled his soul, that had no more right to harbor such thoughts than a stranger in the street, with a fierce burning jealousy, which he could not smother.

He had no opportunities to answer her question, as she was now surrounded by scores of admirers, who, not bound by such strange, overwhelming sensations, soon claimed her attention, and Lawrence, finding himself unheeded, moved off to another part of the room.

He found himself, suddenly, face to face with the man who caused the unaccountable jealousies that filled his breast. It seemed that he must strike him, and his hands clinched nervously at his side as they passed.

Two or three times he made one of a group of men who hovered about the *prima donna*; and although his tall form rose above the others and could easily have claimed her attention, still he could not speak, but discovered himself over and over again seeking to meet her eyes, and devouring her every expression with unconscious avidity.

At last she disappeared. Lawrence with a sharp pang saw her pass out on his arm. He rushed to a window and throwing aside the portiere watched her get into her carriage, and then—she followed. Lawrence dug his fingernails into his flesh, and a groan he could not suppress burst from him.

"Who was this woman?" he asked himself again and again, and fruitlessly endeavored to solve the problem of her influence and the strange, fascinating, doubtful sense of familiarity with her face and voice. That night, in the solitude of his elegant apartments, he sat and thought and thought, but he could find no answer.

As Lawrence was leaving his rooms the following morning, his valet brought word that a gentleman waited his pleasure below. With a petulant "send him in," he seated himself at his study table. The man was ushered in, and without a word handed Lawrence a folded legal document, and standing back waited for him to read.

Lawrence carelessly unfolded the paper, and started visibly as he realized the purport; but soon a hard, cruel smile curled the corners of his mouth. It was a libel for divorce and a petition for leave to marry again, filed by Edna Alice Lawrence, charging her husband, Richard Lawrence, to whom she had been legally married eight years previously, with desertion.

Lawrence read it through carefully, and finishing with a short laugh, twisted it into a lighter, and touching it to the coals that burned in the grate, lighted his cigar.

Turning his head toward the man, while he held the consuming libel over the hearth till the last vestige became ashes, he said, easily, "It's all right, my good man; I shall not contest it."

He sat some time gazing thoughtfully into the fire. The libel of his wife had passed from his mind, however, with the smoke; it was with the mysteriously beautiful singer his thoughts

had to do. "What a strange, sickening longing I have to possess her!" he muttered. "She fills my heart with a wild fire, and I seem, until awakened, to be living in some other world, or not living at all, but dreaming some intoxicatingly sweet fancy where she is all mine, all mine; and I awake and believe her so, even as I gaze upon her; and when I meet those eyes my soul goes out to her and I am blind to all else. It seems that I have known her and loved her a lifetime, until reality breaks upon me, and then I am filled with that overpowering desire to meet her gaze again and return once more to my fantasy. What is this influence that chains me and holds me captive at her feet? I cannot shake it off; I cannot try."

Brushing the hair away from his forehead with a quick, nervous movement as his thoughts ramble on, he grasped his hat and throwing his half-burned cigar in the fire, went out into the air. He made his way to the club in eager expectancy, hoping she would pass again in her carriage. She did.

He was standing on the steps, swinging his cane idly, when in the long row of vehicles passing he espied her. She was ravishingly beautiful. Recognizing him by a slight nod of her queasily head, she turned to the gentleman at her side and said a few words. Lawrence could not meet her eye; she seemed to steadfastly avert his gaze since that brief moment in Mrs. Leominster's drawing-room the previous night. He recognized her companion when the carriage had passed so nearly by as to hide her face, and his eyes were relieved of the fascination that rendered them powerless to see but her. It was "that man." He reached the sender, came in his hand and snuffed it.

That night Lawrence sat in the stage-box at the Standard, and the following night and the night after, until the audience were as confident of seeing that dark, fixed face in the box as they were of witnessing the performance.

A month passed. The last night of Mademoiselle's engagement was announced. Lawrence had grown nervous and fretful, and seldom went among his friends, although he attended every reception, ball, or party, in the vain hope of meeting her again; but she did not come. Since the meeting at Mrs. Leominster's he had not seen her except in her carriage or at the theatre, where he sat night after night drinking in the clear notes that came from her full red lips. He was growing desperate. His life was wrapt up in hers. As her last performance was advertised, he felt an awful sense of fright come over him. He was going to lose her. She would go away and he would be alone. Alone! It seemed that he could not live were she to leave him. Only to see her, only to feel her voice, was better than to be without her.

It was noon of the day which was to bring with darkness this last opportunity to see her. There was no announcement of further engagements, and rumor claimed that she would retire from the stage. He was sitting at the club, listlessly endeavoring to distract his thoughts with the newspapers, when his eye fell upon a paragraph which told that a decree had been granted in the case of Lawrence vs. Lawrence. For a moment it held no significance for him, when slowly an excited expression crept over his now nervous and pale countenance. He threw the paper aside and passed quickly out into the street.

"I am free! I am free!" he muttered again and again to himself; and possessed of new energy he called a cab and was driven to Mademoiselle Alicia's hotel.

Here, however, he was doomed to disappointment. Mademoiselle had left that morning; her bills had been paid and her trunks removed; but where it was not known. He returned to the club, but with the firm determination that ere she could leave the theatre that night he would throw himself at her feet and pour out his love for her, and she would hear him; yes, she must hear him and heed him, for he was free; free, and the sweet word rang in his ears like a refrain.

The curtain rose, but the man in the box saw nothing till the *diva* in all her wondrous beauty appeared. Then he started up from his seat, uttered a sharp cry like that of a wounded animal, and grasping his head with both hands, stood trembling and staring at the *prima donna*, a maniacal light flashing from his distended eyes, which were fixed upon a large locket of unusual magnificence, the brilliant stones with which it was studded almost blinding him as they reflected the rays of the footlights.

He knew it well. It contained his photograph.

Like an overwhelming flood, the light burst upon his burning brain. The problem was solved. He understood the influence this woman had over him, knew the cause of the intoxicating dreams which connected her life with his in indefinite, moody, unaccountable, ravishing fantasies. He knew, with a cold, numbing sense of hopeless despair, that his heart was filled with a terrible yearning, a devouring, maddening love for—his wife.

The face, the eyes, the features which had held him in willing, mysterious submission were his wife's. This beautiful, majestic woman was his wife.

His wife. The thought was torture to his weakening senses. His wife, whom he had spurned from him in the presence of death, when she had pleaded almost on her knees for one word of love. Now he had thousands upon thousands that burned his lips and choked his breath, but she would not receive them.

He was free, free. Oh, the agony the word brought him now! It meant a shattered life, a broken heart, and a world of misery.

She was lost, lost, lost. His eyes met hers. She did not withdraw them; they seemed to burn into his brain and mock him. She approached the box. He held out his arms to her, a picture of agonizing remorse. He trembled as she came toward him, and as she lifted her fair soft hand to her throat and detached the locket from the glittering chain that held it, he cowered before her and tried to speak, but his lips refused to move.

With a quick movement, she tossed the trinket at him. It fell with a hollow rattle upon the floor, the clasp flew open, his picture fell out and rolled beneath his feet.

He uttered a gasping, choking moan, and tearing at his throat convulsively, fell groveling on the carpet.

The next day the papers announced the wedding of Mademoiselle Alicia and Carl Kepler, a noted tenor.

It brought no joy to Lawrence's remorseful, suffering heart.

C. EDWARD RICH.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Nov. 17.

THE death is reported of the Countess Turgot, the granddaughter of the celebrated minister of Louis the Sixteenth.

THE Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin and their children, with a numerous suite, have arrived in Paris. The Grand Duke is the brother-in-law of the Grand Duke Wladimir.

GENERAL APPEL, grand officer de la Légion d'Honneur, and formerly commandant of the 17th Corps d'Armée, has been appointed French Ambassador at the Court of the Czar.

THE daughter of the Duc de Compiègne had a narrow escape whilst riding the other day. On approaching the Avenue Kleber, her horse, a thoroughbred animal, took fright, bolted and dashed into a passing tramcar. Fortunately, the car stopped at the same moment, or the consequences might have been fatal.

TWO racing stables of the Duc de Castries, who is associated with Count Halicz-Caparede and Comte de Soubeyran, have assuredly done a nice year's stroke of business, if report speaks truly, which credits the stables with bringing in £40,000. Frontin has contributed a fair half of the sum.

