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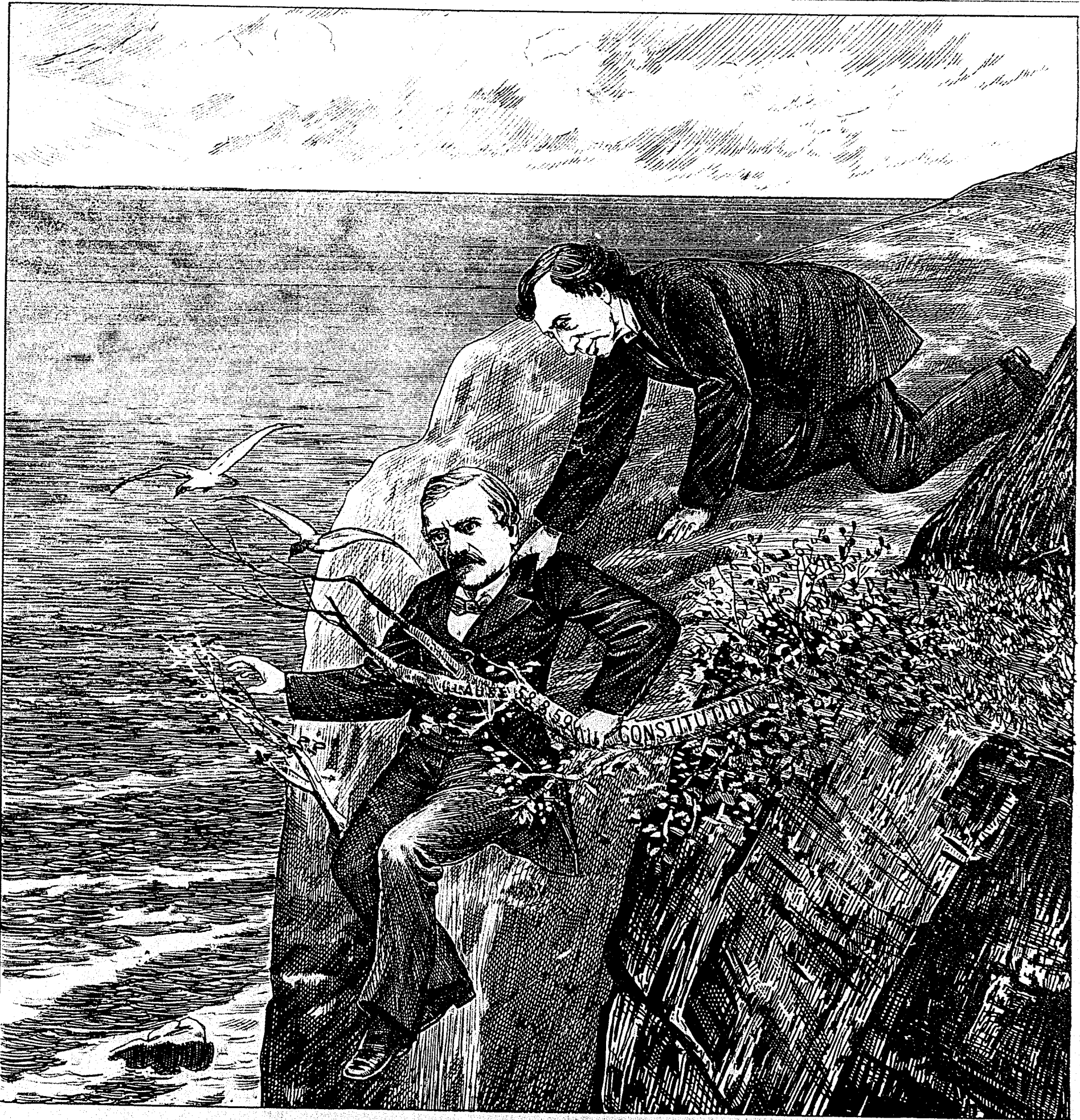
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# Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879.

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THE QUEBEC DILEMMA.

"For Heaven's sake, don't shove me over, Johnny."

"Be easy, old boy. I won't shove you over nor pull you up. Hold on to those branches and you may save yourself yet."



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## BENEATH THE WAVE.

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

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 25, 1879.

### ESPARTERO.

Death has already begun its work in the new year. The United States register the demise of CALEB CUSHING, one of the greatest scholars and lawyers of the age; Canada has lost one of her members of Parliament, in the person of M. TREMBLAY, and from Spain comes the intelligence that ESPARTERO has closed a long life amid the general regret of his countrymen. The latter deserves more than a passing notice, as having been one of the most prominent figures of his time.

DON BALDOMERO ESPARTERO, Duke of Vittoria, was born at Granatula, in La Mancha, in 1792, of poor parents, his father being a wheelwright. In 1808 he enlisted as a volunteer, in the Sacred Battalion, to resist the French invasion, and later won his epaulets in the wars against the revolted colonies of South America. When, in 1832, FERDINAND VII. abolished the Salic law, ESPARTERO came out in favour of the Princess ISABELLA, and the following year, on the death of the King, he offered to march with his regiment against the Northern Provinces which had raised the standard of DON CARLOS. He was then appointed commandant of Biscay and Lieutenant-General. Later, having saved the capital from an invasion by Carlist bands, he was named commander-in-chief of the Army of the North, and Captain-General of the Basque Provinces. In 1837 he was elected a deputy to the Constituent Cortez. At the end of the same year he saved Madrid a second time from an attack, led by DON CARLOS in person, drove the latter beyond the Ebro, carried the heights of Lucana, raised the blockade of Bilbao, and received the title of Count of Lucana, in recognition of his services. New successes against the Carlists, in 1839, won for him the titles of Grande of the First class and Duke of Vittoria. Taking advantage of the divisions of the Carlist party, he planned with MAROTO the famous Convention of Bergara, which forced DON CARLOS to quit Spain, leaving only CABERAS to continue the civil strife. Having finally succeeded in crushing the latter, he returned to Madrid in triumph, and caused himself to be named chief of a new ministry. In the face of this dictatorship, Queen CHRISTINE resigned the regency, which the Cortez, in May, 1841, placed into the hands of ESPARTERO. He held it with characteristic firmness and rigor for two years, but in 1843 a number of Provinces rose in revolt against him. A revolutionary junta, established at Barcelona, proclaimed his downfall and the majority of ISABELLA. ESPARTERO attempted to resist, but, being abandoned by his troops, he was obliged to retire, and took refuge in England, where he was received with the honour due to his rank. In 1848, the decree depriving him of all

his titles having been revoked, he returned to Spain and took his seat in the Senate, but shortly afterward withdrew to the solitude of his estate, at Logrono.

After ten years of retirement, the events of 1854 brought him again to the head of affairs, as President of the Council and Generalissimo of the national armies. It was then that he admitted Marshal O'DONNELL into his Cabinet, as Minister of War. But these two men were not made to work together, and ESPARTERO resigned in 1856, never more to appear in public life. Only once, in 1869, a deputy of the Cortez proposed the old Duke of Vittoria as King, but his proposition met with no echo. His death, at the ripe age of 85, was, of course, attended by no result,—except that of recalling the chief incidents of a very stormy and altogether remarkable career.

### THE QUEEN TO HER PEOPLE.

We have been requested to give a prominent place in our columns to the following touching letter from Her Majesty, in order that our readers may preserve it in remembrance. We cheerfully do so:—

"The Queen is anxious to take the earliest opportunity of expressing publicly her heartfelt thanks for the universal and most touching sympathy shown to her by all classes of her loyal and faithful subjects on the present occasion, when it has pleased God to call away from this world her dearly-loved daughter, the Princess ALICE, Grand Duchess of Hesse.

"Overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a dear child, who was a bright example of loving tenderness, courageous devotion, and self-sacrifice to duty, it is most soothing to the Queen's feelings to see how entirely her grief is shared by her people. The Queen's deeply afflicted son-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse, is also anxious to make known his sincere gratitude for the kind feelings expressed toward himself and his dear children in their terrible bereavement, and his gratification at the appreciation shown by the people of England of the noble and endearing qualities of her whom all now mourn.

"Seventeen years ago, at this very time, when a similar bereavement crushed the Queen's happiness, and this beloved and lamented daughter was her great comfort and support, the nation evinced the same touching sympathy, as well as when, in December, 1871, the Prince of Wales was at the point of death.

"Such an exhibition of true and tender feeling will ever remain engraven on the Queen's heart, and is the more to be valued at this moment of great distress in the country, which no one more deeply deplores than the Queen herself."

Mrs. EMILY PFEIFFER, a well-known author, now residing in London, lately held a novel costume party, the object of which was to show that "a dress expressive of the spirit of the ancient Greeks would suit all ages and varieties of women, and might be profitably adopted by modern nations." For the purpose, she sent out, along with the invitations, a series of designs, illustrating the old Grecian costumes, with instructions how to "construct" them. Sixty ladies, thus arrayed, attended the party, and the success of the trial was enthusiastic. The *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, has seized upon the scheme, and reproduced the designs for trial on this side of the Atlantic. Our lady readers may expect to hear of some revolution in modes before long, in the direction of Greek simplicity.

HERE is news! Canadian silk! A French firm of this city lately exhibited at Ottawa specimens of Canadian manufactured silk goods, their own product, and the first of its kind made in the Dominion. The goods were contrasted with Lyons silks, and successfully passed the examination. Surprise was professed that silks could be manufactured in Canada. Mr. CORRIVEAU informed the Government

that if the present tariff of 17½ per cent. was increased to 35 per cent., his firm would not only permanently embark in business,—for the grades exhibited were only specimens from the second piece made by them,—but would immediately build a factory with 100 looms, manufacturing an average of 800 yards of silk a day, and giving employment to 250 or 275 hands, two-thirds of whom would be girls.

CANON FARRAR's views on future punishment are gaining ground. Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, a well-known American divine, who has just published "Illustrated Commentaries upon Matthew, Mark, Luke, and the Acts," says, in commenting on Matthew xxv. 46:

"The phrase everlasting punishment implies that the result, not the punishment, will be everlasting."

He even questions whether there will be any positive infliction.

Upon the words, "depart from me," in Matthew vii. 23, he comments thus:

"Observe . . . . that the sentence, as recorded in Rev. xxii. 2, is a simple fixing, eternally and irreversibly, of the character formed here."

On Luke xii., 47, 48, he says:

"The passage certainly teaches that there are degrees of punishment in the future life; and it seems to me, therefore, necessarily to imply that all who are punished in the future are not eternally punished."

A CORRESPONDENT, probably in reference to our late article on "Prince and Pressman," has sent us a slip containing the story of a certain JONES who had imposed on the correspondent of the *New York World* by simulating the Duke of Edinburgh. We had seen the slip before, and, of course, treated it as a joke. If it had come from the *Detroit Free Press*, instead of the *Detroit News*, the joke would have been still more palpable, and our correspondent would not have been imposed upon.

MORMONISM has at length received its death blow. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that polygamy, as practised at Utah, is a crime punishable by a fine of one thousand dollars and imprisonment for a term of years. This is satisfactory, but what is more so is the fact that the Mormons are satisfied with the decision, and agree not to violate the law any further. In view of this acquiescence, it is probable that a bill will be passed in Congress providing that the decision shall not be retroactive.

AFTER the late Senatorial triumph, which more than justified his predictions, M. GAMBETTA made this profound observation: "that the dangers of the Republic had now passed, but that its difficulties were just beginning." He referred to intestine troubles in the Republican ranks. Our latest advices show that his provisions are correct. The Radical wing is already agitating itself, even to the threatening of the present moderate DUBAÏE Cabinet. We may look for stormy news from France.

MR. POLLOCK, of Paisley, one of the founders, and an ex-director of the British Chamber of Commerce, says that he is personally a free-trader in principle, but had arrived at the conclusion that Free Trade, as England had practised it, was to give everything for nothing, and that blind perseverance in the false principle of Free Trade without reciprocity, was a main cause of the present commercial distress in England.

ONTARIO still leads the van in the active prosecution of the Temperance cause. The Dunkin Act is now to be followed by the Scott Act. At the meeting of the Dominion Alliance, held in Toronto last week, it was resolved to take such steps as to ensure voting the enforcement of the Act some time in next October. No doubt this will make a leading feature in the ensuing Provincial elections.

A NATIONAL memorial to the Princess ALICE is now mooted in England, and

meeting with extraordinary encouragement. We make no doubt whatever that if the scheme is earnestly taken up, it will be eagerly adopted by all creeds, all parties, and all classes, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the Empire.

It is rumoured that the Government have determined on a general reduction of ten per cent., including the salaries of Ministers and of officials in the inside and outside service. Very, very good. The whole country will back this.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FUNERAL OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.—Our sketch represents the funeral procession immediately after the services in the Grand Ducal chapel. Outside the Palace the corpse was received by a cavalry escort with band, and the procession moved slowly off towards the Mausoleum of Rosenhohe, the route being lined with soldiers and crowded with spectators, who showed their sympathy by uncovering their heads as the hearse passed, and by their mournful silence, which seemed intensified by the muffled tread of the horses in the deep snow which lay in the streets. The procession, which was led by a detachment of dragoons, included the Court officials, the Town Council, Delegates from Town and Country Communes, a deputation of English Residents, the Alice Association, the Chief Mourners, the representatives of foreign Courts, the Nobles, Ministers, and Diplomatic officers, and many others. On reaching the Mausoleum, the coffin was lifted from the hearse, borne into the little chapel, and consigned to the vault beneath, the concluding portion of the Burial Service being meanwhile read by the Court chaplain. The ceremony was over soon after 4 p.m., and when the hearse left the Palace-yard the Grand Duke was seen at a window with his children.

THE MASTER PAINTER.—Nothing more amusing than this little scene. The Master Painter, a four-year old, is illuminating a sheet of white paper, surrounded by his elders. The oldest is standing, following with an air of patronage the work of his junior, while the two sisters are all eyes on the master-piece which is being wrought. The skill of the composition and the happy choice of details give a pleasant personal to the whole picture.

BEAVER DAMS MONUMENT.—It was erected some three years ago by the late John Brown over the bones found on the site of the New England and some American soldiers, who fell in the battle of Beaver Dams, Oct., June 24th, 1817.

### REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February has an unusual variety. Serial and short stories, poems, travel-sketches, criticisms, reminiscences,—indeed, almost every kind of article suitable for a popular magazine is included. Lovers of fiction will greatly enjoy the chapters of Mr. Howells' "Lady of the Aroostook," one of the most engaging stories Mr. Howells has ever written; and Mr. H. A. Huntington contributes "Sword and Aul," a short story of the civil war. The legion admirers of Bayard Taylor will read with deep interest Mr. Stoddard's reminiscences. Public-spirited men and women will find "The Career of a Capitalist" a most instructive and interesting paper, bristling with hints to both capitalists and employees. The political article on "Limited Sovereignty in the United States" is one to be read and thought over by good citizens. Mrs. Stowe, under "The Modern Martyrdom of St. Porpetina," satirizes some of the absurd demands of present fashion and custom, and tries to laugh or shame the devotees into common sense. Mark Twain is even more amusing than usual in "The Recent Great French Duel; Richard Grant White writes very delightfully of "London Streets;" Clarence Cook describes and criticises "The New Catholic Cathedral in New York;" W. W. Story contributes a very engaging account of "A Roman Holiday Twenty Years Ago;" William F. Apthorp discusses "Musicians and Music-Lovers;" an anonymous but skillful hand criticises Mr. James's "Europeans" and some other recent novels; and besides the varied "Contributors' Club" and a full chapter of "Recent Literature," the number contains poems by Lucy Larcom, Albert Lighton, Mrs. Piatt, and others. On the whole, a very good number of a monthly from which we have a right to expect the best magazine literature that America can produce.

NOTHING in LIPPINCOTT'S Magazine for February will be read with more interest than the sketch of the great Hungarian artist, Munkacsy, by his intimate friend, Mr. John R. Taft of Baltimore. The striking character and romantic career of one who, starting without education, means or resources of any kind, has by force of genius and industry attained a high place among the painters of to-day, make this account of his private life and early struggles one of great interest, which is enhanced by the fact that some of Munkacsy's finest works are owned in America, and that his *chef-d'œuvre*—Milton Dictating to his Daughters—has attracted great notice at the Paris Exposition, and been purchased for the Lenox Library in New York.

The text is embellished with a finely-engraved portrait. Dr. Felix L. Oswald gives a graphic description of the great barranca of Jorullo; and Edward King sketches with his usual vigor "Hungarian Types and Austrian Pictures." Both these articles are well illustrated. "Women's Husbands," a series of brilliant sketches of American society, is continued, as is also Miss Olney's delightful novel, "Through Winding Ways." "The Colonel's Venture" is a Virginia story, by Rebecca Harding Davis; and "Carrie Fane," a pleasant New England sketch, by Mary N. Prescott. There could hardly be a more pathetic story of real life than that which is set before us with full details in "The Latter Days of the Blennerhassets." "In a Cabinet," by Frederic M. Bird, depicts the Roman emperors and their families in connection with numismatics. There is a lively sketch of Lord Beaconsfield's career, and a pleasant account of the school at which the "Daughters of the Legion of Honour" are educated; with other short and amusing papers that help to render the number highly readable and attractive.

