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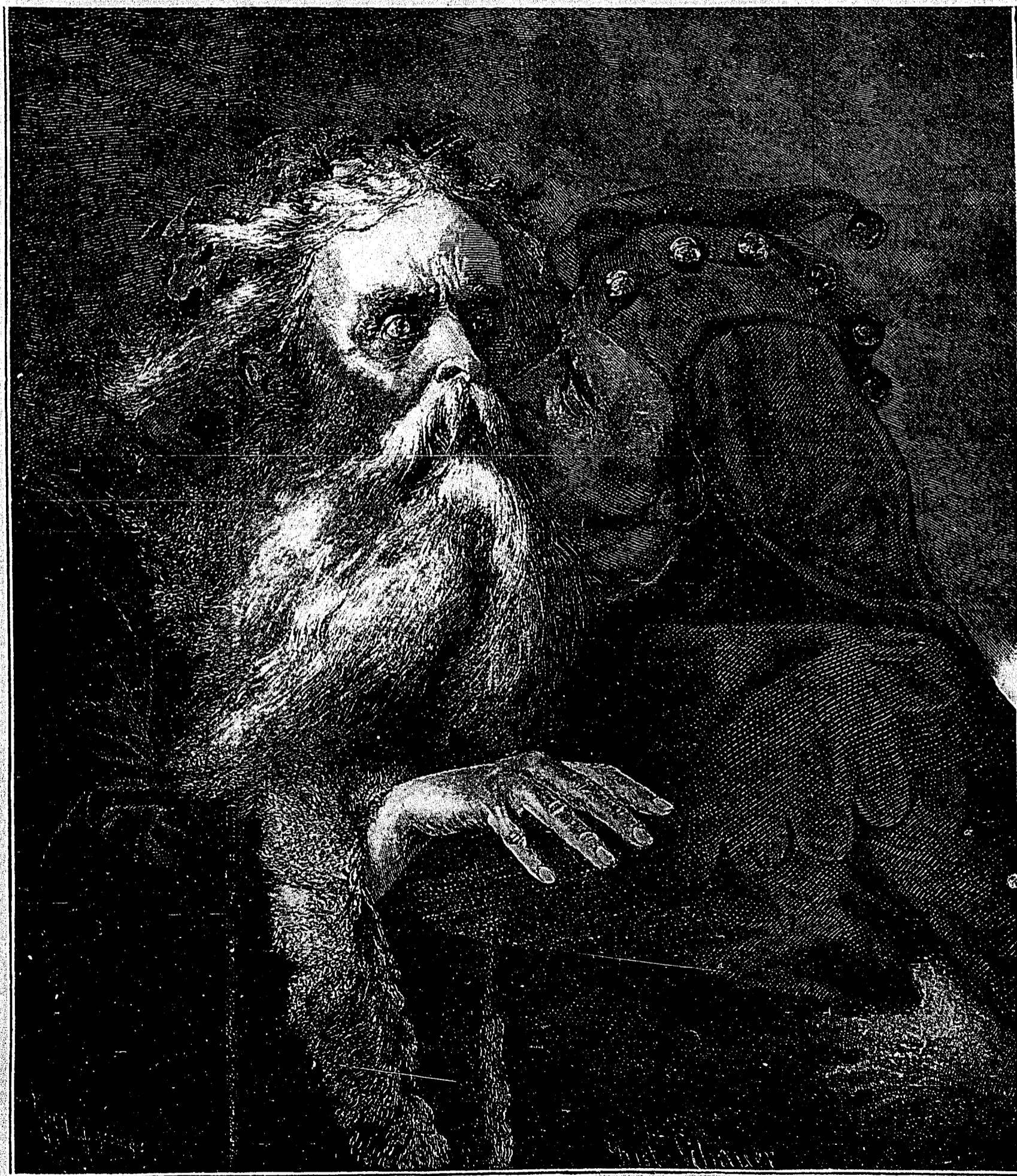
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GRAND MAN Whistler's News

Vol. XVI.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877.

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KING LEAR AND THE FOOL.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

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NOTICE.

We are preparing an unusually fine

Christmas Number

OF THE
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Containing a series of

HOLIDAY PICTURES,

Accompanied by several

Christmas Stories,

POEMS, SKETCHES AND ARTICLES.

ORDERS SHOULD BE SENT IN EARLY.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 15th, 1877.

1877.

ON the eve of a new year, and the opening of the seventeenth volume of our journal, we feel justified in calling upon the public in every part of the Dominion to aid us in making the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS second to no journal of its class in the world. We have accomplished much in the way of improvements, and we think that we have fulfilled the promises which we made twelve months ago. But we feel that there still remains much to be done, and we call upon our friends to assist us in doing it. This is the only illustrated newspaper in the Dominion. It is also the only purely literary weekly. In this double capacity it has special claims upon the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect, REPORTAGE AND EDITORIAL, the life, the sentiments, and the daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

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I. The pictorial illustration of all leading Canadian events as they occur.

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Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and should consider it his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. None know better than ourselves how much it can still be improved, and we warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, no effort on our part will be left untried to introduce a number of the most desirable improvements. Let

the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support, and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a real credit to the Dominion. We will supply the material if our friends will only furnish the patronage.

THE MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE OF INSANITY.

We have received a pamphlet on this subject from the pen of Dr. HENRY HOWARD, Government Medical Attendant of the Longue Pointe Lunatic Asylum. The reputation of Dr. HOWARD as an alienist is such that any suggestions which he may put forth on so important a subject, are worthy of attention. In this particular instance, while we cannot say that we coincide with the metaphysical theories of the writer, we agree as to the practical suggestions which he makes. The object of his lecture, read before the Medico-Chirurgical Society of this city, is to urge that the subject of insanity should receive consideration from the Legislature at the next meeting of the Provincial Assembly, and that such legislation should proceed from a medico-legal standpoint and not from a legal standpoint only. That there is need for such a law no one will deny, more particularly in the face of the present increase of crime and insanity; when there is so much evil-doing that it would appear as if men could not do right; when some responsible murderers are, under a false plea, escaping the just consequences of their crime, and some irresponsible imbeciles and insane persons are, through ignorance, unjustly punished. The motives of such legal procedure may be set down in Dr. HOWARD's own words:

"We want a law by which every man shall be, at the earliest possible opportunity, tried for his supposed offence, quite independent of his mental state, whether it be sound or unsound. Let the man be tried, at all events. If the plea of insanity be set up, let the widest possible latitude be allowed to the defending advocate. But let the Crown take the greatest possible caution that nothing in the case shall go wrong; therefore, let the Government have sworn medical experts, men of experience, and let these experts be present at the trial, and hear all the evidence for and against the accused,—and having examined him, let them give their testimony before the judge and jury, not with any desire to either convict or acquit the accused, but simply that the jury may have all the information possible upon which to find their verdict, and the Judge all the information possible upon which to pass a just sentence. If the Judge and jury are satisfied that the accused was sane when on his trial, but was insane when he committed the crime of which he is accused, why of course he must be acquitted and set free. If they are satisfied he not only was insane when he committed the crime, but insane at the time of trial, he must either be sent to a lunatic asylum, or be discharged when cured; or his friends must give security for his safe-keeping. He must in all respects be treated as an innocent man suffering from a terrible disease. If the Judge and jury are satisfied that the accused was sane when he committed the crime, and became insane while awaiting trial, * * * let him be found guilty, and sentenced as if he were sane at the time of trial, but let him be sent first to a lunatic asylum to be, if possible, cured of his disease. If the accused should be found subject to homicidal fits of insanity, for the sake of society let his sentence be to be imprisoned for life, in either an asylum or penitentiary. If Judge and jury should be satisfied that the accused was a dangerous homicidal imbecile, * * * why, of course, sentence him to life-long imprisonment in the penitentiary; such a creature should never be at large, once found to have homicidal tendencies, or tendencies worse than homicidal. All these criminals should be locked up for life, but I would have it done according to law. But let none be hanged."

A London paper has the following on the important question of our fisheries:

If the evidence collected by Mr. Frank Buckland may be accepted, the English lobster fisheries have nearly followed the formerly prolific oyster beds to annihilation, through the same cause—over-fishing. Whether the evil will be stopped in time by recent legislation remains to be proved, but the people of Canada would do well to take warning by what has happened in the mother country. According to accounts which have reached us lately, the lobster fisheries of the Dominion are being terribly overworked. On the 3rd of last month a barque is reported to have cleared at the Miramichi Custom House with £75,000 worth of lobsters on board, consigned to the London market. This is said to be the most valuable cargo of the sort ever shipped from New Brunswick, and we should imagine that the dispatch of many more of equal magnitude would bring the trade to a dead stop for the want of the raw material. It is true that some parts of the Canadian coast are amazingly prolific of crustacean life. So immense is the supply provided by nature, that the Canadians may almost be excused for considering it practically limitless. But we have seen in the case of certain English fisheries that persistent overworking brings about scarcity, and so our friends on the other side of the Atlantic will probably discover if they continue this depopulating process much farther. It is said that quite baby lobsters are ruthlessly slaughtered in vast numbers for preservation in tins. Their flesh does not differ in flavour or appearance from that of adult crustaceans, so that consumers have no means of judging as to the size and age. It would be well for Canada if some one of her citizens took up the work performed in England by Mr. Frank Buckland and his coadjutors toward fish of all sorts. They were too late in the field to save our oyster beds from annihilation, but in other directions they have done a great deal for the preservation of one of the most important sources of our food supply. The Dominion has a splendid property in her maritime fisheries; she should see to it at once that they are not deteriorated by indiscriminate and reckless operations.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MR. BAENEM has made a bid for a portion of Temple Bar. He covets the three figures and ornaments.

THE "agony column" of the *Times* will no longer be open to disconsolate lovers, as it has been found to be the cause of much mischief.

MR. HUGH GLADSTONE, nephew to the ex-Premier, has just entered the Scottish College at Rome, for the purpose of taking priest's orders in the Roman Catholic Church.

THE proprietors of the *Daily News* have sent Mr. Forbes a cheque for £2,000 as an acknowledgment of his great services to their "journal" in connection with his war reports.

It is not unlikely that the Prince of Wales may pass a few days in the land of the Pychley during the hunting season. His Royal Highness possesses a strong predilection in favour of the Midland shires.

LONDON Bridge is to be widened after all. The beauty of the structure will become sadly impaired, but the utilitarian results will be considerable, no less than twenty-two feet being added to the carriage-way.

RELIGIOUS London is expecting another revival. The friends of Messrs. Moody and Sankey are already preparing for the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Bell, now at Liverpool, and known to the revivalists as "The Singer Preacher."

THE sailors on board the *Britannia* call Prince Albert Victor "Spratt," and his brother they have already named "Herring." What is more "Spratt" and "Herring" seem to like it, and the Prince is said to have laughed heartily when he heard of it.

A VERY extraordinary influx of fashionable life is observable in the metropolis; there is always a sort of second season just prior of Christmas, but it has begun early this year. Certainly there have been and are some interesting doings in the metropolis, which may partially account for this spurt of life.

"MARY ANNE," Mr. Disraeli's pet terror, has hitherto been masculine. A woman's International Association is to be formed. Already it has a secretary, a gentleman who wishes to bind the women of all nations together in a fight against the forces which endeavour to overwhelm them in their struggle for independence.

A CURIOUS invention is announced for stopping fractious horses. Under a coachman's seat is placed an electric magnet, from which one wire is carried along one of the reins to the horse's bits and another to the crupper, so that the whole length of the animal's spine forms part of an electric circuit. A sudden shock, which the driver can administer at discretion, will, it is said, bring the most obstreperous runaway to a sudden stop, and will arrest the most inveterate jibber. A series of small shocks will stimulate a "screw" to marvels of pace and style.

THE post-office is about to adopt a system whereby persons desirous of having a certificate of the posting of a letter, newspaper, or book, packet without registering it, or obtaining for it any special security, may obtain such a certificate on payment of one half-penny for each letter, newspaper, or book-packet. Forms of certificate will be sold at all the post-offices, on which the address of the letter or packet, must be written by the sender, and after examining it, the clerk at the counter will retain the letter, &c., and give the certificate back to the sender, impressed with the dated stamp of the office, as evidence of a letter having been posted.

HEARTH AND HOME.

IMAGINARY WANTS.—If we create imaginary wants, why do we not create imaginary satisfactions? It was the happier frenzy of the two to be like the mad Athenian, who thought all the ships that came into the harbour to be his own, than be still tormenting ourselves with insatiable desires.

SELFISHNESS.—No selfish man or woman was yet completely happy. Such may cheat themselves into a belief that they are, for thought and conscience are lost in the mad whirl and rush of life. But it is a mere delusive happiness, which disappears at the moment we think to clutch it, and, like the wily *imbecile*, leads us an endless dance over bog and moor, to escape us at last. Then, weary and spent, we lie down; and perchance that most terrible experience, the remorse of a wasted and misapplied life, comes in and takes possession of us for ever.

NEW FRIENDS.—There are no new friends who are as dear as the old—those who give their young confidence to our matured sympathies, or who meet us as companions, each on the same level of experience and thought. They know us when the struggle is past and we are made; they see us perfected in fortune and repute, and we know nothing of those early days of trial when we failed more often than we succeeded, and for every step forward used to slip two back. They see us only as success, and it is then as if we had been born in the purple, which the older know that we have bought by our own exertions only, and donned but of late years.

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.—If the peculiarities of our feelings and faculties be the effect of variety of excitement through a diversity of organization, it should tend to produce in us mutual forbearance and toleration. We should perceive how nearly impossible it is that persons should feel and think alike upon any subject. We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtues and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weakness of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce nor easily counteract. No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist such, which may induce others to deviate.

MAN.—Man is a creature put into this life to be awakened and educated with reference to himself and to his fellows. He is put here to be educated through the body and through matter into ascendancy over them, and to be educated respecting his character, for the sake of his condition hereafter. In order therefore to judge of what is good and what is bad, and among bad things what are worse and what are better, and among good things what are best and what are least good, we must consider the relation of things to the design and destiny of human existence. That which tends to make the most of a man, and to make him quickest in the things for which he was created, and which is most efficient in preparing him for harmonization in himself and social harmonization, and for immortality and glory, is the best; whereas that which most stands in the way of these things is the worst—but nothing is indifferent which has a bearing on man's development for time and for eternity.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.—No test of character is more trying than the test matrimonial, if the contracting parties are not perfectly harmonious. Marriage can become obnoxious from excess of attention, if not indulged in the right spirit, and equally from neglect and indifference. A wife may make such demands upon her husband's attention and time as to make him feel himself little better than a slave, and slavery is galling

to the most submissive. Such a wife puts shackles on his feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden to his shoulders. Each should have perfect confidence in the other. Should one remain away from the other a length of time unaccounted for by him, let silence be your monitor until a voluntary return reveal the secret of the absence. Both men and women, united in the marriage relation, are necessarily tried and perplexed at seasons when silence should close their lips until moderation takes possession of them. Jealousies of even trifling natures should never be entertained for a single moment. To prevent all such misunderstandings, persons entering the sacred order of married life should acquaint themselves with the disposition, tastes, and unavoidable requirements of their partners, and resolve to govern themselves as much as possible thereby.

TRAINED HOUSEKEEPERS.—It is absurd to neglect a girl's domestic education until she is ready to become a wife. The idea that a woman must learn to keep house by her own experience is both foolish and hurtful. Does a man put off learning a business till it is time to start for himself? Still, housekeeping must not be considered the Alpha and Omega of these duties. Deeper than this lie other qualities, quite as indispensable, and still more necessary to a husband's, or even a wife's, happiness. It would consume too much space to enumerate them all, but we may sum them up by saying that daughters should be taught to be womanly. For a truly womanly woman has much the best chance of being loved by a truly worthy man. The ordination of nature has made a tender, affectionate, sympathizing woman, more likely to attract strong, earnest, heroic men, than one of a different stamp. Men love by a fine instinct, which generally leads them aright, that is, when they love in a pure sense of the term; and they would love oftener in that sense if women were true to that ideal womanhood which even the lost reverence and acknowledge. The best dowry, therefore, a mother can give her daughter, is the dowry of perfect womanliness, for a womanly woman can enter into her husband's weaknesses, adapt herself to his fancies, and, by a pleasant fiction, at least, adopt his tastes.

THE GLEANER.

A NEW order of Indian Knighthood is spoken of.

A VISITOR is one of the performers at a London Music Hall.

It is said that £20,000 will not pay the cost of Mr. Stanley's African Expedition.

EVERY barber in Denmark has to pass an examination in the elements of surgery.

THE Lee monument committee at Richmond found none of the models satisfactory. They have postponed action for a year.

AMONG the new additions of Englishmen to the ranks of the Turkish army is the Hon. W. Drummond—he joins the cavalry.

A GRACIOUS distinction will be conferred upon Lord Beaconsfield by the Queen, who will pay him a visit at Hughenden in December next.

ALREADY 500 houses in New York converse with one another, and throughout the States, 3,000 telephones are in use.

A NEW Chess player has appeared in English Chess circles, the Mandarlan, Chang-li-tu-Gheen, Chmaman, who, it is said, is wonderfully skilful.

THERE are now in London more than a dozen special correspondents who have returned from the seat of war, all more or less shattered in health.

QUEEN Isabella of Spain is expected to visit Rome this winter, with the intention and hope, it is thought, of effecting a reconciliation between the Pope and the King of Italy.

LIEUT. COLONEL the Duke of Connaught has resumed command of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, at Fermoy, where he occupies a suite of rooms in barracks.

MR. STANLEY, the African explorer, was recently entertained at a banquet at Cape Town. He was to proceed at once to Zanzibar, where he could take a steamer for Plymouth.

THE fortune of William H. Vanderbilt is generally estimated at \$100,000,000. Those well acquainted with his affairs say that he could at any time realize \$55,000,000 under the hammer.

ACCORDING to the most recent calculations, it is estimated that the entire cost of the Indian famine will slightly exceed £10,000,000 sterling, of which sum about £3,000,000 may be set down to the loss of revenue.

MR. ARTHUR FORBES is to be entertained at a complimentary dinner at Willis's Rooms by a large number of English journalists on an early day before his return to the seat of war in Bulgaria.

IN the collection of Egyptian curiosities owned by Dr. Douglass, of Phenixville, Pa., are "bricks made by the children of Israel in the days of Pharaoh," and a "mummy 4,000 years old."

ANOTHER new thing is the glass slipper, which has been invented by a firm in Vienna. It is woven of the finest possible glass threads of rainbow hues, and will perhaps bring us back to the times of the good fairies and Cinderella.

AN 8-inch gun, called the "disappearing gun," is the newest thing at Woolwich. In descending from the recoil springs are pressed; these springs retain the required force till it is required to be used to send the gun up again.

A FRESH appeal is about to be made to the Prussian Government to give up the "Guelph Fund"—the property of the Royal Family at Hanover—to its legitimate owners. The Emperor has given up all claims on the crown.

THE Marquis of Bute has offered to build at his own expense, and to present to the University of Glasgow, the grand hall of the new buildings, according to designs proposed by Mr. Gilbert Scott, R. A. It is estimated that the building will cost from £70,000 to £80,000.

A NEW style of postal card is now used in Germany. It consists of two cards of the ordinary shape attached together, and each having a postal stamp. The double cards are furnished by the post-office, and are sent for the purpose of facilitating the return of answers. This idea might find imitation here.