THERE is positively an agitation being got up in Paris against paying rent. Why stop at the landlord, and be delicate at including the butcher, tailor, baker, and the wine and spirit merchant! It is base, say the revolutionists, upon ideas that find favor in Ireland and with the British administration.

ACCORDING to the *Figaro* the animosity between the sailors of the English and naval division in Madagascar waters, far from diminishing, has considerably increased since the departure of Admiral Pierre. It says, "A collision is feared, which would be a catastrophe for both England and France. What is most unfortunate is that the officers share the sentiments which animate their men."

THE powers announce the death of Prince Charles Edmond de Bourbon, otherwise M. Charles Edmond Naundorff, brother of the famous Prince Adalbert, captain in the Dutch Army, and, according to his own account, son of the unfortunate Louis XVII. M. Charles Naundorff leaves four children, who entitle themselves princes and princesses. On the other hand, they seem to be in a condition of great want, for their father has been buried at Becla at the expense of the poor relief authorities.

COUNT CHEREMETIEFF spent his honeymoon in this curious and novel fashion. The Count chartered a steamer, the *Oleg*, and navigated the Volga, thereby avoiding the discomforts of a cruise on salt water, while he enjoyed the real pleasure of yachting, for the Volga is the largest river in Europe. The *Oleg* was fitted out in the most luxurious style; there were on board a fine orchestra, singers, a photographer, a doctor, and a great number of attendants. The natives residing near the river flocked to the banks in crowds to behold the floating palace.

SHOULD the gossip going forward at the Court of Spain ever reach the ears of the French people, and be believed by them, it will cause an irreparable breach between the two countries. It seems that the young king had been nursing his wrath against the Paris mob during his journey home, and, by the time his majesty had reached his own capital, it had waxed quite warm. Great, then, was the admiration inspired by the order given to his secretary to dispatch immediately the sum of 10,000 francs for the poor of Paris. "And let the money be

sent to the Minister of Public Instruction," added his Majesty, "it may be of use for the purpose of education, of which the Paris people stand in need as great as of food and clothing." After a little while, however, his majesty yielded to persuasion, and the money was dispatched in the ordinary way.

A MEETING of high political personages has just taken place at Venice, at which resolutions were come to which will be shortly made known, and are calculated to create a great sensation. The news may be considered sensational, and not entitled to credit. We were at first inclined to attach but little importance to it ourselves, but in the present instance, and by reason of certain declarations recently made public, it is possible that the statement may be true. It refers to the fact that the Bourbon Princes belonging to the Houses of Spain and Parma are preparing a manifesto in which they intend claiming the quality and rights of the Royal House of France. We have even been told that they have in connection with this matter sounded an important journal on the co-operation of which they thought they could rely, but that the journal in question gave a frigid reception to these overtures and reserved its freedom of action.

FOOT NOTES.

THE directors of the South-Eastern Railway and the Metropolitan Railway Companies have presented Sir Moses Montefiore with life-passes upon their respected lines of railway. There is something ironical about the act, as life-passes for a gentleman who has passed his century of years are not likely to be of long service. If the companies will present sons and heirs on their birth with such documents the idea would be a large one.

PASSENGERS on the railway have no fear. For the present all the lines are being carefully watched; and the platelayers are becoming rich men in consequence of the overtime money they earn by this duty. It is a curious sight on the District and Metropolitan Railway, when a train stops in a tunnel, to watch men with lanterns eagerly scanning the passengers, and when people deliver up their ticket an unconcerned person stands near the collector in a manner that savors of Scotland-yard.

MR. GLADSTONE's love of bestowing honors is illustrated by the fact that titles have been given to each Lord Mayor since he has been in office. Sir W. M'Arthur was made a K.C.M.G., Sir John Ellis, a baronet, and now the retiring Lord Mayor is knighted. If Lord Mayor Fowler has any ambition in that direction he has a dual chance, firstly, from Mr. Gladstone as a propensity, secondly, if the Conservatives should rush into power, from the two Prime Ministers Lord Salisbury, and Sir Stafford Northcote, in recognition of the Lord Mayor's staunchness as a party man.

FRANÇOISE SARCEY, "the great bear of Paris journalism," is described as a large, elderly man, with broad chest, a wild, thick, iron-gray beard, and a ferocious glare in his eyes that gold spectacles cannot conceal. His criticisms are mercilessly severe, and he was once fined for speaking too harshly of a priest. That evening his lecture was a terribly sarcastic review of some poor author on whom he wreaked full vengeance for the day's annoyance. But as the lecture drew to an end, his conscience—for he had one—troubled him, and he abruptly remarked:—"My dear hearers, I am laboring under the effects of a very great annoyance, and I am afraid I have been too severe, even unjust, toward the author and the book I have been talking to you about."

THE attention of the authorities of the Post Office has been called to the inefficiency of the existing method of cancelling postage-stamps; and it is probable that new defacing machinery will, in consequence, be supplied to the postmasters throughout the country. It has been demonstrated that labels are often cancelled in so slovenly a fashion that the ink only comes into contact with a fourth or a fifth of the surface. Fragments of two or more stamps, which have been thus partially defaced, may be joined together so as to deceive all but the most careful observers; and, in fact, the Department is in possession of stamps which, after having been manufactured in this manner, have passed undetected through the Post Office. The fraud is said to be easy to carry out; and, under the circumstance, it is not surprising that in certain quarters there is a large demand for old penny stamps of the current issue.

How long will it be, writes a London correspondent, ere Prince Victor, should he live, will become King of England, of course, is beyond human ken to determine. There are two lives between him and this goal, one of them, though old, very tough, for I am told that the decadence of Victoria's physical powers bears no proportion whatever to the rapid decay which seems to be settling down upon her mental faculties. The Prince of Wales, however, is not strong, though he is getting corpulent. Since his severe illness twelve years ago, he has had to be very careful of himself. Many predict that he will never reach the throne, simply because his mother will outlive him. But that the prince intends to cheat these prophets if he can, is shown in the trouble he takes to bundle himself up as he emerges from the theatre into the night air, and in that abstemiousness of diet which leads

him to confine himself at the richest banquets to the plainest food.

AN intimate friend of Hawthorne's has related the following charming little anecdote, showing the circumstances under which one of his best novels was written. One wintry day Hawthorne received at the office notification that his services would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repaired to his humble home. His young wife recognized the change and stood watching and waiting for the silence to be broken. At length he faltered:—"I am removed from office." She left the room; soon returned with fuel and kindled a bright fire with her own hands; next she brought pen, paper, ink, and set them before him. Then she touched the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turned to the beaming face, said:—"Now you can write your book." The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. "The Scarlet Letter" was written, and a marvellous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife.

KENT is the great orchard county of England. It has been so from time immemorial. In 1066, the year that William of Normandy invaded, conquered and was crowned king of England, several of the royal followers settled in Kent, among whom was a lady of his court named Mahilia. This lady fixed her residence in the vicinity of a forest of apple orchards, and in consequence she received the surname of Mahilia d'Appleton, or Mahilia of the Apple Orchards. From this Norman lady sprang the family of the Appleton, who for eight centuries have maintained their ground as an ancient family in Kent and the adjacent counties. In 1641 a member of this family, John Appleton, was one of the "Puritan Fathers" who sailed in the *Mayflower* for the American continent, and from him sprang the family of Appletons in the United States. Charles Sumner and the poet Longfellow inter-married into that family. The crest of the family became at a very early date a bough with leaves and apples, and it still remains the crest of the family.

THE Viceroy of Egypt is about to send ten young Egyptians to Europe, six of them to France to study law, and four to England to become practiced in mechanical arts. The latter part of the scheme recalls the experiment made forty years ago by Tewfik's great grandfather, Mohammed Ali. The great Pasha not being satisfied with his experience of imported British workmen, because of their tendency to deteriorate under the relaxed conditions of Egyptian life, asked Mr. Nasmyth to receive three Egyptian workmen into his employment for training. All three showed themselves to be intelligent and industrious men. They were kindly received by their fellow workmen at the celebrated Bridgewater foundry, and became quite favorites with them. At the end of four years they returned to Cairo, and were placed in their suitable departments in the Pasha's workshops. One of them, however, Alilidi Lalli by name, gifted by nature with great energy and aptitude, found the companionship of the "slow, dilatory, and stupid workmen" of his native country, in contrast with his late fellow workmen at Manchester, so intolerable that he got secretly away to England again, where he remained. He married a "Warwickshire lass," and he has now a thriving foundry and engineer workshop of his own at Redditch.

