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FRIDAY Wholesale News

VOL. XV.—No. 13.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877

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THE FAIREST SPRING FLOWER OF THEM ALL.

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 post-masters in advance.

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All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

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

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.

Such is the title of an illustrated paper, written in French, and published from the offices of this Company. It is now in the seventh year of its existence and has prospered from the beginning, but since the month of January of this year, special efforts have been made to improve it, both pictorially and editorially, and the result has been of the most satisfactory nature. It is in the hands of two or three of the best known and most graceful writers of the Province of Quebec, who have, besides, the inappreciable advantage of assistance from the first pens in Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal, Three Rivers, and elsewhere. The literary movement among the French Canadians has never been so pronounced as it is at present, and most of us have really no idea of the variety, abundance, and general excellence of French Canadian literature. We feel therefore justified in calling attention to this fact among our English-speaking friends throughout the Dominion. The knowledge of French is almost a social and commercial necessity in Canada, while in the circle of polite education it cannot be omitted. Hence the English-speaking people of Canada, who wish to learn the language, or improve their acquaintance with it, cannot do better than subscribe to this beautiful weekly, which will furnish them with choice reading, written in good French, and edited with a single view to the entertainment of the fireside. The form of the paper is a large quarto, the size of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, containing twelve pages of matter—four devoted to illustrations and eight to letterpress. The price of subscription is only \$3.00 in advance. Colleges, convents, academies, schools, and public institutions are particularly invited to give the paper a trial and they may rely upon being treated with due consideration. For further particulars apply to the office of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, 5 Bleury Street, Montreal.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 31st, 1877.

PUBLIC CONTRACTS.

Our City Fathers in Council, are, like individuals, liable to be affected in their deliberations by good and bad times. When times are prosperous they are prepared to enlarge their hearts, and supply us with a new mansion as their office, and a park for their own and our recreation, and many other things that are not small. When the good times take to themselves wings and fly away, a gravity falls upon them, and they are prepared, on the old proverb, to take care of the pennies, feeling sure that the pounds will take care of themselves. But, unfortunately, the old proverb is much like the wisdom of our forefathers, for we have found that it is much better to take care of the pounds

and exercise a lighter supervision over the pennies. The situation may be grave, but it is not terrible, and perhaps we may glean some wisdom from it which may serve well in the future.

The first lesson is this, that our City Councils should be conservative bodies in the true sense of that term, should not be carried away by popular enthusiasm, but, like a fly, should keep on their steady movement, equal to the average of times, and regulate, rather than be regulated by, the state of things outside of their deliberative halls. If this be accepted, then they should not be thrown into unseemly emotions even by depression. They may, however, then, as at other times, think quietly over matters, and aim at improvement, not simply economy, but every other good thing for which we look up to them.

We are not one of them, and can therefore choose our subject for reflection, and this time it shall be contracts. There were once what were called good old times, when there were no contracts and no contractors. In those days men were kind and paid wages, and every man felt a pride in the quality of his work, the cost being matter that concerned none of them. A new era came, the era of estimates, specifications, and contracts. It promised wonderful advantages in the way of economy. But as one of our great philosophers says, "we never make a change, in order to accomplish a certain object, without discovering that we have produced a multitude of other effects which we did not foresee."

So it has been in this case. Master mechanics were interested at once, not in the good quality of their work, but in its cheapness, and the men, who formerly were most esteemed for the excellence of their handicraft, fell in the scale compared to those who could do most. Then came competition between contractor and contractor, until good workmanship and good materials were impossible, and so accustomed did the world become to bad work and bad materials, that good things were out of date.

But this was not enough. It was necessary to introduce trickery and deception, and to train the men to trickery and deception. An antidote to this was sought in the vigilance of architects and engineers, and the appointment of inspectors. Surely by this time, things were rightly balanced by opposing forces. But no. Inspectors were influenced or bribed, and sad to say, architects and engineers were suspected of collusion. But collusion was exceptional, and contractors were often driven to their wits' end after a low tender, and all the "scamping" possible; and again they struck a vein in extra works, and in suits for damages whenever precluded.

See then what a multitude of unexpected effects have followed the invention of the contract system; still, we have not finished. We have drawn a moral picture with continually deepening shadows, but have said nothing about letting contracts. The popular opinion upon letting contracts is a rigid one. It is said that if our City Fathers do not accept the lowest tender, there is room for enquiry, nay, even for suspicion of something that cannot be defined. But the public are not experts in contract letting, and lack that experience which practise gives. Are they aware that when contractors have competed until prices have become so low, that even those who rely on influencing inspectors, and scamping the work, and trumping up extras, are driven to despair, they meet and coalesce, sit at the same table to adjust their tenders, and quietly await the result? The lowest tender is a profitable one, so profitable that the winner can afford to pay to all the others a fair share of his profits. This so far is the end of the demoralization. But demoralized as contractors and contractors' workmen are by the system which promised nothing but good, there are differences in degree. There are many able men who shun contracts altogether, and

some who are contractors, who deeply regret that they are unable to supply good materials, and do work well and honestly, as that is impossible for the prices paid. A skilled and watchful architect and engineer discovers such men, sees that they need only a fair encouragement to restore the execution of work—a stage back towards the good old times.

Thus, first of all, by care in the appointment of chief officers, and by allowing them to explain freely and fully to a Board of City Councillors the manner in which such and such men show a strong disposition to do their best, contractors of the better kind can be found, distinct from those who are bent upon deception and fraud from the very badness of their nature.