THE latest idea is that Bismarck is seeking to compel Belgium to accept the protectorate of Prussia, the conditions being that the Belgian army shall be remodelled after the Prussian plan, and subject to Russian control, in exchange for which Belgium would receive "territorial compensation," and a guarantee of independence. The *Pall Mall Gazette* affirms that this policy is actually being urged on King Leopold at the present moment.

VARIETIES.

ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY.—This most ancient of the Scottish Universities was founded in 1411, by Wardlaw, Bishop of the diocese. Two years later, on petition of James I., the Bishop and others made the foundation, with benefactions annexed to it, by Papal Bull of Benedict XIII. From the first there existed the Faculties of Arts, Theology, and Canon Law. In 1430, a pedagogium was erected for the Faculty of Arts. The University has undergone numerous changes of constitution. In the sixteenth century it came to comprise three distinct corporate colleges: 1. *St. Salvator's College*, founded in 1445; 2. *St. Leonard's College*, founded in 1612; 3. *The College of St. Mary*, founded in 1537.

A DROP SCENE.—This story of Meissonier is told by the French papers. The manager of a New York theatre took it into his head that he would like to have a drop-curtain painted by the great artist. So off he trudged to Meissonier's studio, and asked his terms. "How large is the curtain to be?" asked Meissonier, quite seriously. "Fifteen metres by eighteen," answered the manager. Meissonier began to reckon, and then, paper in hand, he explained that as his pictures bring him 20,000 francs per twenty centimetres, or 80,000 francs per metre, the curtain would cost just 21,600,000 francs: that is to say, something over \$1,000,000. "But," added the painter, "the price would not be our greatest difficulty. But it would be time. I take three months to paint twenty-five centimetres of canvas. You see, therefore, that my age would not suffice to paint your curtain, which would take me over 200 years to complete!" The American declared he could not wait so long, and departed in a state of mystification, leaving the painter rejoicing.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.—The German fortifications on the Russian frontier are being pushed forward so rapidly that they will probably be completed before the stipulated time, which is the end of the year 1880. Of the nine detached forts around Posen three will be handed over to the military administration next year, three more in 1879, and the three others in 1880. The enlargement of the fortress at Thorn will be proceeded with next spring, and five detached forts will be built around it at the same time. The outer forts at Königsberg, of which there will be five, and a sixth fort which was commenced two years ago at the village of Quednat near the city, will all be finished by the spring of next year, and Königsberg will then be defended by twelve forts altogether. An equal degree of activity prevails in the other strong places on the Russian frontier of Prussia.

THE PIPE AND SOCIAL STATUS IN TURKEY.—In Turkey tobacco and pipes are not merely the distinctive tokens of different ranks, but of the gradations of particular ranks. A muschir (marshal) would think it altogether unsuitable to smoke with a pipe shorter than two ells, while the handicraftsman, or the official of a lower order, would be deemed presumptuous if his pipestem transcended the measure of that habitual with his class. The grandee, in contact or contrast with a man of low degree, can parade his pipe to its full length; but the man of low degree modestly thrusting aside or concealing his pipe, must not show more of it than the mouthpiece which he holds in his hand. The pasha can, like the chimney of a steamer, throw forth clouds of smoke, but the subordinate must allow only small circles of smoke light as zephyrs to flow from his lips, and he must so contrive that the smoke does not go in front of him, but turns backwards. In the presence of a grandee not to smoke is regarded as a testimony of respect. This sign of respect a son is likewise expected to show to his father; and a well-trained and well-mannered son is that one regarded who, in spite of the repeated request of his father, refuses to smoke.

NOVEL SNOW-PLoughs.—In his recent travels in Asia Minor, Captain Burnaby on one occasion, between Erzeroum and Van, found his road blocked by a snow-drift. It was cleared in the following original fashion. Ordering one of the Persians to make one of his camels retire about two hundred yards, the Kurd by whom the Captain was accompanied called twenty of the best mounted of the villagers to his side; then, striking his horse and shouting wildly, he galloped along the track and charged the drift. "In a second or two," says our traveller, "nothing could be seen but the head of the rider; his steed was entirely hidden from our view. After a few struggles the man backed the animal out of the snow, having made a hole in it some twenty feet long by four wide. The next horseman rode at the place like his leader. Each Kurd followed in succession. They finally forced a passage. It was a wild sight to witness—these Kurds in their quaint head-dresses, and on strong, fine-looking steeds of Turkoman breed, many of them quite sixteen hands high, charging the snow drift, yelling and invoking Allah; the Persians, phlegmatic and still, seemingly not caring a straw about the matter; the lieutenant encouraging the Kurds by cries and gesticulations, but having too great a regard for his own safety to gallop to the ridges, and the leading horseman now far in front, his horse apparently swimming through the snow as he slowly burst the barrier."

KEY TO A PERSON'S NAME.—By the accompanying table of letters, the name of a person or word may be found out in the following manner:

Table with 5 columns (A, B, D, H, P) and 13 rows of letters (C, E, G, I, K, M, O, Q, S, U, W, Y, Z) used for a name key.

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time in this way, the whole can be ascertained. For example take the word Jane. J is found in the two columns commencing with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the column headed B, D and H: these are the second, fourth, and eighth letters of the alphabet, which added give the fourteen, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.—In a newspaper article on table etiquette Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher says that in handing your plate up to have it replenished you should first remove the knife and fork, and thus prevent their being jostled off by those annoying accidents which are so liable to occur. Appreciating the fact that it looks awkward to hold the knife and fork in your hand, and equally suspicious to stick them in your pocket, the lady recommends that you lay them down "on the solitaire or piece of bread," so as not to soil the cloth. Mrs. Beecher ought to remember that we do not all receive a salary of \$25,000 a year, and three months at the White Mountains, and are not, therefore, likely to be provided with solitaires. Even in the case of those persons who can afford such a luxury, it seems to us to be asking a great deal of them to take it off for the purpose of propping up a greasy knife and fork. And then, if a man lays down his solitaire in company, he takes a great risk of never seeing it again this side of the grave. It were cheaper, we take it, to grease the table-cloth and pay the damages after dinner—buy a new cloth, if need be, and take the old one home for a horse blanket. The horses would not kick because of a grease spot or two. A mule, though, would kick the roof off the stable on a much less provocation. "On the solitaire or piece of bread." Looking at it again, we see in it a hole for a man to crawl out of who has no diamond. But why would not a biscuit do just as well as a piece of bread? Or, in the absence of either bread or biscuit—a fellow is liable to eat them, you know—how would a cold potato do? Or, again, how would it do to wipe the knife and fork on your hair, and—but these things will suggest themselves to a man in an emergency.

PAPAL STATISTICS.—The Journal of the French Statistical Society publishes some curious statistics concerning the Popes which may not be without interest at the present time. Pius IX. is the 252nd Pope. Of these, 15 were French, 13 Greek, 8 Syrians, 6 Germans, 5 Spaniards, 2 Africans, 2 Savoisians, 2 Dalmatians; England, Portugal, Holland, Switzerland, and Candia furnishing one each. Italy provided the rest. Since 1523 all the Popes have been selected from Italian Cardinals. Seventy Bishops of Rome, belonging, with very few exceptions, to the epoch preceding the establishment of the

temporal power, have been proclaimed Saints. The ten last centuries have seen only nine Popes judged worthy by the Popes themselves of being sanctified. Of the 252 Pontiffs, not including St. Peter, 5 died within a month of their elevation to the Papacy, 40 within a year, 22 were seated between 1 and 2 years, 54 from 2 to 5 years, 57 from 5 to 10 years, 51 from 10 to 15, 18 from 15 to 20 years, and nine more than 20 years. Pius IX. in the years of his Pontificate, surpassed in 1874 all the Roman Pontiffs, except the Spanish anti-Pope, Benedict XIII. of Luna, who elected at Avignon in 1394, died at Pensicola, near Valencia, in 1424. In respect of age, he has been surpassed as yet by a very great number of his predecessors. There died at the age of over 82 years Alexander VIII. (1689-91) and Pius VI. (1775-90); at 83 years, Paul IV. (1555-59), Gregory XIII. (1572-85), Innocent X. (1644-55), Benedict XIV. (1740-58), Pius VII. (1800-23); between 85 and 86 years, Paul III. (1534-49), Boniface VIII. (1294-1303), Clement X. (1670-76), Innocent XII. (1691-1700); between 90 and 92 years, John XII., Pope of Avignon (1313-34), Clement XII. (1730-40); at the age of 100 years, Gregory IX. (1237-41), nephew of Innocent III., the most violent adversary of Frederick II. forced on several occasions to flee from Rome. Up to the present, during the distinctly historical epoch, no Pope has died between 86 and 90 years of age; the only one who surpassed 82 died a centenarian.

PATTI'S GIRLHOOD.—Edward Hanslick, a Viennese journalist, writes that while Adelina Patti was in Vienna last spring, he asked her to relate the details of her early life.

"With pleasure," replied the singer. "I will tell you what I know and you may interrupt me as often as you please. That I am no longer a young woman, you know. What is the use of my denying that I was born on the 19th of February, 1843? I am a child of the theatre, like a soldier's child; therefore, I have no real home. My father was a Sicilian, my mother a Roman; in Madrid, where they both sang opera, I was born, and I was brought up in New York. Of languages, I first learned English, then Italian, and finally French and Spanish. I was very young when I went to America. My father Salvatore Patti"—"I see him now," I interrupted, "a tall, handsome man, with white hair and black eyes?" "he was a tenor, a good singer, and a favorite with the public. My mother was more than that—she was a great artist. She achieved her reputation in Italy as Signora Barilli, which was the name of her first husband. Admired by the public she even made Grisi jealous, who, once put into the shade by her, never cared to appear with my mother together. My step-brother Barrilli, a good singer, first taught me to sing, and that too in a thoroughly systematic manner."

"Maurice Strakosch was not then, as is generally supposed, your first and only teacher?"

"Certainly not; Strakosch, an Austrian born in a little Moravian town, came to New York as a pianist and married my elder sister Amalia, who at that time possessed a beautiful mezzo-soprano, which, unfortunately, she soon lost. He only taught me to sing Rosina in the 'Barber of Seville,' and afterwards, when I, a finished singer, travelled through Europe, he went through my parts with me. But let us return to those days of childhood in New York. A musical ear and the capacity and desire to sing were developed in me at an extraordinary early age, and, therefore, when I was but a little child, I was taught singing by my brother-in-law and piano playing by my sister Carlotta. Carlotta, whom you know, had been educated as a pianist. It was only discovered afterwards that she possessed a voice—one, too, which sang higher notes than mine and my success as a singer induced her to pursue the same career—only in the concert-room, of course, for she has been lame since she was a child. And thus we three sisters and a younger brother, Carlo Patti, who died recently, lived in New York with our parents, in perfect harmony and without any cares. When a little child I was passionately fond of music and the theatre. Whenever my mother sang I was at the opera; every melody, every gesture became firmly fixed on my mind. Then, after being brought home and put to bed, I would secretly get up and by the light of the little lamp enact, for my own satisfaction, all the scenes which I had witnessed at the theatre. A red-lined cloak of my father's and an old hat of my mother's served me as costume, and thus I acted, danced and chirped—barefooted, but with romantic drapery—through all the operas."

HUMOROUS.

THE Ottomans make a lively seat of war. VERY few brass bands in a military parade can play as many airs as the drum-major puts on.

YOUR best neighbour in the winter is the one who keeps the driest woodpile.

A MAN can sleep in church now without that everlastingly disarranging his Sunday costume of mind.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC, Works: 547 Craig St.

CHIEF JUSTICE MOSS.

At the time of his elevation to the Bench, two years ago, we published a biographical memoir of the new Chief Justice of Ontario, to which our readers are referred.

HOW THE EYES OF THE YOUNG ARE DAMAGED.—1. Too early use by school children of books, slates and writing-paper, or copy-books, when blackboards and models would be better. Type and script letters and figures and their primary combinations, at least, should never be taught from books, but from large and perfectly-formed models, printed on cards and hung on the wall. When the eye and the memory are sufficiently trained to early recognize and name each letter and figure at sight, and when some knowledge has been gained of the power of letters and figures in combination, then the same forms of books will be at once familiar as old acquaintances, and may be studied without straining the sight. To train the hand without straining the sight presents a greater practical difficulty. In the large schools, of course, all the children cannot go to the blackboard; but a considerable practice in drawing large lines and simple objects on good-sized slates, in a sort of free-hand style, should precede the formation of letters and figures, and when these are begun they should be made of generous size. A correct position, meanwhile, should be an imperative requirement; and, until it becomes habitual and easy, good work should be held to be of secondary importance. Hard slate-pencils and greasy slates should not be permitted; both should be subject to systematic inspection.

2. Ignorance or laxity on the part of parents and primary teachers in permitting faulty positions of the head, body and book during reading, study and writing, and in not seeking early to secure the intelligent co-operation of the pupil by simple and appropriate physiological instruction.

3. A prolonged and steady looking at an object or at objects near the eye, though at proper distance, without rest or frequent change of the visual focus, as in long and absorbed novel-reading, intense study, or persistent diligence in needlework.

4. The practice of reading or otherwise using the sight at too short range. This results in



HON. THOMAS MOSS, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF ONTARIO.

part from insufficient light; or from its faulty direction, so that the hand or body throws a shadow on the page; or so that the direct rays fall upon the eye, causing undue contraction of the pupil, while the page is in shadow. It results also from improperly graded desks, from small and poor type and inferior printing-ink, and from faulty color and quality of printing paper; also from pale writing-ink—pale when used—and from the substitution of the lead-pencil for the pen, especially in the evening.

5. A prone or forward position of the head too long maintained or frequently repeated, and becoming a habit. This results from reading or studying with the book in the lap and from the use of desks not graded to the height of the pupil. Dr. Howe reports pupils varying eighteen inches in height seated at the same grade of desks. The distance of the eye from the page should not be less than twelve nor more than eighteen inches. Having the desks set too far from the seats also induces this faulty position. The front of the desk should overlap the seat one or two inches.

Donders says: "In the hygiene of myopia the very first point is to guard against working in a stooping position." He favors high, sloping desks, and indicates "rectilinear drawing on a flat surface" as a class of work which is especially objectionable.

6. Since a vitiated atmosphere is a frequent feature of the school room, it may not be amiss to add here that the effect of bad air is indirectly to injure, if not to destroy, the sight.

7. Allowing a sun-glare on the page while reading; also transitions from cloud shadow to sunshine.

8. Reading and studying in railroad cars is known to be a fruitful source of injury.

9. But insufficient light, perhaps more than any other cause, produces disease of the eye and derangement of the vision. This is not confined to the schools. Sadly frequent as it is found to be there, it is believed to be yet oftener illustrated at home, both by daylight and in the evening, in preparation for the school and otherwise. Artificial illumination is faulty at best, but even in the most favored homes the elder group is apt to monopolize the shaded drop-light or student lamp, while the school boy with his text-books is found somewhere in the outer circle.



Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! we'll hold our faith and truth,
Trusting in the God above.
Stand, Canadians! firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain raised us to our rank
Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, &c.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and stalwart arm.
Stand, Canadians! &c.

O triune Kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girl Island of the free
O Empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands, are all with thee!
Stand, Canadians! proudly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

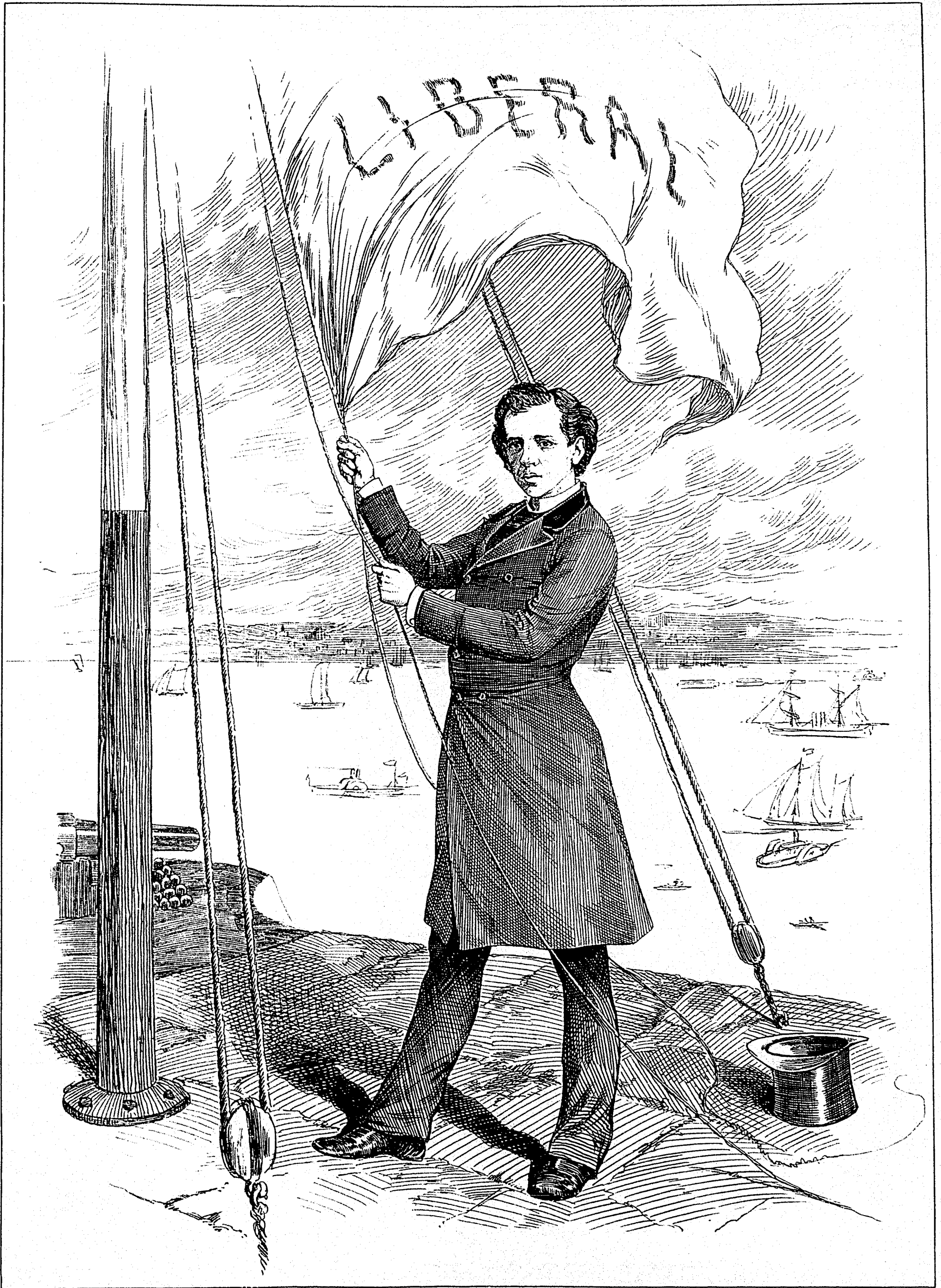
EMPIRE FIRST.

A song dedicated to all Canadians who are opposed to ANNEXATION and premature INDEPENDENCE.