THE marvelous beauty of the illustrated magazines of this country is attracting attention throughout the world. The edition of Scribner in England has doubled within a few months. The London correspondent of the *New-York Times* says: "The whole lot of magazine annuals (English) put together, are not equal in pictorial art to a single number of Scribner's Monthly." But the price at which these magazines are sold is even a greater marvel. For example, a single number of Scribner, "The Midwinter Number," just issued, has a full-page frontispiece portrait of Emerson, of rare excellence, and contains one hundred and sixty pages of letter-press, with more than seventy illustrations; many of which are works of art such as before the advent of Scribner appeared only in gift-works and purely art magazines, and yet it is sold for 35 cents. It would be difficult to find an illustrated book to match it at \$5. The subscribers for the current year, get, in Scribner, not only four of these full-page portraits of American Poets, and nearly two thousand pages of text (equal to 5,000 book pages) of the choicest current literature, with more than 1,000 illustrations, including a completed novel, "Haworth's," by Mrs. Burnett, but shorter stories, poems, reviews, descriptions of travel, biographical sketches, etc., and also the splendid series of papers and pictures of exploration in the great South American empire of Brazil, delivered free of postage, and all for four dollars.

In Children's Periodicals, too, America leads the world with *St. Nicholas*. Prof. Proctor the astronomer, writes from London: "What a wonderful magazine it is for the young folks! Our children are quite as much delighted with it as American children can be. I will not say they are more delighted, as that may not be possible." *St. Nicholas* is sold for 25 cents a number, and fourteen numbers (November, 1878 to 1880) are given for \$3. At first glance one would say, literature, art, and cheapness can no further go—but in this country intelligence is so widespread, and artistic culture is so extended, that there is scarcely any end to the demand for such magazines as Scribner's for grown-ups and *St. Nicholas* for children, and, as the sale of these publications increases their conductors will no doubt continue to add new features of excellence and attraction.

Every loyal heart in the Dominion has welcomed to Canada the Marquis of Lorne and his Royal Consort, the Princess Louise. No more fitting souvenir of their coming can be possessed than a picture placed in a conspicuous position, bearing their likenesses. This want has been supplied by L. A. Kendall, publisher of this city, who has issued the portraits engraved on one sheet in ovals, side by side, with ornamental border, forming a beautiful picture. The artist, F. T. Stuart, is one of the best engravers in the United States. The engraving is printed on heavy plate paper, suited to frames, at the low price of twenty-five cents. We recommend our readers to send their orders to the publisher.

EPIHEMERIDES.

I find the following exquisite anecdote in a biographical notice attached to a recent volume containing a number of the letters of Berlioz, the French Wagner.

Berlioz was a candidate for the Academy, and one of his friends, M. Alexandre, supported him warmly. A great point was to secure the suffrage of Adolphe Adam, the author of "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau," and many other masterpieces of light opera.

Alexandre began by beturning Berlioz who was unwilling to make any advances. "Come, come, you must step up to Adam. You can't deny that he is a musician."

"I do not deny it," replied Berlioz. "But why does Adam, who is a great musician, persist in sticking to opera comique. My dear sir, if he wished, he could write as fine music as I do."

Proud of this first conquest, Alexandre goes to Adam.

"My dear friend, you must cast your vote for Berlioz. Although you do not agree with him, you know as well as I do that he is a musician."

"Certainly, a great musician," answered Adam, adjusting his glasses, "a very great musician, only his music is dreary. If he wished, he could do as well as I do."

When Bonnat, the French painter, did that portrait of Thiers which was one of the marvels of the late Paris Exhibition, he experienced much perplexity from the occasional somnolence of his distinguished subject. Too delicate to mention the subject to the ex-President himself, he confided his embarrassment to a friend.

"Is that all?" was the reply, "I will give you an infallible cure."

And, indeed, at the next sitting, when M. Thiers began to manifest the first symptoms of "falling off," Bonnat, faithful to the programme which had been laid out for him, turned the conversation on the re-organization of the army and feigned to defend a military system contrary to the ideas of his model. M. Thiers bounded in his chair and immediately exposed his scheme with that wonderful alacrity and clearness for which he was so famous.

The painter was delighted and ever after he used the same means to arouse the torpor of the aged statesman. The result was a portrait full of character.

I have just read the following anecdote of George Sand which is declared to be authentic.

One night, at her chateau of Nohant, Madame Sand was busy writing, her pen scarcely ever rising from the paper. Suddenly she makes a vigorous dash, leaving a large blank between the lines, and traces the magic words: "The End." She then drew a long breath, and said to a guest of the chateau who had sat beside her, smoking cigarettes:

"I have done."

"How glad you must be."

Madame Sand looked up at the clock:

"I declare, it's only three o'clock. I have another hour before retiring."

And quickly taking up her pen, she began another novel!

At the annual meeting of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—

- President—J. M. LeMoine.
- Vice-Presidents—H. S. Scott, Dr. Boswell, Col. Strange, R. S. M. Bouchette.
- Treasurer—W. Hossaek.
- Recording-Secretary—C. Tessier.
- Corresponding-Secretary—W. Clint.
- Council-Secretary—A. Robertson.
- Librarian—R. McLeod.
- Curator of Museum—Dr. H. Neilson.
- Curator of Apparatus—F. F. Wurtelle.

Additional Members of Council—J. Whitehead, J. F. Belleau, J. Stevenson, P. Johnston. This Society founded in 1824, at Quebec, under the auspices of His Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, numbers now above three hundred members amongst the most educated class of the old capital. I am happy to learn that the new President, J. M. LeMoine, Esq., is fully committed to the policy of his worthy predecessor James Stevenson, Esq., Manager of the Quebec Bank, as to the publication of documents relating to the early history of Canada.

A. STEELE PENN.

DRAMATIC.

The past week has been an enjoyable one in the city. The Martinez English Opera Company distinguished itself by the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new popular burlesque, "H. M. S. Pinafore," which was well received. Mr. Wallace, the enterprising and judicious manager, secured for our community the *primitif* of this pleasant work, by having it produced here almost simultaneously with its appearance in New York and Boston. We trust we may have a repetition of this amusing little opera, when, we are certain, the Montreal public will give it a still more generous encouragement. The Company is not great, but it is good, and specially adapted to the interpretation of comic music. It has three qualities not often found in more pretentious troupes—the choruses are excellent, the orchestra is small but well balanced, and the operas are given faithfully, without the excision of a single note. Mr. Wallace also secured the services of Miss Genevieve Ward, who is simply a great actress, and whose first appearance in Montreal would have taken place at the Academy of Music had it not been bespoken. Her representation of Queen Katherine in "Henry VIII." was magnificent, recalling, according to many of our older play-goers, Mrs. Charles Kean, who acted the part here in 1865 to her husband's Wolsey. Mr. Wallace deserves the cordial support of our citizens in his efforts to provide for them the best of artistic talent, both in opera and the drama.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT SERVING DINNER.

We take the following from Mrs. S. W. Oakley's "Hints to Young Housekeepers," in the Midwinter Scribner:

The table should be carefully laid, — folds of the table-cloth in line, two large napkins placed at the head and foot of the table with corners to the center, every plate wiped before being set upon the table, the glass clear, the silver polished, the salt-cellars filled with fresh sifted salt. (A little stamp upon the salt improves the appearance.) When the plates are laid, two forks should be put on the left hand, a knife and a soup-spoon on the right, large spoons crossed at each salt-cellar, and salt-spoons on the top;

tumblers and wine-glasses on the right hand at each plate, a napkin folded with a piece of stale bread within its folds, the soup-plates placed in the plate at the head of the table, and the napkin in the upper one. Soup-ladle, gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork go before the mistress; fish-trowel (if there is fish for dinner), gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork before the master; if there is no soup, no ladle; if no fish, no trowel; if but one dish of meat, but one carving knife and fork. If you have neither fruit nor flowers, a bowl with bits of ice makes a pretty center.

The side-table should be laid with a white cloth, the silver, plates, finger-bowls, that will be needed, during dinner, arranged tastefully upon it; the castors, a pat of butter with ice upon it, and one or two spare napkins, making it a pretty object.

When the soup is on the table, let the waitress come quietly and say, "Dinner is served." A good waitress makes no noise. She will stand at the dining-room door till the family has passed in, and then take her place by her mistress to hand the soup. When the soup course is over, the waitress takes off the plates, one in each hand, and takes them to the pantry, or to a tray outside the door. Permit no piling of plates as they are taken from the table, nor allow the soiled plates to be placed on the side-table. As the soup is removed hot plates should be ready for fish or meat, and as the waitress places the hot plates before the diner, she removes the cold plate to the side-table. Fish should be served alone—no vegetables. Salad is the only thing allowable with fish. If fish be broiled, a lemon, cut in quarters, should be handed, to be squeezed upon the fish, unless fish-sauce is preferred. With salmon, thinly cut slices of cucumber, dressed with pepper, salt, and vinegar, should be served. Before the fish is removed, the fish-trowel and spoon should be taken off on a tray or plate; before the meat is removed, the carving-knife and fork and gravy-spoon should be carefully taken on a plate or tray. After the meat and plates are removed, the unused silver should be taken off, then the salt-cellars. The table being cleared, the crumbs should be taken off with a crumb-knife or with a napkin upon a plate; then the spread napkins should be taken off by the four corners.

Place upon the table the dessert-plates, and spoons, and forks, if for pudding or sweets of any kind; if for fruit, a plate with a colored doily, a finger-bowl, and a silver knife and fork. If coffee is served, it should be placed on a tray, with coffee-cups and sugar, at the head of the table. The old fashion of a polished and bare table for fruit is gone out, except where an elaborate table and men-servants are kept.

MOTHERS A LA MODE.

The fashionable woman of to-day is hardly disposed to count her children among the gods the gods give. If her first-born appeals to those instincts of maternal affection which she possesses in common with the lower animals, her nursery no sooner begins to fill than her children take their place among the plagues of life. Boys may be packed off to school when still of tender years, and the mother's responsibilities shifted to the head, or house-mistress's wife. On the rare occasions when they are seen in her company, she hugs herself in the assurance that they are mistaken for her younger brothers. They may cost her some sharp pangs; their school or college extravagance may have curtailed her pin-money, and subjected her to the discomfort of appearing twice in the same costume; but these offences are often condoned by the fact that so many of the offenders are a method into the world on their own account. They live their own lives; they do not encroach upon hers. Perhaps they achieve success, and a few languid rays of reflected lustre fall to her share; or they may make prudent marriages; and, in spite of cruelly premature grandmotherhood, she reluctantly admits that she has reason to be proud of her sons.

On the other hand, her daughters have, continuously from their cradles, been a source of anxiety and worry. They cannot in early childhood be exiled from home; they may be left in the country while she is in town, or in town when she is at Hamburg or Nice, but she dare not neglect them altogether. Selfish if to other considerations oblige her to remember that daughters are merely raw material which must be manufactured into marketable goods, or they will remain for ever on her hands. They must be educated; must have a French *bonne* in the schoolroom; distinguished professors even in their teens; dancing-masters, singing-masters, drawing-masters; their teeth must be seen to by the best dentists; their hair, their complexion, their figures as carefully tended as the points of a racehorse which carries the fortunes of its stable. She is haunted by a constant dread of what the future may have in store for them: will they grow up ugly or well-favoured; will they do stupid or silly things, marry judiciously, badly, or not at all? But these are mere passing inconveniences compared to the active annoyance the daughter occasions when duly polished and prepared, emancipated from the schoolroom, or launched forth from the high-class finishing establishment, she is ready to make her *début* in the world. Now at length the mother is brought face to face with a trouble she has hitherto only vaguely dreaded, but which at last she fully realises. She is about to be burdened with an incubus and embarrassment she cannot shake off. So far she has had it very much her

own way. Her husband has probably had his own private apartments, and makes calls of ceremony upon her like any other acquaintance. She has been safe from irksome or unwelcome intrusion, and has ordered her daily life as seems best in her own eyes. Strongly entrenched in the snug fastnesses of her cosy boudoir, with its curtained privacy and warm perfumed atmosphere, she has received her chosen intimates when and how she pleased. Secure from inconvenient and unexpected interruption, she has passed the hour of afternoon tea in an agreeable *l'été-à-tête* with the cavalier or friend of the moment. The daughter's inopportune appearance upon the scene, with a claim to free *entrée* and the assumed right to be in her mother's company, threatens to put an end to all this. The woman, whether only foolishly fond of admiration or actually bad, distrusts and dislikes the girl. In the first case the new-comer is at least a nuisance and a bore. The inbred and still untainted purity of the *débütante*, her strict code of theoretical morals—all these, albeit unwittingly displayed, are a perpetual reproach to the other. In the second case the daughter is distinctly *de trop*; not only do her innocent attentions interfere with others the mother decidedly prefers, but her presence is a *gêne*. She is installed as a detective where even such an unconscious spy can be least welcome; she exercises an unintentional surveillance upon doubtful deeds, and criticises with mute involuntary protest the conversation she ought not to hear. Hence, from the first, an estrangement springs up between the pair, that soon widens into a breach. To the mother the situation is full, if not of possible peril, at least of grave present annoyance, and she staves off the danger by strict precautionary measures. Her daughter is repressed, rebuked; kept in the background; sentenced to a species of solitary imprisonment, and obliged to spend her hours wearily in her own room, denied any but a nominal part in the society of the house.

ARTISTIC.

THE death is announced of Mr. Joseph Nash, the water-colour painter, at the age of 71.

FRITH'S celebrated painting, "The Marriage of the Prince of Wales," has been sold for four hundred and fifty guineas.

M. E. TORREY, a Michigan artist now in Paris, is at work upon a picture which he will call "Custer's Last Charge."

LELOIR is said to have received eight thousand francs for decorating a fan intended for a gift at the Rothschild wedding.

GEROME still pursues his new departure into the domain of sculpture. He is now modelling a group of Aeneas with Cupid and Bacchus.

A BUST of Bayard Taylor, the work of W. Marshall Swaine, has been placed in the library room at Kennebec Square, and is pronounced a life-like work of art. Mr. Taylor had intended to have a copy in marble made for his wife.

ANOTHER mysterious disappearance of a picture. Jean Paul Lauron's "L'Excommunication du Pape Formose," which was hung in the French galleries at the Paris Exhibition, has been stolen, and no trace of it can be found by the most careful researches.

THE fine bust of Shakespeare executed for Mr. Henry Irving by the accomplished Scotch sculptor, Mr. George Ewing, has been despatched from Glasgow, and will soon adorn the vestibule of the Lyceum Theatre. The bust is in stone, the original clay having been modelled many years ago for the Shakespeare Tercentenary.

AN important picture by Meissonier, "Les Cuirassiers"—shown at the Universal Exhibition—has been bought by a Belgian amateur for 300,000 francs. It was one of the conditions of purchase that the name of the purchaser should remain unknown. "Les Cuirassiers" is a larger picture than Meissonier usually paints.

M. HIPPOLYTE P. DELAUNCY, an artist in Paris, has sent to the Lord Mayor a remarkable painting, with a request it may be sold and the proceeds given to some object of benevolence in London, at his discretion. The title of the picture is "Faith and Courage," and it illustrates the text, "And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

MESSRS. HACHETTE have published a splendid *Écho* edition, in six hundred and fifty pages, of the "Grand Parthenon," translated by M. de Parys, with over five hundred illustrations by Gustave Doré. Aristotle could not have wished for a worthier interpreter, and one rises from the contemplation of the pictures with a feeling of having been coursing over the grandest and strangest landscapes peopled by beings such as the ardent imagination of Aristotle could conceive.