Let the public then neither judge nor condemn too hastily when the lowest tender is not accepted. The great object to be attained is moral character, as well as skill in all contractors, for there is no specification that was ever written by engineer or lawyer, nor any number of inspectors, that will successfully counterpoise the tricks and schemes of a contractor who is skilled in arts of deception. The most costly of all methods of executing public works is to accept a tender that is too low, relying upon specifications and inspection, soon to be followed by defective work, extra work, foreclosure, reletting, and lawsuits.

SANITARY BOARDS.

The health of cities is a subject that largely and worthily attracts public attention at the present time. We are anxious to be freed from epidemics, and live with continually improving health. Those who contribute to this end are worthy of all honor. But one must distinguish between those who get up statistics of disease and those who point out the way to render a city more fit to live in. If we were utterly ignorant of the causes of disease, our initial step should be to collect statistics of every kind that might chance to throw some light on the obscurity of the subject. To illustrate what we mean by utterly ignorant, we may mention a case. In France, as in other countries, an impression existed among the people that the different conditions of the moon had some influence on lunatics. There was no knowledge wherewith to refute this, and the Government resorted to statistics. The officers of all Lunatic Asylums were ordered to make notes of the effects, if any, which the moon produced, and from these notes when collected it was found that there was no effect.

Now here is the distinct use of statistics to begin to throw light where there is none. But we are by no means in this condition as to causes of disease or diminished vitality. It is not necessary to collect with precision the number of cases of small pox, typhoid and diphtheria as starting points that shall lead us into the dawn of knowledge. Such statistics are good at all times, to arouse our attention, and as milestones to mark our progress; but we should not wait till these things are done, and fancy that we are making progress.

We have a great deal of knowledge in the causes of ill health. Even in a country as yet unoccupied we know that the hills are better to live among, than the rich flat valleys however fertile; and that a gravelly hill is better than a clay hill. We know that in cities there should be good sewers, and good drains, and no stagnant ponds anywhere, and that there should be an ample supply of good water.

Now how are things in Montreal for instance? We have brick sewers in some streets that are pretty fair, but in others they are ill built and filthy. In a great many streets we have old wooden sewers that have a soddened mass of corruption lying in the bottom, while the planks are saturated to a like quality, and so too the ground that touches them. If we buried our dead in the centres of our streets the long line of coffins would be less harmful, for they would have no branches leading

into our houses. These noisome sewers receive numerous wooden drains somewhat of the same quality as themselves.

We know full well that this is injurious to health without any enumeration of deaths from any or all causes. We know that sewers should differ in size, but that none should be so small that men cannot clean them; and that all drains should be perfectly water tight from the beginning in the house to the junction with the sewer, and should be made of imperishable materials. We know also that bad air from sewers should not be allowed to enter dwellings.

It is within our knowledge also that decaying organic matter, whether animal or vegetable, is a source of disease, dirty domestic habits have largely to do with the health or ill health of the people. Inferior food and clothing caused by poverty, and all the irregularities growing out of dissipation have their influence. The increased skill, although advantageous to the wise, had its share in causing many to take gross liberties with their health, believing that if sick they may be cured.

We have all these items of knowledge wherewith to commence our work and should not be satisfied to run to and fro hunting up items of disease. Let us select some one of the evils that are rampant, and attack it boldly, and while so doing, collect statistics of the very evils that we know are breeding pestilence. If the garbage of the city is not better hunted up and removed this coming summer than it was last, we need not boast of our Board of Health. And by way of statistics of evil things let us know in what streets we have these horrible wooden sewers, and then let it be followed by a record of every building that has a wooden drain. If we are not willing to do such things for fear of exposing where the defects of our city lie, we may compose our minds and bear with what comes.

CIVIC ECONOMY.

It will be presumed by the public that our City Fathers are really in earnest in their desire to retrench, when they discover that the salaries of employees are being reduced. Many new brooms have done sweeping after the same fashion. Of all the methods of economizing this requires the least intellect and the least skill, and is the most doubtful in its effects. If the executive officers of the Corporation have been receiving too much, then it is a confession of error and want of wisdom in the past, and if some have been ill-selected, it is a confession of past indiscretion. Of course, errors should be corrected. There is an economy of a higher order, which is nearly always accompanied by increased salaries—it is the exercise of wisdom in the purchase of intellect and character. If the difference in men were simply that of muscle, or stature, or comeliness, it would be easy matter of choice, but it requires judges of no mean capacity to be experts in selecting men by their intellect and moral qualities. Men of the highest order in these two respects are worth to a city higher prices than employers in the open market. To judge of human nature and to select such men is almost the entire duty of City Councillors, and when they have done that duty well, the city is safe in all its departments. With faithful and able officers, properly respected and rewarded, all goes right, and the Councillors themselves occupy a position of ease and dignity. They should endeavour, therefore, to be experts in their own proper duty, for they can never hope to be in all the various departments in which their own officers are employed. Our representative system seeks only to send as delegates men who have proved themselves to possess tact, judgment, and character. They are not supposed to be able to pass in a competitive examination for every department whatever of the city's various works, although some may chance to be fit. What is wanted to produce a large economy is perhaps some change in the attitude of the City councillors themselves. If they try to do everything, or to guide

everything, watch everything, and check everything, they undertake the impossible and do harm by taking from their staff their proper duties and responsibilities.

THE ATTITUDE OF TURKEY.

We have heard the views of all the leading statesmen of Europe on the complications of the Eastern question. It is now the turn of the Sultan to take the world into his confidence.

In the Nova Scotia Assembly, last week, on the division on the Maritime Union question, Mr. HOLMES' amendment that it is inexpedient at the present time to pass the resolution in regard to Maritime Union, was defeated by 21 to 15.

EPIHEMERIDES.