Words by the Editor *Canadian Illustrated News*.

Arranged by MISS ANNIE McLEOD, Aylmer, Q.

Air suggested by "BRITANNICUS."



“ELEVATING THE STANDARD.”

“I have raised the Liberal flag on the old citadel of Quebec, and I mean to keep it there.”—Hon. M. LAURIER at the Montreal banquet.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

"Since Leonard went away," he said, "which is five years to-day, as long a cruise as ever I made in the old days, I've been drawn towards this parable till I know it by heart. I've thought at times—What if Leonard were to come back like that young man, with five years' neglect of duty upon his mind? How should we have to receive him? And here I find the directions laid down plain. Lord! Lord! how plain a man's course is marked out for him, with lighthouses along the coast, and the mariner's compass, and the stars to steer by at night—if only he would use his eyes. Well, Mrs. Jeram, unam, and Celia, and Laddy, it was clear what we all had to do. And though a dreadful thought crossed my mind when you came home without him, and beat about the bush, talking of failure and such things, which I now perceive to have been only the remains of the devilment that always hung about the lad, I went out into the passage bold, and prepared, I hope, to act according to open orders. Somehow, we generally think, when we read this Divine parable, of the young man. To-night, all through supper, I've been thinking about his father, and I have been a pitying that father. What if his boy who had been away from home for five years or thereabouts, came home to him, not as he did, in rags and disgrace, but proud and tall, bringing his sheaves with him, my dear—bringing his sheaves with him? Think of that: for I am so glad, Leonard, I am so glad and happy."

We were all silent while the good old man cleared his throat and wiped his eyes. Celia leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept unrestrainedly.

"Then-for I say," continued the Captain, "the Lord be thanked for all His mercies, and if Laddy will play the Hundredth Psalm, and Celia will sing it with him, I think it would do good, both to Mrs. Jeram and to me."

"Thank you, my children," he said, when we had finished, that we've got the decks cleared of all superfluous gear and are ship-shape, and have had supper, and drunk the champagne, and thanked God, I will light my pipe, and Celia shall mix me the customary—double ration to-night, my pretty—and you shall give us the log."

"Shall I begin at the end, sir, or at the beginning?" asked Leonard.

"The end," said Celia.

"The beginning," said the Captain, both in a breath.

"What do you say, Mrs. Jeram?" Leonard asked the old lady.

She said, crossing her hands before her, that beginning or end, it would be all the same to her: that she was quite satisfied to see him back again, and the beautifullest boy he was that God ever made—dash o' lightning about the place just as he always had a done; and she was contented, so long as she was well and happy, to wait for that story for ever, so as she could only look at him.

"What do you say, Laddy?"

"Ask the Captain," I said. "He commands this ship, but Celia is our passenger."

"Good," said the Captain. "My dear, the ship's in luck to get such a lovely passenger as you. And you shall command the ship instead of me, so long as you don't run her ashore. Now then, Leonard, the end of the log first."

"First," said Leonard, "by way of preface to my log—you remember this?"

He drew a black ribbon from his neck with a gold ring upon it.

"A good beginning, my lad—your mother's ring."

"You remember what you said to me when you gave it to me? That it was an emblem of honour and purity among women, and that I was to wear it only so long as I could deserve it?"

"Ay—ay. This is a very good beginning of the end, Celia, my love. Go on, Leonard."

"I believe I have not forfeited the right to wear it still, sir."

"I never thought you would," said the Captain, with decision.

"Go on, my lad,—keep on paying-out the line."

"Then the end is," he said, modestly, "that I bear Her Majesty's Commission, and am a Captain in the Hundred and Twentieth. We disembarked from India a week ago, and are now lying in the Old Kent Barracks in this town. Here, sir, are my medals—Alma, Inkermann, Sebastopol, and India. I have seen service since I left you, and I have gone through all the fighting without a wound or a day's illness."

"You are a combatant officer in Her Majesty's service like myself?" cried the Captain springing to his feet.

"I am Captain Copleston, raised from the ranks by singular good fortune; and five years ago a raw recruit sitting on a wooden bench at Westminster, with all my work ahead."

"Like me, he had seen service; like me, he holds Her Majesty's Commission; like me, he can show his medals." He spread out his hands solemnly. "Children, children"—he spoke to

Celia and to me—"did we ever date to think of this?"

CHAPTER XXX.

Then Leonard began his story. The room was lit by the single pair of candles standing on each side of the model of the *Atina* on the mantelshelf. The Captain sat with his pipe in his wooden chair, his honest red face glowing with satisfaction, and beside him Celia leaning on his shoulder and listening with rapt eyes. It was Dido listening to *Eneas*. "With varied talk did Dido prolong the night, deep were the draughts of love she drank. 'Come,' said she, 'my guest, and tell us from the first beginning the stratagems of the enemy and the hap of our country then, and your own wanderings, for this is now the fifth summer that carries you a wanderer o'er every land and sea.'" As Dido wept to hear, so did Celia sigh and sob and catch her breath as Leonard told his story. No Gaseon, he; but there are stories in which the hero, he is as modest as a wood nymph, needs must proclaim his heroism. And a hero at four-and-twenty is ten times as interesting as a hero of sixty.

O, talk not to me of a name great in story:
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

And what is it when the myrtle and ivy of two-and-twenty have real laurels mixed up with them?

A philosopher so great that people grovel before his name, in a work on the Subjection of Women, makes the astounding statement that the influence of woman has always been in the direction of peace and the avoidance of war. Pity he had not read history by the light of poetry. Was there ever, one asks in astonishment, a time when women did not love courage and strength? It was not only in the days of chivalry that young knights fought before the eyes of their mistresses—

Since doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed
And strong his arm and fast his seat
That bears true me the need.

How could it be otherwise? We love the qualities which most we lack. If women ceased to be gentle, tender, soft—what we call womanly—we should leave off falling in love. That is most certain. Who ever fell in love with one of the unsexed women? And I suppose if men ceased to be strong and courageous, women would leave off accepting and rejoicing in their love. Dido drank deep draughts of love listening to the tale of *Eneas*, which was, as Scarron many years afterwards remarked, extremely long and rather dull. So sat Celia listening to a much more wonderful story of a battle and endurance. Or, I thought, she was more like the gentle maid of Venice than the proud Phœnician queen. With such sweetness did Desdemona listen when the valiant Moor told of the dangers he had passed. Did she, as John Stuart Mill would have us believe, incline him to ways of peace? Quite the contrary; this sweet and gentle Desdemona wished "that Heaven had made her such a man," and when her lord must go to slay the Turk she would fain go with him. My gentle Celia wept over the brave soldiers who went forth to fight, and again over those who were brought home to die; but her heart, womanlike, was ready to open out to the most valiant.

"I went up to town," he began, "with my ten pounds, as you all know. When I arrived at Waterloo Station I discovered for the first time that I had formed no plans how to begin. The problem before me was the old difficulty, how a man with a reasonably good education and no friends had best start so as to become a gentleman. I faced that problem for a fortnight, trying to find a practical solution. I might become a clerk—and end there; a mechanical copying clerk in a City office?"

"Fudge!" said the Captain.

"Or an usher in a school—and end there."

"Fudge!" said the Captain.

"Or a strolling actor, and trust to chance to make a name for myself."

"Pshaw!" said the Captain.

"There were men, I knew, who made money writing for the papers. I thought I might write too, and I found out where they mostly resorted, and tried to talk to them. But that profession I very soon discovered wanted other qualities than I possessed. Laddy might have taken to writing; but it was not my gift."

"Right," said the Captain. "Laddy, you remember the story of my old messmate who once wrote a novel. 'Twas his ruin, poor fellow. Never lifted his head afterwards.—Go on, Leonard."

"All the time I was looking about me the money, of course, was melting fast. I might have made it last longer, I dare say; but I was ignorant, and got cheated. One morning I awoke to the consciousness that there was nothing left at all except the purse. Well, sir, I declare that I was relieved. The problem was solved, because I knew then that the only line possible for me was to enlist. I went down to

Westminster and took the shilling. Of course I was too proud to enlist under any but my own name. Going a soldiering is no disgrace."

"Right," said the Captain.

"Well," he went on, "it is no use pretending I was happy at first, because the life was hard and the companionship was rough. But the drill came easy to me who had seen so many drills upon the Common, and after a bit I found myself as good a soldier as any of them. One tumbled a little under the rules and the discipline; that was natural at first. There seemed too much pipeclay and too little personal ease. One or two of the sergeants were unfair on the men too, and bore little spite. Some of the officers were martinet; I offended one because I refused to become a servant."

"You a servant, Leonard?" cried Celia.

He laughed.

"The officers like a smart lad; but it was not to be a valet that I enlisted, and I refused, as a good many others refused. Our lads were mostly sturdy Lancashire boys, proud of being soldiers, but had not enlisted to black other men's boots. It makes me angry now—which is absurd—to think that I should have been asked to become a lackey. Well, it was a hard life, that in the ranks. Not the discipline, nor the work, nor the drill,—though these were hard enough. It was the roughness of the men. There were one or two gentlemen among us—one fellow who had been an officer in the Rifles—but they were a hopeless lot, who kept up as best they could the vices which had ruined them. They were worse than any of the rough rollicking countryside lads. I can't say I had much room for hope in those days, Celia."

She reddened, but said nothing. I remembered, suddenly, what he might mean.

"Things looked about as black for a few months as they well could. Rough work, rough food, rough campaigning. I thought of Cole-ridge and his adventures as a private, but he turned back while I—for there was nothing else to do—resolved to keep on. And then bit by bit, one got to like it. For one thing, I could do all sorts of things better than most men—my training with the Poles came in there. It was found that I could fence; it got about that I played cricket, and I was put in the eleven—to play in the matches of the regiment, officers and men together; once, when we had a little row with each other, it was found that I could handle my fists, which always gains a man respect. And then they came to call me Gentleman Jack; and, as I heard afterwards, the officers got to know it, and the Colonel kept his eye upon me. Of course one may wear the soldier's jacket very well without falling into any of the pits which are temptations to these poor fellows, so that it was easy enough getting the good conduct stripe and to be even made corporal. The first proud day, however, was that when I was made a sergeant, with as good a knowledge of my work, I believe, as any sergeant in the Line."

Mrs. Jeram shook her head. "More," she said, "much more."

"A sergeant," said Leonard. "It sounds so little now, but to me, then, it seemed so much. The first real step upwards out of the ruck. The old dream that I should return triumphant somehow was gone long since, or it was a dream that had no longer any faith belonging to it. And I began to say to myself that to win my way after two years to a sergeant's stripes was perhaps as much honour as Providence intended for me."

The Captain murmured something about mysterious ways. Then he patted Celia's head tenderly, and begged Leonard to keep on his course.

"Well," said Leonard, "you have heard how the great luck began. It was just before the Crimean War that I got the stripes. We were among the first regiments ordered. How well I remember embarking at this very place, half afraid and half hoping, to see you all, but I did not."

"We were there, Leonard," said Celia, "when the first troops embarked. I think I remember them all going."

"It is a solemn thing," Leonard went on, "going off to war. It is not only that your life is to be hazardous—every man hazards his life at all sorts of ways as much as on a battlefield—but you feel that you are going to help in adding another chapter to the history of the world."

"Ay," said the Captain. "History means war."

"Let us pass over the first two or three months. We went to Varua, where we lost many men needlessly by cholera, waiting till the Generals could make up their minds. I suppose they could not avoid the delay, but it was a bad thing for the rank and file, and we were all right glad when the orders came to embark for the Crimea. We were amongst the earliest to land, and my first experience of fighting was at Alma. One gets used to the bullets after a bit; but the first time—you know, Captain—"

The Captain nodded.

"After Alma we might, as we knew very well, have pushed straight on to Sebastopol. I doubt whether that would have finished the war, which had to be fought out somewhere. Russia had to learn that an immense army is not by itself proof of immense power. And so it was just as well, I believe, that we moved as we did."

"You know all about the battles—the Alma, Inkermann, Balaklava, and the rest. Our fellows went through most of the fighting, and, of course, I with the rest. The hardest day was Inkermann. We had just come in at daybreak from the trenches, where we had been on duty for four-and-twenty hours, when we were turned out to fight in the fog and rain. We fought in

our great coats—well—all that is history. But the days of battle were red-letter days for all of us, and what tried us most was inaction, and the dreary waiting work in the trenches. And yet it was that work which got me my commission."

"You know what it was we had to do. Before the Redan and the Malakoff were our batteries, the French attack on the Mamelon and the Malakoff was on our right. Separating our right from our left attack was the valley which they called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, along which they carried the wounded, and where the Russian shells, which went over the Twenty-one Gun Battery fell and rolled till the place was literally paved with shells. It was a dangerous way by which to carry wounded men, and at night the troops went down by the Woronzow Road. It was easy work comparatively in the battery; you could see the shells flying over, and long before they fell you had plenty of time to dodge behind the next traverse; after a while, too, a man got to know exactly if a cannon shot was making in his direction; sometimes the bombardment went on for days on both sides without any apparent result. There was the Naval Brigade—you would have liked to see them, Captain, in the Twenty-one Gun Battery under Captain Keel, the coolest officer in the whole Navy—they were handier with the guns, and a great deal readier than our men."

"In front of the battery were the trenches, and in advance of the trenches were the rifle pits. You could see before the venomous little Russian pits out of which so many brave fellows were killed, dotted about with sandbags, and where the Russians, by watching our men working from parallel to parallel, and in the zigzags. There was one rifle pit, in particular—I shall come to it directly—which gave us more annoyance than any other, on account of its position. It was close to the Quarries. The fire from it interfered with the approach of our trenches, and we had lost our men in numbers in the advanced sap at this point. It was for the moment the *belo-voise* of our engineer officers. Of course you have read in the papers what sort of work we have had in the trenches. On a quiet night, when the batteries were silent and the weather fair, it was pleasant enough. We sat round a fire smoking, telling yarns, or even sleeping, but always with the guns in readiness. In wet and bad weather it was a different thing, however. Remember that we only had ammunition boots, made by contract, which gave out after a week. The mud got trodden about deeper and deeper, till it was pretty well up to the knees; and when snow fell on top of it, and rain on top of that, and all became a wet pool of thick brown mud, it was about as lively work as wading up and down the harbour at low tide, even if you did happen to have a 'rabbit,' that is, one of the coats lined with white fur. And if it was a hot night you had the pleasure of listening to the cannonade, and could see nothing on the Russian side but the continuous flash of the guns. And there was always the excitement of a possible sortie."

"We went out for night work in the trenches with heavy hearts, I can tell you, and many a man wished it were day again, and he was back in safety. We grew every day more badly off, too. Not only did the boots give out, but the great coats dropped to pieces, and the commissariat fell short. You have heard all that story. Lack of the Naval Brigade did not mind so much as regards the great coats, because he could patch and mend. He used to sell his slops for brandy, and cobble his old garments with the brown canvass of the sandbags. But the red coats were not so handy—I have often thought it a great pity that our fellows don't imitate the sailors, and learn how to do things for themselves—we suffered terribly. That you know, too; and any national conceitedness about the pluck of our fellows in fighting so well under such conditions has to be pulled up by the thought that what we did the French and Russians did, too. After all, there is no such thing as one nation being braver than another."

"Our sailors were stronger than the French," said the Captain. "When it came to pounding with the big guns, they held out longer."

"Let me come to my piece of great good fortune," Leonard went on, "or I shall be talking all night. I have told you of the rifle-pit by the Quarries which caused us such a lot of trouble. Now I am going to tell you how I took it. It was an afternoon in April, 1855. We were in the trenches; there had been joking with a lot of 'griffs,' young recruits just out from England; the men used to show them the immense wooden spoons with which the Russian soldiers ate their coarse black bread soaked in water, and declare, to Johnny Raw's terror, that the Russians had mouths to correspond. At that time the fighting between rifle-pits was the great feature of the siege, and to take a rifle-pit was one of the most deadly things possible, as it was also the most important. The 'griffs' went down to the most advanced trench; some of them had never been under fire before, and they were naturally nervous. Just after grog time—their grog had been taken down to them—a heavy firing began, and one of those curious panics which sometimes seize some veteran soldiers attacked these boys, and they bolted; left the trench and skulked back along the zigzag, declaring that the enemy was out in force. That was nonsense, and I was ordered down with a dozen men to take their place. My fellows, I remember, chuckled at finding the grog still there, and made short work of it."

"We had not been in the trench very long before a sortie in force actually took place. We were in front of the Redan; before us, under the

Redan stood the pit of which I have told you; on the right was the Malakoff. Suddenly a cannonade *d'enfer* began from the Mamelon and the Malakoff, and we began to suspect something was going to happen; and then, between the two forts, we saw the advance of the great Russian sortie. To our great joy, they turned to the left, in the direction of the French. While we looked a thought came into my head—an inspiration. I reflected that the holders of the enemy's rifle-pit would very likely be watching their own sortie, and that now was the moment to make an attempt. I took half-a-dozen of our men; we crept out of cover, and then without a word, rushed across the ground between. It was as I thought; the Russians never saw us coming; they were watching their own friends, and we were on them—a dozen of men—before they knew what had happened. It was hand-to-hand fighting, but we were the assailants. You know, Captain, it is always better to be in the attacking force. I cannot give you the details; but in less time than it takes me to tell the story, the Russians were *hors de combat* and the rifle-pit was ours. Then came the turning of the position. You understand, Celia, that the rifle-pit was a little advanced kind of redoubt, consisting of perhaps a dozen gabions filled with earth and topped with sand-bags enough to shelter two or three dozen men. These were of course all placed in front, towards the enemy. We had to reverse the position, and place them towards the Redan. By this time we were observed, and shots began to fly about. That was the most dangerous moment of my life. We worked steadily and swiftly, turned up the gabions, lugging the sand-bags round, getting such protection as we could while we worked. I do not know how long it lasted, but by the time we had finished there was left only myself and one other, and he was wounded in the right wrist. But the rifle-pit was ours, and our men in the trench behind were cheering like mad-men."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Leonard stopped for a moment. The Captain's eyes were kindling with the light of battle, Celia's with the light of admiration.

"It did not take long to do. It takes no time to tell. The whole thing was a happy accident; but it was the one fortunate moment of my life. Our men, watching from the trenches, cheered again; a rush was made, and that rifle-pit never went back to the Russians."

"They ought to have given you the Victoria Cross, Leonard," I cried.

"No, no," he replied, "that was given for braver actions than mine. Captain Bouchier got it for taking the 'Ovens,' a rifle-pit which could hold a couple of hundred; such gallant fellows as Private Beckle, of the 41st, who stood over the body of his wounded Colonel against a dozen of the enemy—these are the things that make a man V.C. As for me, I was more than rewarded, as you shall hear."

"When we came off trench duty, and were marched to our own quarters, I was sent for by the Colonel. You may judge what I felt when he told me, after speaking of the affair in the kindest manner, that he should take care it was properly reported. He was better than his word, because the next day he ordered me to attend in the morning at Lord Raglan's headquarters. I went up in trembling, but I had no occasion to fear. All the Generals were there, for a Council was to be held that day. General Burgoyne, when I was called in, very kindly explained to the Chief the importance of this rifle-pit, and how its occupation by our men would facilitate matters in our advanced approaches towards the Redan, and then he told Marshal Pelissier and Omar Pasha in French, and in the handsomest terms, what I had done. Lord Raglan spoke a few words to my Colonel, and then he said, in his quiet, steady way, what I shall never forget."