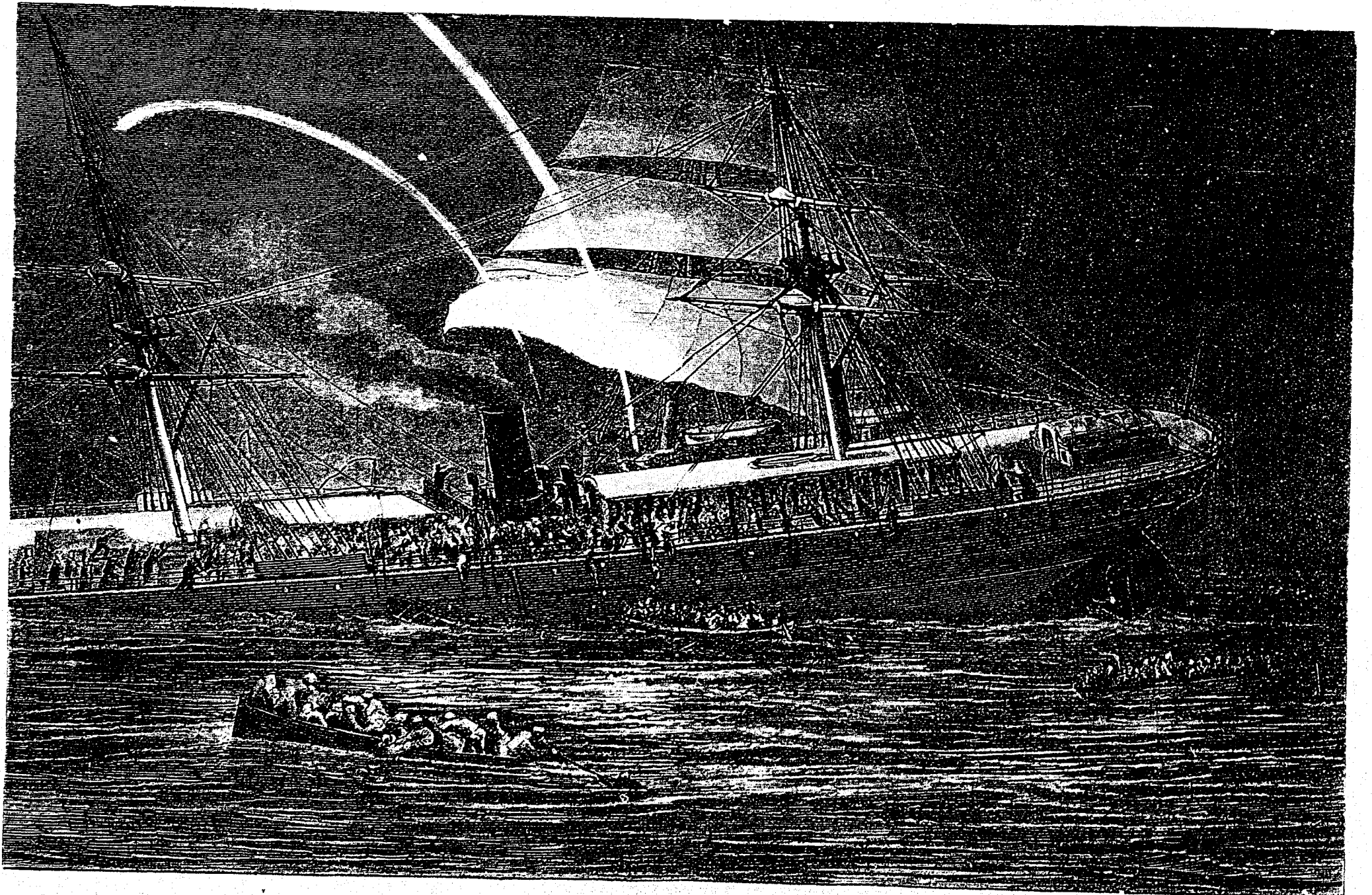
SOME of the gems from the collection of pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, are to be brought to London, and will be on view at the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters held by the Royal Academy. The works in question are three Hogarths, a Ruysdael, a Hobbema, and a Van de Welle. They have been pronounced the chief works of merit on the authority of Professor Colvill. The *Écho* says the queen will lend fifteen very choice miniatures. There will also be works by both the Oxyers, and a splendid Janet, a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. Some drawings by the old masters will also be selected from the Royal collection, and among them will be included specimens by Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Holbein.

THE Californian casket lately presented to Earl Beaconsfield is the work of Messrs. Anderson and Reardon, of San Francisco, and is made entirely of Californian materials. The body is of silver, and the ornamentation of gold and polished gold quartz. One side bears the Royal arms in mosaic relief, and the other presents a view of the harbour of San Francisco, while at one end is represented in relief an English soldier and a Goorkha, and at the other a British sailor and a Sepoy, with the mottoes, "Defence not Offence," and "Ready, Aye, Ready." On the lid are the arms and supporters of Lord Beaconsfield, done in gold, with mosaic panels, composed of gold and polished plates of gold and silver ores, and stones found on the Pacific coast. The address which the casket contains was engraved and illuminated in London, the Californians not being very skilful in those arts, and the whole is enclosed in a handsome case of Californian maple.





VIENNA.—A DEPUTATION OF HERZEGOVINIAN CLERGY AND NOBLES TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



LOSS OF THE POMERANIAN IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, NEAR DUNGENESS.





TORONTO.—OPENING OF THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT. THE LIEUT. GOVERNOR'S CAVALRY ESCORT.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. C. CRUICKSHANK.



TORONTO.—"DOING KING STREET."—FROM A SKETCH BY H. GLAZEBROOK.



PRINCESS ALICE.

DEC. 14TH, 1878.

"Till the future dares Forget the past, her fate and name shall be An echo and a light unto eternity!"—SHELLEY.

A deeper gloom than any wrought By winter's rugged hand, A cruel, remorseless day has brought Upon this stricken land: And brooding grief and silent woe, That dim the winter's light, Fall, like an avalanche of snow, To shroud our homes with night.

For all that truth and duty wove, Or tenderness could claim, Were mingled with her life of love, And twined around her name: The splendours massed around a throne Paled where her footsteps trod! For all her deeds in beauty shone, A sacred ray from God!

Fond child, true mother, perfect wife, Beyond our far ideal, How can we measure such a life, By the dull grief we feel? Change dims the hours; and day and night, Like solemn shadows flee; But her dear name is clothed in light Of immortality!

ISIDORE.

Forest Hill, December, 1878.

These verses were sent us from London, by a gentleman whose name and muse are well known in Canada. Ed. C. I. N.

IN BATTLE.

Soldiers are agreed that, however brave a man may be, his feelings during the first quarter of an hour under fire are extremely disagreeable. Much of the reputation which Frenchmen won for that reckless valour called *furia francese* came from the utter inability of their young troops to stand steady during that first quarter of an hour under a rain of bullets, so that they would charge forward impetuously and break through the enemy's lines with their bayonets. This was all very well in the days of fighting at close range; but in these times, when regiments advance in open order, throwing out skirmishers by twos over a line which may extend for miles, a man has only to fire and obey the bugle about advancing or retreating. Ten minutes after the engagement has begun the field is generally so clouded with smoke that the soldiers cannot see how to take aim, and commence firing at random. Then it is that the men of good grit settle down to their work coolly. The first attack of nervousness caused by the whistle of bullets passes off, the shock occasioned by the fall of a comrade close to one's side is mastered and that "tightness" of heart and dryness of throat, which are but the physical symptoms of the instinct of self-preservation give place to a buoyancy of spirits and desire to move forward. The bugle soon gratifies this wish by sounding an advance, and officers loom through the fog with an encouraging cry of "Forward." Probably a similar encouragement is being vouchsafed to the opposite forces at the self-same moment, for the tendency of two armies, during the first hour of battle, is always to march upon each other. Meanwhile the artillery batteries, placed at some distance behind the infantry lines, pound away ceaselessly, and the shells fly with a shrieking noise over the heads of the skirmishers. This is rather encouraging, for it familiarizes the men with that abominable whizz, which resembles nothing so much as the voice of the screech-owl, and it makes them think that the enemy have not got clever gunners. The tug of war begins when the infantry columns get within full range of the artillery. This may happen by accident, through the temporary moving up of a brigade or regiment to a part of the field where the iron hail is pouring; or it may be the result of precise aiming, when the artillery, being stationed on an eminence, command a full view of the enemy's positions. In such a case, the infantry, which is exposed, must be marched out of range with all possible expedition; for a single shell falling into the midst of a masked company is enough to knock it into disorder. But if six, ten, or twenty shells fall in rapid succession, ploughing up the earth with a sloshing noise, throwing up clouds of choking, blinding dust, and strewing the ground with dead, then the men are apt to take fright, and will be pretty sure to do so if they feel their officers are disconcerted. And now may occur one of the most critical moments of a battle—for it may chance that two regiments, or what is worse, two brigades—get entangled; that is to say, a body of men moving off one part of the field to get out of the fire, and to turn the enemy's positions if they can, may encounter another body coming in another direction. Both corps are acting under orders from their respective generals; and these generals may be two or three miles off, while the commander-in-chief is even further away. So the men come to a standstill and get "clubbed," while their colonels or brigadiers are hastily conferring as to what had best be done; and if the gunners on the other side take a prompt advantage of the situation to limer their pieces round and fire away, there is nothing for it but to charge forward at a double (if there are reserves behind), or to retreat, which always disheartens the men. Many a battle has been lost or won on such a touch as this. That of Gravelotte, for instance, was carried by sheer force of intrepid numbers—regiment after regiment being sent up the slopes, through a raking fire of mitrailleuses and artillery, till the French gunners were fairly overwhelmed and driven from their pieces by German rifle-stocks. It was splendid fighting, but the carnage was horrible. A grand moment in a battle is when the in-

fantry, after moving forward continuously, find themselves on a part of the ground occupied by the enemy in the early part of the day. This does not always mean that the enemy have been routed, for they may have taken up new positions from strategical reasons; but the former conclusion is very often the correct one, and attendant circumstances help to show the soldier whether his side have got the advantage. If the ground be strewn profusely with rival dead, if gun carriages are lying about dismantled, if waggons of ammunition and stores have been abandoned—above all, if the enemy no longer return the fire of the advancing force—then the soldier knows that his own army corps at least has prevailed in one part of the field. Perhaps, however, the battle may be raging fiercely in other parts; and sometimes the sound of cannonading miles away may be heard by the soldiers of a particular corps for hours after they have performed their own share of duty by carrying everything before them.

When a corps have secured a position which they have orders to hold, the men stack their arms and proceed to an active forage for provisions and drink among the effects of the enemy. This never lasts long if a corps has its commissariat in good order, for when soldiers have slaked their thirst and eaten something they are somewhat inclined to lie down on their back; besides, in modern warfare, parties are immediately told off with pickaxes and spades to throw up earthworks. Unless the methods of warring should be altered, the soldiers of the future will all have shovels of some kind slung about them; as it is, a good general will entrench a position with surprising speed; so that in less than an hour after the enemy have forsaken a spot the advancing corps will have brought up its artillery, placed batteries into position, and opened a lively cannonade to support the other corps. The sooner this is done the better; for a beaten army has been known to rally and return *en masse* to re-attack a position which they had forsaken. This may give rise to a flank movement of the victorious forces, whose unengaged wings, bearing up to the assistance of the corps which has entrenched itself, cut the enemy's army in two, and drives whole regiments forward to be made prisoners. If an entrenched corps be not re-attacked, its men may generally conclude that the enemy are being worsted all down the line; and numerous signs soon come to confirm this. Aides-de-camp scamper up with good news, and orders to stay "where you are," the firing of musketry ceases; that of the cannon grows rarer and is soon one-sided, till the mounted officers, who are scanning the distance through their telescopes, begin to report that the enemy are in full retreat. By this time the day is on the wane; and in the evening air sky-rockets are sent up, to show what positions the different corps of the victorious army have taken up—happy, when those pale, twinkling lights start up at points which form a complete semi-circle or triangle, thereby denoting that the furthest most posts of the enemy have been occupied. Now tents are pitched and camp-fires lit; the regiments, paraded by companies, answer to the call of the muster-roll; and, while the wounded are being cared for and the slain marked down, while the horses are being picketed, and the soup is cooking in the big, iron pots, the soldiers talk with elation of the day's work, and rejoice to know that the telegraph wires have already flashed home the news that they have done their duty.

LEECH'S FIRST CARTOON IN "PUNCH."

The midwinter *Scribner* contains a paper by Russell Sturgis on John Leech, the famous English caricaturist, with reproduction of some of his most striking drawings. Of Leech's connection with *Punch*, Mr. Sturgis says:

Thirty-seven and a half years ago, in London, there appeared a prospectus of a proposed new journal. The newsmen handed it to their customers; it was headed by a fairly clever picture in the fashion of the day, a wood-cut of just such character as were Hablot Browne's contributions to another journal then in its second year,—*Master Humphrey's Clock*, edited by Charles Dickens and published by Chapman and Hall. This head-piece represented the well-known puppet of London street-shows—that very "Punch" whose most famous gentlemen-usurers were Messrs. Collin and Short—standing between two masked personages, his "author" and his "artist"; and the first line declares that it is a "refuge for destitute wit" which is here established, thereby asserting a connection between the new journal and the recognized fashion of comic publication for the previous century or two. On the seventeenth of July, 1841, came out the first number of *Punch*; it seems not very funny to a reader of to-day; its manner of jesting is ponderous and, except for its freedom from offense, reminds one of that eighteenth century "wit" now only known to book-collectors as to be found in the comic publications alluded to. The illustrations, besides one full-page "cartoon," were wretched little cuts an inch high, scattered through the text; the cartoon itself is better, but is not a design at all, only five heads of "Candidates under different phases"—five separate pictures irregularly distributed over the page. The Parliamentary elections of that summer were just concluded. The Whigs had been beaten pretty badly. Lord Melbourne's ministry was evidently endangered; the Tories were on the alert and ready to build

up their own government on the ruins of the old one, and by means of the popular majorities they had won. *Punch* is chiefly occupied with politics at first, and very blue reading it is. Except for the preservation in these pages of some of those old stories and local allusions which help the reader of history wonderfully, even Miss Martineau's record of those times is more amusing than that of our joker.

But in the fourth number of *Punch*, "for the week ending August 7, 1841," the cartoon was by a different hand. John Leech had signed his name in full in the left hand lower corner; a scroll in the very centre of the page bore the inscription "Foreign Affairs," and, as author's name, the mark so well known afterward, a bottle with inverted glass over the stopper and a wriggling "leech" within. Below the scroll, a London sidewalk is seen thronged with the denizens of Leicester Square, eight men and two women, walking and staring, or conversing in a group. The lowest type of escaped fraudulent debtor, the most truculent style of gambler in fairly prosperous condition, the female chorus singer growing old and stout; all are here as easy to recognize as if described in words. Above are detached studies. In one portly figure, whose back only is seen, but who has an inscription, "The Great Singer," we recognize Lablache. In a pianist with a cataract of coarse hair, a better informed reader of English journals, or one who had the patience to wade through this very number of *Punch*, might recognize some celebrity of the day—can it be Liszt? But the important thing to our inquiry is the easy strength seen in the drawing of these twenty grotesque figures. They are hardly caricature. Take any one of them and it will be evident that we have before us a portrait. The original of that portrait was "padding with thin soles" the pavement of Regent street in August, 1841. His son is there to-day, in a somewhat different hat and coat and without straps to his trowsers.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

SHERE ALI has 360 wives. His affair with England, therefore, is only a change of battlefield.

THE average woman is composed of 243 bones, 169 muscles, 22 old newspapers and 210 hair-pins.

A BASE and irreclaimable beast of a philosopher has said: "Woman is a clock which runs slow after five-and-twenty."

IT was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period, "She don't know enough to bile hot-water."

YOU often hear of a man being in advance of his age, but you never hear of a woman being in the same predicament.

THERE would have been a gleam of comfort to Eve, when she was leaving Paradise, if she had had two or three Saratoga trunks to pack.

IT was a loving but jocular husband who, when his wife asked him what she was going to have in her stocking, replied, "You are just the sweetest thing I care to see in it."

MRS. KANE presented her husband with a gold-headed cane, on New Year's morning. It is a girl and has golden hair.

A LADY, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near thirty!" "Do not fret at it, madame, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

AN old granger, who came into town to purchase a piano for his daughter, asked the agent if he hadn't one with the handle in the end, "so we can all give it a turn once in a while."

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER announces through the press that the young lady to whom he is attached, entitled Merinda, is standing forever under a fir tree, but fails to say how fir the tree is.

A RUMOR comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter. It strikes us the head would be a good place on which to wear a bonnet, but such a departure will look a little odd at first.

THERE is nothing which fills the soul of a young man with consternation so much as to take his best girl to prayer meeting, and have the pastor call upon "our stranger friend for a few remarks and a prayer."

OF a truth, a home without a girl is only half-blessed; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon.

SAM recently got married, and told his wife that she might retain all the change which dropped on the floor out of his pockets. What was his astonishment, on Monday morning, to find no money in his pants. He has since ascertained that his wife hangs his pants upside down.

A PLAIN-SPOKEN woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her: "How do you manage to amuse yourself?" "Amuse," said the other, "don't you know that I have my household to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to do, but as it is never done, I concluded you must have some other way of passing your time."

A CELEBRATED French preacher, in a sermon on the duties of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

A YOUNG lady, after passing the Cambridge local examination, suddenly broke off her engagement with her sweetheart. A friend expostulated with her, but she replied, "I must merely say that his views on the theosophic doctrine of cosmogony are loose, and you must at once understand how impossible it is for any true woman to risk her happiness with such a person."

"YOUR daughter has treated me very curt"—and the young man was lifted by the parental hoof from the door of his girl's house to the middle of the horse-car track. He arose as quick as he could, and mildly explained that he hadn't finished the word, which was "courteous," and Alphonse was taken under the inhospitable roof once more, and his pants mended, was done up in salve, and then sent home to his ma in a hack. Thus is true greatness rewarded, and impetuosity rebuked.

A WIDOWER of sixty-five, with countenance serene, Under the marriage altar leads a miss of sweet sixteen;

The priest steps down, in stole and gown, with grave and solemn air, And to the font, without a word, he leads the blushing pair,

"Why bring us here!" the groom inquires, The sober priest replies, "I thought that thee had brought to me this infant to baptize."

WEATHER RECORD.

- Jan. 16. Mild and greyish day. Sleighing excellent, and it being Sunday, much driving indulged in.
Jan. 7. Somewhat colder. Light snowfall.
Jan. 8. Roads in capital condition, both in and outside of the city.
Jan. 10. Cold and bright. More snow.
Jan. 11. Blustering and drift.
Jan. 12. Snow during the night. River lumpy and shore ice broadening.
Jan. 13. Keen breeze. Much sleighing.
Jan. 14. Raw and heavy snowfall during the afternoon and evening.
Jan. 15. Very cold. Thermometer down to 16 below zero.
Jan. 16. Intensely cold.
Jan. 17. Weather moderated. More snow and splendid sleighing. River still resists the last cold snaps.
Jan. 18. Light snowfall. Beautifully mild weather.