Here is a rather good story of the new President:—In the summer of 1860 he was travelling with his family in Canada; taking a steamer at Quebec for Ha! Ha! Bay, at the mouth of the Saguenay river, there came up a dense fog, and the steamer, through the incompetency of the Captain, who was grossly intoxicated, was placed in a fearful position.

Do you want to know how the French economize, and how their thrift is the wonder of nations? Read:—The French butcher separates the bones from his steaks, and places them where they will do the most good.

Now that St. Valentine's day is passed, and there is no fear of plagiarism, here are a few things that were collected prior to that date, relative to women's rights, at least in the eyes of some men, and wise ones:—"There are but two fine things in the world," says Malherbe, "women and roses."

Dr. John Wallis, an eminent man of the seventeenth century, used to amuse himself with elaborate trifles. Here is a French stanza, a good puzzle for beginners in the language:

Quand un cordier, content, veut corder une corde, Pour sa corde corder trois cordons il accorde; Mais si un descordant, de la corde decorde, Le cordon decordant fait decorder la corde.

This was twisted into English by Dr. Wallis, in the following perplexing fashion:

When a twister, in twisting, will twist him a twist, For the twisting his twist he three times doth entwine; But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist, The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

And afterward he added four other twists: Untwirling the twine, that untwisted between, He twirls with his twister, the two in a twine. Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine, He twisteth the twine he had twined in the twine.

And afterward these additional twists: The twain that in twining before in the twine, As twines were untwisted, he now doth entwine, 'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between, He, twirling the twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Tennyson gives the new magazine "The Nineteenth Century," a word of welcome and good speed:

—Those that of late had fleeted far and fast To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill Of others their old craft, seaworthy still, Have charter'd this, a woe-mindful of the past, Our true comrades gather round the mast Of diverse tongue, but with a common will, Here in this routing moon of daffodil And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast. For some, descending from the sacred peak Of her high-templed faith, have leagued again Their lot with ours to roam the world about; And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek If any golden harbor be for men, In seas of death and soulless gulfs of doubt."

This is doubtless all very nice, but I do not understand it. Do you?

The clergy in the time of Queen Elizabeth were not held in very general esteem; indeed, the minstrel and the cook were often better paid than the priest, as may be seen from the follow-

ing entry in the books of the Stationers' Company for the year 1560:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Items include 'Item, paid to the preacher', 'Item, paid to the minstrel', and 'Item, paid to the cook'.

The domestic chaplain of those days is drawn by Bishop Hall with a glowing pencil; and while his picture faithfully exhibits the servile and depressed state of the poor tutor, it is at the same time wrought up with much point and humor:

A gentle squire would gladly entertain Into his house some teacher-chaplain; Some willing man that might instruct his sons, And that would stand to good conditions: First, that he lie upon the truckle bed; While his young master lieth o'er his head; Second, that he do, upon no default, Never presume to sit above the salt; Third, that he never change his trencher twice; Fourth, that he use all common courtesies; Sit bare at meals, and one-half rise and wait; Last, that he never his young master beat; But he must ask his mother to define How many jerks she would his breech should find: All these observed, he could contented be, To give five marks and water livery.

These "good old times" would appear to have been rather "evil days" for domestic chaplains; and the young squire's progress in learning could scarcely have been brilliant under such a depressed instructor.

On last Saturday week, the 17th inst., all the members of the Montreal Gazette staff, tendered a supper to Mr. Robert S. White, commercial editor of that paper, on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday.

A. STEELE PEN.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FAIREST SPRING FLOWER OF THEM ALL.—From our long and severe winters, there is no people who enjoy the return of spring more than the Canadians. Our front page picture is therefore bound to be welcome both on account of its artistic perfection and its vernal suggestiveness.

DR. A. M. ROSS.—For the biography of this distinguished Canadian naturalist see the column surrounding his portrait.

THE DEPUTY-MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.—A memoir of the services of Mr. William Smith will be found accompanying his portrait on another page.

PAPAL CASKET.—A pilgrimage of Roman Catholics—both Irish and French-Canadian—is being organized for the middle of next month, the object of which is to visit Rome and pay their respects to Pope Pius IX on occasion of the 50th anniversary of his elevation to the Episcopal dignity.

THE DANUBE AT SULKAS.—In connection with our series of Eastern pictures, we give today a view of the port where the broad Danube opens out into the Black Sea. The view is a particularly striking one.

THE OLD FORT AT ST. ANN'S.—This is another of our views of Canadian scenery connected with historical recollections. The ruins of this venerable fort are sadly neglected, and it is to be feared that, before many years elapse, the only memory of it will be found in the sketch which we here publish.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTH WEST.—These drawings were taken in connection with the "Special Survey" of which Lindsay Russell, Esq., Assistant-Surveyor General, is chief, and which has been operating, for two years past, west of Winnipeg, principally running standard bases and meridians, and exploring the country. The work has now progressed to about 60 miles west of Fort Pelly.

WRECK OF THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON."—We call attention to this picture, not only on account of its thrilling and mournful interest, but also because it exhibits the pluck and generous humanity of our brave Newfoundland seamen. It deserves to be preserved as a memorial of Canadian bravery.

THE FIRST WALTZ.—This is essentially a German picture. The two young rogues are all right. This is their first, but you may be sure that it will not be their last waltz. With the instinct of their nationality for music, they keep time to the accompaniment of the elders, and it were hard to tell which is the happier—the young ones who gyrate, or the old people who behold the evolutions.

NO MOTHER AT HOME.—This sad and pathetic picture is best described by silence. It cannot be studied without tears. Poor little orphans! Alas! they know the terrible meaning of the verse:—"What is home without a mother?"