THE NEW HEAD OF THE JESUITS.—F. Anton Anderledy, has been selected for successor to the present aged General of the Jesuits. He was born at Brieg, in the Swiss Canton of the Valais, in 1819. When nineteen years old he entered the Society, and he pursued his philosophical and divinity studies in Rome and Freiburg. The events of 1847 drove the Jesuits out of Switzerland, and with his fellow students he fled to Piedmont. But the next year witnessed the expulsion of the society from Piedmont, and even from Rome. He then went to America with hundreds of Italian Jesuits, and for some time he acted as rector of the parish of Green Bay. The reaction which followed upon the suppression of the revolutionary movements in Germany opened that country to members of the society, and Anderledy returned to Europe in 1851, and for two years he was employed preaching in Bavaria, East Prussia, and the Rhineland. In 1853 he was placed at the head of the Institute for Theological Studies, for young Jesuits, in Cologne, a proof of the high opinion already entertained of him by the heads of the order. Three years later he was made rector of the Theological College at Paderborn; in 1859 he was appointed "Provincial" of the order in Germany; in 1866 Professor of Divinity at Maria Laach, the chief educational establishment of the society in Germany; and in 1869 rector of this establishment. In the year 1870 he was nominated "assistant" for Germany to the General, Beckx. The "General Congregation" of delegates from all the "provinces" of the order met at Rome on September 15, and the election of F. Anderledy took place on the twenty-fourth. His position is that of "Vicar of the General," whose great age (eighty-nine years) renders him unable to discharge his duties with satisfaction. It is estimated that the total number of Jesuits at present is about eleven thousand, more than half of whom are legally excluded from their natural homes. F. Beckx, a Belgian, was elected General in 1853, in succession to F. Rootmann, a Dutchman, who had himself, on account of his infirmities, summoned a "General Congregation" to give him a vicar. But before the delegates had assembled in Rome he was dead.

THE OLD LOG CHURCH.

On olden walls, in memory's halls,
With roses round us clinging;
A picture rare, of antique air,
The old log church is swinging.

Of timbers rough, and gnarled and tough,
It stands in rustic beauty;
A monument to good intent
And loyal Christian duty.

The forest trees kissed by the breeze
Of early autumn weather,
Stand grimly by, and seem to sigh
And bend their boughs together.

Down by the mill and up by the hill,
And through the hazel thickets,
And o'er the mead brown and hazy lead
Up to the rustic wicket.

And up by these ways on holy days,
The village folks collected,
And humbly heard the Sacred Word
And worshipped unadorned.

Swart fancy's art and poet's heart
Can see the old time preacher
An I village page now turn the page,
As minister or teacher.

For in the church, with drearful birch,
On week days he preached,
In awful men a tutor seen,
'Twixt lore and licks divided.

But where it stood in dapple wood,
A city sprang to life,
And jolly noise of barefoot boys
Is lost in business life.

With years now flow, the children grown,
Are launched on life's mad billows,
The pretty maid is in the strain,
The minister's heart to the willows.

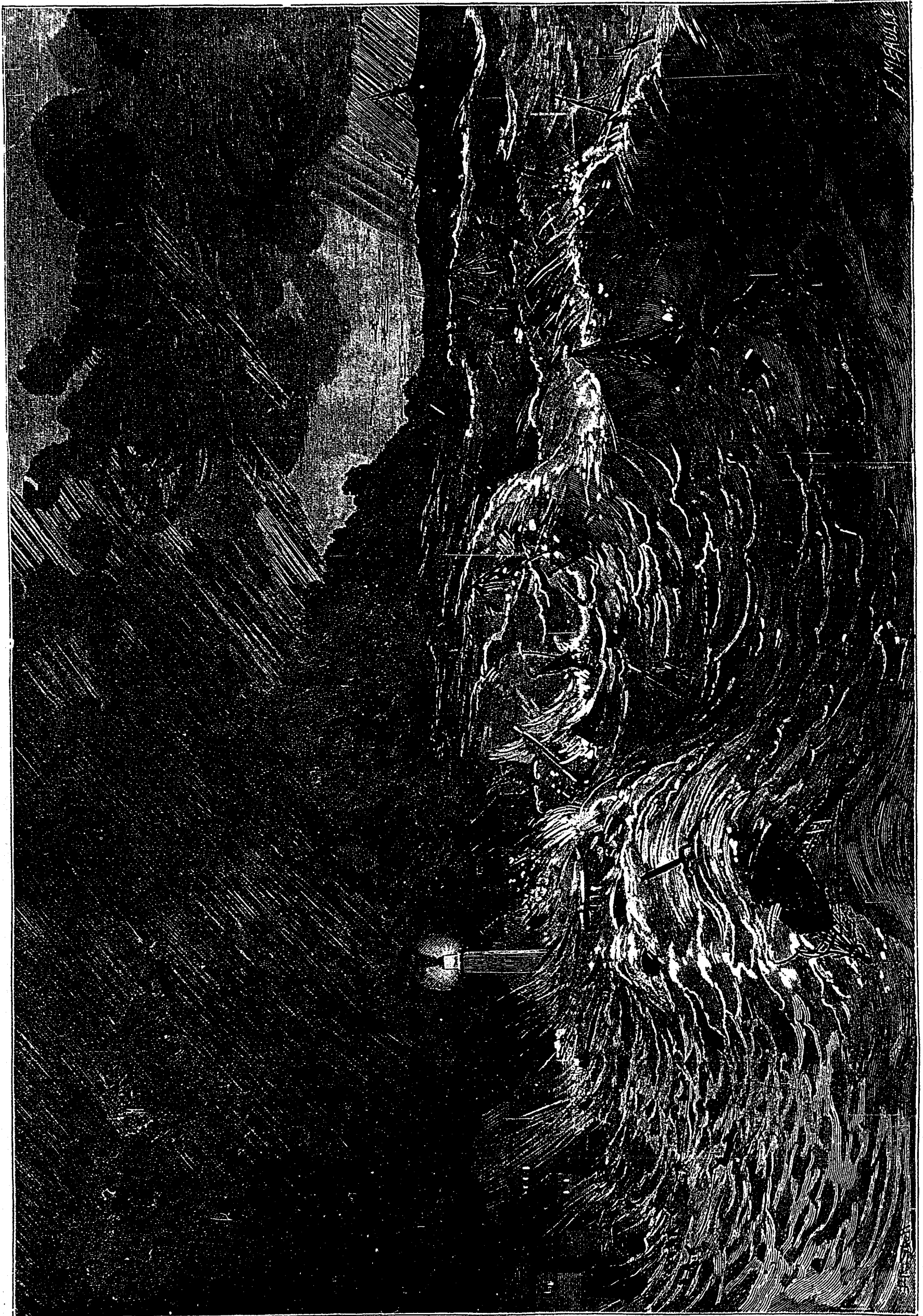
VARIETIES.

ONE of the newly discovered sources of scarlet fever is the horse stable. Now comes a German savant who claims to have traced diphtheria to the poultry yard. The malady broke out in 1881 in a large fowl rearing establishment in Nesselhausen and destroyed fourteen hundred birds. The following summer one thousand chickens were hatched from eggs collected from many different places. Six weeks after their birth diphtheritis manifested itself among the young chickens, and so badly that in a short time they all died. Five cats that were kept in the establishment also became ill with the same malady and died. A parrot that hung in a cage in the house was also attacked, but recovered. Last November an Italian hen, while being "painted" about the jaws with carbolic acid by the chief keeper, bit the man's wrist and foot. Presently he became ill with a smart fever, considerable swelling at the wounded parts, and all the symptoms of traumatic diphtheritis. His recovery was very tedious. This was not the only case of the transmission of the disease to men. Two thirds of all the laboring persons employed about the establishment became ill with ordinary diphtheritis, and one man conveyed the infection to his three children. It is worth noting that during all this time no other diphtheritic cases occurred at Nesselhausen or in the neighborhood. The inference seems obvious that all these cases originated with the sick fowls.