"Sergeant Coplestone, you have done a gallant action, and I hear a good report of you. I shall recommend you to the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief for promotion. I am sure you will not disgrace Her Majesty's Commission."

"I could not speak—indeed, it was not for me to speak. I saluted, and retired. Those words of the gallant old chief—and that scene—I can never forget."

"Tell us," said Celia, "what he was like, Lord Raglan?"

"He was a grand old man," said Leonard, "with a grave face, squarely cut about the chin, overhanging brows, deep-set eyes, and wavy white hair, gone off at the temples, his nose was aquiline, and the expression of his face was one of great beauty. Every one trusted him, the French and Turks as much as the English. He had lost one arm in the Peninsular War thirty years before, and he was sixty-nine years of age. He was never so happy, his staff used to say, as when he was under fire, and yet he was careful of his soldiers' lives. What killed him was disappointment at his failure of the 18th June. He wanted to wipe out the memory of Waterloo from the minds of French and English by a victory as brilliantly attained by both armies side by side on the anniversary of that battle. It was a muddle and a mess. What was to be the grand success of the campaign proved the most serious reverse that the allied armies experienced in the Crimea. Out of five general-officers commanding columns, four were killed or mortally wounded, and out of one small force fifteen hundred gallant fellows were killed in that terrible day. Death was very busy with us just then. General Estcourt, Adjutant-General, a splendid man, and worthy companion in arms with Lord Raglan, died a week later. Captain Lyons, the

son of Sir Edmund, died about the same day; on Thursday, the 25th, the Chief himself expired; and Colonel Vico, the French *Aide-de-Camp*, attached to the English Headquarters, died also after this event, showing the depressing influence of even a temporary defeat on the best of men. Even one of the interpreters sickened and sunk. It was a sort of murrain among those at headquarters."

"Well," Leonard went on after a pause, "that is all newspaper news. What the papers could not tell you was the grief of both armies and the profound sensation caused by Lord Raglan's death. There may have been better generals in the history of England's wars, but there never was one more loved and trusted. His life was perfectly simple, his headquarters contained nothing but camp furniture, a table on trestles, a red tablecloth, camp chairs, and no carpets; he was up at all hours, and he was without fear."

"Of the other generals, I think Pelissier was the best. He was a little dumpy man, with a thick neck, and he was a little too fond of hurling his men at the enemy, but he did fight, and fought well. They made him Duke of Malakoff afterwards, which is as if we were to make a man Duke of Jones."

"Why?"

"Because the Malakoff was named after a man who had once kept a tavern on the spot. Malakoff was a purser in the Russian Navy, and being kicked out of the service for drinking, swindling, and smuggling—this last he did in smuggling ship's stores—came ashore and started a drink shop outside Sebastopol, where he could combine profit with the pursuit of his favourite occupation. And as his drink was cheaper than could be got anywhere else, for he had the advantage of his old smuggling experiences in the laying in of his stores, the place became a favourite resort of the Russian sailors when they came ashore to get drunk. After a while the stony hill, with Malakoff's shebeen upon it, became Malakoff's Redoubt. Sturdy Pelissier, however, did not look much like a Duke, as we picture dukes. When Soyer the cook came out, he was so like the General that we used to ask which was the cook and which was the General. Only Soyer wore more gold lace, and distinguished himself that way."

"My commission came out before the death of Lord Raglan. You may fancy what a trial it was to me, on that day, not to be able to write home, and tell you all about it. I did not write, however; I wrote a full history of all I had done, with a note inside, that was to be sent to you, Captain, in case I fell. My brother officers gave me a hearty welcome, and we had a big dinner—as big as the materials at our disposal allowed, the day I joined—so to speak. I have been to many a better feast since, but none at which I was so entirely happy. I remember that the things to eat were scanty, as often happened in the year 1855—but I was eating what there was among gentlemen, with Her Majesty's commission in my pocket. We had no candle-sticks fit to show on a mess table, but a dozen bayonets, with candles in them, stuck in the table, made a brilliant illumination."

Leonard paused again.

"The dinner was the last that some of us were to take together. On the 18th of June came our Repulse at the Redan, when we lost half-a-dozen from our mess."

"As soon as quiet days came I took an opportunity of telling the Colonel my little history—how I was ignorant of my parentage, how I was a gutter child, wandering about the streets, living on the charity of a kind and good woman, herself poor, and how the Captain picked me up, educated me—and allowed me to go out into the world to seek my fortune; how I was to get home after five years, if I could, to report myself, and how my dream had been to go home, somehow, as a gentleman."

"Always the best of old Captains," said Celia, patting the old man's cheek.

"Nonsense, my dear," said the Captain. "Best of boys, you mean. Go on, Leonard."

"The Colonel will call on you to-morrow, sir. You will remember that he has been my constant and most steady friend and adviser throughout."

"Ay—ay," said the Captain. "I shall find something to say to him. Go on."

"Of all the fifty fellows that made up our mess when I got the colours there are not a dozen left now. The winters, the trench work, the night-work, and its after effects, killed those whom the Russian bullets spared. They fell around me, and I passed through it unharmed; we were in almost everything, and I think every man in the regiment did his duty, sir, as well as any of your old sea captains."

"I doubt it not," said the Captain, "we belong to a fighting people."

"And so we finished that war and came home again. I was a Lieutenant, when we landed at this very port and marched up the street, colours flying, amid the cheers of the people. I looked out for you again, sir, and for you, Celia and Laddy, but could not see any of you in the crowd. It was very hard not to call and tell you of my fortune, harder still not to ask for news of you, but only three years of the five were passed, and I had my promise to keep. We went to Chobham, and from there, after six months' rest, were ordered out to India."

"We will talk about the Mutiny another time. I got my company, as I had got my step, six months later, by death vacancies. The same good fortune followed me in India as in the Crimea. The sun did not strike me as it struck some of ours. I caught no fever or cholera which killed some, and I got through the fighting without a scratch; and the only thing that

troubled me towards the end was the fear that I might not get home in time. We had a long and tedious passage, but we arrived at last, and I have kept my promise and my appointment, Celia."

After the first surprise the Captain took the stories of the fighting with unconcern. In the matter of battles he was a fatalist, like all men who have been in action. Every bullet has its billet; there is a time for every man; skulkers always get the worst of it—these were the simple axioms of his nautical creed. That Leonard should have gained a commission was to him so surprising an event as to swallow up all minor things. That he should have borne himself bravely was only what he expected, and that he should have been spared to return was the special act of Providence in return for many prayers for which he had given thanks already.

But to Celia—

"Twas passing strange
Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."

Leonard was no longer her old friend, her playmate, the boy to whom she had looked as a girl for protection, help, and guidance; he was now a man who had looked in the face of Death and quailed not. For the first time she talked with one who had fought in the way which had, so to speak, surrounded her later years.

She took the medals again, when Leonard completed his tale, and kissed them reverently with glittering eyes before she gave them back to him.

"Leonard," she said, "when Laddy and I used to wonder where you were, and what you were doing, we never thought of this."

"And when we worked ourselves up into rages about the poor army starving in the cold of the Crimea, Cis," I said, "we never thought that Leonard was among them."

"We were all blind bats," said the Captain, "not to guess where he would go and what he would become. The only true profession for a gentleman is the profession of arms. There's no opening for volunteers in the navy, as there used to be, more's the pity. Cloudesley Shovel got on in that way, and in the good old times, Leonard, you might have risen to be a First Lieutenant by this."

"Are you not satisfied, sir?" asked Leonard, with a smile.

"Satisfied, my boy! Celia, my dear, tell him for me what we think."

Celia blushed very prettily.

"We are so proud and happy, Leonard," she said, "that we hardly know what we are saying. In all our talks about you we never hoped that you would be able to tell such a tale as this."

"Never," I repeated.

"We knew, did we not Captain, that Leonard would bear himself bravely?"

"Ay, ay," said the Captain, laying his hand on Leonard's shoulder, "that we knew all along. We know sneaks and skulkers when we see them. Malingers carry the truth in their faces, and by the same rule we know whom we can trust. Leonard and Laddy belong to them."

It was very good of the old fellow to say a word for me. Not that I wanted it, but it showed that he was anxious that I should not feel left out in the cold.

"Go on, Celia, my pretty," said the Captain: "is there any more to say?"

"No, sir," Celia replied. "Only—only—"

And here her voice broke down, and her eyes filled with tears. "Only to thank God, Leonard, again and again, and all our lives, for keeping you safe through all these dangers, and for bringing you back to the Captain and to Laddy—and to Mrs. Jeram—and to me."

"Amen," said the Captain, "that's very well put, Celia, my dear, and if you were to stay here altogether and I wish you would—I should promote you to be chaplain. And now, Mrs. Jeram, you and I had better go off to bed, and leave these young people to talk as long as they will. It's past twelve o'clock, ma'am. Kiss me, pretty. Laddy, we've got something to talk about now, you and I, in winter evenings. Leonard, my son, good night." He rested his hand on Leonard's head. "I am so glad, my lad; I am so glad."

They went away, and we three were left alone. It was a night of full moon, without a cloud in the sky. We took our chairs into the garden and sat, under the old mulberry tree, facing the mill-dam lake, and talked.

We talked all the brief night, while the bright moon hid the stars, and we could only faintly distinguish Charles' Wain slowly moving round the Polar light, until the moon herself was paled by the grey of the early morning, and even long after the sun had lifted his head above the sky, and was pouring upon the sheet of water, making the little island redoubt upon it stand out clear cut against the sky, with a foreground of deep black shade.

What had we to talk about? Our hearts burned within us, even like those of the disciples at Emmaus. We three who had grown up together and loved each other,—we were met again, and all in early man and womanhood, and we loved each other still. I, with my jealous eye, watched Celia, and could see the sweet shy look that told me what, indeed, I knew before, how only a word was wanted to flash a spark into a flame, how but a touch was needed before a maiden would yield. I saw, too, Leonard's eyes stealing every moment to rest upon her sweet face. It was with a natural pang that I saw this. Nobody knew, better than I, that Celia could be nothing to me but my dear sister, my true and most trusted friend. I had battled with my passion, and it was dead. Now, I was ashamed of it. Who but Leonard was worthy of that sweet

girl? She had no fault, nor has she any still, in my eyes. She is altogether incomparable. And who but Leonard, our hero, our Perseus, was fit to claim her for his own, love her, marry her, and keep her safe in his arms? Did I, sometimes, have thoughts, angry thoughts, of what might have been? Perhaps, we are but human; but on the whole I had learned by that time to look on Celia as my sister.

From time to time Leonard asked us about ourselves. We fenced with his question. It was not the season to parade Celia's troubles, or mine. We were there to listen to his story, to be gladdened by his successes. What good to be talking of ourselves when every moment seemed sacred to his welcome home! The broad daylight found us still talking. Celia's eyes were brighter, her cheek a little paler. Leonard was handsomer, I think, by day than he had seemed by the light of our modest pair of candles. I went to the larder, and found there a whole chicken, with the Captain's second bottle of champagne, and we had a late supper, or an early breakfast, at four, with no one to look at us but the sparrows, who peeped over the housetops and chirped to each other that there would be a most unusual and festive chance in the way of crumbs as soon as the foolish humans should go to bed.

We should have sat till breakfast time, but that Leonard looked at his watch and sprung to his feet.

"Cis," he cried, quite in his old tones, "do you know what time it is? Half-past five. You must go to bed, if only for a couple of hours. Good-night—till nine o'clock." He held her hand in his. "And—and—look in your glass when you go to your room—and think if I could have expected our little Cis to grow into—what you see there."

She shook her head, but did not answer, only holding out her hand timidly. But she was not displeased.

Then she ran away and left us.

"Laddy, old boy," said Leonard, "one doesn't come home to be made much of every day. I can't sleep if I go to bed. What are we to do?"

"Let us go out to the Castle and bathe, and be back by eight when the Captain gets up."

"We will, Laddy. How splendid the dear old Captain is looking! Is there anything like him in the world, I wonder? And Celia—"

Here he stopped. "You remember what I told you, Laddy, when I went away? Well, I have never forgotten it, and I mean it more than ever."

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER BOX.

L

EMPIRE FIRST SET TO MUSIC.

DEAR SIR.—I was so struck at heart, by your soul-stirring "Empire First" that the following air for it suggested itself to me. I cannot say it is entirely original, yet I cannot say that I ever did hear it. If ever it was suggested to me, it must have been in connection with Cooper's "Hondioen." Be that as it may, there is an air adaptable to the measure, and, methinks, to the spirit of the thing, though, I fear, scarce, in its compass, within the reach of most singers. It is within mine, and yet I am no singer above the common. However, the strain being in the chorus a division of voices would easily meet the difficulty.

Such as it is—a fleeting breath, heart-blown—there it is—for column or basket. *C'est à vous à dire*. I have not had time to get an accompaniment, but if the thing should take, the accompaniment, suitable, shall be forthcoming.

BRITANNICUS.

Aymer, Dec. 1.

II.

OUR CLIMATE AND THE POLAR CURRENT.

SIR.—In your editorial last week you reserved further remarks on the theory that the Polar current, coming up the St. Lawrence through the Straits of Belle Isle, is the main cause of the earlier and milder winters around Quebec. The author of this theory answers all objections to his view. He says: "It is argued that the cold winds from Hudson's Bay are in themselves almost sufficient to account for the low temperature of Quebec, but those who argue so forget that the British Islands are quite as near the ice fields of Norway as Quebec is to Hudson's Bay, and that no such temperature prevails there as in Lower Canada. The truth is that it is the temperature of the water which is the most powerful agent in forming a climate, and not so much the atmosphere. The coldness of the climate is also attributed to latitude, but it that went for anything, the British Isles should almost be a second North Pole for cold, as the southernmost point of England is in a much higher latitude than either Quebec or Anticosti. All these facts, we venture to say, point to the conclusion that our theory is the correct one, and that Dr. Fortin's arguments, instead of demolishing, only go to confirm it. He has not, in the least, more-over, controverted the statement that wherever the influences of the Polar Stream are not felt, or are negatively by those of the Gulf Stream, their fertility abounds, as in Prince Edward Island, along the south side of the St. Lawrence, and on the west coast of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia; whilst wherever the North Sea wash the shores nothing but rocky ground and barrenness abound. A glance at the map shows that were the Straits blocked up, this Polar current would pursue its south-easterly course until it was lost in the mighty Atlantic, leaving not only Labrador and Quebec territory to fructify unmolested by its withering colds, but mayhap the north-east shores of Newfoundland as well."

Strength for the Debilitated!

PHOSFOZONE.

The Great Remedy for

INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS OF THE LIMBS, TORPOR OF THE LIVER.

The history of this preparation is simply a record of uninterrupted success, and probably no proprietary article was ever recommended to the public of any country by such a large number of Physicians who have endorsed, in the most unreserved and unqualified manner, this celebrated medicine. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.

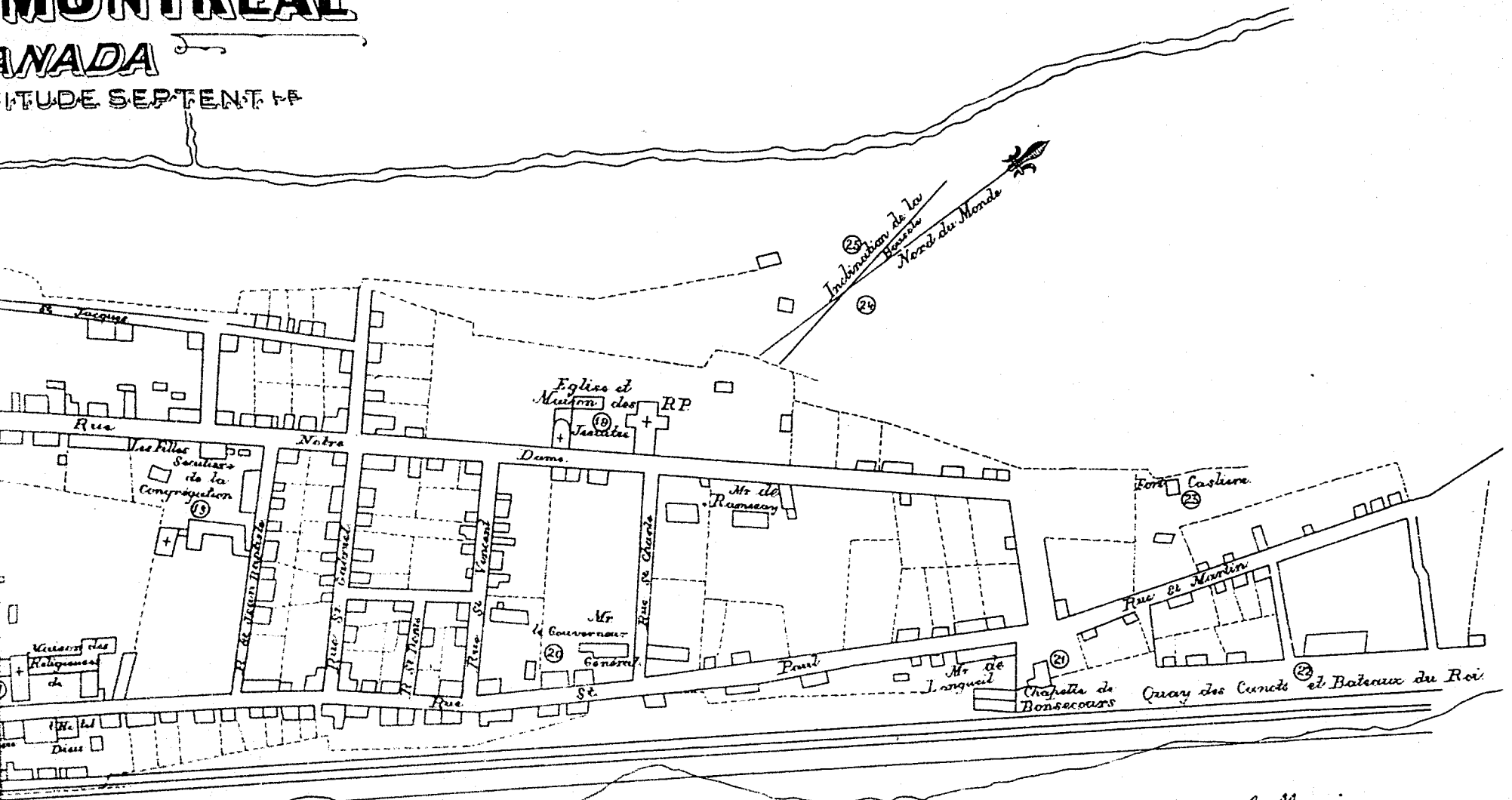
MONTREAL

25.