VARIETIES.

"DUNNING."—The term "dunning" is by some erroneously stated to come from the French language, in which donner signifies "give me;" by others from duana—Saxon—"to thunder." But the true origin of this expression owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, so extremely active and so dexterous in the management of his rough business that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay his debts, to say, "Why don't you 'Dun' him?"—that is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" Hence it grew into a custom, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII.

SWINBURNE.—Swinburne's new poem, "The Sailing of the Swallow," has a charming picture in these lines. They are descriptive of the Lady Iscalt upon the deck of the fine ship, "The Swallow," as she sat "with full face against the strengthening light, on deck between the rowers, at dawn."

"Her flower soft lips we a meek and passionate, For love upon them like a shadow Patient, a foreseen vision of sweet things, A dream with eyes fast shut and plumbeous wings, That knew not what man's love or life should be, Nor had it sight nor heart to hope or see, What thing should come; but childlike, satisfied, Watches out its virgin vigil in soft pride, And unkindled expectation; and the glad Clear cheeks and throat, and tender temples had Such maiden heat as if a rose's blood Beat in the live heart of a lily-bud."

A GREAT ARTIST.—Martin, the celebrated lion tamer, while staying at Ghent, in 1825, noticed among the most constant attendants at his menagerie a young artist. Martin yearned toward him, and the two became intimate. One day the artist, while taking the portrait of a noble lion, called Nero, complained bitterly that the bars of the cage were in the way. "Don't let that be an obstacle," said Martin; "if you will come with me into Nero's apartment and allow me to introduce you, I can answer for it that he will show how flattered he is by a visit from so excellent an artist, and will give you every facility for handing down his features to posterity." The artist jumped at the offer, and Martin, who was not the man to lose an opportunity of advertising himself, sent word to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Governor of Ghent, and to other notabilities, that he would on a given day go into Nero's cage and take "an amateur stranger" with him. The Duke did not fail to put in an appearance; the plucky pair walked into the cage, and Nero was at first inclined to be what is called nasty. But, reassured by his master's voice, the lion went and laid down in a corner; and the painter sitting down opposite, coolly proceeded to cut his pencil. Having performed this little preliminary to his satisfaction he executed a sketch of Nero, which was pronounced to be very like. The "dumpeur" and the painter then took a polite leave of the lion; and the Duke, having complimented the artist on the pluck as well as the talent displayed, would fain have purchased the sketch. But it was not to be had for money, and the artist kept it himself. His name was Verboeckhoven, afterwards famous as a Belgian animal painter. How much of his success he owed to his daring feat there is no telling, but it very likely gave him the start which talent required.

DOMESTIC.

SALT FISH PICKLE.—Put into a saucepan any remnants of boiled salt cod (picked out in flakes, and perfectly free from bone and skin), with a piece of butter and a cupful of cream, plenty of white pepper, and a little English mustard. Let the whole simmer till thoroughly hot, but do not let it boil.

SALT BUTTER MADE FRESH.—Put a pound of salt butter in a wooden bowl, and a quart of water, and work it well either with your hand or a wooden spoon for twenty minutes; then pour away the water, and wash it well in seven or eight different waters. Add a very little salt, and make into pats.

LIGHT DUMPLINGS.—To every cup of cold water needed to make as much dough as is desired, put one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a half teaspoonful of soda; then stir in instantly flour enough to make a little thicker than biscuit; cut out and boil twenty minutes. If directions are strictly followed, you will have light dumplings.

OMELETTE.—A cup of milk and a handful of flour; beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and the yolks by themselves; add to the yolks a little flour, and a part of the milk, with pepper and salt; add remainder of milk and flour, the beaten whites last; fry it in butter or part lard; much of the lightness and delicacy of the omelette depends upon the thorough beating of the eggs.

DR. A. M. ROSS.