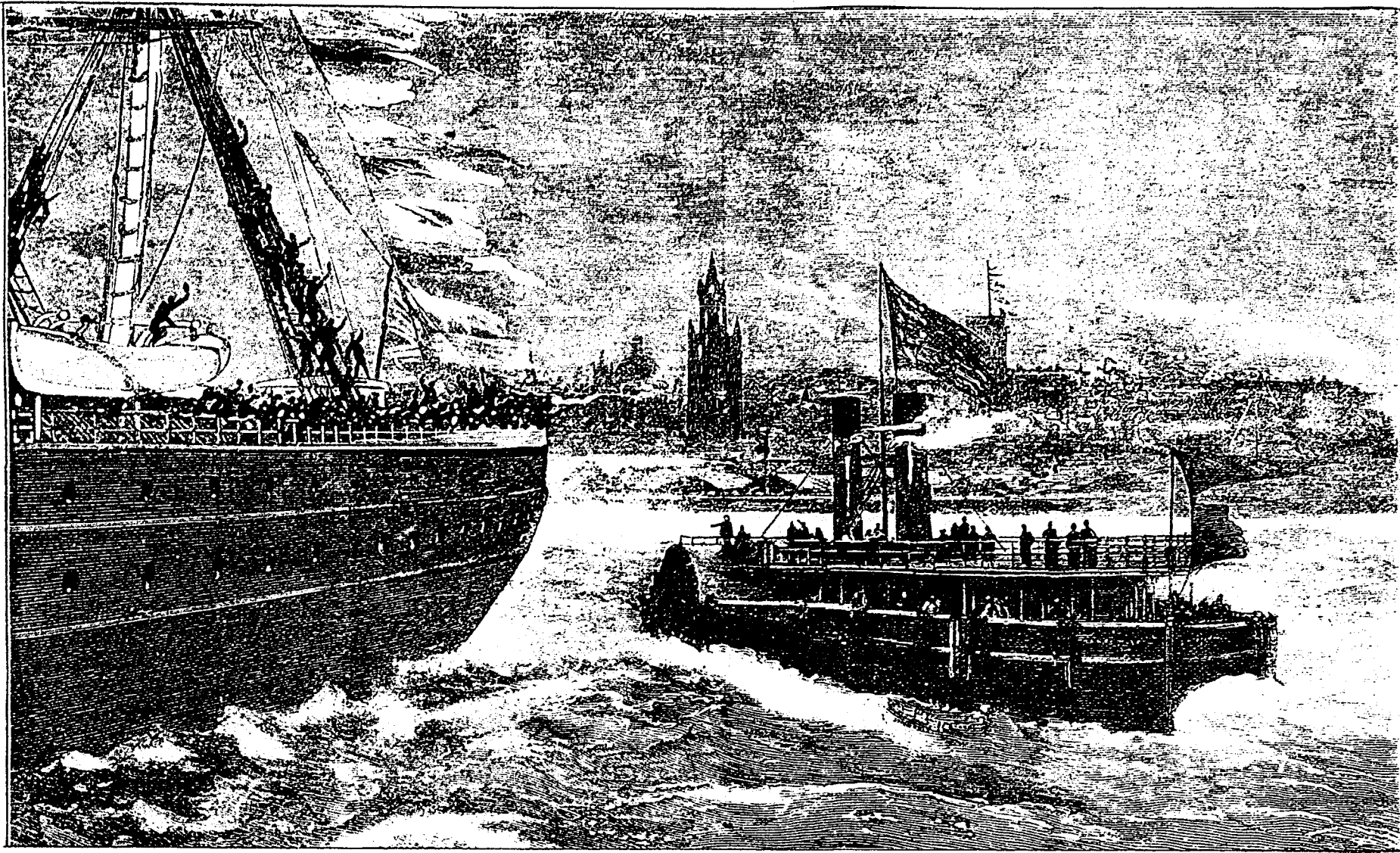
THE Geodesical Society met in convention recently in Rome to determine the exact shape and weight of the globe, in order to facilitate the simultaneous regulation of time all over the world. Since the invention of the electric telegraph the general disorder in the reckonings of time has become of serious importance. A telegram wired in London on the evening of one day would not arrive at remote places eastward till late on the morrow afternoon—according to the tale told by the local clocks; while another telegram sent westward would be handed in at an early hour of the day before. For instance, dated fifteenth from London it will reach its destination in South America the day previous on the fourteenth. It was to correct this most aggravating error in the calculation of the time keepers, who vary in every locality while the dial remains permanently correct, the Geodesical Society had been summoned, and the result has been to fix the time all over the world by the meridian of Greenwich. Henceforth the hours will be counted according to the custom of astronomers, without any division of night or day by the twenty-four hours from the noon of one day to that of the next. This arrangement will necessitate a fresh regulating medium for clocks and watches. Only once in our generation has the time been reduced to an unanimous observance, and that was on the occasion of the first mass celebrated by the present Pope, when the first words uttered by his Holiness in the early light of dawn were recited at the same moment throughout the whole of Catholic Christendom, whether on the banks of Ganges or on those of the Danube; on the summit of the Himalays or on the Andes. As Pope Leo mounted the steps of the altar of St. Peter's, and chanted forth the solemn words "Introibo ad altare Dei," the same words ascended to heaven, whether in the glare of the hot noon or the frozen darkness of the silence of the death-like atmosphere belonging to the Arctic, wherever the acknowledgment of the power of the Pope over all who agree with the worship of the infallible sovereign over the Catholic world.

GATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 31, 1879.

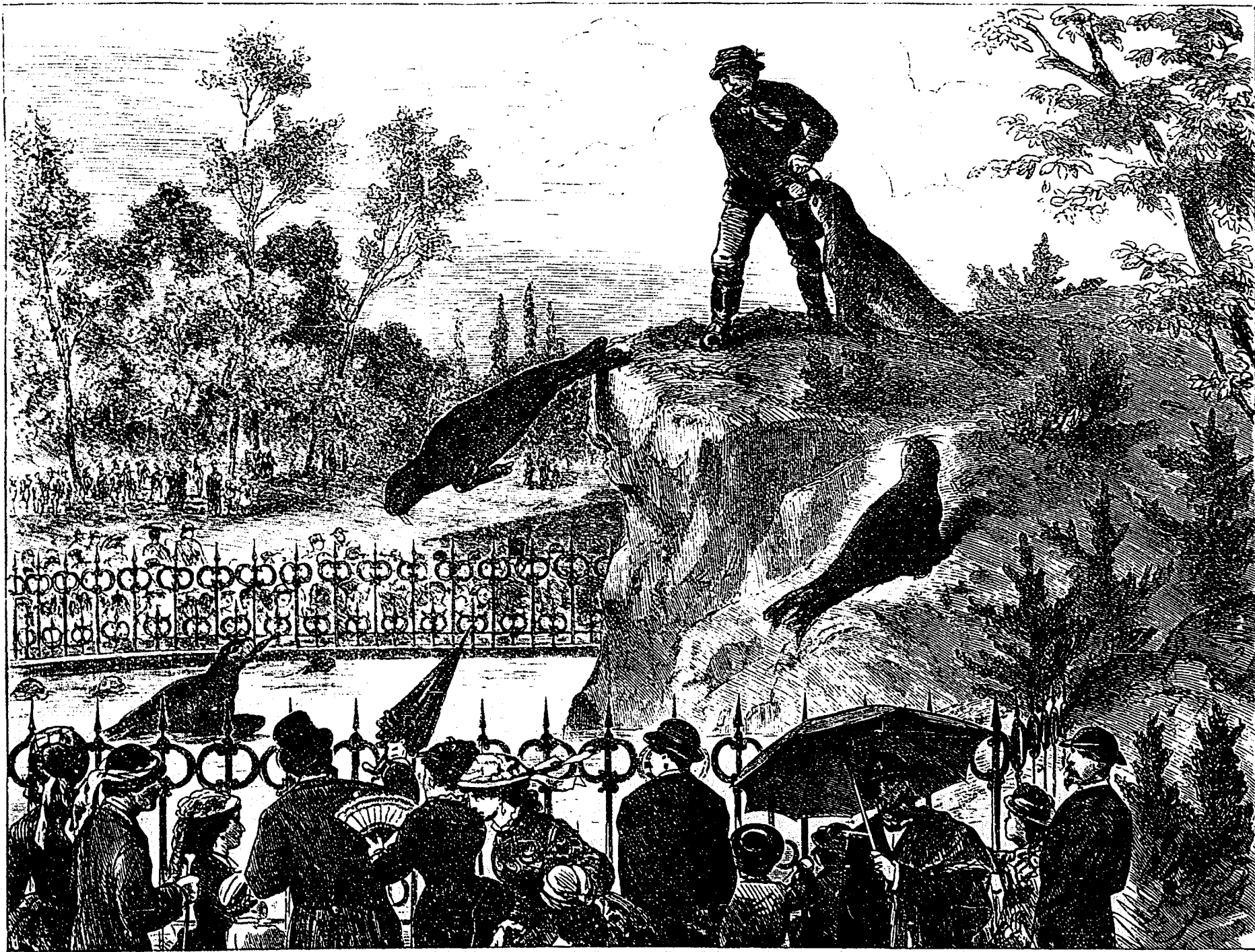
GENTLEMEN—Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and must say they afforded me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf. THOS. G. KNOX.