DE LA MONTREAL

CANADA

ITUDE SEPTENT



A Monsieur,

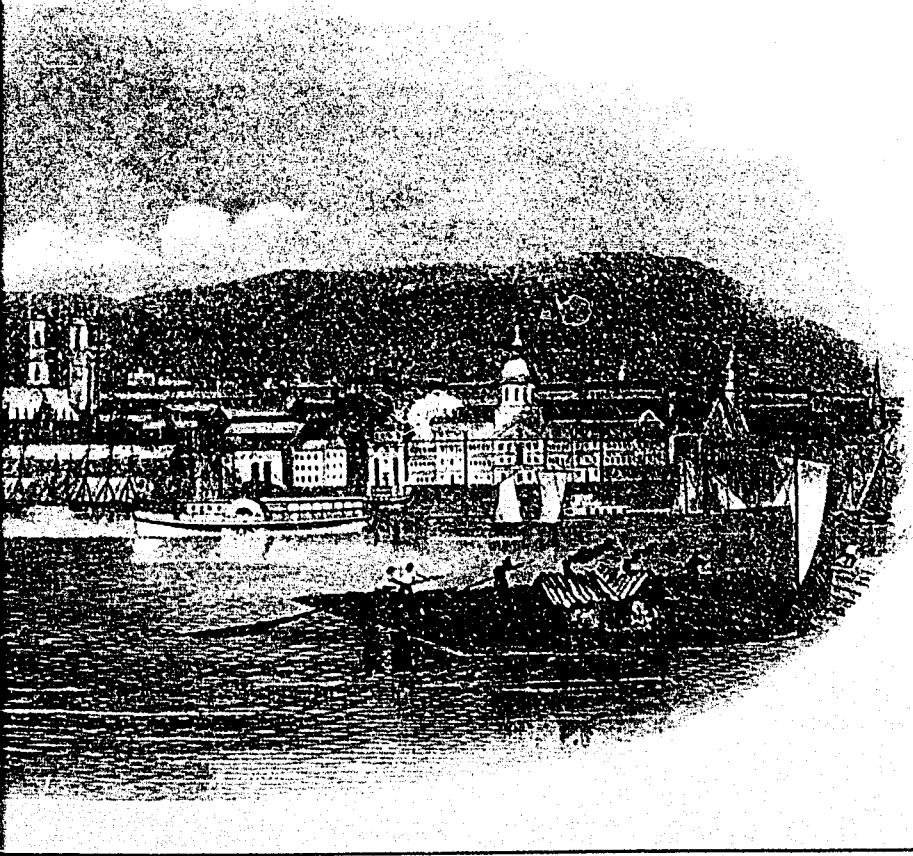
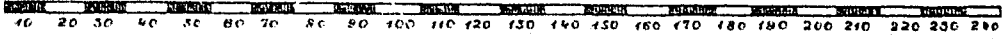
Mr de CATALONNE Ingenieur du ROI tres Chrestien
 Ce Plan est votre Ouvrage Monsiennr Vous aurez pour agre-
 able de voir Pilon a bien Puiri Votre Intention je suis
 tres parfaitement Monsiennr Votre tres humble et Obeissant
 Serviteur,

Moullart Sanson,

G. o. d. R. avec Priv

Rue Froimanteau Vis a Vis le Vieux Louvre 1723.

Echelle de deux Cent quarante Toises
 Scale of two hundred and forty Toises



DECEMBER.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

The year's last born—in snowy diadem—
"GOOD-WILL TO MEN" upon his banner borne,—
Those bliss'd ethereal words which burst that morn'
From hosts angelic o'er Bethlehem.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

"Let us see how much of that article we are refusing just now," said Dane dryly, taking a still more easy position and turning over the notes in his hand. "No. 1, Mrs. Schornstein's reception. I can see that from here. Crowds, gaslights, twelve inches standing room for one's body, one's mind in the condition of Noah's dove when the waters were upon the earth!—Mrs. Levey—German." As I do not dance, and as you do not, what should we do, duchess?—Mrs. Post; that will be repetition of Mrs. Levey's, only the rooms will be dressed with flowers; but we can see flowers any day in a greenhouse and by daylight, and without the necessity of waiting up to them.—Brampton Foulard. Ah, that is a variety! Science and literature trying to play puss in the corner, while fashions sweep over the floor and catches their feet in her train. I know Mrs. Brampton's receptions; they are such a thorough 'Durcheinander' that if you by chance see anything there you want, you can't get it; not get at it.—Southgate; the point there is supper; but it is a point you cannot reach without ardent exertion. I never liked that sort of exertion.—Bersch; music. And the music will be fearful. I would rather drive round Central Park till it is over.—Wallings; cards and supper and dancing.—What do you say, Hazel? It is all one story. The pleasure is to seek.

"I was not thinking of my own pleasure. I am not in a going-out mood. But suppose, pleasure to other people?"

"We will give them all we can, consistently with higher interests. But our directions are,—When thou makest a feast, call not thy rich neighbours.—You see, it is bad economy to take what would give a year's pleasure to a hundred people, and use it to give merely a languid moment's satisfaction to a dozen or two."

"You mean," said Hazel studying the point, "at least I should mean,—that the care and the cost should be kept for people whose lives are hard and empty."

Dane was silent a minute. "Hazel," said he gently, "do you dislike to have Prim come for a few days?"

Hazel paused. "Don't be curious," she said. "Once when a little mouse jumped out of a dish, nobody could ever get it back again."

"It would be a great pleasure to Prim. I think we could bear it for a week, even with Mrs. Coles?—Hey?"

"I dare say you can.—And if I cannot, you will never know," said Wych Hazel with a laugh. "So the way is clear."

"I know Prudentia wants to consult a physician here. So I will write at once to Prim—and you will give Mrs. Bywank her orders about the care of Heibert? And tell her, Wych, that Arthur will be at Chickaree a good deal also, till we come home."

Hazel wrought her fingers into a knot of peculiar ingenuity, at thought of Mrs. Coles, but other remark made none.

A few days more brought the dreaded invasion. The ladies came of course; and as it fell out, Hazel had to receive them alone. Dane being down town at his business; for Prim and her sister arrived at midday, having found it good to spend a night on the road. The state of joyous delight in which they were, might go far to justify Rollo in having given the invitation; Prim was beaming, and Mrs. Coles proudly exultant. To be received into such an establishment; to be at home there; and without a cent of expense! Visions of pleasure filled the minds of both sisters; but very unlike; for while Prudentia dreamed of visits and shops, Prim thought of sitting beside Dane again, and at his own fireside.

The luncheon which Hazel dispensed to them, could not fail in such a mood to be greatly enjoyed; and talk flowed freely. Prudentia, being a guest, felt herself on vantage ground and a good deal more unrestrained than usual. She was in a patronizing mood generally. But Prim was grateful.

"It seems almost like Chickaree, Hazel," said the latter, "to see you sitting there. And have you all these rooms to yourself? How delightful! What beautiful rooms!"

"But so high up!" her sister remarked. "I am surprised that Dane did not get you rooms on the first floor, Hazel!"

The young mistress of the "rooms" it may be noted, was a trifle grand and stately to-day, and in a particularly unapproachable dress.

"Yes!" she said calmly. "I think one's friends very often surprise one."

"I know they do," said Primrose. "I wonder why they do. Other people never surprise one so much."

"And how does Dane behave, in his new character?" Mrs. Coles went on, sipping her cup of tea with great satisfaction.

"Mr. Rollo is quite well, thank you."

"To be quite well—with him—used to mean, that he had his own way," said the lady blandly, but with a peculiar look over the table. "Dear me! how delicious this tea is. You don't get such at our little country shops.—Does it mean the same thing still? Do you let him have his way as much as he likes?"

"Did you never dare cross him in the old time?" said Wych Hazel with one of her mild looks of astonishment.

"I dared," said Mrs. Coles with a smile. "O yes, I dared, but I was the only one. I always wondered how it would be with his wife."

Nobody enlightened her, and the talk passed on to other subjects. The truce held till the ladies left the table. Then began an examination in detail of the various articles in the room which did not come strictly under the head of furniture; and indeed they were somewhat tempting. For the walls were hung with engravings, there were one or two niches of marble and bronze, and a number of small useful things which were at the same time made to be beautiful as well. Primrose sat down to study a fine copy of the "Shadow of the Cross."

"Do those pictures all belong to the house?" Mrs. Coles asked.

"None of them," Wych Hazel answered, standing behind Prim's chair.

"But what a quantity! Have Dane and you been picking all these up?"

"Picking up—choosing—what you will."

"My dear!"

There were a good deal of unspoken thoughts half uttered in the exclamation, and Mrs. Coles then went on.—"But why don't he have them in better frames? These are very common, it seems to me."

"You think they do not suit the pictures?"

"The pictures are valuable, are they not?—Dane would not have them, I know, if they were not worth a lot of money; and the frames—my dear, just look at the frames; little slips of wood frames, or passepartouts; nothing better. There is not a gilt one here."

"No," said Wych Hazel. "Look, Prim, how well the plain dark wood sets off this old cathedral."

"My dear! can't you think gold would set it off better?" But there, she changed the subject. "Have you been very gay lately, Hazel?"

Hazel's thoughts were fast getting into a flight. She answered rather absently, "I? No."

"Did you go to Mrs. Schornstein's reception?"

"No, Mrs. Coles."

"Weren't you invited?"

"O yes," said Wych Hazel, facing round now. "I was invited. And I have been invited everywhere else. And I have staid at home. Now I shall have the honour of surprising you."

"My dear!"—said Mrs. Coles, thinking that it was not the first time. "Prim had a letter from Kitty that told us about the Schornstein's reception, and we thought to be sure you would be there. Why didn't you go there, and everywhere else?"

Wych Hazel knit her brows, but then she laughed. "Prim is so glad, that she forgets to be curious," she said. "And Mrs. Coles is so curious that she forgets to be glad. Why should I have gone?—there, or anywhere if you please?"

"My dear!—Society."

"Yes, ma'am!" said Wych Hazel, meekly waiting for particulars.

"You will offend Society."

"Shall I? But suppose I have not time to keep Society in good humour?"

"My dear, that won't do. A honeymoon is all very well; but at this rate you will lose all your friends."

"That would seem to indicate that my friends can do without me. Very mortifying, if true."

"But Hazel, every one knows it is true in Society. If you do not let yourself be seen, people will not keep you in mind."

Wych Hazel stood thinking. Not in the least of Mrs. Coles, but of what her words called up. So thoughtfully deep in some questions of her own, that for a minute she forgot to answer her questioner.

"Maybe Dane is willing people should forget you," the lady went on chuckling. "He has got what he wants—that is enough."

But here Hazel made a vigorous diversion, and insisted that her guests should go and lie down until it was near time for dinner. Then she herself stepped into her carriage and went out to think.

CHAPTER XXX.

A TRAVELLING CLOCK.

"How shall I stand it?" she was saying to herself, as the wheels rolled smoothly on. "How shall I ever bear six more days! Oh

how could he ask them!—how could he, how could he!—They come right in between and put him ten miles away. My pleasure should have come first.—It is not fair."

But here a troublesome question presented itself: what is "fair"—from people who have everything, to those who have not! And then one of the new maxims which Hazel had but lately learned to love came softly in.

"Use hospitality one to another"—so it ran. But how! "Without grudging."

"And I have grudged every minute since she came!" thought Hazel, her hands folded over her. "Well, I did not want her.—No, but Dane did. Of course,—yes,—I must 'use hospitality' for him. But I do think, just now, he might have been content with me!—But by and by he could not give them this pleasure.—Well, they needn't have it!"

"Without grudging"—"without grudging"—either time or trouble or one's own pleasure. Wych Hazel drew a long sigh. Then the words began again.

"Charity seeketh not her own."—"Bearth all things."—"Endureth all things."

Wych Hazel pulled the check string and turned towards home. "Resolved," she said to herself; "first, that Dane was extremely unreasonable to ask them. Second, that that is none of my business. Third, that I will do everything for them I can. If I keep them on the go, they won't know how I feel!" But there came in another message.

"Every man as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." So it must be heart work, after all! Wych Hazel sighed a little as she went off to dress; and Rollo saw a thoughtful face opposite him at table, and got none of the shy dainty looks to which he was accustomed. Under the commencing eyes of Mrs. Coles, Hazel felt as if she could not look at him at all!

Nevertheless that was not a bad evening. For when two people are beaming with pleasure and through your means, a little reflection of the pleasure, at least, falls upon you. And Mrs. Coles and Prim were in a state of ecstasy; a fullness of satisfaction which at the moment left nothing to be wished for. It was not the same in the two. Mrs. Coles feeling herself for the time *bien placée* and possessing varieties of social and other delights attainable in such circumstances; but Prim was happy in being with Dane again. They had plenty to talk about all the evening; for there was much to tell about things in the Hollow, and Arthur's reports, and Prim's use of the money she had found in her new secretary; and Dr. Maryland's delight in his new books, and how the new carpet on the library made the old place look a different thing; also there was some laughing pleasant chatter about Prim's trunk. It was funny to see how both the ladies sat with their faces turned towards Dane three-quarters of the time; Prudentia possibly with a desire to propitiate, Primrose forgetting everything else in the moment's pleasure of seeing him; and both of them being a little unconsciously shy towards Hazel. However, the evening rolled off well; and also the next day was filled with business which left no leisure for spars.

The evening brought leisure. But Dane was a shield for Hazel whenever he was present. Nothing of Mrs. Coles' could touch her; it was sure to be caught midway, slantwise, and turned back, before even Hazel's battle-axe could have a chance at it. He was gay and hospitable all the while; making Prim very happy, and even Mrs. Coles too. The latter lady was on her good behaviour. Nevertheless, she could not quite lose her opportunity. Nature is stronger than policy.

"Hazel tells us you have been very selfish, and not taken her anywhere all these weeks, Dane," she remarked bridling, with her peculiar smooth manner of insinuating a charge or a criticism.

"Yes," said Dane carelessly. "You see, we have really had so many people to attend to."

"But Hazel did not speak of your going anywhere?"

"Take my report of the matter, and let Hazel's alone."

"Well, she certainly is right in one thing; you did not go to Mrs. Schornstein's reception?"

"She is right; we did not."

"Nor the ball at Mrs. Powder's?"

"True; we did not."

"Don't you think you ought?"

"If we had thought we ought, I suppose we should have gone," said Dane, with a manner of lazy indifference which sometimes came over him.

"But my dear! These are things one owes to society."

"I believe I never understood what is meant by my obligations to society," said Dane.

"What has society done, that we should be in debt to it?"

"Why! said Mrs. Coles with a burthened breath, "you should remember what is due to your position."

"What is my position?"

"Do, Prue, let him alone!" said Primrose.

"Do you think he doesn't know what he is about?"

"He does not seem to know his position," said her sister. "Why you and your wife ought to be leaders of society, Dane."

"I have no objection," said Rollo imperturbably. "I will lead society—if society will follow me."

"But if you want to lead society, you must please society," said Mrs. Coles.

"That is assuming that you know which way I want society to go."

"Prue, you can't lead Duke," said Primrose laughing. "Don't you know that?"

Mrs. Coles looked puzzled and stayed her questions. Rollo was putting some engravings into their frames, and in intervals of the work displaying them to the admiration of herself and Prim. Prim's enjoyment of them was very hearty; Mrs. Coles looked on with a divided and impatient, as well as curious mind. By and by she broke forth again.

"Have you taken Hazel to hear Sacchi-sussi, the new prima donna?"

"No."

"I cannot find that you have done anything! Well, tell me one thing, and I'll forgive you; are you and your wife going to give a grand entertainment by and by, and ask all these people you have been slighting? Of course I do not mean *here*; you could not do it here; but at home; by and by, at Chickaree. Will you do that?"

"I see one difficulty in the way," said Dane, adjusting and arranging a lovely photograph of Ischl, and speaking with a negligent regard of the other subject in hand which greatly provoked his mentor.

"What can that difficulty be? You have everything—"

"One thing more, that you have reckoned. I have the poor, and the main, and the halt and the blind to look after."

"What has that to do with the point?"

"Prior claim;—that is all."

"But you have rich neighbors too."

"Yes. But they are not in so much need of me."

"My dear Dane! you are absurd."

"Prove it!"—said Dane quietly, laying Ischl out of his hands and taking up another photograph, beautifully executed, of Monteverde's marble "Genius of Franklin." This so excited Primrose's interest and curiosity, that Mrs. Coles for a little while could not get in a word. She sat no doubt mentally cursing the fine arts, and photography which had come to multiply the fruits of them.

"Dane," she began with restrained impatience as soon as she saw a chance, "why cannot you attend to the rich, as well as to the poor?"

"For the way you want me to attend to the rich, time fails. And money. And I may add, strength."

"You and Hazel have no end of money," said Mrs. Coles impatiently.

"It will not do all we want it to do, with the best economy."

Mrs. Coles was silent a minute, remembering her two silks, one of which she had on at this very time, and how handsome they were; and her thought glanced to Prim's trunk, and the new secretaries, and the library carpet. She spoke with a somewhat lowered tone.

"Won't you ask anybody to your house, Dane, if he happens to be rich?"

"Not unless I have some other reason for asking him.—Heibert went off today, Hazel,—Dane added with a change of tone."

"But, Dane," Mrs. Coles said despairingly, "you are flying in the face of society."

"Mistaken, Prue; my face is turned in quite another direction," said Dane with a slight glance at his wife which conveyed very merry and sweet intelligence. He had just received a small parcel from Byron, and was unrolling it in his hands; which also drew Mrs. Coles' attention and stopped the flow of her arguments. When the best fold of soft paper came off, there appeared a tiny clock so tiny that at first nobody understood what it was; but as Dane set it upon the mantelpiece it struck the hour. The notes were like silver bells, so liquid, clear and musical, that there was a general exclamation of delight.

"My dear Dane! what is that?" exclaimed his interlocutor.

"Hazel's travelling clock."

"Hazel's travelling clock!—Where is she going?"

"Wherever I go," said Dane coolly.

"But where are you going? I thought your hands were full with your mills."

"Just now they are rather full."

"Won't they be full a long time, Duke?" said Primrose.

"Perhaps. But when I get things in order, then I shall go, if I can."

"Where faked Mrs. Coles.

"In general—to see the midnight sun and the moonlight on Milan."

"You have been there before."

"Just why I want to go there again," said Rollo, while his eye came furtively over to Wych Hazel with a sparkle in it. And he went on.—"I know a little lake in the Bavarian mountains. It lies in the midst of the tall stems of ancient forest trees. The water is so clear that you can see the small stones at the bottom, sixty feet down. Above the lake and above the tops of the trees, your eye can reach the mountain walls of rock towering thousands of feet up, bearing their everlasting snow fields. Then if you look down, you see in the water the reflection of a cross that stands on the summit of one of the mountains; the Zug-spitze. And the whole little lake, to use the expression of an enthusiastic German, is "as green as the dewdrop on a lettuce leaf."

"My dear Dane!" said Mrs. Coles in bewilderment. "Where is it?"

"In Bavaria."

"That's in Germany, isn't it? Have you ever been there?"

"How else should I know how green it is?"

said Dane, who had now got into his manner of lazy apathy.

"And why do you want to take Hazel there?" Mrs. Coles went on.

"I would like her to see how green it is. I shall not take her to the place where the cross stands on the Zug-spitze—though I have been there too; for her head might turn. But I will take her a half-day's walk from Windischmattrei to G'schloss, instead."

"What is there, Duke?" asked Primrose, for Hazel did not speak.

"That is called the German Chamounix. The fields of blue ice came down almost to the bottom of the valley."

"And is it pretty?"

"Chamounix is reckoned so."

"I should think you would go to the real Chamounix, while you are about it," remarked Mrs. Coles.