HUMOROUS.

A BOSOM friend—The baby.
MARY had a little lamb. It was roasted and she wanted more.

A SMALL boy and a gun are harmless when apart, but they make a terrific combination.

To keep apples from rotting put them in a cool place—where there is a large family of children.

THE affections of the year-old baby for its maternal ancestor is second only to its ecstatic admiration for the fathomless depths of the kitchen coal hod.

A MULE'S head does not contain a brain capable of culture and refined rearing, but it is wonderful to what an extent the other end of him can be reared.

A BANKRUPT was consoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he, "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

If the average school-girl ever has a chance to witness a tornado she will clasp her hand and exclaim: "Isn't it gorgeous? Isn't it too comical for anything?"

AN illiterate farmer wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary of the society: "Enter me also for a jackass." And he took the prize.

A SMART scholar had this question put to him by an inspector. "Well, my boy, do you know what 'syntax' means?" The child of a tetotaler answered: "Yes, sir—the duty upon spirits."

A VOLUME in a line. At a temperance celebration in Newmarket, a little lad appeared in the procession bearing a flag, on which was inscribed the following: "All's right when Daddy's sober."

THE tramp may not be able to square a circle; but only give him the chance and he'll prove to you that he can get 'round a square meal with a mathematical completeness that will astound you.

AN old picture represents a king sitting in state, with a label, "I govern all;" a bishop, with a legend, "I pray for all;" and a farmer, drawing forth reluctantly a purse, with the inscription, "I pay for all."

TWO bad little boys of Tartentum First borrowed some pins, and then bent 'em, When their pa took a seat, They both beat a retreat, As did likewise the fellow who lent 'em.

MARK TWAIN, describing the beauty of a certain evening in the Be mudas, says it was sufficient to have directed his thoughts heavenward had there not been just enough of amateur piano music to keep him reminded of the other place.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook on a boy who climbs a tree to steal apples: "The apples are the objective natural motive; the boy's appetite is the subjective natural motive; his intention is his moral motive." It is hardly necessary to add that the boot or board the owner of the orchard applies when he catches him at it is the boy's natural locomotive.

ONE of the compliments a man can receive is to hear a friend say to him: "The very sight of your pleasant face is enough to drive away the blues." But the satisfaction with which one hears such speeches is marred by the anticipation of the remark that is almost certain to ensue: "By the way you haven't got two dollars that you," etc.

A LITTLE three-year-old girl in Augusta uttered a good thing recently. Her mother was telling her the story of Adam and Eve's temptation. The child listened attentively, and, at the close of the recital said: "Mamma, if God had put a good little girl in that garden she would not have ate the apple, would she?" "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom."

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

**YOUNG MEN AND THEIR CALLING.**—Every young man should endeavour to perfect himself in the science of the business he has chosen. Without this, he must always content himself in the lower walks of his calling. The denial of a few luxuries will buy all the books he requires, and his own diligence may be made to well supply the place of a tutor. Without such diligence, the best teacher in the world could not manufacture him into a scholar. If once going over a point will not master it, he must tackle it again. Better give a week's study to a page than conclude that you cannot comprehend it.

**"PERFECT" HAPPINESS.**—No person has ever lived who at all times had everything he desired; but it is generally said that the nearer a person is supplied with all he desires, the happier he is. Perfect happiness, according to this standard, would therefore be when a person has everything his heart desires. And to attain to this perfection it would, of course, be the same whether he should contract his wants within the supply, or expand the supply to cover all the wants. But, unfortunately, the wants of man generally increase with the supply, always keeping far in advance of it. Hence happiness is, like "Will-o'-the-wisp," always ahead of us.

**EARNESTNESS.**—Earnestness is prompt in action. It considers that whatever is important enough to be necessary to be done ought to be done at once, and so got out of hand with as much despatch as possible. It therefore makes haste to act, and would revolt against either delay or slowness in action, as fire would revolt against water. The two can never assimilate. Earnestness would be either the death of hesitancy and loitering, or hesitancy and loitering would be the death of earnestness. This spirit of promptitude is seen in the maxims to which earnestness has given birth—as "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day," "Strike while the iron is hot," "Make hay while the sun shines." Earnest men early recognize the value of these sayings.

**BRAIN-WORK AND BRAIN-WORRY.**—Brain-work is conducive to health and longevity, while brain-worry causes disease and shortens life. The truth of this statement, and its application to what we see around us, are evident enough; yet it is well that such subjects should be continually discussed. Intellectual labour, although severe, like that performed by the judges of our highest courts, or by scholars and persons devoted to literary pursuits, if unmixing with excitement and followed with regularity, is seen to promote bodily health and long life. On the other hand, mental cares, attended with suppressed emotions, and occupations which from their nature are subject to great vicissitudes of fortune and constant anxiety, break down the lives of the strongest. Every one has seen a class of men whose early mental training was deficient, and to whom the writing of memoranda was irksome, engaged in middle life in great undertakings, and taxing the memory with a mass of complicated business accounts, simply because they could more easily remember than write. Their power of memory for a certain kind of facts is often truly astonishing; but the strain is at last too much and they die before their time.

**PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.**—Douglas Jerrold wrote thus pleasantly of childhood: "Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recalls himself, at this moment, as a bare-footed lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, where, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He was coming into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver said a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh."

**OLD LOVE-LETTERS.**—Do you ever re-read your old love-letters, or have you been wise enough to destroy them? We hope the latter is the case. It is foolish to keep old letters; they give us only pain, or worse. If compromising, it is criminal to ourselves and to others; if saddening, it is silly to reopen again that fount of tears which it is life's best wisdom to keep closed. But some letters on which the sun will never shine, if they could be published, would entirely vindicate the character of those on whom the world has been hard, and of whom it has only heard half truths. All damaging secrets trusted to letters and kept are sure to be found out in time; and many a scandal would never see the light, many a dangerous moment be tided over, if only people would not write what they did not wish others to read. Without intending to be dishonourable, many people are careless in regard to their letters, and forget to burn them when requested. How a man, who has lived in public honour and repute, has been all at once confronted with old letters that have

blown the whole fabric of his public character to the winds; and how many a reputation, carried intact to the edge of the grave, has been lost for ever there, because of the letters that came to light, and proved what a sham that honourable citizen and faithful husband was! For letters are irrefragable evidence, and no skill, or counsel, or defence can deny them. Therefore, be careful what you write, that none of your letters may suddenly confront you.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.**—What most women need next after health and power of acquisition, and the confidence which springs from having acquired something, is a tolerable amount of administrative capacity. Housekeeping is administration on a small scale. It includes the faculty of getting the most for one's money and managing servants and children. If it were likely to be a man's vocation to the extent to which it is likely to be a woman's, he would undoubtedly be prepared for it by some sort of apprenticeship. He would have to learn in some subordinate capacity the proper mode of buying and preparing food, and of procuring and taking care of furniture and clothing, and of ruling servants. He would be trained to receive company by some experience of the art of entertaining, both in its material and its aesthetic aspect. No one would ever guess, however, from an inspection of an average school course, that a girl was to be the head of that most complex result of civilization, a modern household, with its thousand duties, responsibilities, and relations. No one would ever suppose that the very end and aim of a nation's existence, the main use of its armies and navies, commerce, police, manufactures, and inventions was the multiplication of well-ordered parlours, with agreeable and efficient women in them—and yet this is strictly true. All our toiling, fighting, travelling, and producing ends in this. When a man has set up a happy home, he feels, and the whole community agrees with him, that the best work of his life is done.

**FOOT NOTES.**

**THE SEA-FOAM QUEEN.**—Venus Anadyomene is still worshipped by the inhabitants of Cyprus. On June 11, the young girl most noted for beauty is captured by real or apparent force, and carried out to sea in a boat, followed by a squadron, decked with ribbons and streamers. At a proper distance from shore she is thrown into the sea. As she rises, she is taken out of the water with every demonstration of joy and carried to land in the handsomest of the boats, the others following in procession. She is then crowned queen for the day, honoured with homage, and almost worshipped as a goddess. The night following is made hideous with revelry and noise. The inhabitants say that this custom has existed "from the time of Venus," whom they believe to be a real historical personage.

**THE BOSTON WALTZ PREVENTED AT QUEBEC.**—After the departure of Lord Dufferin, affairs at the Canadian Court appear to have gone altogether wrong. In the absence of the Viceroy, General MacDongall was left *chargé d'affaires*, and invited a large number of the *élite* of Quebec to a grand ball to be held at the castle. Whilst the dancing was at its height, and all the company in full glee, some half-dozen commenced what is known as the Boston waltz, which, being a rather unrestrained dance, the General sent his aide-de-camp to request the dancers to desist. The "guilty parties" at once retired, being followed by many others. The affair caused some unpleasantness in Quebec society, which lasted until the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne. The above is from the *London Court Journal*. Who ever heard of it before? We did not.

**COMPLIMENTS.**—Not contented with giving verbal demonstrations of his admiration was the Shah of Persia, who, when an English lady of high degree pronounced his diamonds to be "so lovely," slapped her ladyship's fair shoulders, saying: "Not so lovely as what we have here!" The Shah, however, might with advantage take a lesson in the art of complimenting from the Sultan of Zanzibar, who likened Queen Victoria to the mountain of leadstone which drew the nail out of the sides of passing ships, for even so did the hearts of Englishmen seem to be drawn on by a magnet to Her Majesty. Or he might learn something from that Siamese ambassador who wrote: "One cannot fail to be struck with the aspect of the august queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of sure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and above all, her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant."

**TOO, TOO FAT!**—Melinda White is a widow, and lives near Elmira, in this state. Melinda became disgusted with the world, and one day recently she resolved to commit suicide. She chose drowning as the easiest mode of death, and leaped into the dark depths of the household well. The well was narrow, and Mrs. White was fat. She went down, down—a few inches more and her head would have been submerged beneath the chilly waters. But just then she got caught between the walls of the well. In vain Melinda tried to duck down her head and thus strangle herself. Her size prevented the longed-for immersion. Her friends were attracted by her cries. They looked in, and understood the situation. They made no hurry to get her out, until satisfied that she had ample time for cool reflection on the folly of her attempt at suicide.

**WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF A BRAVE CLERGYMAN.**—From one of his brother ministers we learn the particulars of the escape from drowning last week of the Rev. A. D. Tadlock of Grayson County, Ky. He had been with his wife and child visiting his father, a Presbyterian minister and president of King college, Bristol, Tenn. On his way back by Pound Gap, in crossing Clinch river at Rocky Ford, the high waters washed the horse from his footing and overturned the buggy. Mr. Tadlock clung to his wife and she to the child until it was washed from her arms. He was manfully swimming, although entangled in the lines. When she shrieked at the loss of her child, he succeeded in grasping it and retaining his hold upon his wife. The horse, meantime, was partly swimming and partly washed down by the current, dragging the buggy and the entangled swimmer. The line now proved their salvation. Reaching slack water, the horse dragged them ashore, the gallant husband and father still clinging to wife and child, and managing to keep afloat. The child was unconscious when the shore was reached, but was revived and suffered no lasting ill effects. The buggy was torn up considerably, but the shifty preacher, with a borrowed hatchet and rope, was soon ready to return to Bristol for a new outfit and to be embalmed as the hero of one of the narrowest escapes recorded.

**DRINKING AMONG NEW YORK LADIES.**—A New York correspondent of a country paper is responsible for the following: One prominent physician says that the hurry and struggles of city life, and the high nervous organization of American women, lead to use of the stimulants, and that, as wine drinking is generally begun at the period of budding womanhood, it soon creates a fixed want, to the physical and mental detriment of the subject. His practice confirms him in the belief that a very large share of ailments of women are due to the causes here described. Another old physician says that the evil of fashionable drinking among ladies is more extended than is generally believed. Many, however, have been broken by it, and he knows of cases where prosperous men have been ruined in business in consequence of this evil in their families. Young ladies sip champagne there at evening parties almost defiantly, and many of the favourite restaurants among ladies who are out shopping on Broadway, 14th street, Fourth Avenue and Union Square, and elsewhere, are in reality only prized because they are such charming places to drop into for a bit of solid food and a glass of good wine.

**PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN MAURITIUS.**—By the way, "Paul and Virginia" are the great disappointment of the place. Their tomb is close to the railway, and consists of only a few loosely tumbled-together bricks, beneath which the most careful examinations have failed to discover a vestige of human remains. Nor do the localities described in the book, though sufficiently accurate in detail, fit with each other at all. There is no doubt that the *St. Geran* was wrecked, but she could not have gone to pieces in the spot where Bernardin de St. Pierre lays the scenes of the disaster, nor could the bodies possibly have been carried across the hills, through the dense forest of those days, in the time mentioned, for the breadth of the island lies between the two places. But, after all, such geographical details don't matter, do they? and no trifling inaccuracies can ever mar the pathos and beauty of the sweet old tropic idyll, whose scene is laid 130 years ago. We passed in the railway the dusty and unromantic spot where the dilapidated tomb still is shown to strangers. It is close to the station where you alight for the beautiful Pamplemousse Gardens, but the "Baie du Tombeau" is several miles to the left.

**CALIB CUSHING'S LEARNING.**—He knew everything in the encyclopedia and could talk about it, always quoting authorities. He once talked four hours with a stranger, who in his hearing said that he believed in phrenology. Once the publishers of the first edition of Webster's Dictionary sent him from Springfield a presentation copy, requesting in return a critical notice (complimentary, of course). Cushing, having plenty of leisure time, glanced at the first page and found numerous mistakes; he read the second page and found as many more. He read the entire book, and wrote to the publishers that if they expected that he was going to write a complimentary notice of a book with 5,000 errors in it they were mistaken. The publishers, of course, found fault with his extraordinary statement, and wrote back to the effect that if he would prove this to the satisfaction of Prof. Porter, of Harvard, the editor of the dictionary, they would believe him. Angry at the imputation, this extraordinary man read the gigantic book over again, and wrote out the 5,000 mistakes and mailed them to Prof. Porter. Numerous anecdotes might yet be retailed about Mr. Cushing, but the old excuse of "space forbids it" must be repeated. Mr. Cushing leaves no direct heirs. His property in Newburyport is estimated to be worth \$50,000. Besides this, he owns large tracts of land at St. Anthony's Falls, in Virginia, and other places. His total wealth is variously estimated at from \$300,000 to \$800,000.

**A CURIOUS EPISODE IN THE BANK PANICS.**—Sharing in the misgivings that prevail as to the security of banks at the present day a well-to-do farmer, residing a few miles from Preston, England, recently called at one of the North Lancashire banks, where he had deposited

£1000, and desired to withdraw that sum. £750 was tendered to him in notes, and the remainder in gold. Having taken the money out of this piece of security, the next point to solve was where he should secrete it at home. After a great deal of thought he hit upon a place under the stairs, and finding a little hole in the wood-work of the partition, he folded up the notes and shoved them through the aperture, which he filled up with a piece of paper. The farmer is a tenant of a large landed proprietor on the western side of Lancashire, and as a few days after this event it happened to be the rent day, he decided to take some of the notes out of their place of concealment, with which to meet the demand. Accordingly he went to "his bank" under the stairs, removed the paper plug, and to his horror could not find his treasure. He groped about the place for a time, and eventually discovered a crushed up mass of paper, which turned out to be a mouse nest made of the notes. A few £100 notes were embedded at the bottom of the nest, other notes were twisted round the edges in all directions, and some were scratched and nibbled at in an extraordinary manner. In a great state of alarm at this unlooked for collapse of his new banking scheme, he examined the nest minutely, and found that a £100 note had been very seriously damaged; that a £50 note had been partially torn and eaten, and that four £5 notes had suffered considerable injury. The numbers of some of the notes had been entirely destroyed, and it is feared that in consequence the owner may sustain the loss of them. The damaged notes, under any circumstances, will have to be sent to the authorities in London, and it is almost certain that if he had not fortunately wanted the money at so short a notice, all the notes would have been totally destroyed or rendered practically useless from the damage they would have sustained.

"With all thy false I love thee still," murmured a young man, as he calmly handed his girl the artificial teeth that she had sneezed into his lap.

There are two periods in a woman's life when she does like to talk. When one is we never knew, and the other we have forgotten.

"What makes dogs mad?" asks an exchange. Boys. It makes a dog mad as a wet hen the minute he sees a boy with a tin can in one hand and a string in the other, looking for something to tie them to.

**INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.**—We cannot but think that this constant presence of human nature, pure and happy, of simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great though little noticed influence on this whole great fighting family of man; and that each member of it foregoes somewhat of his selfishness, abates something of its fury after every such contemplation of something happier than himself, which never yet regarded self, never was infuriated by passions. No wonder that the greatest of men have mostly evinced a passionate fondness for children; neither is it surprising that in some persons not otherwise of weak character, such fondness should even rise to excess. In our mourning over a lost child, the very sources of our comfort bear in them an embittering venom for our grief. To the busy world, what, indeed, is the death of a child? It forwardly, it retards no human aim; it stood an insignificant alien by the side of the mighty and dusty arena of life. Not so to the parent. To him its smile and play were the invigorating spirit that nerved him in the conflict; and the very apathy of the whole world besides, its utter want of sympathy with him in his (to their feelings) trifling loss, becomes itself an added source of poignant, lonely, heart-consuming misery.