STORM IN MARTINIQUE.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AT LIVERPOOL.—“LONDON GRAPHIC.”



FEEDING SEALS AT THE JARDINS DES PLANTES, PARIS.

AN IRISH HERO.

[The subject of the annexed poem is an Irishman, named John Regan, who elicited the admiration of Clement Scott, the editor of *Punch*, by an act of heroism performed at Truro, in Cornwall. Regan is a coastguard, who was born in Queenstown, where his father was well known.]

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

(A story of a Coastguardman.)

They sing their songs and their life-boat lays, and the gossip from guest to host
Is of wreckage wild in the winter-time round the
dun groves Cornish coast;
There are plenty of yarns of the sailor, and of fishermen out at sea.
There are tales of the lighthouse-keepers, and of women who bend the knee
When their mates are away in the storm-time, and the cottage is left to the roar
Of the hurricane lashing the surf to foam, and screaming about the shore;
But best of all tales I ever heard to make me think better of men
Who fling in their lives for duty—it happened—you ask me when?
On a wonderful summer's evening, just as holiday time began!
It had for its scene old Cornwall—its hero a coast-guardman!

A party of "trippers" had ventured to visit the rocks and caves,
Where the sea-birds find their houses, and ignorant folks their graves;
You may search for wild adventure on the sea-coast south and north,
But for beauty travel by Truro to the village of Perranporth.
It was there on this summer evening, on the beach, as the daylight died,
That a wandering, thoughtless fellow was caught at the turn of the tide:
Up came the sea and trapped him, cutting the ground from his feet;
He rushed, but he couldn't go onward—then back, there was no retreat!
Up came the sea still closer—was it death? Not a second to count—
Then setting his teeth at the danger, to the cliffs he began to mount.

Tearing the surf and the grasses, and searing the sea-birds' nest,
Clinging with feet and fingers, and bruising his arms and breast,
At last with a desperate struggle he lifted his life to a stone,
Where he held with a cry for a second, suspended in air above!
Or else more death barred his passage: and his terrified face turned gray,
For the ledge of the rock he clung to was crumbling slowly away!
"Where is the man for a rescue?" so the cry of agony ran.
"I am that man, God willing!" said Regan, the coast-guardman!

Then followed a terrible silence, a horror that might be felt,
For the village was emptied of women, who muttered their prayers and knelt;
They could see the eyes of the shivering man, with the agonized face turned gray,
As stone after stone of his safety-ledge kept crumbling slowly away.
"Bring me a rope!" said Regan, "and bind it about my waist."
Look at that wretched fellow! In a second he'll fall!
Make haste.
Keep the coil tight in your hand, mates—there, tighter so, and stiff.
Now, wait till I give the signal! Then haul me over the cliff.
Why do you stand there staring? I'll save him, mates, if I can!
If I die, I have done my duty!" said Regan, the coast-guardman!

He swooped to his prey like an eagle, as they lowered with bated breath:
This man with his brave life given to a fellow condemned to death,
The silence grew more awful and agony paled on the lip
Of the women and men who waited—till at last with a mighty grip
The man of the coast-guard seized him, and tightened his arms around
This prize he had risked his life for—then searching for safety ground
They swung from the ledge together, for the rope was taut and stiff,
Till it dragged the burdened hero to the arms of the crowd on the cliff!

There are times when the heart's too full, sir, for even our English cheers,
But the women they crowded around him, with kisses and prayers and tears!
So tell about it from south to north, proclaim it where you can:
Go spread it forth from Perranporth this tale of a coast-guardman!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

BOTTLES AND RAGS.

I.

"Toby er not toby; them's the words he said. I'm puttin' in my oar what sez that Bottles is just goin' to make his mark in the hist'onic walks. It'll be a cold day when Champagne Bottles, Esquire gets left. Now for a sample dose of me galorous gift: Right smart and high mighty signurs, that I have skipped the gutter with yer darter, tra-la-loo, su'passes the toby or not toby.

"Ah ha! there's the rub! If it's better fur a noble duke like meself to yank bottles, paltry bottles from the ashes, er sling me heels in the glium of the theayter, then 'tis more fitin' fur genius to let slip the dogs of war-r-r, and nip her up, Eliz Jane. This is a pignard in me grip; oft have I carved Bologna sassengers with this trusty blade in me father's festive banquet halls on the Rhine. Toby er not toby; that's the sub before this September mob. Toby an actor on the min' stage er to yank bottles. Shall I er shall I not? I await yer response, me luda."

The soliloquizer braced his sturdy little limbs, clinched his chubby, dirty fists, and gazed about him as though pausing for a reply. His face was red with the exertion of his emotional elocution. His hair, black and coarse, fell over his brows like the forelock of a Shetland pony.

"Bully fer you, Bottles! yer the daisy actor of this theayter; and I'm critic, jedge and jury as sez so." The speaker, a slim mite of a girl, came from behind a barrel at the other side of the dock. A look of would-be scorn came upon the aspiring histrionic's face, as he ejaculated, in tones of breast-deep tragedy,—

"Avant! Thy coming from the lower regions brings me fell news. What ho! me retenuers! spectral form of strange garb, dost bring me news from me dad's festive halls! Hast with thee Yarrick's skull! Oft have I seen him caress his downy moustache, which would cling there like fur on a sick cat's tail. Ah ha! poor Tom's a cold! I say, Rags, what have you got?" Bottles jumped down from the barrel, and with a stage stride approached the girl. They are a quaint pair: he a gatherer of empty bottles, she a rag-picker. If they ever had names they are now no longer spoken, for they are known among the quarters they visit as Bottles and Rags.

Bottles is one mass of tatters and flitters from crowless hat to torn shoes, through which his his frost-bitten toes peep. And the girl, if anything, is more ragged than he. A tiny bonnet, which in its palmy days must have graced a gay belle, is perched upon a dainty head. The face, pinched, yet roguish, is wreathed by a mass of corn-yellow curls hanging in tangled *negligés*. One fist, blue with cold, is held behind her, the other is outstretched to greet the boy. As he grasped hold of the hand, the spirit of the man within him speaks,—

"Poor little Rags! cold as a hunk of ice. Where you ben? what you got? and what you goin' to do with it? If you've ben, and got nuthin', and can't do anythin', then come with yer father. He's got ten cents; and ten cents'll buy a plate of fried cakes, kid."

It was interesting to study the expression of utter trust which came upon the face while the boy is speaking. Her father! that was only a pet term he was wont to use, expressive of his guardianship over her. He was fourteen, she eight. Waifs, straws floating upon the under-current of Boston's ebb and flow of humanity.

"Bottles," said the girl, after a short pause, "what's the most money you ever had in all yer life?"

"To onet, do you mean, Rags?"

"Yup."

"Well, let me see: I had—why! last Christmas I had as much as one seventy-five—"

"You poor thing! yer too poor fur me to 'sociate with,' broke in the girl, as she drew her ragged skirt away with mock pride.

"See here, Rags, you've alters ben square with yer father. You've got sumthin' on yer mind. Jist tell me the huli thing er—I'll cut you off with ten cents, not havin' the reg'lar shillin'."