"Common,"—said Dane. "Never be common, if you can help it. Then from G'schloss we will mount the Grossen Venediger. It is eleven thousand feet high, to be sure, but uncommonly easy to go up; and from the top we shall have a good wilderness view of rocks and ice and snow—and little else, beside sky."

"I do not see the pleasure in that," said Mrs. Coles.

"O! do," said Primrose. "But Duke, Hazel could not walk half a day, like you."

"Yes she could, in the high Alps."

"It must be delightful!" Primrose said musingly.

"Another time I will take her over the Dobratsch. She can ride up there."

"Duke, you do use very odd words. What is the Dobratsch?"

"A mountain in Myria—almost as good as the Rigi."

"Why not go to the Rigi?" said Mrs. Coles.

"Crowds. But I will go to the Rigi too, if Hazel makes a point of it. The Dobratsch has more variety of scenery than the Rigi. Both give you lakes and glaciers; but from the Dobratsch you have a view of tremendous weather-worn limestone peaks, and risen Dolomites. Then we will visit the Warmbad-Villach."

"What is that, Duke?"

"A little watering place. You would like it. A warm clear spring breaks forth just at the borders of the forest. It is a nice place to be late in the season. Then there is another walk I want to show her, in the Raintal, going from Taufers."

"It sounds like a guide-book," said Mrs. Coles chuckling. "Where is Taufers?"

"That is in the Austrian Tyrol. You go for a couple of hours beside a glacier stream which is almost all the way a broad ribbon of white foam. The bed of the brook is so steep and rocky that the water is dashed and shivered into spray, glittering in the sunshine, and wetting you all the same. What do you say to that, Hazel? You like brooks."

Hazel had been deep in the intricacies of a bit of netting; the little foot with the netting-stirrup perched up on a foot cushion, the long needle flying swiftly to and fro. A stir of colour now and then, a curl of the lips, were the only tokens that she heard what went on. She answered sedately.

"They are good society, to follow."

"And the lakes are not bad," Dane went on. "We should go to Munchen of course, to study art; and from there we will take flying runs to the lakes; Ammersee, and Walchensee, and Konigssee, and the rest of them."

"But won't you take her to Mont Blanc and Chamounix, and to see the Matterhorn, where those people were lost?" said Mrs. Coles, whose breath seemed to be taken away.

"Of course. But the mountains are just as good where people have not been lost."

"Have you been to all these others places, already, Duke?" Primrose asked.

"More than once, some of them. I have walked there for weeks with Heineke," he added, turning to Hazel with again the change of tone.

"And that is your wife's travelling clock?" said Mrs. Coles. "It seems to me that you are botimes about your preparations."

"Always a good way," said Dane coolly.

"It is a fine thing to be rich!" the lady went on, gazing at the clock.

"You are just about as rich as I am," said Dane in the same tone.

"I!—As you?"

"Practically."

"I don't know what you mean by practically. You have millions, and I have a few hundred or so."

"I mean only, that neither of us has anything that he can call his own."

Mrs. Coles stared, but her interlocutor seemed to be looking at things in a very matter-of-fact way. He was now busy fitting another engraving into its frame; a plain black walnut frame, without carving or gilding, like the rest.

"I cannot conceive what you mean, Dane," Mrs. Coles broke forth.

"It is perfectly simple. Surely the fact that we are only stewards of what we hold, is not strange to you?"

It seemed to be strange however, for Mrs. Coles weighed the statement.

"But, Dane—people do not take that so closely."

"What then? There is the fact."

"Prudentia, you have heard papa say the same thing, at least a hundred times," Primrose reminded her.

"He hadn't much to talk about," said the doctor's eldest daughter. "And, Dane, you do

not take it so closely, either. What do you mean by your fine proposal to go travelling? How will you do it, if you have not the money?"

"I hold the money to be used for the very best ends and interests I know. If when the times comes, I see any way that I can spend the money better, I'll not go."

"But it would be spending the money on yourself—yourself and your wife—if you went, at any rate," persisted Mrs. Coles. "And you say, it is not yours."

"Mine to spend."

"On what you please?"

"No in such ways as will best do the work the Owner of the money wants done."

"And what has your travelling to do with that? I don't see."

"If I don't see, as I said, I'll not go."

"But how could it, you contradictory man?"

"Human nature often needs relaxation and recreation," said Dane. "Mine might."

"Relaxation!" said Mrs. Coles. "When you know as well as I do, that you are a pine knot for endurance, and a very burr for persistence."

"Don't take her statement, Hazel," said Dane. "She does not know much about the vegetable creation, if she does about me."

"But answer me, if you can."

"Human nature also needs cultivation, I was going to add. A servant must take himself the best servant he can. A man is bound to give himself and his family the utmost of every kind of cultivation that is possible to him without neglecting higher ends."

"H'm. And is Mrs. Roll's travelling clock—Which class does that come under?"

"Pleasure."

"O you hold pleasure lawful then?"

"Certainly. With the above limits."

"Prue, Prue," said Primrose. "Stop. You have gone far enough; and too far."

"I am seeking knowledge, Prim; and that, Dane says, is commendable. May I ask one other question, Dane? What head do these mean little picture frames come under?"

"You do not like them?" said Dane, surveying the one in hand with its enclosed photograph of Dannecker's Ariadne.

"Why don't you have handsomer ones?"

"Economy."

"You cannot mean it."

"Nevertheless—it is true."

"You, who have such loads of money?"

"To use, as I told you," said Dane, smiling now. "The engravings and photographs are both pleasure and education. I do not find either the one or the other in gilded stucco."

"Well, have them carved, then."

"Can't afford it, as I said."

"But, my dear Dane: are you going to regulate your whole household on such principles?"

Dane answered with the most matter-of-fact manner, that it was his intention.

"But I should think elegant frames would come under the head of pleasure."

"They would not, to me, when I thought of the money they cost."

"But, Dane? with you means? Do you know what people will say of you?"

"I know," he answered. "The world will always find a nice name for a fellow that does not go by its rules."

"You are so obstinate!" said the lady. "You always were. Nothing I could say would ever move you. I shall get Arthur to talk to you. But what does your wife think of your doings?"

Dane was silent, only the corner of his mouth began to play.

"She has stockings on this minute that cost five dollars a pair, if they cost a penny. How does that fit with your wooden picture frames?"

Dane rose and rang the bell. "You must be tired, Prudentia," he said without the change of a muscle. "And Prim is, I know. I shall send you to bed to get a good night's sleep, for you have a great deal to do to-morrow."

Mrs. Coles did not know how to answer. And the servant appearing, Rollo ordered candles, and himself went with the ladies to the door of their room. There he took leave of Prim, whose face had clouded painfully, with a whispered word which brought a flush of pleasure back to it. It was not yet late. The little travelling clock was only ringing its ten musical silver peals, as Dane came back into the room. Wych Hazel was still standing as the ladies had left her, looking absently down at the picture frame. Dane came silently up and stood beside her.

"Do you think I shall ever stop being perverse?" she said abruptly.

"How are you perverse now?" he asked in a very disengaged tone.

"I had been pretty nearly as perverse as I could be, all these two days!" said Wych Hazel.

"Fighting everybody and everything. I dressed just as much as good taste would let me, because I never can put your friend down in a plain dress. And I have answered five hundred questions. And I never thought about stockings in that way. I thought one must have stockings!" said Hazel, putting out her dainty foot looking down at it ruefully. But then the brown eyes came eagerly back to him. "Do you think I shall, Olaf?" she repeated.

Gently, very fondly, he gathered her into his arms and held her close. And without saying a word, his manner gave assurance of contentment enough to satisfy any woman.

"Then you are not going to scold me?" he asked at length, without releasing her.

"For what?"

"Bringing you into such perverse circumstances."

Hazel looked at him wistfully. "I knew how

it would be," she said. "I knew myself. That was why I said no. At least, partly why."

"Do you regret my action?"

"I was naughty enough yesterday morning to hope you would," said Hazel with a confessing laugh.

"I told Prim just now, privately, that if we ever went that journey I spoke of, she should go too."

The colour flushed up into Hazel's face, and went away again, but she gave neither word nor look.

"You are sorry?"

"Never ask such questions afterwards!" said Hazel. And she would have disengaged herself, but he would not let her. "Do you not know better than that?"

"Hazel," he said, gravely though full of tenderness—you and I are not going to live to ourselves?"

Like a statue, so the girl stood; but with a rush of thoughts that for a minute she could not head off.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

From official statistical returns, it appears that Paris boasts of 92,000 pianofortes in active service.

APARTMENTS have been engaged for the King of Portugal, his family and suite, during the Exhibition of 1878.

A FRENCHMAN has advanced the theory that round-eared animals love music, and that sharp-eared animals hate it.

LEAVE of absence to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Paris Garrison is rigorously refused.

OWING to the energetic campaign carried on by Emile de Girardin during the late electoral period, the circulation of his journal, *La France*, increased to 120,000 per day.

AN American has just taken it into his head to have his *beau* engraved on elegant little silver plates, bearing the name of each of his guests, who are invited to keep them as a *memento*.

To mark still further the social chasm between the Monarchists and Republicans, when weddings among the former are celebrated, particular care is taken to announce that the religious ceremony was performed.

POSTERS on the walls in Paris announce the sale at auction of the domain of Malmaison, the former residence of the Empress Josephine. The State, which sells the domain in question, puts it up at the price of 500,000fr.

THE proofs of the exhibition tickets have been submitted to the Government, so this looks like business. The progress of the work could not be more satisfactory, and the representatives of foreign nations are actively employed at their posts.

VERDI has positively declined the honour conferred on him by the Italian Government in naming the celebrated composer member of the Musical Commission for the Universal Exhibition at Paris. It seems that the *maestro* is busy finishing a new opera.

The subscription of one franc each person to erect a monument to the memory of M. Thiers, started by the Paris journal, *Le Bien Public*, amounts at present to over 30,000fr. The journal issues each week an extra sheet publishing the names of the subscribers.

A TOURNAMENT of chess-players is to be held at Paris during the Exhibition of next year. A Sevres vase of the value of 5,000fr. will be placed at the disposal of the committee. A subscription has been opened to provide other prizes, draw up a series of problems, and publish the sittings.

THE King of Holland is about to contract a morganatic marriage with Mlle. Emilie Hambré. The young lady, who is in her 25th year, made her *début* on the stage some four years past. The lady will be created a countess, and will reside in Paris, where a sumptuous hotel has been purchased for her.

OFFENBACH continues to improve in health, and has already resumed his usual avocations. He is terminating the orchestration of *Mademoiselle Faart*, and putting the last touches to the *Couttes d'Hoffmann*, the great piece which he has, with M. Barbier, prepared for the Theatre-Lyrique, and which will be performed during the Exhibition.

A NEW club, the *Cercle de la Presse*, among the members of which are nearly all the leading journalists of Paris, has opened its beautiful rooms at 6, Rue Lepeletier. M. Augusto Vetu is president of the committee, and inaugurated the club by a press dinner, which took place on Wednesday last. One hundred and fifty invitations had been issued, and the affair was very successful.

A CITIZEN stopped before a blind man who carried on his breast a little picture representing a fire, and on which was written. "Blinded by

an accident;"—"Tell me, my good fellow, in what country the accident represented in this picture happened?" The blind man replied, with the greatest imaginable coolness, "Ah! I will not tell you, my good sir. It comes to me from my brother."

MR. HARRISON, the *Times* correspondent, asserts, upon the best authority, that the President really contemplated a *coup d'état*, but was miserably mortified to find that, from General Berthaud downwards, the entire army refused to follow his lead. These revelations are awkward, hence the indignation of the French official press, and the silly attempt to suppress the circulation of the *Times* in France.

M. STRAUSS is about quitting Paris for Vienna, where his engagements will retain him during the winter. He cannot, therefore, take any part in the masked balls at the Grand Opera during the approaching season; but the author of the *Tzigane* will return to the French capital for the Exhibition, assisted by his brother Edouard, conductor of the orchestra of the Court balls. They will, as in 1867, be accompanied by their band.

Hippolyte Briollet, a writer, who had made a reputation in Paris, as possessing a vein of sarcasm and humour, died last week at St. Mandé. M. Briollet was one of the editors of the Paris *Tintamarre*, and was peculiarly felicitous in his squibs aimed at the follies of the day. He also meddled in politics, many of his epigrams having gone the rounds of the Opposition press. His funeral was attended by a large number of the Paris journalists, artists, and playwrights.

AT A dinner at Victor Hugo's, the other day the centre of the table was taken up by a splendid *buisson d'écrevisses*, or crabs, sent to the poet by an anonymous admirer, with the following dedication: Vous qui poussez le monde au Progrès, vous le Père

De l'avenir meilleur vers lequel nous allons, D'un froce appetit vous mangevez, j'espère, Ces petits monstres noirs, qui vont a reculons.

THE Exhibition is to have an enormous fountain in front of the Palace of the Trocadéro, which, after the Albert Memorial, is to be ornamented at the four angles of its base by groups of figures representing the four quarters of the world. Europe is to be represented by an ox, while at his feet are lying a plough, a sheaf of corn, and his yoke, and the fallen trunk of an oak. This will be a colossal figure, and is now at the workshop of M. Cain, the well-known animal sculptor.

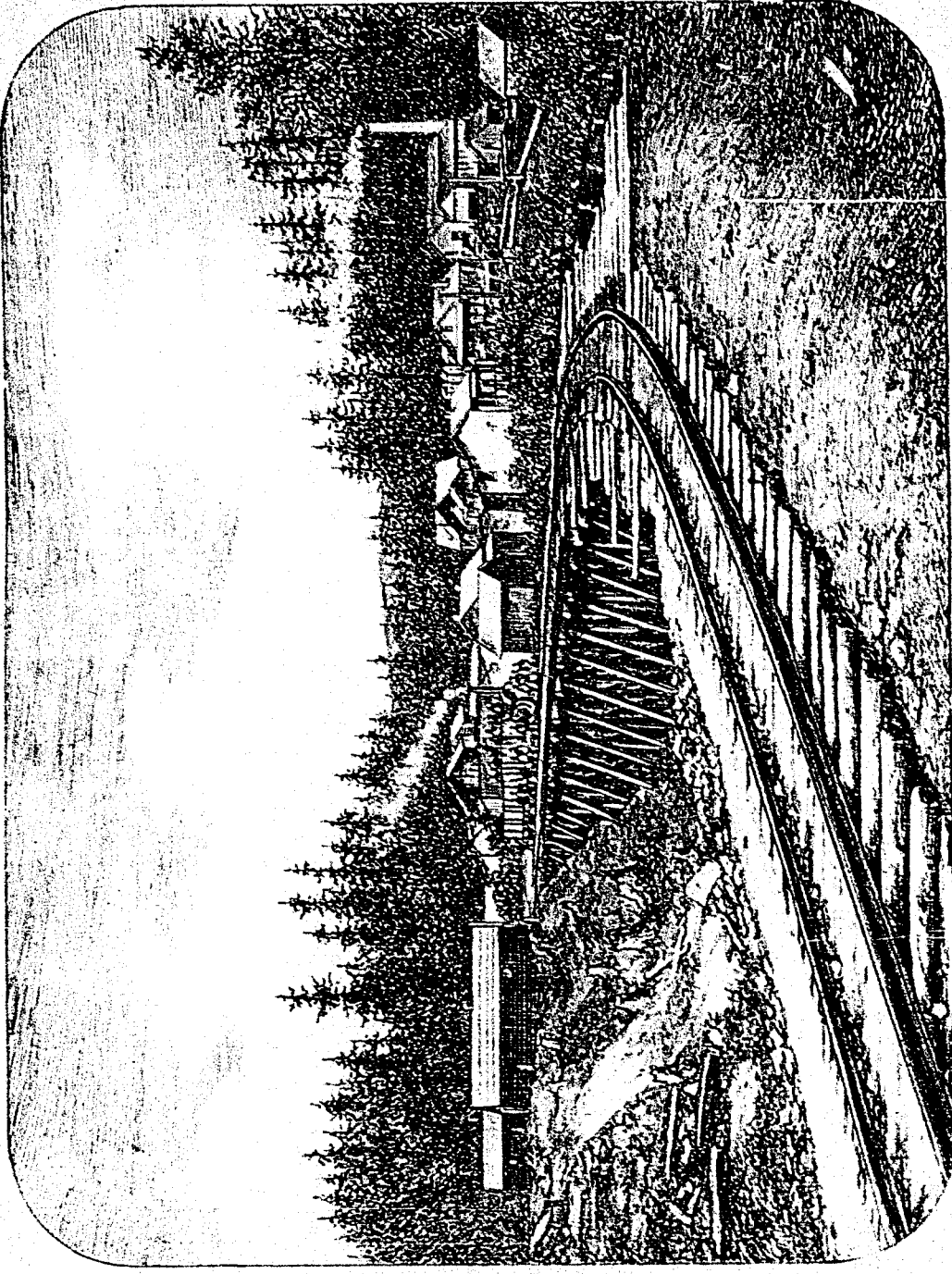
THE Empress Josephine's mansion of Malmaison has been sold by the State for 600,000fr. to M. Gantier, the agent, it is rumoured, of a foreign personage. Another celebrated mansion, the Hôtel de Monaco, in the Rue de Varennes, built in the seventeenth century by Cortome for Marshal Montmorency, and occupied by Grimaldi, Prince of Monaco, by Princess Adelaide of Orleans, and by General Cavaignac during his Presidency, is reported to have been presented by the Duchess of Galliera to the Comte de Paris.

IT is not yet known how M. Thiers has disposed of his fine art collection, which is found to be even larger and more valuable than was supposed. Amongst the original works contained in it are a model in bronze of a Madonna left unfinished by Michael Angelo, an antique statue of a comic actor, an admirable Venus, and a Greek bust of Anacreon. The Chinese, Japanese, and other Oriental curiosities are exceedingly interesting. M. Charles Blaac, member of the Institute, is, it is said, at present engaged on a book describing the collection.