**LITERARY.**

**MESSRS. HACHETTE** are preparing a new and complete French and English dictionary, based upon M. Littré's "Grand Dictionnaire."

The newspapers of America are the most numerous, those of France have the largest subscriptions, and the equipments of a London newspaper office are the most complete.

**DR. J. H. NEWMAN** is just issuing a new edition of his work, the "Apologia pro Vita sua," with additional notes and correspondence between Dr. Newman and Archbishop Whately.

**MADAME VON HILLERS**, the authoress of "Glor-Wally," has a new novel just ready, of which an authorized translation, by Mrs. Bell, will be published. The German title will be "Und sie kommt docht."

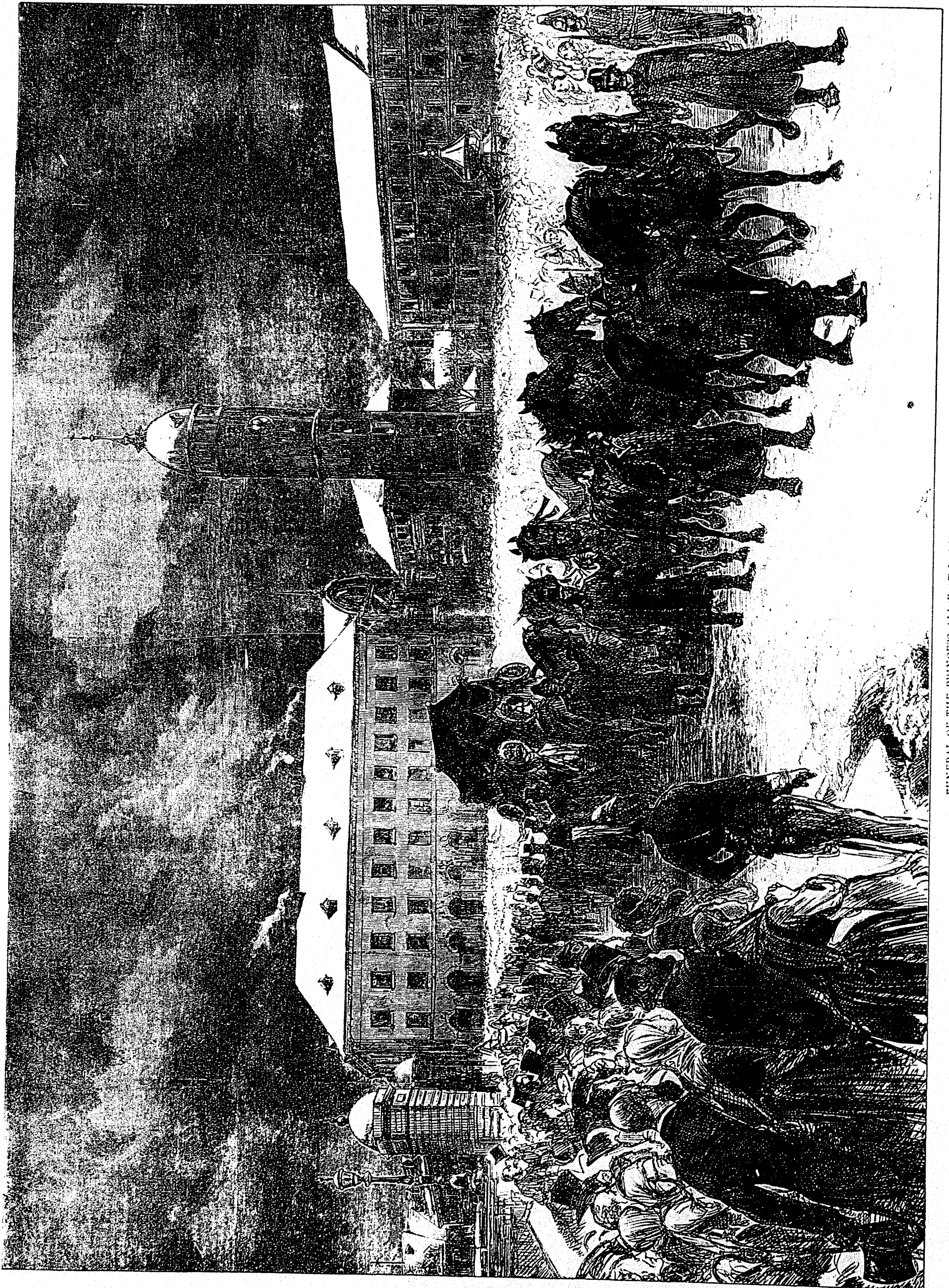
**DR. FRIEDRICH BALZEL** has put forth, in Munich, an elaborate geography of the United States, which the London booksellers declare to be the most complete hitherto made. The author resided in the country while collecting his materials.

There is to be published immediately, a pocket edition of Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, in which the errors made in the nomenclature of some of the characters and places in the daily editions will be corrected.

**MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS** has in the press a volume to be called *Sketches and Studies in Italy*. It will consist of descriptive, literary, and historical pieces, and will contain numerous translations from Tuscan poets of the fifteenth century—among these a complete version of Poliziano's *Orfeo* in the metres of the original drama.

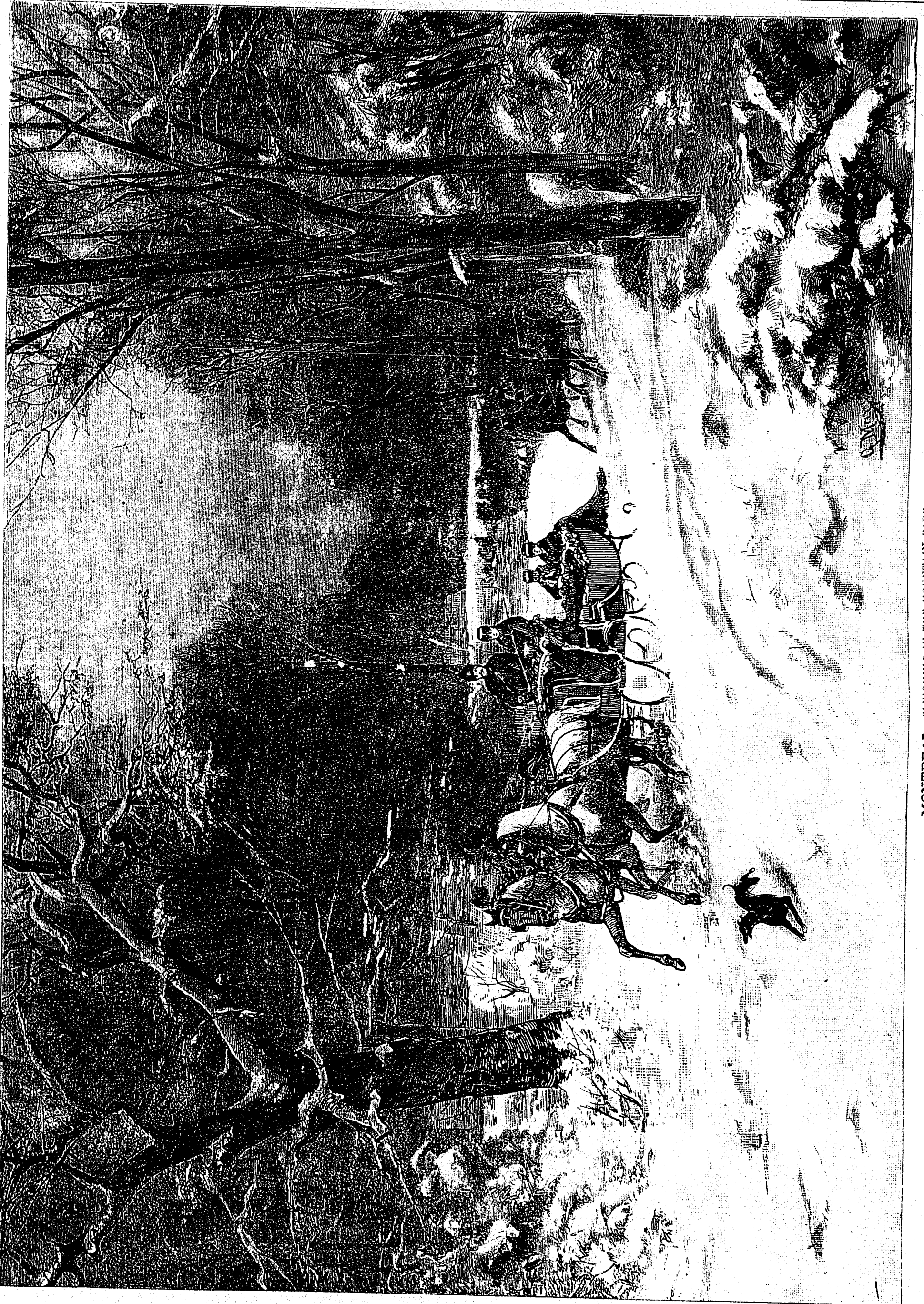
**JEALOUSY** is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.





FUNERAL OF THE PRINCESS ALICE AT DARMSTADT.





MONTREAL.—SLEIGHING IN THE MOUNTAIN PARK.



**BAYARD TAYLOR.**

Dead he lay among his books!  
The picture of God was in his looks.

As the stars \* in the gloom  
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb.

So those volumes from their shelves  
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will never more  
Turn their storied pages o'er;

Never more his lips repeat  
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest!  
He is gone who was its guest.

Gone as travellers haste to leave  
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar,  
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast aerial space,  
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight  
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! thou whose latest verse  
Was a garland on thy hearse,

Thou hast sung with organ tone  
In Deukalion's life thine own.

On the ruins of the Past  
Blooms the perfect flower, at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells  
Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And to-day they toll for thee,  
Lying dead beyond the sea;

Lying dead among thy books;  
The peace of God in all thy looks.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

\* In the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

**BENEATH THE WAVE.**

A NOVEL

BY

**MISS DORA RUSSELL,**

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## WEDDING GUESTS.

Sir George Hamilton had more than one reason for not telling Hayward that he was to be married to Isabel Trevor on the following day. These are easy to understand. He feared to annoy Hayward by alluding to what at best must be a vexatious subject to him; and he also generously thought that perhaps the knowledge of his near marriage might make it more painful to Hayward to accept an obligation from him. Still, he did not lay much stress on the idea of the young man's love for his future wife. He only believed that Hayward had been led away by her great beauty, and he was quite ready (as we have seen) to forgive this, and truly glad to be able to be of some service to the man to whom he owed his life.

He drove straight from the printing establishment of Messrs. Salkeld & Newcome, to King's Cross Station. He, indeed, had barely time to catch the mid-day train North, and he had promised to arrive at Sanda Hall before nightfall.

He smiled to himself somewhat grimly when he remembered his little private transaction with Mr. Newcome. This astute gentleman thought he had thrown dust in the eyes of the wealthy Sir George, but he had not. Sir George knew about as well as Mr. Newcome did, that Hayward's place could easily be supplied, and he knew that the printer had cheated him, as in fact we all generally know when we are cheated. There's a wonderful ring about the true metal that the false can never borrow. But Sir George had taken a strange fancy to Hayward, and was ready to do a great deal to save him from annoyance of any kind. Thus he had made no objection to Mr. Newcome's modest compensation requirements for the loss of Hayward's services, but at the same time he quite understood Mr. Newcome.

But we may be sure that the very memory of the sharp printer had passed away from Sir George's mind long before he reached Sanda Hall. He was going to be married to-morrow to Isabel Trevor—to a woman who had fascinated him against his will, and whom he now regarded with strangely mingled feelings. He did not trust her. The subtle glamour of her beauty overpowered his reason, but his reason was still there. Now his love was the strongest, but the day might come when his reason would assert itself, and when the subtle glamour of her beauty might pass away.

All the windows of the old Hall at Sanda were lighted from within, when, in the dark November evening, he approached it. At his earnest request the marriage was to be a very quiet one, but Isabel had invited her school friends, Patty and Lu Featherstone, to be her bridesmaids, when she had first announced her engagement to Sir George, and she insisted, therefore, that they should be present at the ceremony.

Sir George yielded to her wishes about the Featherstones, but he had most earnestly requested that there should be no wedding festivities. Both Isabel and Mr. Trevor were very much disappointed at this, but Isabel did not

dare openly to disregard her future husband's requests.

So in the warm and well-lit drawing-room at Sanda, when Sir George arrived, there was only a very small party assembled. It consisted of Patty and Lu Featherstone, Hilda Marston, and a Mr. Graham, who was an unmarried man, and a country neighbour of the Trevors, and of course Isabel and her father.

They all looked very well pleased with themselves and each other, except Hilda Marston. This poor girl was sitting apart from the rest, looking pale and anxious. And she had some cause to do so.

"As I am going to be married, Miss Marston," Isabel Trevor had said to her, shortly after their return to Sanda from Massam, "you ought to be looking out for another situation, ought you not?"

"Yes," Hilda had answered, turning rather pale. "When do you wish me to go?"

"You can stay until after the wedding," replied Miss Trevor, "as there will be so many things to do." And thus Hilda Marston's days at Sanda were about numbered.

But it was not about herself chiefly that grieved her to look so pale and sad. Mr. Trevor had resented to the full extent of his narrow feelings Hilda's rejection of his proposal. It was monstrous! the Squire of Sanda told himself. A penniless girl, without any particular beauty, rushing up to him as she had done on that Sunday at Massam, and telling him she could not marry him! Not marry him, indeed! Then he would tell her, and meant to tell her, that he would do nothing more, either for herself or her family.

And he had actually done this. He was not at all in bad spirits, however, about it. Patty and Lu Featherstone had arrived at the Hall, and Patty and Lu had exchanged a sisterly confidence on the night of their arrival there.

"This is a dear old place, isn't it, Lu?" Patty had said, as she unfastened her abundant reddish brown hair.

"Awfully jolly," answered Lu. "Suppose Patty, as you are the eldest, you make love to the old gentleman?"

Patty made an awry face.

"Suppose you do yourself, my dear?" she said.

"Well," answered Lu, deliberately, "it's all very fine, you know, amusing oneself, and that kind of thing, but really—I dare say you won't believe it—but really if Mr. Trevor asked me to be mistress of Sanda Hall, I wouldn't, under the circumstances, say no."

Both sisters understood "the circumstances." The graceless Antony Featherstone, their father, had been in a little more trouble even than usual when they had left home. The girls were fond of their father, and always ready to forgive him all his short-comings, but they did not like it.

So Lu Featherstone had made herself very agreeable to Mr. Trevor during the few days the sisters had been at Sanda Hall, before the day fixed for Isabel's wedding. Lu was a good-looking, high-spirited, and amusing girl, and Mr. Trevor felt that he enjoyed her agreeable society very much. He walked and rode with the girls as if he were a young man. This very day (on the evening of which we find them all assembled in the drawing-room of Sanda Hall expecting Sir George's arrival) Mr. Trevor had a long walk on the sands alone with Lu Featherstone; climbing over the rocks after the energetic girl, with the agility (he imagined) of a squirrel.

He felt himself so invigorated by the sea air, Lu's laughter, and the pleasant belief that she contrived very cleverly to instil in his mind that he was still young enough to be charming, that he determined on his return to the Hall to let Hilda Marston see that he was not pining after her. She might have the bad taste not to admire Reginald Trevor, Esq., but all young ladies were evidently not of the same opinion, thought the Squire of Sanda, straightening his necktie (which had got a little awry with his unusual exertions during the morning) before the dining-room mirror. So he rang the bell, and ordered the butler to summons Miss Marston to his presence.

He seated himself in an easy chair, and took up the *Times* in preparation for the coming interview. She should see he was not at all nervous about it, he told himself, looking attentively at the columns of the paper, which, however, he was holding with the print reversed. He was nervous, in truth, but Hilda had wounded his vanity, and he therefore felt very bitter towards her.

Enter Hilda, somewhat timidly. Was he going to ask her again? the poor girl thought for a moment when she received the Squire's summons. And what must she answer? She had thought also with quickened breath. What must she say?

She had received one or two very angry and disappointed letters from her eldest sister Marian on the subject of the Squire's offer of marriage. Miss Marston had told Hilda that she thought that she (Hilda) had acted ungratefully to Mr. Trevor. She pointed out where would they have been but for Mr. Trevor, and she had more than hinted how different their positions would have been now if Hilda had not been selfish enough only to think of self, when she refused a man who had done, and would probably have done, so much for them all.

You see this was unnatural. Marian Marston was a governess in a clergyman's family where she had visited on equal terms during her father's lifetime, and she was very uncomfort-

able. She could not help thinking if her sister had been Mrs. Trevor, of Sanda Hall, how different she herself would have been! She might have lived with Hilda, and also married in good time. And then there was little Ned. He was totally unprovided for, and, unlike the rest of the family, not of an age to provide for himself. What would become of him, Miss Marston thought, if Mr. Trevor was so angry with Hilda as to entirely withdraw his patronage from them?