"Feast yer eyes on that," said the girl, holding out the hand which she had concealed behind her.

The boy fell back a step or two, as he gazed upon the article which she held. Then he fastened his bead-like eyes upon her face as he uttered, in tones of reproach,—

"Rags, hain't I brought you up better ner this! You, you who I picked out the gutter! Oh! it's sharper than a snake's tail to have a priggin' darter."

"But I didn't prig the puss," quickly exclaimed Rags.

"Ah! spoken like me own dutiful child. I say, Rags, is the puss well heeled?"

"I hain't looked; it's heavy, though, and it jingles. I only found it while go over on India Wharf. I run all the way to find you."

Bottles took the purse in his hands. As he felt the magic touch of its contents through the silken meshes it drove all thought of cold or hunger away.

In the purse was more money than either had ever before touched. In it was warmth and victuals; though Bottles gave no thought to either, so overjoyed was he in the possession of the precious money, real gold and silver, for he could tell that by its clinking.

II.

The two waifs finally, cold and tired, reached the tumble-down structure in South street, where they lodged. They climbed up the rickety stairways, passed through the narrow, dark, and ill-smelling halls, until they reached the attic door, upon which Bottles tapped softly.

A small circular disk in one of the upper panels slid back, and a thin, beak-like nose with a pair of red-rimmed eyes appeared in the opening, as a sharp, raspy voice inquired,—

"Who's there?"

"Bottles and Rags," responded the boy. The door was opened, and the pair passed into the low, musty-smelling room.

"Got 'nything?" asked the raspy-voiced female.

"Nixy," returned the boy. The purse in his pocket seemed determined to jingle. This would have been a dire calamity; for the old woman would have pounced upon it like a hawk.

"And you?" asked the woman, turning toward Rags.

The girl held her hands out, palms down and open.

"Humph! purty fair. No bottles, no rags; got nothin'! Can't stay here to-night."

"Oh, yes, mammy,—I forgot. I've got a dime. Can't you let us stay fur that?" broke in Bottles.

"A dime! small 'nuff. I— Well, gi' me the money," said the woman.

Bottles laid the piece upon her outstretched palm. The touch of the silver seemed to awaken a sympathetic thrill, a desire for stimulant. She threw a bag-hood over her iron-gray locks, and taking a noseless pitcher from the window-sill, went out.

"Good. She's gone fur beer. When she drinks beer she sleeps, and when she sleeps, we counts the contents of this puss. Rags, I say, kid, we'll have a daisy time to-morrow. Did you know to-morrow was the day fur doin' big eatin'! It's a reg'lar hollerday, and all us rich econs don't have to do nothin' but enjoy ourselves."

"A hollerday! will the band and the p'lice and fire-works—"

"Rags, yer out of yer lattytude, as the sailors down at the Hum sez. To-morrow's Christmas, kid."

"What's that, Bottles?"

"The day set 'part fur doin' big feedin', sabs!"

"Yup," responded Rags.

"I say, Rags, did 'ny one see you pick it up, —the puss?"

"No; I jist seen it kinder jammed down in a big crack. I knowed it was ducats, and when knowin' a thing of that sort, I made sure no one was lookin' when I lifted it."

"And a purty good lift it was, Rags. That one lift means big feedin' fur you and I long with the swells. If there's nuff ducats left we'll get sum new togs and board round a spell, 'fore settlin' down to biz 'g'in. Nixy, now, here comes the old woman."

The latter entered with the pitcher of beer. The waifs went to the snuff-box window and gazed out upon the chilly-looking roofs and the slippery street below. The old woman drank the beer, after which she rolled herself up in a tattered blanket, laid down upon a creaking bed, turned her face to the wall, and was soon loudly snoring.

"She's gone up, Rags. Now fur it, but hang a rag over the keyhole first," said the boy. The girl did as he requested, then came and sat down by him. He poured the clinking pieces upon the soap-box under the window sill.

"Rags, I reckon there's nuff ducats here to buy a hull house from bottom to cabaza."

"Really, Bottles?"

"You hear yer father talk! I hain't much on the count, but I guess I can strike it within a few hundred. Jist foller me—hello! here's sumthin' else in the puss. A ring. Bah! I don't take no stock in *them* things. Can get a hull cartload jist like it down in Salem street fur ten cents a one. Put her on, kid."

The ring, evidently designed for a child, just fitted the dirty little finger over which the girl slipped it.

"Now fur the ducats. Rags, ducats is the root hogger die; and I'm jist porker nuff to root into 'em. One, two, three,—grand and galorous signurs, here's more'n ten double buzzards. Them stands fur twenty dollars, two of 'em is forty, and so on xetry. Here goes fur a count. One, two, three, four, five. That's jist an even hundred. Pshaw! rich is no name fur it. Put yer finger on that pile. *Rags, yer holdin' down one hundred dollars.* Does it burn yer fingers? I'll even up with that pile and—presto!—there's two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars and other chicken feed too numerous to mention!"

exclaimed the boy, sweeping the money into the purse. "Better drop the sparkler in. If the old woman gits on to it, good evenin' ducats, sparkler, big feedin', and all. I reckon we'd better get sum ba'my sleep now."

"But, Bottles, I'm hungry. I want somethin' to eat first," said Rags, turning her big blue eyes up at him.

"Chew on that, then, you poor little hungry kid you. All I got. Eat 'way, Rags; I can stand it till mornin'; no, till dinner to-morrow."

The boy laid down upon a pile of rags; and after the girl had eaten the soda cracker which he had given to her, she, too laid down near him, and was soon wrapped in slumber. They awakened early, rose, and stole from the attic, leaving the old woman still asleep.

III.

"I say, Rags, hain't this jist old scrum shus?"

"Yup," mumbled Rags, as she took a great bite of bread.

"See here, kid, don't be waistin' yer eatitite on sich common grub as *bread*. Sail into the beans and salad, and ham'n eggs, and cranberry, and sass, and—turkey. Turkey is the galorous bird of freedom to-day," urged Bottles, helping himself in turn to each of the dainties, as named.

Perhaps the Crawford was never graced by such a pair during the whole of its extent of catering to the public.

Never in all their life had the pair sat down to such a glorious spread. It would have given a dyspeptic the horrors could he have gazed upon them while eating.

Bottles had purchased two regular dinner-checks, and chosen a table in the corner so as to be as free as possible from the hungry crowd which thronged the place. The waifs' faces were washed clean; they were as tidy as their dilapidated garments would permit. A new

yellow ribbon held Rags' curls back from her really pretty face, with its roguish, big, blue eyes, cute little mouth, and turn-up nose. And Bottles, he had laid out a portion of the wealth on a paper collar, green tie, and huge, glaring, red glass pin. The ring which the purse had contained was upon Rags' forefinger. She was possessed of the excusable vanity of her sex, and managed her hand so as to show off the sparkling gem to the best possible advantage.

"Hold up, Rags," whispered the boy, touching her foot with his; "don't lick yer fingers. Hain't I learned you better ner that? I'm goin' to make a lady of you, kid; and I'm bound to have you git on to them small items."

"All right, Bottles; I guess yer right. I hain't up in sich eatin' as this, and you must pardon slips."

"Here's the wine-list. Do we want Mumm?"

"Nixy. 'Taint fur such as us, Bottles. 'Sides, you'n I has started out on the temp'rance racket, and it hain't the thing fur us to use budge."

"Yer speakin' in a right toot now, Rags. I only mentioned the fack for fun. Can't you smuggle one of them tarts, Rags?"

"Hain't it stealin'?" asked the girl, looking up quickly.

"Not if the court knows hisself. I paid fur all that comes to this table in the way of grub. I own all, but them dishes, spoons, forks and sich, and— But hold up. I'll go and put a flea in this feller's ear who sold me the checks."

Bottles rose and went to the cashier's desk. A peculiar expression came upon his face as the boy spoke to him. Then he reached down under the desk and handed out a paper sack. The boy's face was wreathed with smiles when he came back.

"It's all right, Rags. I told him as how I reckoned we'd have to make this feedin' last till next Christmas; also that we wasn't bloated bankers and had hard diggin' fur grub. He give me this bag, and said I could take all that we couldn't eat. Hain't it slick?"

"Well, I should smile. Here's two jam tarts—"

"Hold on, Rags; put the solids in first, er you'll smash the tarts."