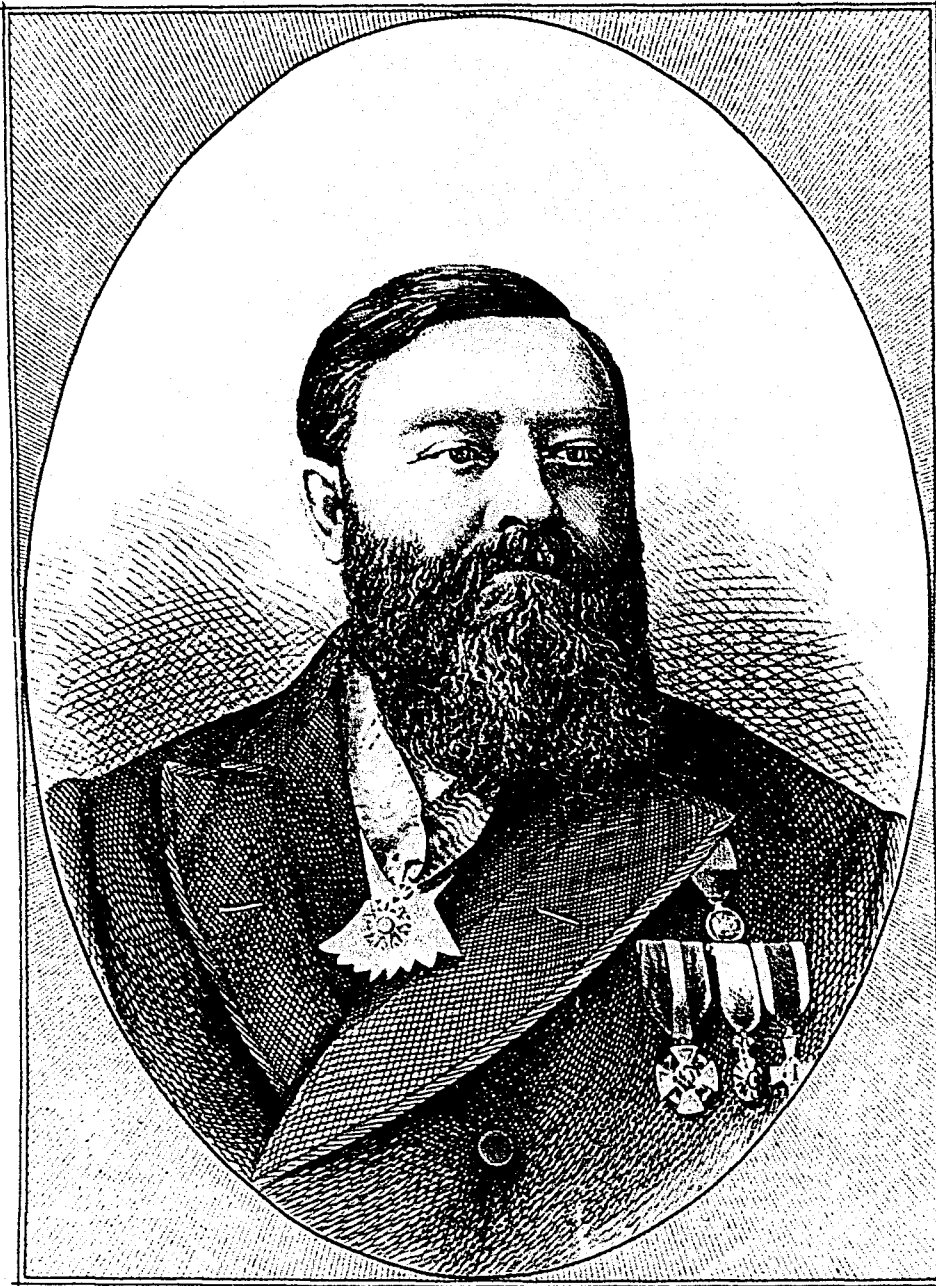
The September number of *L'Illustrazione Italiana*, published at Rome and Milan, Italy, contains an excellent portrait of Dr. A. M. Ross, the distinguished Canadian Naturalist, and a highly complimentary sketch of his labors and achievements.

We have pleasure in presenting to our readers this week, a portrait of the Doctor engraved from a recent photograph. Every patriotic Canadian must experience feelings of pride and congratulation at the scientific celebrity attained by a native born Canadian. No other Canadian or American has been the recipient of so general and distinguished recognition by the *sarants* of Europe as Dr. A. M. Ross. The learned societies of nearly every empire and kingdom in Europe have marked their appreciation of his scientific attainments by conferring upon him their highest honours. Dr. Ross' merits have also attracted the appreciative attention of royalty. His Majesty the King of Italy has conferred upon him the royal decoration of Chevalier of the Royal Crown of Italy; the King of Portugal has invested him with the Knight Commandership of the Illustrious Military Order of Conception; the King of Greece has made him Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Redeemer of the Kingdom of Greece; the King of Saxony has created him Knight of the Royal Order of Albert of the Kingdom of Saxony. From Russia and Denmark he has received Gold Medals of Merit, and from Austria and Egypt Diplomas of Honour.

Dr. Ross' labors as a collector and classifier of Canadian Fauna and Flora have been very extensive and added greatly to the diffusion throughout Europe of a knowledge of our natural products. During the past fifteen years he has collected over four hundred and fifty species of North American Birds that regularly or occasionally visit the Canadian Provinces; two hundred and forty species of eggs of Canadian birds; three thousand four hundred species of insects belonging to the orders of Lepidoptera, Coleoptera and Neuroptera; two hundred and forty-eight species of Canadian mammals, reptiles and fresh water fish, and eighteen hundred species of Canadian Flora.

Dr. Ross' contributions to the literature of Canadian natural history have been quite voluminous when his active and indefatigable labors as a collector are considered. Several of his literary productions have been republished in France and Italy, and have met with a cordial reception in those countries. No one except a naturalist or scientist can adequately appre-