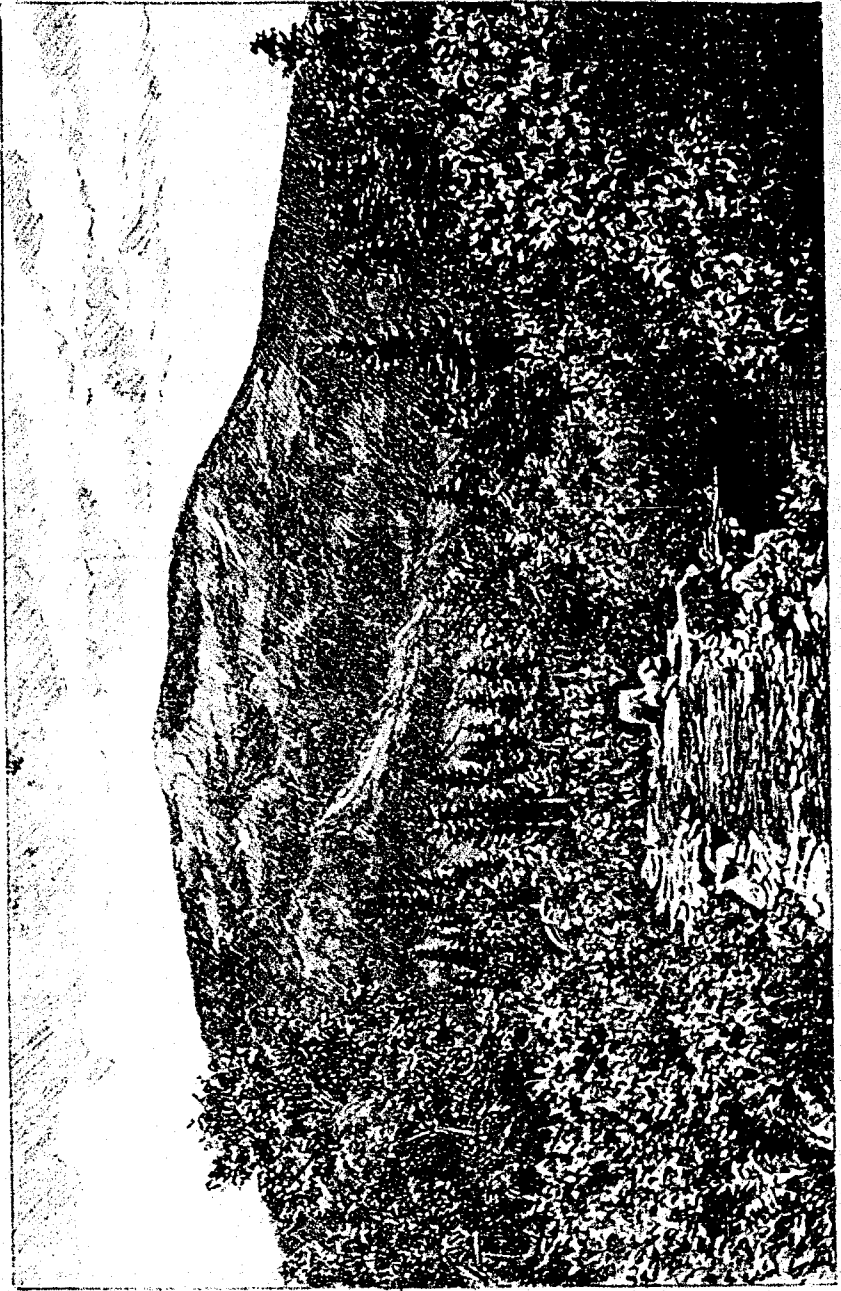
M. GAMBETTA has handed over 1,000fr. to the poor of Versailles, the proceeds of a bet with M. Tristan Lambert that that Bonapartist ex-deputy would not be re-elected for Fontainebleau. Political wagers are not uncommon in France, and are made the criterion of confidence in the success of one's party. Any leading Republican who had refused to bet a few months ago that the Left would not get a majority at the elections would have been thought to betray his expectation of defeat and those who wagered that the 363 would come back 400 have, of course, lost their money.

THE new bathing establishment at Bourbonne, Auvergne, promises to be the finest in the world. Bourbonne, Mount Dore, and a few other places in Auvergne are most picturesquely situated in a volcanic country, abounding in hot springs. Those of Bourbonne are said to be peculiarly good for pulmonary complaints. The bathing establishment there is built in the form of a double quadrangle; it contains a handsome lobby, a promenade ground for wet weather, and the baths are luxuriously fitted. The decoration is in the Pompeian style, and each quadrangle encloses a picturesque garden. In one part of the establishments the water is pulverised, so that the spray may be inhaled and its mineral contents may produce their local effect on the respiratory organs.

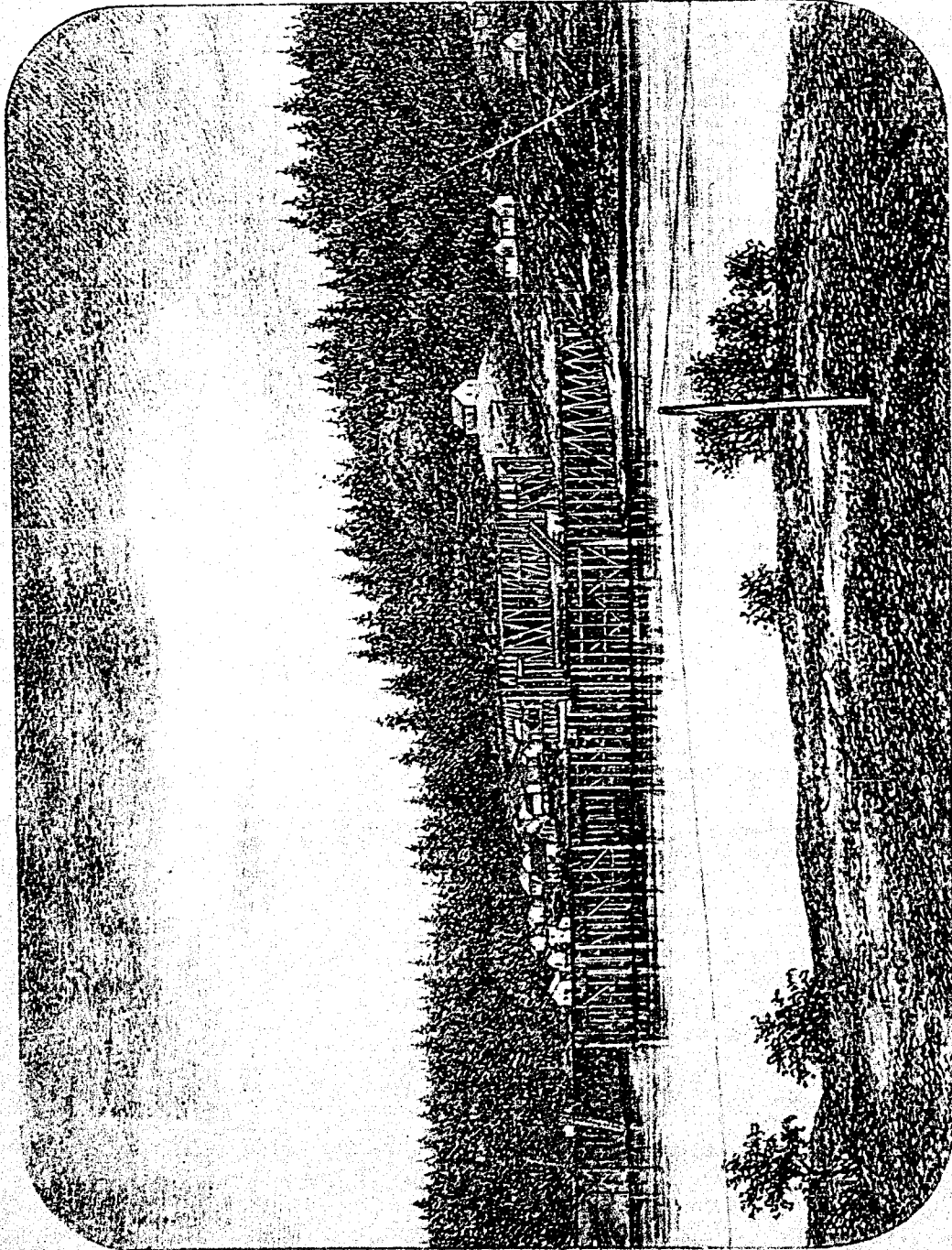
ELIZUR WRIGHT insists that policy-holders who have stopped payments are entitled to an equitable share of the accumulated reserve in cash, and proposes to open a registry of policy-holders who would like to combine to test the question before the courts.



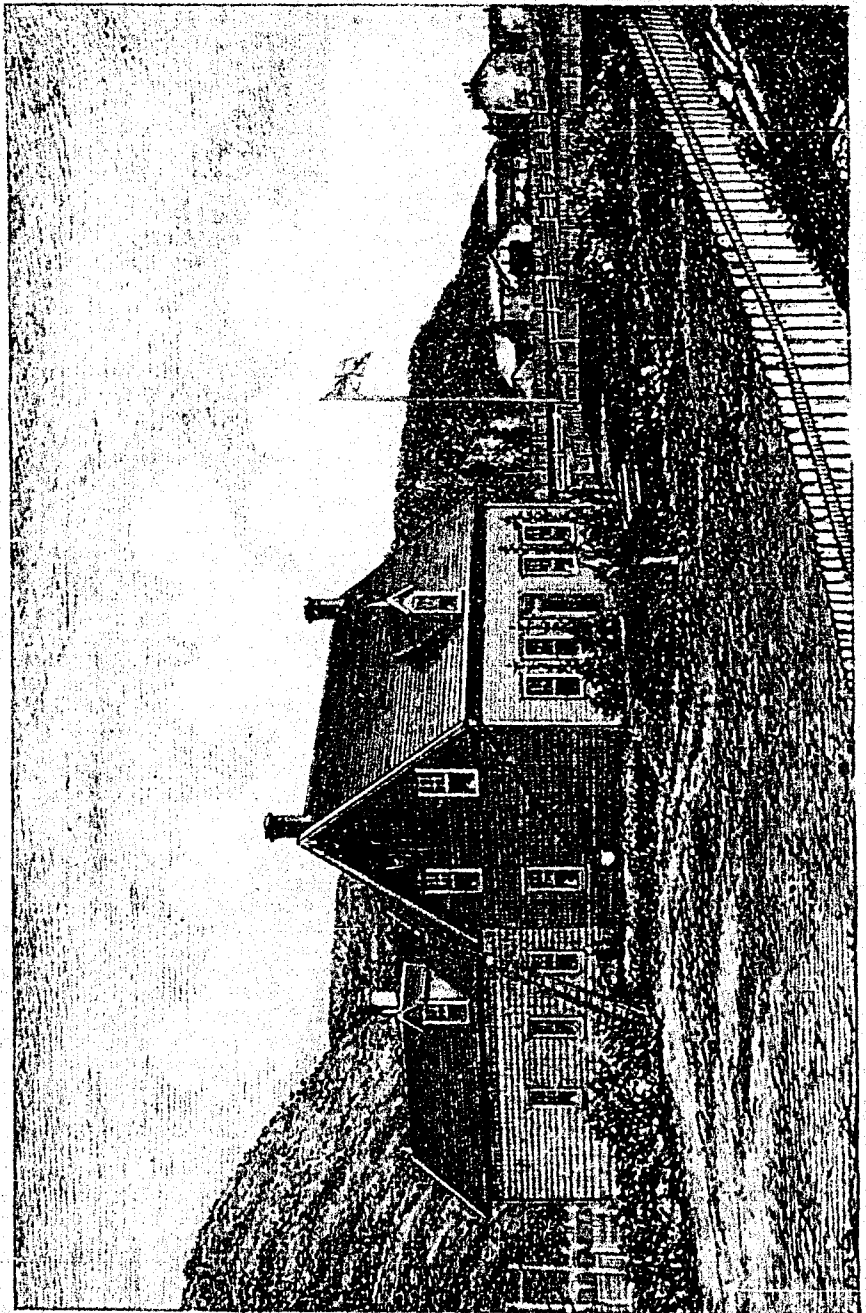
COAL MINES, NEAR VICTORIA, B.C.



SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN, N.S.



COAL MINES, NEAR VICTORIA, B.C.



THE ENGINEER'S HOUSE, METAFEDIA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.



POMPEIIAN LADIES AT THEIR TOILET.

A DEAD WOMAN.

(Translated from Alfred De Musset.)

"I know he must have encountered some very harsh, unjust, and injurious treatment on the day when he came home resolved to break with this lady for ever. In the mood of mind which I have described, he wrote the verses 'Sur une morte.' The rupture was complete and irremediable. In order to judge whether the writer of those verses was to blame, one should understand the wound which he resented: and no one knows how deep that was."—Paul de Musset's 'Life of A. de Musset,' p. 228.

Yes, she was beautiful, if the Night By Michael's chisel wrought. A marble monument asleep, Can beautiful be thought.

And she was good, if goodness be Devoid of heart and cold; If love be shown by aims alone, If charity be gold.

She thought—if words in dulcet tones, Significant of thought, Vague as the murmur of a stream, Deserve the name of thought.

She prayed—if prayer it can be call'd, To fix two lustrous eyes Now, meekly downward on the earth, Now, upwards on the skies.

She smiled—if e'er the virgin bud, With heart unclenched as yet, Smiles to the Zephyrs of the spring That pass it—and forget.

She might have wept—if dew's divine, That softens human clay, Could ever to her chilly breast, Have found some secret way.

She might have loved—but scorn and pride Kept watch about her heart, Like lamps that o'er a coffin form Their useless radiance dart.

Now, she who only seemed to live But had no life, is dead, And from her hands the book has dropp'd In which she never read!

GEO. MURRAY.

Montreal.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

THE ISLE OF MISCOU AT THE ENTRANCE OF LAKE DES CHALEURS—ITS EARLY HISTORY—FISHERIES—GAME—LIGHT HOUSES, &c.—ONE OF CHAMPLAIN'S FISHERY STORIES—THE GOUGON.

THE CHALEUR BAY, 1874.

(After Father Prout's 'Shannon Bells'.)

With deep affection, And recollection, I often think of the Chaleur Bay; Whose river wild would, In age or childhood, Cast round men's fancies its taagic sway."

D. ARCHIE PELL.

Baie des Chaleurs has not only its teeming salmon rivers, Cacapedia, Bonaventure, Port Daniel, &c., many picturesque headlands, enchanted islands sleep on the heaving bosom of its waters. Of the latter class is the island of Miscon at the entrance of the bay; its early chronicles teem with the marvellous history of the most conspicuous landmarks and harbours of refuge for the bay fishermen, caught on the banks by a north-east storm. It lies contiguous to the dreaded Orphan's Bank, so famous under French domination, for its cod-fish, in size ranking nearly as high as that of the great banks of Newfoundland. Miscon also has its record of wrecks; a memorable marine disaster occurred here as early as the 31st Oct., 1685, the loss at Pointe aux Bouleaux of the French ship carrying the Intendant de Meulle.

Here at this point our Government has constructed an octagonal wooden tower crowned by a red light; three hundred and twenty-one feet to the east may be seen a powerful steam fog whistle which during thick weather and snow-storms sounds its note of alarm twice per minute at intervals of twenty-five seconds, with a duration of five seconds. On the western side of Miscon blazes forth another beacon for mariners, a white light which takes two minutes to revolve. Frail fishing cobbles, unable to return through stress of weather to the north-eastern side of the bay, before losing hope, try to catch the point of Miscon; if they miss, a watery grave is likely to be the result. Of late the island has been shorn of prestige, population and importance.

At present the finny tribes frequenting its shores, hardly suffice to keep life and soul together in about a dozen of families located there, even with the adventitious profit accruing from the rich harvest of wild hay grown on its saline beaches. More than a century back a Jesuit missionary wrote to his Superior: "The soil of Miscon is poor; its supply of fresh water is unwholesome; its trees are dwarfed—stunted, compared to those of the mainland, but it swarms with hares, grouse, and formerly it contained moose deer (elans), but they have since all been destroyed. It is remarkable for its vast meadows which the tide gaily overflows and for its game." "The soil," adds Deny, "quakes under one's feet for fifty yards all round you; here seagulls crane, white geese, thrushes (grices), like those of France; here the Canada goose (ontarde) incubates and nestles in security during the mantling season of spring." The old Governor of the Maritime Provinces, it would seem, made a singular discovery here, in one of his exploring expeditions.

A few hundred yards from the beach there spurts from the briny sea a gush of fresh water

as big as your two fists, which retains its freshness for a space of twenty yards without in any wise blending with the surrounding salt liquid, either at high or low tide. The fishermen come there in boats to fill their casks and draw it up; as if it were from the reservoir of a fountain, at this singular spot, at low tide, the sea is but one fathom in depth: it is surrounded by water as salt as that of the rest of the ocean. The truthfulness of Governor Deny's narrative has been vouched for to me by seafaring people frequenting these shores, "and more than one," says Mr. Faucher, "has told me of his having drunk from Governor Deny's spring."

In early days Miscon was a post of importance and gave its name to the surrounding districts of Miscon. It comprised all the Indian tribes of Gaspeia, of Miramichi, and of the Nipisiguit. De la Ralle in 1627, and Desdames had been in command, and Deny had erected here a habitation where he had planted "many peach and other fruit trees, together with the grape vine; they all thrived." But the spirit of discord rife among the Acadian magnates, reached even here; in a single day d'Aubray de Charmong destroyed this flourishing settlement.

Labour and fishing establishments had made of Miscon a spot advantageously known all over New France. During the open season of summer, a regular packet, the ship 'Ange Gardien,' sailed between Miscon and Quebec. The summer months were spent fishing and trading; each fall the fishing crafts returned to France; in the spring the catch of the autumn previous was sent from France to Quebec, the population of the city being too scanty to furnish men for this branch of commerce. Miscon, shorn of its inhabitants in the fall, assumed a solitary and sullen aspect with the approach of winter; a few fishermen remained in charge of the buildings, and during the cold and dismal nights of December the sparse residents had to encounter foes more terrible yet than desertion. Champlain has traced the horrors of the winter of 1627, when from now to April following more than eight feet of snow fell at Miscon. Du Ralle that year had left behind a few Frenchmen to trade off some goods he was unwilling to bring back to France; these unfortunates nearly all died of scurvy. The next year was not more fortunate for the settlement. One morning David Kerthe's ship of war, the 'Veuille,' anchored near the island and took possession of the house, coasting craft and small boats of the place. On the return of Miscon by the English to France, with Quebec, in 1692, the banner of the "HUNDRED PARTNERS," whose fleet fished or traded from Cape Breton to Tadousac, again floated over the lonely, but prolific shores of Miscon.

This branch of commerce and brisk business had induced the Jesuits to found, in 1635, the mission of Saint Charles, in the island 'Saint Louis de Miscon.' Innumerable savage hordes brought here, each spring, for barter their packages of furs; here these fleets of light canoes rendezvoused previous to levying war against the Birisim Indians of the Novette Shore; here they sought shelter from the deadly and ubiquitous Iroquois; here indeed existed the seed for an abundant harvest of souls, which was reaped by devoted missionaries. Fathers Charles Turgis and Charles du Marché were sent to look after the spiritual welfare of twenty-three Frenchmen, the nucleus of a missionary settlement, but physical suffering was about the only occupation of these poor people, says the 'Relations of 1647.' Disease and death decimated the settlement. Father du Marché was obliged to return to France. Father Turgis, for sometime, fought the unequal contest, consoling some, administering the last rites of the Church to others, before committing them to the earth, after death. He too, at last, had to give in; fatigued, malaria, brought him low. Before enjoying the long sleep, he buried the captain, the clerk, the surgeon of the settlement, together with all the officers and some nine laboring hands. Having prepared for death, the only sick man surviving, he yielded up in peace his brave spirit. ('Relations of 1637.')

On the sad news of his end reaching Quebec, Fathers Jacques de la Place and Nicholas Goudoin were sent to continue the missionary labours of Father Turgis. They found the habitation desolate; the duty of removing the dead bodies from their couches to their new-made graves devolved on the Indians; the French being too emaciated to do so. Some, of a more barbarous turn of mind, seeing the universal ruin of all their hopes, wished to pillage the store-houses, but the survivors, putting a good face on things, arrested them in their evil designs. According to the 'Relations' the Miscon mission was terrible to encounter. Father Goudoin had to quit it, and Father Claude Quentin had recovered his health then, after having to bury his assistant, a lad he had with him. Father Jean Dollant lost then the use of his limbs, and on his way to France in quest of more genial air, the powder magazine of the ship which conveyed him, having ignited, he was blown into heaven. "Quaintly," says the 'Relations,' "Father André Richard and Father de Lyonne could alone withstand the severity of the climate; they succeeded in getting up a small church, which for a time seemed to prosper, but which disappeared when the island was abandoned.