A smile passed over each face as the waifs looked their bag with the remains of the meal.

"Ready, Rags?"

"Yes; let me get my opera hat on all square."

She arranged her head-gear to suit her, and followed Bottles to the door.

Then—all this brightness turned to clouds, for a tall, blue-coat form, with double rows of brass buttons upon the breast, stood there.

"Come with me, kids," said the officer, taking hold of each other by the shoulder.

"You don't mean us! I say boss, you've got the wrong party. We hain't done nothin', have we, Rags?"

But poor little Rags was crying. The blue-coats had always been the terror of her life. She had heard terrible stories about them. Now, she and Bottles are in the care of one, and she is ready to drop in fright.

"What's the racket, boss?" asked Bottles. He, too, was troubled; but he must put on a brave face for the girl's sake.

"Lifting a purse. Come on."

And this was the end of the poor little waifs' grand Christmas dinner. On the way to the station-house with an officer.

A curious crowd of street-boys, newspaper vendors, bootblack, and the like followed the policeman and his two little prisoners to the station-house.

His Honor was taking dinner; would not hold court to-day, and the two waifs were put into a comfortable cell upstairs.

Rags cried herself to sleep, while Bottles, hero-like, sat by her side upon the cot and kept chattering her by telling her that it would all be right in the morning.

And down-stairs, under lock and key, the unlucky purse and ring were lying in the desk drawer.

IV.

"Next."

The two waifs, Bottles and Rags, were pushed forward until they stood in front of the desk before "his Honor."

"Bless me! what's this? Little ones, what are you doing here?" asked the kind-faced judge, beaming down upon the pair, through a set of gold-bowed glasses.

Bottles knew it was not proper for him to speak, and Rags could not.

"Officer, what is the charge against this pair?" asked the judge of the policeman who had made the arrest.

"Stealing a purse, your Honor."

"Ah! that is a serious charge."

"But, sir, 'tain't—"

"Never mind, my little man; your turn will come. Let the party who made the complaint stand forward."

A tall man clad in clerical garments, with long-drawn visage, stepped forward. The corners of his trap-like mouth were drawn down in a most solemn expression. He clasped his hands in front of him, and turned his eyes upon the little waifs, as though even their presence was unholy to his cloth.

"Your name?" uttered the judge.

"Rev. Abraham Clearstarch."

Bottles could hardly hold in the titter, which, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, was ready to bubble from his lip.

"You are a minister, are you not?"

The rev. gentleman bowed. A new

"Mr. Clearstarch, you may state your case in as few words as possible."

"Yes, sir. Day before yesterday afternoon, I purchased a ring for my daughter. I put the ring into my purse, and walked down to India Wharf upon business. Upon returning to my hotel I found that my purse was gone. I retraced my steps, but to no avail; I could not find my purse. Yesterday afternoon at dinner in the hotel where I was stopping I saw the ring upon the finger of this girl. I recognized the ring, and knew at once that she must know of the purse. I left the dining-room, found an officer, and had him make the arrest. The girl picked my pocket."

"Sure of that, Mr. Clearstarch?" asked the Honor. "She must have done so. I certainly could not have lost it," responded the reverend gentleman.

"Was the purse and ring found upon the person of the culprit?" asked the judge of the officer.

"The ring was upon the girl's finger; the purse in the boy's pocket."

"Bad case. Now, my little man, tell your story."

"If you please, sir, I'm only a boy, rough and all that, sir. I swear sometimes, and—may be you wouldn't believe me. She'll tell you all 'bout it. You see, she's only a little girl, what hain't got no friend in all the world but Bottles; Bottles is me, sir. Rags is her name. She never swears and—she never picked his pockets. I know that, 'cause I'm her father, you see."

Bottles had found his tongue, and he delivered the foregoing in a straightforward way, which made the judge smile good-naturedly.

"Now, Rags, tell it all. Don't be feared. The gospel sharp can't hurt us," whispered Bottles to the trembling girl by his side.

With frequent sobs and choking exclamations Rags told her story, which you already know. She told how good Bottles had been to her; how he had often gone without anything to eat so that she should have food. In all, she gave a faithful picture of the peculiar life which surrounded the pair. The judge was assured of her truth; and after she had ceased, he said,—

"It's evident that the girl has told what is true. Is there any one in the room acquainted with the pair?" A sleek, fat, jolly looking man stepped forward and said,—

"I know them, your Honor. I keep a butcher shop down in South street. A newsboy came and told me last night that Bottles and Rags had been arrested. Your Honor, I stand here to say, from the bottom of my heart, that I know both of them to be honest, square and upright. They are unfortunate children of the street who make an honest living. I hope your Honor won't be hard on the two poor little kids."

"They are both discharged. Mr. Clearstarch, you will get your purse and ring of the clerk. One thing more,—you'll not find the whole amount. The cashier of the Crawford restaurant just sent me a note, telling how the two little unfortunates enjoyed their Christmas dinner at his place yesterday. Of course, having recovered your property, you will willingly donate that dinner for charity's sake. Next."

The Rev. Abraham Clearstarch got his purse and ring, and went on his way moralizing.

And Bottles and Rags found in a kindly stranger who had been present a friend in whom philanthropy was largely developed. The pair are to-day, this day of Christmas, eating a noble dinner at a home in one of our great Western States.

At last the two waifs, Bottles and Rags, are safely harbored from the stern blows of poverty.

H. S. KELLER.

VARIETIES.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA gives a curious account of his ancestry. Some writer inquired whether he was a Jew. He answers:—In reply to my esteemed correspondent, whose communication is evidently of a *haut, vide* character, I beg to state that I have no knowledge of ever having any Jewish ancestors. On the other hand, my maternal great-grandmother was a Red Indian.

THE crusade which Messrs. Moody and Sankey have just commenced in London is to be more protracted, and on a larger scale, than on the occasion of any of their former visits. Then they confined their operations to the northern districts of the metropolis, and although they attracted hearers from all parts of the city, yet there were many who would have taken part in their meetings who were deterred by the distance they would have had to travel. But on this occasion Messrs. Moody and Sankey have decided to visit in turn all the districts of the city, the huge iron and wood structure in which their Islington mission is being just now conducted being so arranged, in a few hours, it could be pulled to pieces, and removed to and erected on another site when the American missionaries desire to change their scene of operations.

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

OLD JODDRELL.

THE OLD SHOP.

(Concluded.)

II.

Mr. Braithwaite advanced, gave one long, earnest, pitying look, rubbing as he did so his large mosaic thumb-ring as if, like Aladdin, to invoke some reluctant genie. "Joddrell," he said, his eyes filling with generous tears as he spoke, and enunciating the words as if he was a judge passing sentence of death, "it pains me to tell you, but I see nothing but a confusion of pain."

Joddrell staggered as if he had received a bullet in the heart; he went up to the picture, looked at it earnestly, then shook his head, sat down, buried his face in his hands, and rocked to and fro, bursting into an agony of tears.

"I am, then, an idiot, a madman. I have, I suppose, neither talent nor genius. I have produced nothing. What?"

The old man looked at the picture again through his tears, then rose and sprang forward, kissed it in twenty places, and glared at his visitors with eyes that sparkled with insanity.

"Why do you sob so, viper?" he said clenching his fist at Rose. "Sister, I renounce you; away with you, hypocrites, thieves, cheats! Braithwaite, by the glory and brightness of the daylight, I swear never to cross your door again. You are come here to drive me mad, and to get my poor little hoard of money sooner. As for you" (here he stamped his foot at Garrod and Tollemache), "you are jealous, defeated rivals; boys who came here to persuade me I have spoiled my picture, in order to steal it from me. But I see her, I see her. Thank Heaven for that great mercy. I see my queen, my goddess, rising from the clear blue waves, the spray falling in melting diamonds from her cascade of golden hair. I see those arms that Juno might envy, that bosom that only the gods can behold without adoring. I worship the crowned and glorious image of my life's ideal. Marvel of beauty, sister of the stars, angel of the day-break, child of the sunshine!"