Miss Marston had pointed out this fact to Hilda very forcibly. "Think of poor little Ned," she had written to her sister, "the young brother we both promised dear papa on his death-bed to do our best for." Hilda had cried very bitterly over this letter, and had begun to think she was selfish. She was too proud a girl to make any advances to Mr. Trevor, but she had thought once or twice that perhaps she had acted unwisely. Then the "Featherstone girls" came to Sanda, and after this Hilda had had very little chance of seeing Mr. Trevor.

So she felt nervous when she entered his presence on being summoned there by his butler. There he sat! His narrow forehead and well-arranged white hair just visible above the newspaper he held in his hand. He did not rise as Hilda entered. He pretended for a moment not to see her and then when the poor girl said tremblingly—

"I—I—think you sent for me, Mr. Trevor?" he lowered his newspaper.

"Ah, Miss Marston! Ah, to be sure," said the Squire in his grandest tones. "Yes, yes, I wish to say a few words to you—pray be seated."

Hilda meekly took a seat at his command.

"I wish to say, Miss Marston," then continued the Squire, rustling his newspaper, "that as my daughter is (as you know) about to be married, that I shall not require your further services here."

"Very well," said Hilda, turning scarlet.

"And about your young brother Edward," went on Mr. Trevor, with another wave of his newspaper, "I have considered this question, and I have come to the conclusion that under the circumstances it will be inexpedient for me to charge myself further with the expenses of his education. I mean, therefore, to give Mr. Irvine notice to this effect."

If Hilda were red before, she turned very pale as Mr. Trevor ended his speech. Then she rose from her seat with a sort of exclamation, and stood before him.

"Oh! Mr. Trevor," she said, "if—if—I have offended you—"

"I am not in the least offended," answered Mr. Trevor. "You could not offend me."

"I mean," faltered Hilda, "don't please allow anything that I have done to prejudice you against poor little Ned."

"I am never prejudiced," said Mr. Trevor. "But pray, may I ask, what claim do you consider your brother has on me?"

Alas, Hilda knew too well he had none. Tears rose in her eyes as Mr. Trevor asked the question, but with a great effort she forced them back.

"I know he has no claim, sir—except on your generosity," she said. "But, of course, if you have decided—"

"I have decided," said Mr. Trevor, rising also, "and I am not a man hastily to change my decisions. I recognise no claim whatever that he has either on my generosity or otherwise. In different circumstances of course, I should have acted differently. As it is, I trust that you now perfectly understand my intentions."

"Yes, perfectly," said Hilda, and her face flushed again. Yes, she understood his intentions, and understood also his meanness and cruelty. She was glad at that moment that she had said no to this man. What! he could revenge himself on poor little Ned, she was thinking as she turned away and left the Squire's presence. "It was very, very small," she thought with curling lip. But this decision left the poor girl in a most trying position. She could not forsake her little brother, and she could not take him with her if she obtained any situation as governess or a companion. "What am I to do?" thought Hilda again and again during the afternoon; again and again as she sat pale and silent in the drawing-room after dinner, when all the rest were looking so well satisfied and pleased.

Mr. Trevor was sitting close to Lu Featherstone, showing her some photographs of Italy, which he had brought from that country some years ago. Patty Featherstone was sitting at the piano, chattering and laughing to Mr. Graham, and Isabel Trevor was moving rather restlessly about. Then came the sound of carriage wheels on the drive outside the house, and Mr. Trevor took out his watch when he heard it.

"That is Hamilton," he said, and with a little laugh Isabel left the room.

She met her lover on the staircase.

"Are you tired?" she said. But Sir George made no answer. He stood for a moment looking at her, and then took her in his arms.

"You are rather late," said Isabel, feeling as if she knew not what to say.

"The train got in late," answered Sir George. "And you—my Isabel—"

Yes, he loved her. Chill doubts rose up sometimes in his heart, and distrust, but he never felt as if he knew not what to say to her. She did not weary him, as he weary her. Isabel had tried hard to win him, but she had

soon tired of her conquest. If a man loved her, she was sure to tire of him. The coldest heart could have kept her longest. Sir George had been devoted to her since their engagement, devoted and exacting, and already Isabel was weary.

"Where are the rest?" he asked, presently. "Papa is making desperate love to Lu Featherstone," answered Isabel, lightly, "and Patty desperate love to Mr. Graham. They are in the drawing-room. Come, let us join them."

"Why?" said Sir George. "Let us go into the library. We want no one else, do we Isabel?" Isabel gave a little airy shrug of her shoulders.

"I am too old for such frivolity," she said. "No, decidedly let us go into the drawing-room, and behave ourselves like reasonable creatures."

"Very well," said Sir George, almost coldly. He was sensitive and proud, and he would not have condescended to ask her again. So he followed her into the lighted drawing-room.

"My dear Hamilton," said Mr. Trevor, rising, and shaking his future son-in-law's hand with great cordiality.

Then Sir George spoke to the two Featherstones, and Isabel rang for tea. Sir George had dined on his journey, and though supper was laid for him downstairs he declined to partake of it. He stood talking to Isabel, who looked wonderfully beautiful. By and by his eyes fell on Hilda Marston, who was sitting almost behind one of the window curtains, and quite apart from the rest. Sir George at once crossed the room and spoke to her.

"I saw young Hayward in town to-day, Miss Marston," he said, after he had shaken hands with her.

"Indeed!" said Hilda, quickly, and she was conscious that she blushed.

"What! has our hero cast up again!" exclaimed Isabel, and she looked coquettishly and smilingly at Sir George.

"Hayward?" said the Squire. "Ah, yes, yes, to be sure. The young man who assisted in rescuing you, Sir George? He left Massam suddenly—yes, I remember—he was called away."

"And where did you find him?" asked Isabel of Sir George. "Toiling in a garret, after the manner of heroes!"

"I found him very worthily employed," answered Sir George, gravely. "I also called upon his mother, who is very ill. She seems a very superior woman, and Hayward, by her account, at least, is a devoted son."

"Well, we all owe him a certain debt," said Isabel, again smiling coquettishly at Sir George, which smile for a moment he returned. Then his expression suddenly changed. His brow contracted, and a look of pain passed over his face. But it was only for a brief interval. With an effort he threw off the dark memory that shadow-like had crossed his mind; with an effort turned to smile once more on Isabel. He would forget the past, he told himself; the past, which grim and weird-like, would rise sometimes unbidden to his heart.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A GOOD MARRIAGE.

The next morning, at half-past ten o'clock, Isabel Trevor was married in the little parish church of Sanda-by-the-Sea. It was a very quiet ceremony as regards the company present. No one had been told in the village when it was to take place; no one at least but the parson and the clerk, and one honourable exception. This was Mrs. Irvine. When, in fact, the Rev. Matthew was sent for to the Hall by Mr. Trevor, and informed of the day and hour that they had fixed on for the approaching marriage, Isabel, who was present, had said playfully (as was her wont to men), "And remember you are to tell no one, Mr. Irvine."

"Of course not," answered the Rev. Matthew, "if you wish it."

"With, of course, the exception of Mrs. Irvine," continued Isabel, smilingly, "as I know you could keep no secret from her."

"Nay, my dear lady, I will do so, if you command me," replied the Rev. Matthew.

"I don't expect too much from frail human nature, Mr. Irvine," said Isabel, laughing, "and I know that you neither could nor would keep a secret from Mrs. Irvine. Come, now, confess. Did you ever?"

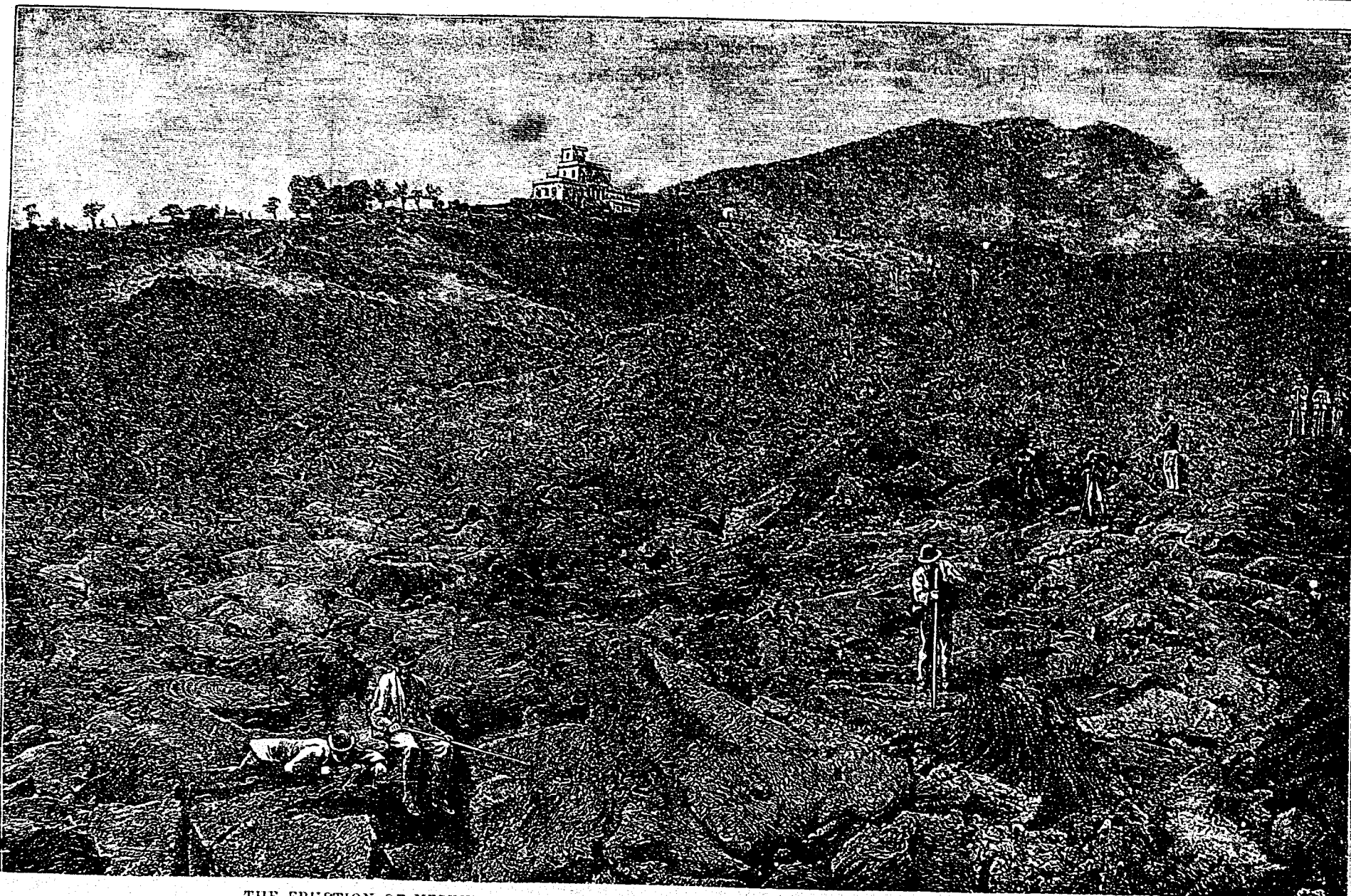
"I am no advocate of confession, Miss Trevor," answered the parson, shaking his head, and looking at Isabel with his half-comic, half-pathetic smile. "But if I may ask a favour—knowing, as I do, that nothing gives ladies so much pleasure as to see gay attire, except possessing it themselves—I would ask permission to be allowed to whisper in my wife's ear the hour of the approaching ceremony."

"Very well," said Isabel, "but remember it's a bargain. Mrs. Irvine, and no one else."

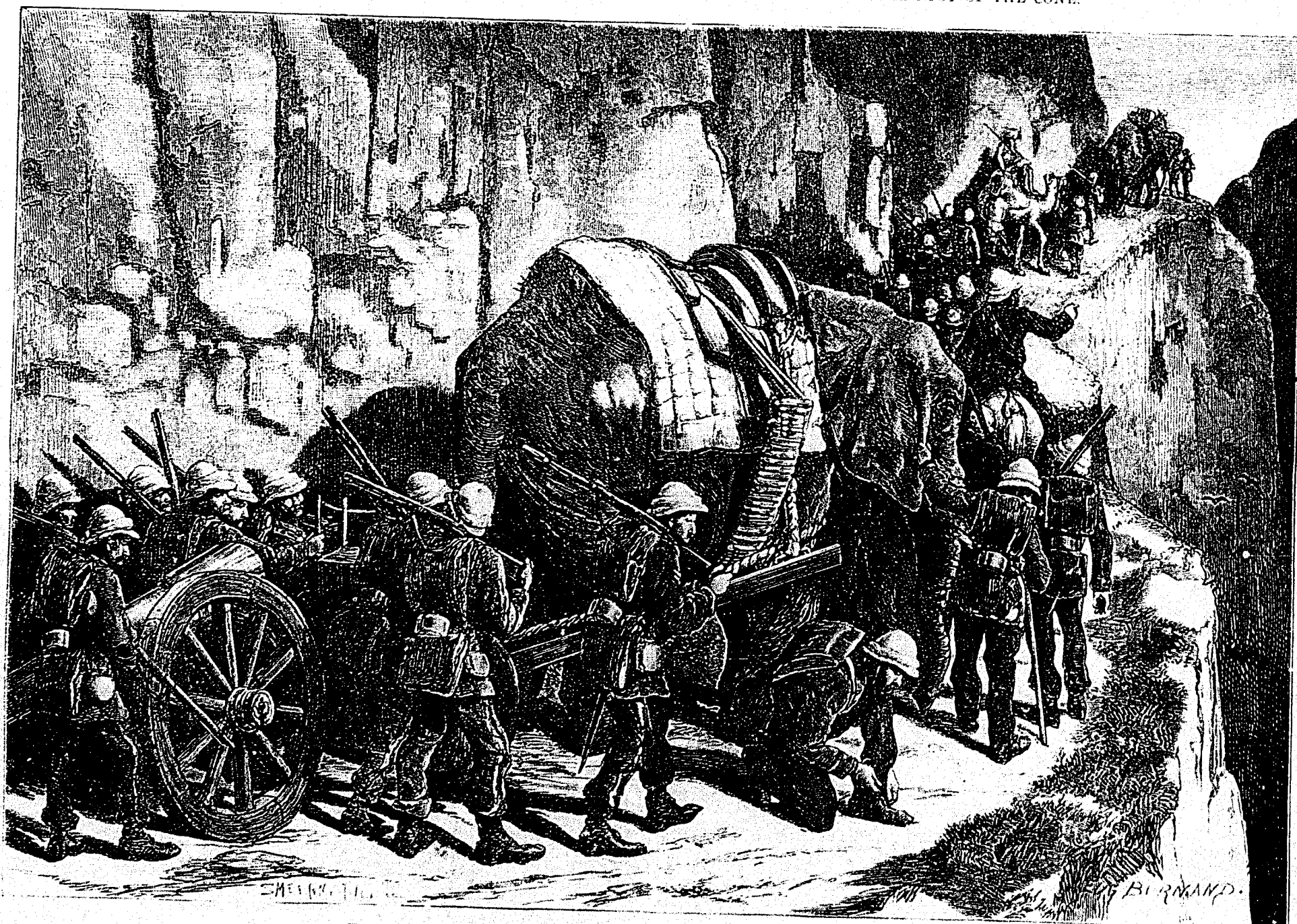
Thus Mrs. Irvine (who took her seat solemnly in a commanding situation in the church precisely at ten o'clock), was the only spectator awaiting the bridal party when it arrived there. True, at the sight of the two carriages from the Hall standing at the church door, a small crowd of villagers (chiefly children) collected outside. But they were not permitted to enter the church. Mrs. Irvine, and Mrs. Irvine alone, saw the splendour of the bride's dress. This was precisely the same as if Isabel had expected to be admired by a crowd of friends. The lace on her dress alone cost a little fortune, and she wore all





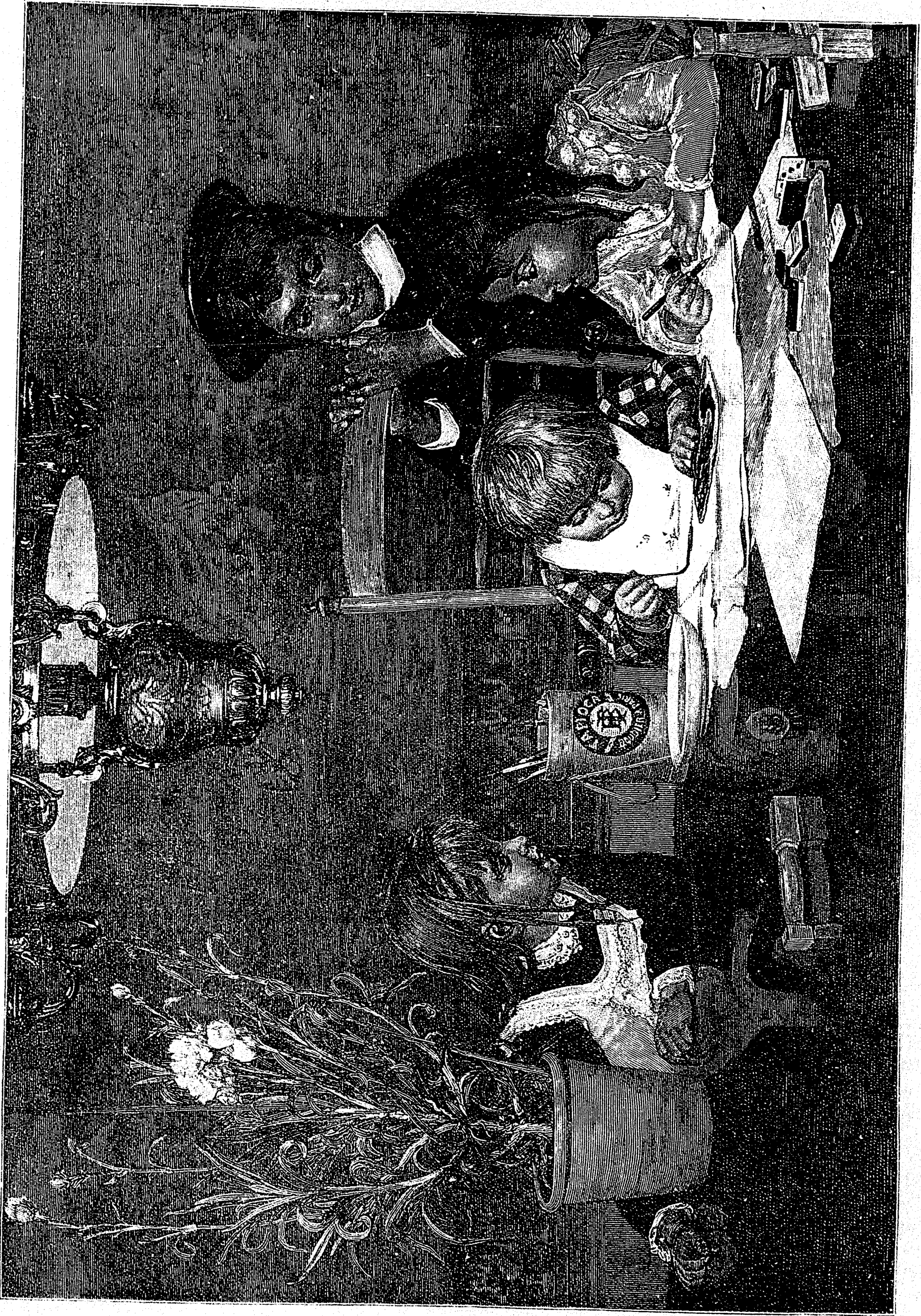


THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS. PROFESSOR PALMIERI'S OBSERVATORY AT THE FOOT OF THE CONE.