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. 293

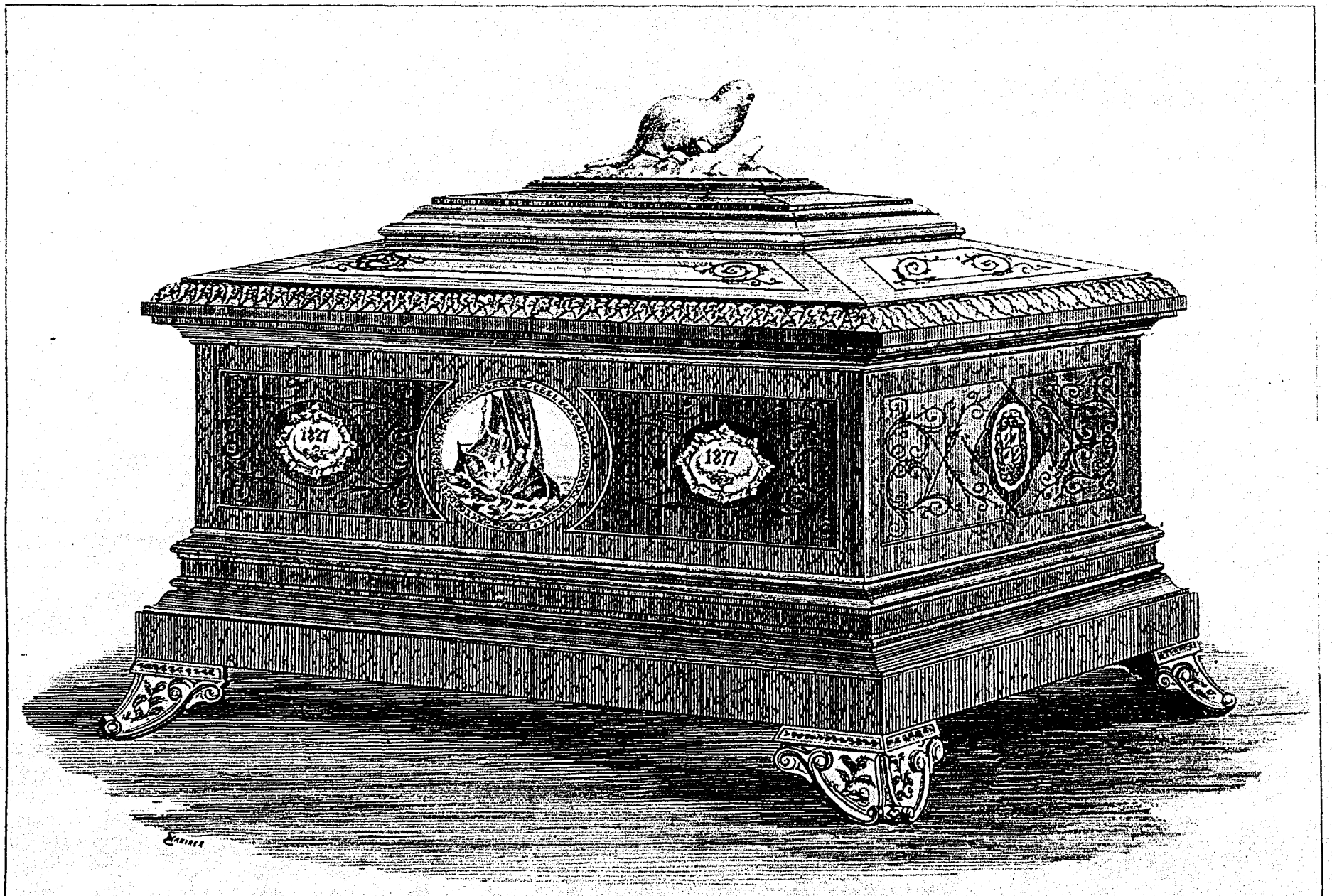


ALEXANDER MILTON ROSS, M. D., A. M., &c., &c.

ciate the patient, careful, persistent toil, accurate observation and love of nature required to accomplish the work Dr. Ross has performed and which has obtained for him the well merited esteem of scientists throughout the world.

MEASURING A TREE.—A man in Leigh County read somewhere that "the Canadian way of measuring a tree is said to be as certain as it is grotesque. You walk from the tree, looking at it from time to time between your knees. When you are able to see the top in this way, your distance from the root of the tree equals its height." So he attempted to measure a certain tree, just out of curiosity, by walking forward with his head between his knees. Before his eyes had reached more than half-way up the trunk he came to the edge of a precipice sixty feet high, and all of a sudden began to turn somersaults downwards till he struck the river below. Then he swam out and went home, and he does not even yet know how high that tree is, or whether the Canadian theory is correct, and he does not care; but he wishes he could find the man who conveyed the information upon the subject to the public. He desires to remonstrate with him.

FROM COUNTER TO THRONE.—Some years ago, writes a contemporary, the "crack" linen-draper's shop in the Grande Rue of Pera was kept by Tomkins and Marengo. Mrs. Tomkins was a Swiss, and sat behind the counter dispensing gloves and cosmetics to Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and other nationalities. By her side sat a pretty, light-haired Swiss girl, who had picked up a smattering of Turkish, by means of which and by her good looks she attracted many Turkish Pashas to the shop in quest of gloves and mild flirtation. Among them the present Sultan. He saw and loved the fair Swiss girl. One afternoon she announced to her aunt that she was about to marry a Pasha. In vain the aunt explained to her that she was disgracing herself by such an alliance, and endeavoured to lure her back to recollections of her native land by telling her how happy her lot would be as the bride of a tradesman in Berne or Lucerne. The niece remained true to her Pasha, and Mrs. Tomkins, with many misgivings, consented to the wedding. The Pasha is now the Sultan. The Swiss girl is Sultana. She has taught him European languages, and her influence is unbounded over him.



CASKET DESTINED TO CONTAIN THE DONATIONS OF THE CANADIAN PILGRIMS TO THE POPE.

THE DEPUTY MINISTER OF MARINE.

Mr. SMITH was appointed by the Governor in Council of Canada, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in the year 1868, having previously acted as Secretary of the Marine Department, to which office he was appointed in 1867, immediately after the Confederation of the Maritime Provinces with Canada. He was appointed to both these offices on the recommendation of the Hon. Peter Mitchell, who was appointed Minister of Marine and Fisheries in 1867, when the Confederation of the Provinces took place, and who was the first Minister who ever held the office; and it was therefore under his late energetic chief and himself that that Department, which has grown to such large proportions, was first organized. Previous to his appointment to his present office, Mr. Smith had held the offices of Controller of Customs and Navigation Laws, and Registrar of Shipping, at St. John, New Brunswick, from 1855 to 1867, under several Governments of that Province, of some of which, both his late chief the Hon. Mr. Mitchell, and his present chief, the Hon. Albert J. Smith, were prominent members. Mr. Smith first entered the service of the Imperial Customs, in Scotland, in 1840, at the age of nineteen, under an appointment of the Lords of the Treasury, and was afterwards appointed by the same authorities to the Imperial Customs Department at St. John, New Brunswick, in 1842, since which period he filled several offices in connection with that Department up to 1855, when he was appointed Controller at St. John, N. B. He held the office of Receiver General of Admiralty Droits for New Brunswick from 1858 to 1865. In 1862 he was appointed by the Government of New Brunswick Commissioner to investigate complaints against the Police Department of St. John, New Brunswick; and in 1865 he was also appointed by the New Brunswick Government a member of the West Indian Trade Commission of British North America, which was deputed to proceed to the West Indies and South America, to report on the trade relations of these countries with the British North American Provinces, with the view of ascertaining whether such relations could be extended in the interest of such Provinces. Mr. Smith represented New Brunswick on this Commission. In 1868 he was appointed by the Government of Canada a member of the Civil Service Commission which was appointed for the

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 294.