As he uttered these raving words, Joddrell re-covered the picture with the green serge curtain with all the gravity and calmness with which a jeweler closes and locks his case when suspicious persons are approaching. Then he burst forth into a whirlwind of rage, which slowly cooled down to a suspicious and withering contempt as, with a convulsive haste, he threw wide open the door of his room. "Out, I say," he cried; "out all of you, cheats and hypocrites, each with his own mean, selfish purpose of detraction and deception; out, and never more dare to enter this holy sanctuary of art!"

"Dear, dear uncle!" sobbed Rose, beautiful in her tears and in a paroxysm of loving sorrow!

"Brother, dear John!" said the sister. "Joddrell," said Braithwaite, with pompos sternness, "this is unworthy of you, sir."

"Mr. Joddrell," said Tollemache, "I implore you—"

But Joddrell was inflexible. As they left lingeringly, he slammed behind them the ponderous black outer door, and the roar of it echoed down the dismal wooden staircase.

They stood there in the fitful light of the stair lamp like disconsolate spirits on whom the doors of Paradise had closed.

It was the noon of the second day after this extraordinary scene that, at the earnest request of Rose and her mother, Mr. Braithwaite, Garrod, and Tollemache went to inquire after M. Joddrell. It was a sunshiny, hopeful day, and just at the foot of the stairs at Number Two, out of which three young, shouting lawyer's clerks burst like escaped school-boys, although they bore under their arms red-taped papers enough to undermine the fortunes of half a dozen happy families, the two friends met Joddrell's laundress, lean as Milton's "Death and Sin," and as dusty—well, no metaphor can express how dusty she was. She bore in one hand a bunch of jailer-looking keys, and in the other a dust-broom. She handed the keys of Joddrell's room to Braithwaite, whom she knew as her master's croupy, and said that she had not been into the room for two days, as she had been told never to go up till she was sent for. A vague anxiety seemed, however, to agitate her spoonful of dusty brain.

The friends went up-stairs singing "La Donna è Mobile" in rough trio. Braithwaite was proud of his bass. They reached the door. They knocked in vain, and after a long waiting opened with their keys first the outer then the inner door of Joddrell's chambers.

A dense smoke filled the room. Bursting through this, now thoroughly alarmed, they found Joddrell dead and cold in his arm-chair before a heap of burnt canvas, from which emerged the only fragment uninjured, the beautiful foot that has been mentioned. His heart had broken in an interval of reason. It was a sad ending to a life's ideal.

Winter cannot be eternal; still April comes, laughing by her grave.

In a recent paper we read the following announcement: "On the 13th ultimo, at Saint Pancras, Robert Tollemache, Esquire, of 6 Abbey Road, Saint John's Wood, to Rose Joddrell only daughter of the late Captain Herbert Joddrell, R.N. No cards."

LORD NOZOO.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

We have received the following list, which we hasten to publish. It contains the standing of the players in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney. This Tourney, which is ably managed by its Conductor, Mr. W. J. Ferris, Esq., of New Castle, Delaware, has several Canadian players among its competitors. The ladies, who did not hesitate to enter the field with so many of the sterner sex, have our best wishes for their success at the close of the contest.

The standing of contestants in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette Correspondence Tourney to Nov. 12th, 1883:—

Table with 3 columns: Players, Won, Lost. Lists names like H. J. Anderson, G. A. Borch, W. Braithwaite, etc.

We see it stated that Mr. Zukertort was to give an exhibition of his blindfold play on the 10th inst., at the rooms of the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, on which occasion he was to play against fifteen antagonists, without sight of board or men. There are so many blindfold players now, that very little astonishment is expressed when such a player as Zukertort thinks it an easy matter to keep fifteen games with all their changing positions in his mind's eye, and call each one up for consideration on a moment's notice. Philidor's three games blindfold feat of about a century ago has lost much of its brilliancy by comparison with modern achievements in that line. In connection with this, the question, how the best play of Philidor over the board compares with the best play exhibited by our professionals in their late contests is an interesting one.

CHESS CHAT.

Mr. Blackburne gave his annual blindfold performance at the City Club on the 10th October, when he conducted eight games simultaneously. His opponents were Mr. H. F. Gastineau, Captain Beaumont, Messrs. B. G. Laws, H. Lee, H. E. Tudor, E. Ridpath, the Rev. E. Wells, and the Rev. J. J. Scargill. Mr. Blackburne won four games, drew with Leg. Tudor, and Scargill, and lost to Mr. B. G. Laws. It is but fair to Mr. Laws to state that he won his game in a good style, notwithstanding the staid suggestions and ill-natured advice incessantly tendered to him throughout the contest by a host of juvenile on-lookers. Mr. F. W. Lord discharged the duties of teller in a manner that gave perfect satisfaction to all the combatants. On Friday, the 12th October, Mr. Blackburne conducted twenty-one games simultaneously against 21 strong members of the City Club. He won 19, drew 2, and lost—well, say the remainder! The fortunate "drawers" were Mr. B. James and Mr. W. Constable. Loud and prolonged applause greeted the conqueror at the close of these exhibitions.

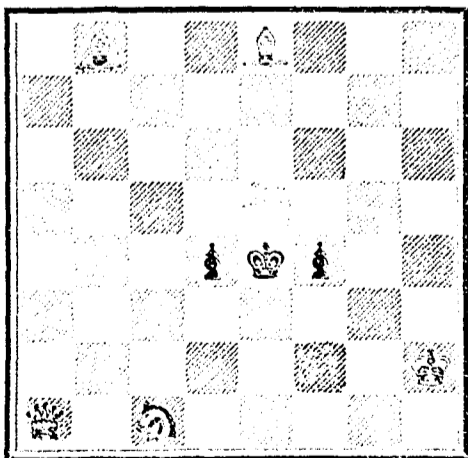
Meantime I may mention that amongst other celebrities present on the occasion of the annual dinner of the North London Chess Club was Dr. Zukertort, who, in a graceful speech, announced his intention to sail for America on Saturday, 20th, and further, his willingness, nay, eager desire, to encounter Mr. Steinitz immediately after his return to this country next spring. The professor was rapturously applauded.—"Mass." in Sporting and Dramatic News.

In response to a circular issued by several chess players, a meeting was held on Saturday evening at "The Tunnel," St. Francois Xavier street, for the purpose of establishing a down-town resort for chess. A large number of the lovers of the game were present. After some discussion, it was resolved to organize the City Chess Club, with headquarters at "The Tunnel." Mr. J. G. Ascher was elected President; Mr. J. W. Shaw, Vice-President; Mr. S. C. Baker, Secretary, and Mr. J. Benrose, Treasurer. The members will meet every afternoon and evening.—Montreal Star, Nov. 19th.

PROBLEM No. 462.

By T. B. Bowland.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 460.

White. Black. 1 B to R 8. 1 K to Q 2. 2 P to Kt 7. 2 K to B 3. 3 P becomes a Kt mate.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of the eight blindfold games played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne at the City of London Chess Club, on the 10th of October instant.

(French Defence.)

Table showing chess moves for White (Mr. Blackburne) and Black (Mr. B. G. Laws) in a French Defence game.

White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) This continuation is indefensible on theory, in consequence of the power vested in Black's Bishops after the Knight is taken.

(b) Without pinning absolute approval to Mr. Law's previous line of play, we may concede that he has the better game of the two.

(c) P to B 3 would be our choice, and we also consider that Q to Q 2 is better than the text move, though we acknowledge certain objections.

(d) The correct reply, and it is a move that may often be played in the French Defence, when the adverse Q Kt has come to K Kt 3, the reason being that whatever weakness is thus introduced is counterbalanced by the time required to get that Knight into play afterwards.

(e) Q to Q 2 is the best line now, undoubtedly.

(f) Hereby giving up a Pawn, which loss could be avoided by Kt to K 2, though we must allow that the game thus brought about is not one to be relished by anyone, nor would it be suited to Mr. Blackburne's style any more than to his taste.

(g) Best, perhaps, in a theoretical sense; but such considerations have not much to do with a game already lost upon theory. Retaining the Rook would give a better chance, we imagine.

(h) This bold line inflicts a deep wound on White's game. Some other skilful moves have been from time to time made by Mr. Laws.

(i) At once a saving clause and a winning stroke.

(j) 31 Q to B 7 ch, K to Kt 3, 32 P to Q 5 is of course worthless, on account of Q to Q 5 ch.

(k) Kt to Q 3 ch would prolong the struggle, but the game is lost any way.—London War.

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