THE AFGHAN WAR.—ARTILLERY CONVOY GOING TO THE FRONT.





THE MASTER PAINTER.—ORIGINAL BY M. VERHAER. FRESCH SALON OF 1878.



## MY SLAIN.

BY THE LATE COL. REALF.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,  
This amber-haired, four-summ'ed little maid,  
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,  
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.  
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so  
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry  
Nor hear the weepiness with which I sigh,  
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.  
I tremble at the touch of your caress;  
I am not worthy of your innocent faith;  
I who with whetted knives of worldliness  
Did put my own childheartedness to death,  
Beside whose grave I pace forevermore,  
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,  
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up  
When the June winds kiss me, when an apple bough  
Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup  
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet  
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!  
The meaning of the daisies in the grass  
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,  
It is not with the blitheness of the child,  
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years;  
O, moaning life, with life irreconciled;  
O, backward looking thought, O pain, O tears,  
For us there is not any silver sound  
Or rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore  
Which makes men mummies, weighs our every grain  
Of that which was miraculous before,  
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain;  
Woe worth the peering, analytic days  
That dry the tender juices in the breast,  
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,  
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,  
Nor any good except Necessity.  
What can ye give my poor, starved life in lieu  
Of this sad cherub which I slew for aye?  
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew  
My early foolish freshness of the dance,  
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

## On the Advantages of Keeping a £5 Note in one's Pocket.

If I were asked what was the index of a peculiarly happy and prosperous state of affairs, I should say that it was the possession of a clear, crisp five-pound note, hid away in the intricacies of the purse, a department of the pocket-book, or a recess of the waistcoat-pocket. A peculiar and even sacred character should attach itself to this blessed fiver. It is to be there, not for a normal, or even extraordinary, expenditure on oneself; but is to be there as a kind of fairy force, to be put forth at times, on critical occasions, and for great uses. I have often noticed that a five-pound note thus used possesses all the constituents of power, comfort, and ability of doing good. It is a five-pound note which you will very speedily change, but only at a special instance. It is a five-pound note which, when once spent, must be replaced as speedily as possible. There is something mystic about the character of this five-pound note. It has an extraordinary faculty of multiplying itself. It seems to shed a halo upon the whole fraternity of bank-notes, from the rumpled, greasy one-pound note of a Scottish bank to some note of tremendous value, if you should ever have the good fortune to possess one, such as Jemmy Wood the miser is reported to have kept framed and glazed in his bank in Westgate-street, Gloucester, now occupied by a branch of the National Provincial.

Let it be remarked that the possession even of this solitary glorified fiver is an outward and visible sign of a very blessed state of things. It assumes that you are without debt and without very pressing cares. You are not so very anxious about this bit of flimsy. The loss of it would not make you sick or sorry, as might be the case with impecunious multitudes of your fellow-creatures. A man may have very large dealings with a bank, and yet not be able to spare this loose fi-pun note. He might have dealings with half a dozen banks, and yet not be able to spare it. There was a man in the Insolvent Court the other day, who said that he had an account at half a dozen banks. When asked what was the use of so many banks, he candidly avowed 'to overdraw them.' Such an individual, though he might have thousands in his banks, might yet be destitute of the blissful bit of paper which I am discussing. He might be extremely solvent pecuniarily, yet utterly insolvent in all those higher principles and generous emotions which would induce a man to specialise and consecrate such a note. My five-pound note argues not only an external prosperity. It also argues in the good prosperous man a certain amount of plenty and prevision. Suppose you are travelling about—and it is in travelling about that you will often have the best opportunity of dispensing the constituent factors of this blessed fiver—how awkward that you should run short, run short in a country where your name is unknown and your cheques would be unhonoured! You have to change your last five-pound note, and your farewell glance at it, ere it melts away in metal, is as the last glance at the setting sun, the last glance from deck at your receding fatherland. When once it is changed it melts away with incredible velocity. Never change a bank-note until the last moment and at absolute necessity. That man is indeed, in a very high sense, *totus teres atque rotundus*, who can always carry with him this enchanted document. To quote Horace once more, he often realises the *deus ex machina*. He is a kind of good angel upon earth. He is a sort of visible Providence. Moreover, to add to his blessings and accomplishments, he must be learned in the lore of the human countenance and the human heart. He must be able to detect his opportunity and to seize it. In this way you may entertain angels

unawares, and obtain the blessing of him who is ready to perish.

You had better not lose much time in exchanging your beatific note. There is a certain kind of good which can only be done by gold; a certain kind of good which can only be done by silver; a certain kind of good which can only be done by copper. In the same way the opportunity arises in which you may spend your five-pound note at one burst, and then, with all convenient speed, you should provide another. Two curates had a conversation one day. The one who was the visitor was lamenting the pressure of some debt, and said that he must write at once to his remorseless creditor. 'If you go to that drawer,' said his friend, 'you will find some letter-paper, and you will also find some note-paper, to which you are quite welcome.' On the top of the letter-paper was the five-pound note which exactly met the emergency of the day. At a little inn in the Lake district one day, two tourists who knew each other met. The one was just on the start very flush with fivers; the other was returning, and at the very dregs of his last note. As one of them was counting out his roll of notes, he observed a wistful look on the face of the other. 'Would one of these be of any use to you, old man?' he remarked. The offer was gratefully accepted, and he little knew what extraordinary good that note was the means of effecting. The fiver was repaid, and was sent once more on a rejoicing career of good. Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his earlier novels, makes his 'young Duke' slip three hundred pounds into a widow's basket. It was a munificent action, and I have known such actions sometimes happen in real life, as well as in the pages of fiction. But I solemnly asseverate that I have known a five-pound note do as much as would tax even the Premier's imagination to realise.

But let us not forget the uses of the silver and the copper as well as gold and 'paper.' I am glad that so much attention has been concentrated of late upon dear old Johnson, nearly half a dozen publications having been issued respecting him of late. We contrast his tender nature with his rugged exterior. When he found the little street Arabs asleep on the stony steps of the City he would slip some coppers into their hands, that they might have the wherewithal to provide a breakfast. I met a little boy in a street in the East-end of London one day nearly breaking his heart with grief and terror because he had upset a pint of beer. In all probability he would have had an awful thrashing when he got home. It was only a few coppers, but perhaps the child was saved a miserable memory, which would have haunted his life. A lad makes an unfortunate tumble, and the contents of the milkcan, with which he has been intrusted, are upon the ground. How the little children, not to mention cats and dogs, come to lick the pavement and the gutter! That small boy's wage becomes dreadfully mortgaged to his employers: a shilling or two will make all matters square. You are at a railway station, and you find a worthy old body in a state of dreadful bewilderment. She learns that there is no third class to the place where she wishes to go, or that she has not got enough money even for a third. Perhaps she wants to go to a bedridden sister or a dying child. You bethink yourself of the little reserve fund at your command. The old lady's difficulties all vanish away in smiles and tears. I know a noble lord who is as liberal as day, but very negligent in the way of providing himself with small change. Like Addison, he could write a cheque for a thousand pounds, but might be at a loss for ninepence. He arrived at a metropolitan station for the purpose of going down the line to attend a wedding, and found himself penniless. He found his way among the clerks, and tried to effect an arrangement about a return ticket. 'I don't know if you're a lord,' said a young fellow, 'but you look an honest man, and I will lend you a five-pound note if you like.' I have no doubt that fiver, cousin-german to the fiver I am describing, blossomed into something better.

A small handful of silver will often do a whole armful of good. You live, say, in a country place, and you know something, directly or indirectly, of the cottagers and their families. Here is a poor girl who has had typhus fever, and is slowly recovering. She has relations who will give her the enjoyment of the bracing air of the north country. But her travelling expenses represent a number of shillings which form an impassable barrier as strong as the National Debt itself. Or, again, some one at a great distance is struck down by consumption. They have got an admission at the Brompton Hospital; but then the cruel problem of those travelling expenses emerges to the front. You slip forward with what can be forthcoming of that mystic fiver. The poor girl shall be strengthened by the bracing northern air. She shall not only be cured of her illness, but thoroughly reestablished in her health. That poor patient's travelling expenses shall be paid from the door to the station, and from the station to the hospital. Then again there are convalescent hospitals, and homes, and retreats, where for some ten shillings a week you get three times the amount of good. The difference may make all the difference in the world—the difference between recovery and chronic illness, the difference between life and death.

Then there are certain people who labour nearly all through their lives under a kind of chronic impecuniosity. Working as hard as they can they never exactly attain to the happy point of balancing expenditure and receipts. As Mr. Micawber very truly observed, "If a man had twenty pounds a year for his income, and spent

nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy; but if he spent twenty pounds one he would be miserable." There are certain people in whose case a small present will convert a deficit into a surplus. A clerk or a curate will hardly get the non-elastic ends of an income to meet. Then comes the good genius with a magical fiver, perhaps persuading a few other good geniuses to do the same thing. A whole family may thus be lifted up beyond the level of want and declension to find life sweet and hopeful, and that useful and honoured careers are opened to its members. Of course I am aware that to the votaries of political economy there is a radical defect in all this discussion. They are much more ready to administer kicks than halpence to the impecunious. The sermon on the Mount would find little space in an economical treatise. Their rule is that all almsgiving is a great mistake. They are blatant enough at some times, but let there come a mining accident at Abercarn, or a sinking steamer in the Thames, and their blatant cries are lost in the outburst of national pity and generosity. Go, my friend, and drop your anonymous contributions into the box at the Mansion House. Of course you are told that you incur the risk of helping undeserving people. But first satisfy yourself about the distress, and you may afterwards discuss the question of desert. And if you have a trained practised eye you can soon get a skill in discerning the rights of a case, and even if you make a blunder the blessing you intended will return into your own bosom.

I have said a great deal respecting the higher purposes of the extra bank note; but much might be also said, on a lower and more popular plane, on the great convenience and comforts of the extra fiver which is free from any purposed demand upon it. The extra note gives you a great deal of liberty of choice; it sets you free to do what you like. You get the book or the picture or the bit of furniture which you meet with by a happy chance, and can get it at a real bargain. You take the express instead of an ordinary train—or give up the train altogether for that ride across a fine country in a post-chaise, which Dr. Johnson considered as the acme of human enjoyment. You call for your bottle of Steinberg Cabinet or '34 port. You can give a quiet dinner at your club to men, or a box at the opera to the ladies. You are never embarrassed and never at a loss. You are never obliged to "do things fine." I do not dwell on the more obvious and secular uses of the fiver. Only there is a real connection between these uses and that higher use which I have pointed out. A man who knows how to give a fiver to others is never at a loss for fivers for himself. He may scatter abroad, and yet may be rich at home. His mirth is without hollowness, his conversation without guile, his innocent enjoyments without satiety or dissatisfaction. These fivers are the rarest and most lasting of all his monetary possessions. They come back to him in a hundred ways; and when everything else is lost, they appear on the credit side of the books of the Recording Angel.

## VARIETIES.

SLUMBERING PLANTS.—It is well known that plants sleep at night but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be waked up to crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. A French chemist subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours—exposing it to a bright light all night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled and disturbed at first. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding, in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at mid-night and sometimes waking up, from the habit, to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of use and wont. But after an obvious struggle, the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night, without any apparent ill effects.

IF YOU MUST HAVE A BAR, BUY AT HOME.—A Western journal has the following very practical remarks for those who cannot get along without frequent whiskies! "Liquor dealers pay on an average \$2 per gallon for whiskey. One gallon contains an average of sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink the poor man pays \$6.50 per gallon for his whiskey. In other words, he pays \$2 for the whiskey and \$4.50 to a man for handing it over the bar. Make your wife your bar-keeper. Lend her two dollars to buy a gallon of whiskey, for a beginning, and every time you want a drink go to her and pay ten cents for it. By the time you have drunk a gallon she will have \$6.50 or enough money to refund the \$2, borrowed of you, to pay for another gallon of liquor, and have a balance of \$2.50. She will be able to conduct future operations on her own capital, and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by all respectable persons, your wife will have enough money to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave."

HUMMING OF TELEGRAPH WIRES.—As to the cause of the sounds frequently heard to proceed from telegraph wires in the open air, it has been customary to accept the wind—it producing the sounds by direct vibration, similar to those of the Æolian harp. A writer in an Australian journal, however, calls attention to the fact that one who gives close observation to both the wire and sounds will find that the latter make themselves obvious likewise when there is a total

absence of wind; and in a quiet morning in winter, when the wires appear covered with frost to the thickness of a finger, they nevertheless carry on lively vibrations and swinging—while the air is totally quiet. According to this writer, therefore, the vibrations are due, not to the wind but to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of the temperature induces a shortening of the wires, extending over the whole length of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sound both in the wires and the poles.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.—The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish is as follows. Many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness; some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now, it is not supposed that husband will be tender and good if treated in this way, but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follow:

Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good housewives have on hand), place your husband in it and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear; above all, let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection and subjection; garnish him with the spice of pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Letters and papers received. Many thanks.  
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 206 received.  
T. S. St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problem No. 204 received.  
R. F. M. Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 203.  
E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 204 received. Correct.  
W. M., Waterloo, P. Q.—Received correct solution of Problem No. 207, also of Problem for Young Players No. 204.

On Saturday, the 11th inst., in the afternoon and evening Captain Mackenzie played a series of single-handed games against the principal members of the Montreal Chess Club, and in every instance gained a victory over his opponent, although there were some tough contests, and several players struggled bravely against their skillful antagonist.

On Tuesday, the 14th, the Club Room at the Gymnasium, presented an animated appearance, as a large number of our citizens assembled in order to be present at the final contest of the American champion, who consented to engage in a simultaneous contest with fifteen of the members.

The play was closely and attentively watched by the visitors, and each player on the side of the club did his best to make the most of the last chance, at the present time, of scoring a game against so formidable an adversary.

The following gentlemen were successful in doing so: Dr. Howe and Messrs. J. G. Ascher, John Barry and C. S. Baker. Mr. A. Saunders succeeded in making a draw, and the Captain won the remaining ten games.

The names of those who were fortunate enough to win against the redoubtable Captain during his visit to our city are: H. Von Bokum (2), J. G. Ascher (2), Prof. Hicks, J. W. Shaw, A. Skiff, Dr. H. A. Howe, John Barry and C. S. Baker. The players who drew are: T. Workman (3), A. Saunders (2), John Barry, and Prof. Hicks.

Captain Mackenzie left Montreal on Thursday afternoon, the 16th inst., and several members of the Chess Club went to the station to bid him adieu. His visit here, there is no doubt, will prove eminently useful to the cause of Chess in more respects than our space will enable us to enumerate at the present time, and his courteous bearing, and willingness to gratify all who were desirous of testing his powers, will not soon be forgotten by the Chessplayers of Montreal.