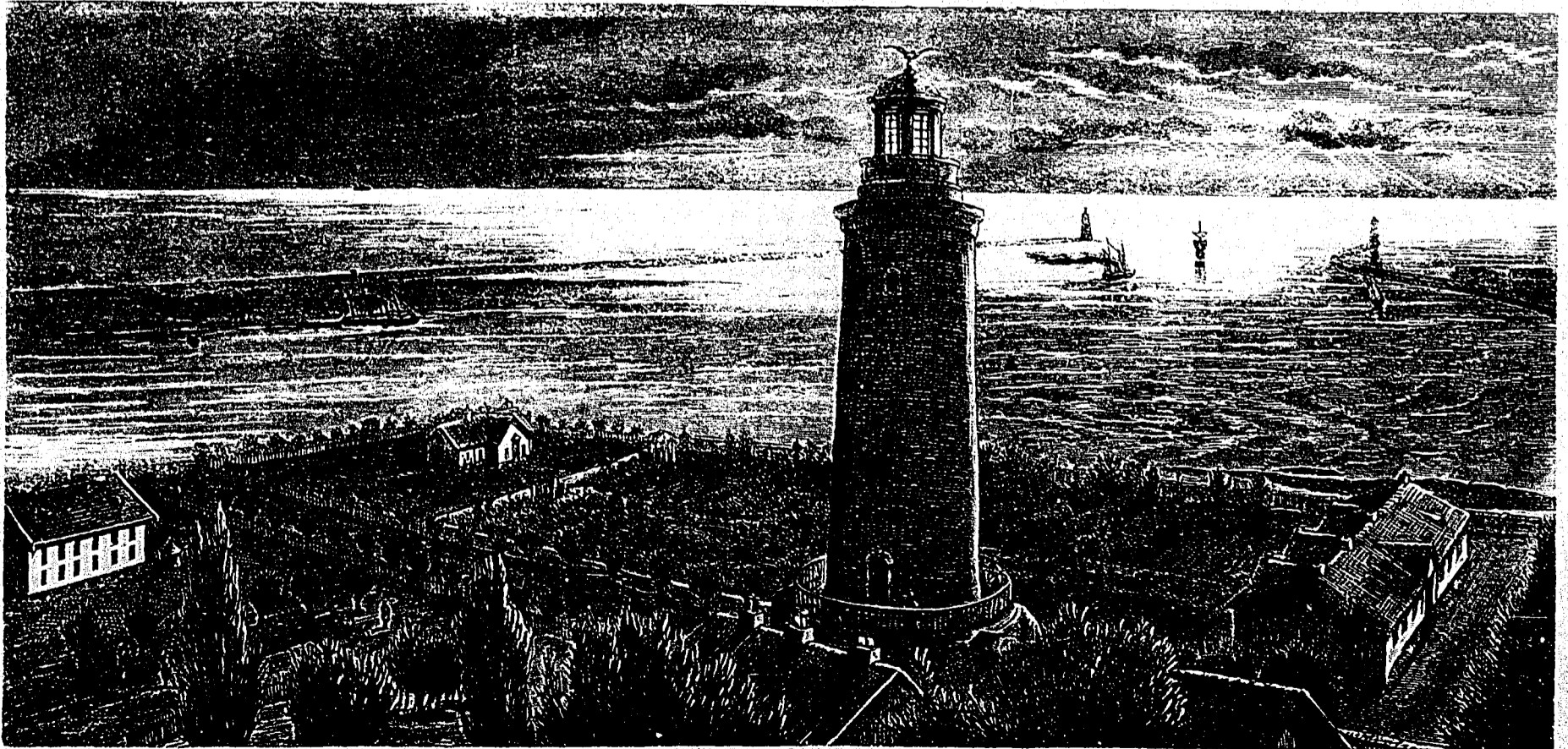
WILLIAM SMITH, Esq., DEPUTY MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.

purpose of reorganizing the Civil Service of Canada. In 1875 he was sent to England by the Minister of Marine for the purpose of transacting some public business in connection with his Department, and, while there, was directed by the Canadian Government to confer with Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies and the officers of the Board of Trade on the subject of Imperial Merchant Shipping Legislation which was then under consideration by Parliament, with the view of protecting the interests of Canadian shipowners, who strongly objected to such proposed legislation. In 1876, when her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies requested the Canadian Government to send a representative to London to confer with Her Majesty's Government on behalf of Canada, on the subject of the proposed Imperial legislation then before Parliament, Mr. Smith was appointed for this purpose by the Dominion Government, and remained in London till the close of the session of the Imperial Parliament, when the Merchant Shipping Bill of 1876 became law; and, while on this mission he succeeded in procuring a number of alterations in the Bill in favor of the marine interests of Canada. Mr. Smith has been a member of the Civil Service Board of Canada, and the Audit Board of Canada, since 1867, and he has now served continuously in the Imperial and Colonial Service thirty-seven years, thirty-five of which have been in North America.