Miscon of old we think ourselves safe in considering anything but a genial place of abode; not even to the most sanguine fisher has it an earthly paradise. In addition to its traditions of sickness, desolation, death, war, and piracy, Champlain, the great historiographer, peoples it

with forms uncanny and unlovely, calculated, if possible, to enhance the weird interest the spot already possesses."

In sketching it, he winds up rather jocosely, we are inclined to think, by marking it out as the headquarters of a Satanic fiend—a female devil, who delighted in torturing the sons of men.

What was the female devil like? "Old Harry" has ever, from our tenderest years, to our mind, typified a male devil; that is admitted on all hands to be bad enough, but what his lady, or any female member of the brood might be, this we, unhesitatingly, admit to be beyond our knowledge. According to the text of the illustrious discoverer, a fearful monster, in shape and size like a female giant, without, seemingly, the least affinity to fish, flesh, or fowl, haunted the humid margin of Miscon. The terror-stricken Indians knew it as the "Gougou." Of its sex, in their minds, no uncertainty existed—it ranked under the feminine gender. Had it anything of the Syren about it? Nothing indicates it had a tail, like a Syren, with those soft, womanly attractions sung by poets:

"Desinit in piscem, mulier formosa superne."

It was amphibious, and sometimes, like that famed Syren, the Goddess Calypso, it inhabited an island. Like Ulysses' charmer, it was keen after men, red Indians especially, not to enlist them, however, as lovers, but merely as tid-bits for its morning meal—a *bonne bouche* previous, probably, to retiring to the "Orphan Bank," where a few porpoises, or an adult whale, would constitute its dinner. From Champlain's testimony, plainly it was an uncomely, nay, a repulsive monster—an *monstre effroyable*—and the founder of Quebec, the happy spouse of the blooming Helene Boulé, the prettiest woman in New France, was of an appreciative turn of mind. The "Gougou," for all that, in shape resembled a woman—"un monstre qui avait la forme d'une femme, mais fort effroyable." Had any one except those devoured ever been close enough to the giantess to form a correct opinion? We are again left in the dark. At St. Malo Mines, it is true, le Sieur Prevret, while "prospecting for a pocket," had passed so close to the abode of the *monstre effroyable* that he had heard the extraordinary hissing, *sifflements étranges*, of the fiend. However, whilst thus in quest of a "Big Bonanza," whether a pocket or a vein, le Sieur Prevret, together with his ship's crew and some Indians, was fortunate enough to escape a pocket he was not looking for, the *grande poche*, great pocket, described by Champlain as the receptacle of Madame Gougou's booty. Sieur Prevret, be it remembered, was a miner, and unless his story had been corroborated to Champlain previously by Indians, we confess we would be inclined, like the stories of other miners, to accept it *enm grano*. There is a fishy flavour about it, requiring many "grains of salt" to render it palatable.

But again this Gougou haunts us. Where, then, was the alleged resemblance to one of the softer sex? The Gougou, we are told, when seen by men, uttered "extraordinary hissing," *sifflements étranges*. Will any one dare pretend it might not have been a fashionable Syren—Syrens, it is well known, are most common on the sea shore—showing off, before so many Ulysses, her powerful *staccatobrills*, like a fast girl of that period might be expected to do! What, in verity, constitutes a female "monstre effroyable"? Did Madame Gougou, out of her teens, sport high-heeled shoes, a Grecian bend, a crinoline like Mont Blanc, a chignon Alpine in its dimensions? Here again cimmerian darkness awaits us.

Still, in this age of inquiry and intellectual development, shall we throw up the sponge and proclaim our inability to explain what sort of creature might be the Miscon Giantess, who could swallow red Indians like shrimps or doughnuts? Which "missing link" would the venerable Darwin assign to it? If it was not a "mermaid fair," could it be

That great sea snake under the sea.

who From his coiled trails in the central deeps Would slowly trail himself seven fold.

Or else, would it be a gigantic specimen of Victor Hugo's Devil Fish (like he of Newfoundland) who still lived in the popular mind, from having drawn beneath the seething sea, to its slimy and deadly embrace, some noted Indian warrior, whilst bathing, &c.

Or else, again, shall we adopt the more pro-

(*) "Il y a, disait-il, une chose étrange, digne de réciter, que plusieurs sauvages m'ont accusé d'être vraie, c'est que proche de la Baie des Chaleurs, étant au sud, est une île où fait résidence un monstre qui avait la forme d'une femme mais fort effroyable, et d'une telle grandeur qu'elle me disait que le bout des mains de notre vaisseau ne lui fit pas venir jusqu'à la ceinture. De le pelgnet grand; il a dévoré et dévore beaucoup de sauvages lesquels il met dedans une grande poche, quand il peut les attraper, puis les mange, et disaient ceux qui avaient évité le péril de cette malheureuse bête, que sa poche était tellement grande qu'il y eût pu mettre notre vaisseau. Ce monstre fait des bruits horribles devant cette île, que les sauvages appellent le Gougou et quand ils en parlent ce n'est qu'avec une peur si étrange qu'il ne se peut dire ce plus et m'ont assuré plusieurs l'avoir vu. Même le Sieur Provost de Saint Malo, en allant à la découverte des Mines, m'a dit avoir passé si proche de la demeure de cette effroyable bête que lui et tous ceux de son vaisseau, entendirent les sifflements étranges des bruits qu'elle faisait et que les sauvages qu'il avait avec lui, lui dire qu'elle était la même bête et avinait une telle peur qu'ils se cachèrent de toute part, craignant qu'elle fut venu à eux pour les porter." Je tiens, disait Champlain, en terminant cette description du Gougou par cette réflexion pleine de logique, "que l'île soit la résidence de quelque diable qui les tourmente de cette façon."—(Voyages de Champlain.)

bable theory, that in Champlain's day a morose old sea-cow—the Morse—had elected domicile at Miscon? It is well known that the Morse inhabited the Magdalen Islands, close by, and other isles in the St. Lawrence, until the end of the last century, and that their beaten paths are visible to this day at the Magdalen Group. Who will unravel the mystery? Is it, therefore, a subject of surprise that Miscon, with its far-reaching memories of scurvy, suffering and death, its solitary, woodless marshes, for six months in the year the home of the wintry blast, at all times fruitful in malaria, with its Avernian boiling spring, should have seemed to the father of New France a fitting symposium for a dreaded giantess—the Gougou? For us, scudding past its shores, under a lowering sky, with the equinoctial gale howling over our frail steamer, which also carried to the God-forsaken land of Tracadie a squad of close-shorn, devoted Trappist Monks, to take charge of the Lazaretto, the island did appear as a not uncongenial resting place, where the last of the order, an ascetic anchorite, made holy by prisons, and a long road and fish diet, might, on one of those "murky December nights" described by Champlain, have closed creditably his Lenten tenure of life. Could not Campbell's "Last Man" find on this forlorn isle many subjects of reflection before bidding adieu to the sorrows of the sorrowful planet?

J. M. LEMOINE.

Sillery, near Quebec, Dec., 1877.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CAMILLE URSO has reappeared in New England with great success.

"CHIMES of Normandy" bids fair to rival "Bohemian Girl" in popularity.

\$10,000 was the sum made by the managers on Kellogg and Cary in California. Pretty good!

THE musical profession in Germany includes this year twelve young men of noble birth and fourteen women who have a right to the title of countess.

It is said that the "Dime Concerts" in New York have seriously affected the patronage of other places of amusement in that city, on the same night.

THE monument mania continues in Italy. The latest has been the monument to Grassi, the inventor of thorough bass, (1605,) erected in the town of Viadana.

MISS LOUISA visited the insane asylum in Philadelphia recently, danced and sang for the inmates, and gave away a great heap of little presents to make the unfortunates happy.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI has resolved to sing on the French lyric stage, and M. Halévy has succeeded in securing her to make her debut at the National Opera House, in Paris, in M. Gounod's "Polyeucte."

THEODORE THOMAS has reorganized his orchestra, and is giving highly artistic programs in New York and Boston. While there is a deduction from his high, classical standard, we think there is a disposition to cater to the universal love of melodious works in the arrangement of his tempting bills of fare.

DR. EDEN TOURNEE has planned for next year a musical and educational excursion to Europe, including Northern Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Belgium, the Rhine district, Northern Prussia, Switzerland, and supplementary tours in Italy and a visit to the Paris Exposition. The price of tickets, including everything, will be \$400 (in gold).

ARTISTIC.

THE Queen has promised to lend to the Academy the noble collection of Raphael's and Michael Angelo's drawings from Windsor for the Winter Exhibition of 1879.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT, the actress, has received from the Government an order to execute a bust of the composer, Felicien David, for the Versailles Musée. Mlle. Bernhardt has achieved a reputation as a sculptor of talent.

HUGUES MERLE is painting a Charlotte Corlay for the next Paris Salon. The moment is when she knocks for admittance at the door of Marat's house, and holds the letter in one hand and a knife half concealed in the other.

MARRET'S immense picture of Catherine Cornaro has been bought for the Berlin National Gallery for the sum of 20,000 marks. It will henceforth find a suitable resting-place on the staircase of the new gallery, where the light falls upon it in the most effective manner.

THE full-length picture of Mary Queen of Scots, reputed to have been the work of Zuchero, and the likeness of William IV., painted and presented by Sir David Wilkie, were among the historical art treasures burnt at the fire which recently destroyed the Scottish Hospital, Crane Court, Fleet Street.

FASHION NOTES.

THE Alexandria costume is most stylish and well adapted for winter materials. The back is cut in one, with the small gorge let in at the bottom to give a full flow, over which is a deep reverse let in at the side and finished across the back with a large bow; the front has a deep jacket bodice, and the skirt is trimmed to form a polonaise slightly drawn at the side; the sleeves are neatly light to the arm, with full drawn cuff. Many of the bodices are being trimmed from the neck to the arm-hole and brought square across the bust. This style, although not too elaborate, is quite new and very becoming for winter materials.

Another style, much admired, is the new Persian polonaise; it is quite a different garment from any we have hitherto offered. The front is deep, fastened slightly across, and open about twelve inches at the bottom; the back has five seams, falls over the skirt at the bottom in two deep points, and is caught up and finished with two bows. There is a pointed cuff to match the collar, which finishes the neck; the sleeves are almost tight. This polonaise is exceedingly stylish in silk or any winter material, dark myrtle-green being the prevailing colour this season, with trimming of braid and frotage.

For out-of-door wear, the new piletot called the Queen will be a great favourite either in light or in dark cloth; ribbed cloth has much taken the place of matelasse, and wears much better. This piletot fastens diagonally across the front, and the back is cut with a reverse which is carried across the side-piece, giving a novel effect; if faced with silk or velvet, the article has a rich appearance.

BURLESQUE.

HE WOULD TELL.—She had invited him to stop to supper, and he was trying to appear easy and unconcerned, while she was on her prettiest behaviour.

"Have you used the sugar, John?" enquired the mother, in a winning manner.

"John don't want no sugar," ejaculated the young heir, abruptly.

"Why not?" enquired the father, curiously, while John in his surprise swallowed a bit of toasted crust, and nearly cut his throat open.

"Cos he don't," explained the heir, in an artful manner; "I heard him tell Mary last night—"

"You keep still," interrupted Mary, in a hysterical manner, while the young man caught his breath in dismay.

"I heard him say," persisted the heir, with dreadful eagerness, "that she was so sweet he shouldn't never use no sugar any more—an' then he kissed her, an' I said I'd tell, an'—"

The young heir was lifted out of the room by his ear, and the supper was finished in moody silence.

One boy stood with his back against the wall; the next boy stooped down with his head in the first boy's stomach; the third boy stooped with his head on the second boy's back, and in this way the line of boys was continued back as far as desirable. Then all the spare boys took a running leap in succession, and putting their hands on the hindmost boy, jumped over as many as possible, to come down at the end of the jump on a boy's neck with the force of an infantile pile driver, and the next boy comes down on him in the same way, the effects of the jumpers being directed to breaking the line of the stoopers or their necks, either object appearing to be equally desirable and attainable.

The position of the boy against the wall is one of great honor and responsibility. It requires a boy of strong stomach to enjoy the process of having the head of another boy driven into his waistband by the continued efforts of fifteen of his followers. Sometimes the jumpers become unbearably enthusiastic, and the boy against the wall finds it necessary to step aside to swallow his dinner. This gives the stooping boy a chance to distinguish himself, as his head is jammed against the wall so hard that he feels his ears sticking out under his arms. Sometimes it happens that a small, consumptive boy gets into the line of stoopers, and when a big boy comes down on his back he breaks in two, and this causes a hiatus that is immediately filled by the stoopers in the rear, who sprawl on their noses and elbows, while the remaining jumpers cavort over them like a cavalry charge.

We always like to encourage little games of this kind. They have a soothing effect upon market bills, the noise outside and the undertaker. The game to which we refer has resulted in no mortality so far, but it is only three days old, and we have an abiding hope.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed to the Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MONTREAL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Many thanks. We have as you will perceive, made use of the matter kindly sent. Solution of Problem No. 151 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 151 and 152 received. Correct.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 147 received. Correct.

J. R.—The Problem is correctly printed.

THE QUEBEC TOURNEY.

The prizes gained at the late Dominion Chess Association Tourney were distributed last week, and the following gentlemen were the recipients—

Table with 3 columns: No. of Prize, Games Won, Value of Prize. Lists names like H. A. Howe, E. Sanderson, E. B. Holt, J. White, J. Henderson, J. W. Shaw, E. T. Fletcher.

We are requested to state that a handsome set of views of Quebec, was added to the prize of each of the Montreal players in the preceding list, designed, as we understand, to be considered as a memento of their late visit to the ancient capital.

In the Chess Column of the Field we read that the Annual Tourney of the Youngs' Institute of old Pye Street, Westminster, England, took place during last month. Twenty players entered their names, and each competitor contested three games with every other competitor. The match occupied six weeks, and the play, on the whole, was very creditable. Our principal object in drawing attention to this statement is to show that the game of Chess is occupying (and we believe beneficially) the minds of some of those who, but a short time ago, were deemed little anxious to derive amusement from intellectual pursuits. The whole of the young people engaged in the above mentioned contest are employed in industrial pursuits, and we rejoice to find that their leisure hours are so well, and so profitably employed.

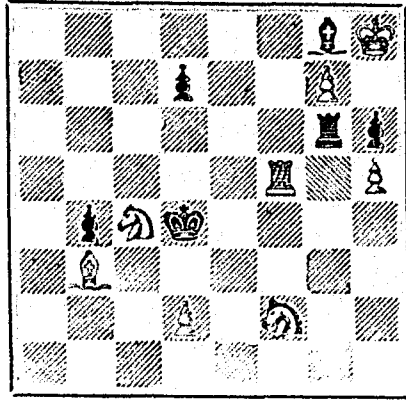
A new edition of a work entitled "Chess Gems," is about to be published by subscription in England. It is to be divided into three parts, the first to contain fifty problems by old masters, such as Stamma, Cozio, Lodi, &c.; the second, about four hundred problems of British composers, such as Wormald, Andrews, Campbell, Grimshaw, Pavitt, &c.; besides several positions composed some years ago by the talented Mr. Bone, and the equally renowned Mr. Bolton. The third part contains a selection from the productions of foreign composers, such as Meinhelm, D'Orville, Andersen, Kling, &c.; besides some of the best positions of noted American authors,

such as Loyd, G. Brown, &c. The volume will contain altogether about 700 problems. Mr. J. A. Miles, of Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng., has the work in hand, and the price will be about three dollars by subscription.

PROBLEM No. 152.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 236TH.

From the Boston Globe.

Those who say "He who is a composer of fine problems cannot himself play a good game," had better examine the following which was contested in the Paris Tournament of 1867.

(Ginoco Piano.)

WHITE.—(Mr. S. Loyd.) BLACK.—(Mr. S. Rosenthal.)

- 1. P to K4 P to K4
2. Kt to K B3 Kt to Q B3
3. K B to D4 K B to B4
4. P to Q3 Kt to B3
5. B to K3 B to Kt3
6. Kt to B3 P to Q3
7. P to K R3 Q Kt to R3
8. B to Kt3 Kt takes B
9. R P takes Kt B to K3
10. Q Kt to Kt5 (a) B takes B
11. P takes B P to B3
12. Kt to B3 Q to B2
13. P to K Kt4 P to Q R3
14. P to Q4 Castles (Q R)
15. P to Q5 B to Q2
16. P to Kt5 Kt to K sq
17. Kt to Q2 P to Q B4
18. Kt to B4 P to R3
19. Q to R5 R to B sq
20. P takes P R takes Q
21. P takes P B takes P
22. P Queens B takes R
23. R takes R Q to K2
24. Kt to Kt5 (a) B to Kt5
25. Q to R7 K to Kt sq
26. Kt to R7 (a) Q to B3
27. R takes P R to R sq
28. R to R5 B to B6
29. Q to B sq Q to Kt5
30. Kt to Kt6 Q takes Q
31. K to Q2 Kt to B2
32. Q takes B (a)

White mates in three moves.

NOTES.

- (a) To oblige Black to take the B, do Mr. Loyd profits by his adversary's weak play. (b) A termination worthy of the great composer.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA

GAME 237TH.

Played at the Adelaide Chess Club, some time ago, in which Mr. H. Charlack yields the odds of Q R to Mr. Loughbon.

(Algebraic Gambit.)

Remove White's Q R.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Charlack.) BLACK.—(Mr. Loughbon.)
1. P to K4 P to K4
2. P to K B4 P takes P
3. Kt to K B3 P to K R4
4. P to K R4 P to K R4
5. Kt to K5 P to K R4
6. B to B1 R to R2
7. P to Q4 P to Q3
8. Kt takes B P R takes Kt
9. B takes R (a) K takes B
10. B takes P Kt to K B3
11. Castles P to B4
12. Kt to R3 R to K3
13. P to K5 P takes P
14. B takes P Q Kt to Q2
15. Q to K sq Q to Q R4
16. B takes Kt Kt takes B
17. R takes Kt (a) K takes R
18. Kt to K (a) K to B4
19. Q takes Q (a) K takes Kt
20. Q to K7 mate (a)

NOTE.

- (a) The ending is exceedingly neat.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 150.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. B to K Kt5 1. Anything
2. Mates accordingly

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 148.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. Q to Q R5 1. Any move
2. Mates accordingly

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 149.

WHITE. BLACK.

- K at K R2 K at K8
Q at Q R6 Pawns at K7,
B at K Kt5 and Q7

White to play and mate in two moves.

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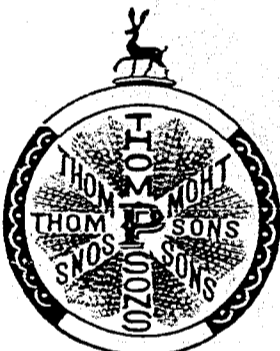
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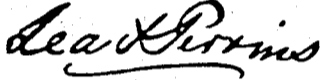
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