In connection with this event we must not forget to speak of the excellent arrangements of Mr. J. W. Shaw, upon whom devolved the consideration of all matters relating to club preparation for the different contests and the general management of affairs during the Captain's visit.

(From the Huddersfield College Magazine.)

January, 1879.

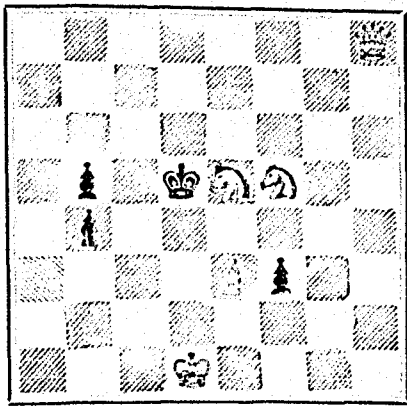
The Canadian Illustrated News of November 9th gives special prominence to Chess, as besides its regular weekly column devoted to the game, which is one of the best in the world, it reprints Dr. Howe's translation of the old Latin Chess poem which appeared in the H.C.M. for October last, and has a lengthy and amusing sketch of the peculiarities of the leading players are hit off with a rare appreciation of the salient points open to attack, while it is done with such evident enjoyment and good humour that even those who are the hardest hit cannot, we should think, avoid a hearty laugh at their own foibles. Under the transparent disguise of "Wash," Dr. "Weho," Professor "Skich," "Skinaton," "Krownam," "Horsenden," "Search," &c., it is not difficult to recognise the names of the principal habitués of the Club.

(From Land and Water.)

On the 9th inst, Mr. Blackburne played eight simultaneous blindfold games against the following members of the Manchester Chess Club, viz: Messrs. Agar, Boyer, Duerden, Fish, Glass, H. Jones, Wilson and Dr. Hewitt. Mr. Blackburne, as everyone knows, has scores of times performed a similar feat, and moreover, he was amongst his own people; but familiarity did not breed its proverbial offspring, for the contest of No. 8 eyes against eyes was on this, as has been the case on every other occasion, watched with much interest by the assembled spectators. The final result was that the blindfold player lost to Messrs. Agar and Jones, drew with Mr. Boyer, and defeated his other five opponents. We publish in this issue two of the games played on this occasion, and would direct the special attention of our readers to the fine termination of the combat with Mr. Fish, who is a strong Manchester amateur.

We publish one of the games alluded to in the above in our Column this week, and the other shall appear shortly. ED. C. C.

PROBLEM No. 209. By D. FAWCETT. (From English Chess Problems.) BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY. GAME 33918.

Played between Mr. J. Henderson and Mr. J. Shaw, of Montreal.

- (French Defence) WHITE - (Mr. J. Shaw) BLACK - (Mr. Henderson) 1. P to K4 2. P to Q4 3. P takes P 4. K to K B3 5. B to Q3 6. Castles 7. K to Q B3 8. P to K R3 9. B to K3 10. K to K5 11. P to K B4 12. K to K2 13. P to Q B3 14. K to K3 15. K to R5 16. K takes Kt 17. Q R to B sq 18. K to R2 19. Q to R5 20. Q takes Q 21. R to Q B2 22. P to K R3 23. R to K2 24. B to K2 25. K R to K Kt sq

GAME 33917.

One of the eight games played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne without sight of boards or men, and simultaneously, at Manchester (Eng.), on the 9th of November last.

(Scottish Gambit)

- WHITE - (Mr. Blackburne) BLACK - (Mr. J. Fish) 1. P to K4 2. K to K B3 3. P to Q4 4. K takes P 5. B to K3 6. P to Q B3 7. B to Q B4 8. Castles 9. P to B4 10. B to Kt5 11. B to R4 12. B to Q B2 13. R to B3 14. P takes Kt 15. P to Q Kt5 16. P to B5 17. K to B3 18. R to Kt3 19. K to R sq 20. Q to B5 21. K to K2 22. P to K5 23. P to B6 24. B takes R P Q 25. P takes Kt 26. B to Kt5 (ch) 27. B to Kt5

NOTES.

- (a) K to K4 is Black's best continuation. (b) Somewhat ingenious, but we prefer B to Q2. (c) A quiet but very effective move. (d) His best line of play here is 20 B takes Q P, 21 R to K5, Q to K4, 22 B takes R P, P to Kt3, 23 Q to R4, K to Kt sq, and he can still light, though White by 24 B to Kt5 can maintain his advantage, and so we believe he could by 21 R to K B sq. (e) As the Q is to go back to her own square she may as well do so at once, nor stand upon the offer of her going. The text move but assists the adversary. (f) Finishing up in the usual style. (g) The position is a curious one. It is not a question of recouping, for it will be found that play as Black may, White mates in three moves at the utmost.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 207.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K3 (ch) 2. B to Q5 3. Kt to Q Kt5 mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 205.

- WHITE. 1. R to K sq 2. R to Q R sq (ch) 3. R mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 206

- WHITE. 1. K to K B 2. P to Q B 3. Pawn to Q3, K Kt3, Q R4 and 5

CARDS-10. By the Valley, 10 S 7, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case, name on all, post-paid, 15c. 4 packs, 70c. WARD & CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

THE Burland-Desbarats Lithographic COMPANY.

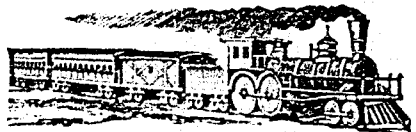
THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of the SHAREHOLDERS of this Company will be held at the Office, Nos. 5 & 7 Bleury Street, on WEDNESDAY the FIFTH day of FEBRUARY next, at THREE o'clock in the afternoon, to receive the Annual Report, to elect Directors, and for the general purposes of the Company.

By order of the Board, F. B. DAKIN, Secretary. Montreal, January 20th, 1879.

50 Perfumed, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, nam<sup>d</sup> Ingola & Jet, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.



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

Shortest and Most DIRECT ROUTE to OTTAWA

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

Table with columns for Train Name, A.M., and P.M. listing various express and freight trains between Montreal and Ottawa.

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

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St. N. Y.

60 Chromo and Perfumed Cards (two 30 each). Name in Gold and Jet, 10 cents. CLINTS BROS., Clintonville, Ct.

25 Beautiful all Chromo Cards, 10c. or 65 Snowflake, Rep. Danish, assorted 10c. large sizes. Agt. n<sup>o</sup>. 100. Outfit 10c. Send Canada 1/2 and 2c P.O. Stamps in payment. L. C. COE & CO., BUREAU, CONN.

Advertisement for D.M. FERRY & CO.'S SEED ANNUAL 1879, featuring a circular logo and text about seed quality and pricing.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—two alike, with name. 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

LADIES' COLLEGE, COMPTON, P.Q.

Established 1874. Fine and commodious edifice. The situation of the building could not be better, placed as it is on one of the highest points of Compton, commanding a magnificent view.

President—The LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC. Principal—Rev. J. DINZEY, S.A.C.

Lady Principal—Mrs. MINE (London, Eng.) assisted by a staff of Experienced Teachers.

Lady Superintendent—Mrs. DINZEY.

The Winter Term of this Institution will commence JANUARY 13th, 1879.

TERMS—Board and Washing, English in all its branches, French, German, Latin, the Mathematics, Drawing and Painting, Needlework, including Lace Work (per annum) \$175

Music, with use of Piano (per annum) \$75 (No extras, except Special Singing)

Fees for Winter Term of Eleven Weeks—Board, Washing, and Tuition, as above, \$200

Music, with use of Piano \$75

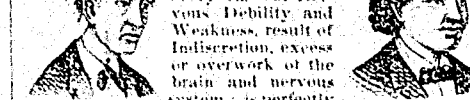
A restriction is made in the case of sisters and the daughters of Clergymen

High references can be given. For circulars, address

The REV. J. DINZEY, Principal, Ladies' College, Compton, P.Q.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy, will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of Indiscretion, excess or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like



Before Taking medicine, acts like After Taking medicine, and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., WINDSOR, ONT.

Sold in Montreal by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and everywhere in Canada and United States.

Advertisement for THOMAS CREAN, MILITARY TAILOR, featuring a crest and text about his services.

Master Tailor to the Queen's Own Rifles. Late Master Tailor in H. M. 16th Regiment. Uniforms and accoutrements strictly in accordance with the "Dress Regulations for the Army," and of the best workmanship and quality. The New Regulation Helmet in stock. Price Lists sent on application. 435 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

Advertisement for ROBERT MILLER, Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER, IMPORTER OF Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS, 397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GROCER FOR EAGAR'S WINE OF BENNET, for making Junket or Sweet Curds. This preparation is prepared by a process discovered by Mr. Eagar and by which the Peppine as well as the Rennet is retained.

Two teaspoonful mixed with a pint of warm milk converts the milk into a jelly and makes a delicious dessert, which may be eaten with or without cream or wine sauces.

It makes a light and very nutritious food. It is one of the best remedies for dyspepsia. It enables persons of weak digestive organs to digest their food.

It restores patients to health when convalescent from fevers, &c. It is found to be an excellent thing for persons who earn their living by brain work, as they generally require a very nutritious diet, yet are frequently unable to digest a heavy meal.

It can be made in five minutes, and is the most reliable and cheapest preparation of the kind in the market. Only 25c. per bottle. Wholesale by LYMANS, CLARE & CO., H. SUGDEN EVANS, and all Druggists and Grocers.

25 Chromo Cards, Cupids, Mottoes, Flowers, &c. No. 2 alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC. CANADIAN MECHANICS' MAGAZINE AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

This VALUABLE MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been much improved during the past year, and now embodies within its pages the most Recent and Useful information published connected with Science and the different branches of Mechanical Trades, selected with particular care, for the information and instruction of Mechanics in Canada.

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND, SUCH AS FLORAL CULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, POPULAR GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS, LADIES' FANCY AND NEEDLE WORK, AND SHORT PLEASING STORIES.

ALSO SELECTED NEW MUSIC, DOMESTIC RECEIPTS, &c.

The Canadian Mechanics' Magazine, with the addition of the Illustrated Family Friend

AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD, Contains 16 full pages of Superior Illustrations and about 125 diagrams of all the Patents issued each month in Canada; it is a work that merits the support of every Mechanic in the Dominion, whose motto should always be

"SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY" Price, only \$2.00 per annum. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS, 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. F. N. BOXER, Architect, Editor.

WANTED A GOOD MAN FOR every State to sell our goods by sample. Fair Salary paid. References required. LA BELLE MANUFACTURING CO., 33 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS. Advertising Agents, 136 W. Fourth St., INCINNATI, O.

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application. Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

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

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 17-20-52-354.

Advertisement for Canadian Pacific Railway, featuring a crest and text about train services.

The time for receiving tenders for the sections between Lake Superior and Red River is extended until noon on WEDNESDAY, January 15th, 1879.

The time for receiving tenders for the sections in British Columbia is extended until WEDNESDAY, the 12th day of February, 1879.

For further information, apply at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa. By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 19th Dec., 1878.

FURTHER EXTENSION OF TIME.

The time for receiving tenders for the sections between Lake Superior and Red River is further extended until noon of THURSDAY, the 30th day of January, 1879. F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 7th Jan., 1879.

JUST PUBLISHED CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the Route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by book-sellers and news-agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS., 7 26-52-573 179 Bonaventure street, Montreal.

THE Canadian Spectator, A high-class Weekly Journal, EDITED BY THE Reverend A. J. BRAY.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM. OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."

PUBLICATIONS:

- BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth, \$1.00 BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love \$50 DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle, 60 The Ten Commandments, 60 DAWSON, GEO. M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer, 50 McLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pebbles, 15 TRIPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words, 50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and bright and gratefully refreshing.—Literary World."

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold. Agents' Outfit 15c. 150 Styles. Hull & Co., Hudson, N. Y.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Advertisement for various newspapers including Daily Witness, Montreal Witness, Weekly Witness, Canadian Messenger, and New Dominion, with logos and subscription information.

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





**SALE OF FURS.**  
The Great Cheap Sale of Furs will be continued all through JANUARY. We continue to manufacture special lines that are selling well. Our stock is all new and fresh; no old stock.

**JOB C. THOMPSON & CO.,**  
416, 418 and 420 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
MONTREAL.

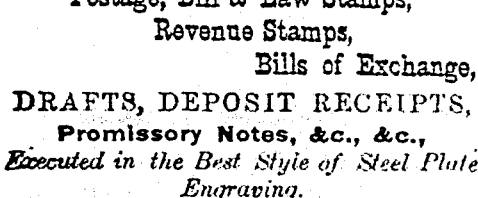


**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF** is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

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MONTREAL.  
Incorporated by Letters Patent.  
Capital \$100,000.

**General Engravers & Printers**  
Bank Notes, Bonds,  
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,  
Revenue Stamps,  
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DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,  
Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,  
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**Portraits a Specialty.**  
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS  
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

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OIL, LEAD, PAINT,  
COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS  
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PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES  
CHEMICALS, DYE, STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.  
310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,  
AND  
255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.  
MONTREAL.  
26-17-52-369

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BAKING POWDER  
Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY  
In every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Paucakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**  
SAVE TIME,  
IT SAVES TEMPER,  
IT SAVES MONEY.  
For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

**W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,**  
55 College Street.  
17-19-52-362



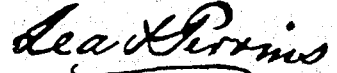
THE BEAVER DAM MONUMENT.

**THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.**  
TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.

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

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

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



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.  
Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crasse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.  
To be obtained of  
Messrs. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; Messrs. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

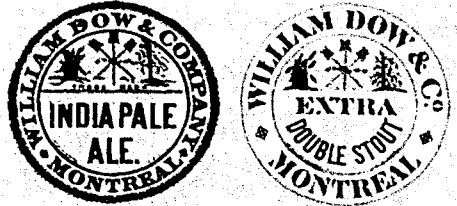
**PEA SOUP**  
Symington's Prepared Pea Soup  
Made from their celebrated Pea Flour, to which is added  
**LEIBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT**  
DELICIOUS,  
NOURISHING,  
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC.

Made in One Minute Without Boiling.  
Sold everywhere in 25 Cent Tins, and Wholesale by  
**WILLIAM JOHNSON,**  
28 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

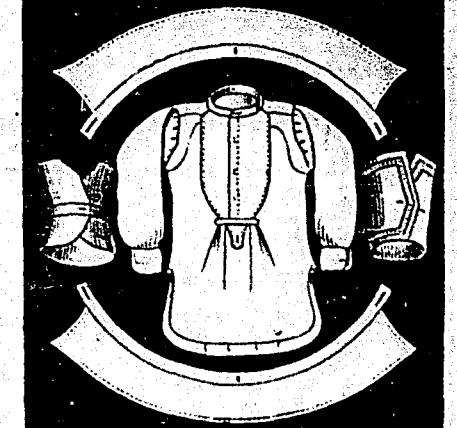
**MANOEL DUTRA SILVA,**  
New House of Consignments of all kinds,  
BAHIA, BRAZIL,  
Receives Vessels and Steamers of all Nations.  
5 per cent Commission.  
All Letters to be Prepaid as above.

50 Perfumed Chrome and Snowflake Cards, in Case name in gold, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.  
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"Little Giant Gas Governor,"  
The most perfect device in the world for governing automatically the supply of gas to the burners. Saves from 25 to 40 per cent. Hundreds of testimonials. Agents wanted everywhere. Sample Governor for \$5. Send stamp for circular.  
"Little Giant Gas Governor Company," Drawer 878, St. Thomas, Ont.

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.**  
BREWERS and MALTSTERS  
MONTREAL.

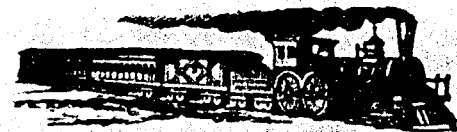


Superior Pale and Brown Malt.  
India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-6-52-282



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Self-measurement Card and Samples of Colored Regatta Shirtings sent free by mail. Large stock of Underwear, Ties, Dent's Gowns, &c., always on hand.  
138 ST. JAMES STREET,  
Opposite St. Lawrence Hall,  
MONTREAL.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**  
THE  
Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.  
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ENGRAVING,  
ELECTROTYPING,  
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OF ANY KIND.  
From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders.  
G. B. BURLAND,  
Manager.



**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**  
1878-79.  
Winter Arrangements.

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY except Sundays as follows:—  
Leave Point Levis..... 8.00 A.M.  
" River du Loup..... 2.00 P.M.  
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner)..... 3.00 "  
" Rimouski..... 4.49 "  
" Campbellton (Snapper)..... 10.00 "  
" Dalhousie..... 10.21 "  
" Bathurst..... 12.28 A.M.  
" Newcastle..... 2.10 "  
" Moncton..... 5.00 "  
" St. John..... 9.15 "  
" Halifax..... 1.30 P.M.  
Pullman Cars on Express Trains.  
These Trains connect at Point Levis with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.45 o'clock p.m.  
Pullman Car leaving Point Levis on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, runs through to Halifax, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to St. John.  
For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to  
G. W. ROBINSON,  
Agent,  
177 St. James Street,  
C. J. BRYDGES,  
General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.  
Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

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