ORIGIN OF BILLIARDS.—A gentleman in the financial profession, named William Kew, invented the game of billiards about the middle of the sixteenth century. During the wet weather he was in the habit of taking down the three balls and with the ward measure pushing them, billiard fashion, from the counter into the stalls; in time the idea of a board with side pockets suggested itself. "All the young men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergymen from St. Pawles, hence one of ye strokes was named a cannon, having been by one of ye said clergymen invented. This game is now known by ye name of Bill-yard, because William or Bill Kew did first play with his yard measure. The stick is now called a kew or 'kue.'" It is easy to comprehend how "Bill-yard" has been modernized into Billiard, and the transformation of "kew" into "cue" is equally apparent. Mark-her or marker arose from the duties of a sentinel who had to look out for a certain wife who objected to her husband's absence, and sought him out—he was called hence Mark-her.



HOSPITAL. LIGHTHOUSE. MOSQUE. CUSTOM HOUSE. GREEK CHURCH.



MIDDLE LIGHTHOUSE. NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSE. SOUTHERN LIGHTHOUSE.

THE DANUBE AT SULINA. THE DANUBE FLOWING INTO THE BLACK SEA.

TO MEAFORD.

BY THOMAS CLAUDE DEAN.

I. The tide of time exerts its bold mad sway
And life's wild sea rolls on with sullen roar;
Whose restless waves bear me from day to day,
Nearer to death's dark shore.

II. Its fleeting flood has borne me far from thee,
To mingle with the world's remorseless throng,
Yet is thy memory ever sweet to me,
As some wild warbler's song.

III. I think of thee when fair, triumphant day
Wakes from its mystic swoon; and yet again
I think of thee when eve's strange phantoms play,
And night begins his reign.

IV. Yes! night and day thou to my thoughts art true,
And though perchance Old Fame has wreathed my brow,
My boyhood days, which once were sweet to me,
Come to my vision now.

V. I see thy fair, bright vales where, when a boy,
I chased the butterflies in gulfless play,
And mocked the morning songsters in my joy
At the bright birth of day.

VI. Again I search the secrets of thy deep
Dark forests, where the summer shrubs bowed low,
And the wild winds whistled in their sleep,
The river's gentle flow.

VII. Again I wander by thy brooklets fair,
And listen to the murmuring white cascades;
Again I heard the birds chant to the air,
Their evening serenades.

VIII. My childish steps were on thy fields, my soul
Held banquet there with joy's celestial band;
T was there I tread my thoughts from all control,
And in bright fancy stand.

IX. I built my future woere, within their graves,
Old pain and anguish slept their sleep of death,
And the wild cry of grief's great leap and waves
Strid not joy's soothing breath.

X. T was there I lived as in a soothing dream,
And barred my soul against all thought of care;
My days were boyous as the soft sun's beam,
Life seemed so bright and fair.

XI. But now my path in life from thee lies far
And I must boldly tread it where it lies,
Yet do I look to thee as some bright star
Which lights the pathless skies.

OUR CLIMATE AND PEOPLE.

A crisp, dry, bracing climate, invigorating and exhilarant. A climate of rosy cheeks, elastic lungs, stout sinews, producing a hardy, healthy race. The Canadian is rather stumpy in size and rugged in build, but he has a brave heart for work and strong arms to handle the axe, and brandish the flail. The women are equally laborious, and amid the fatigues of caring for a large family—Canadian women are phenomenally prolific—do work in garden and field which would tax the strength of our best yeomen. A happy, fecund people, quaint in their simplicity, with strange old-time customs, and broad, Norman accent, ardent with a fire which two-hundred hyperborean winters have not chilled, and hospitable with the proverbial hospitality of mountaineers. In the United States, sixty is considered a venerable old age, but here, even the scriptural term of three score and ten is not the extreme limit of existence. In any village church you will behold the white hairs of many a patriarch of ninety, who has probably walked to mass a distance of one or two leagues. This people have few of the luxuries of life. They do very little shopping or marketing, for every farm produces the clothing and food of the family—coarse linen for undergarments, heavy woollens for upper dress, plenty of fat pork, rich milk and butter, substantial white bread, sugar from the sap of the maple and small beer from the blood of the spruce and tamarac. A primitive, pastoral people, worthy to be sung by another Sicilian Theocritus, as indeed they have been by Longfellow in *Evangeline*; for the Acadians of that poem are a branch of the same Breton colony which settled two centuries ago in the Huron-Algonquin villages of Stadacona and Hochelaga (Quebec and Montreal), and subsequently spread over the great valley of the St. Lawrence. The American who is desirous of studying peasant life and the charms of quiet villages which he so frequently reads of but never sees at home, need not for that purpose undertake a trans-Atlantic voyage. He can procure that enjoyment by coming to Lower Canada, and learning the habits of this singular people, who, unlike their countrymen of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Alabama and Michigan, have preserved nearly intact the simplicity, innocence, and pleasant ancient ways of their forefathers on the banks of the Loire and Garonne. And now, a word about the picturesque-ness of the country. It is no exaggeration to say that nowhere in North America can a grander or more varied scenery be found. There are not the warm exuberance of the tropics, the profuse vegetation, the gorgeous tints, the enervating odorlessness of Brazilian woods, but there are characteristic elements of beauty and sublimity on land and water which must arrest the attention and command the unqualified admiration of the lover of nature. The principal feature in this panorama is the river St. Lawrence. Look at the map and see where it rises

and whither it flows. First observe where it moves on darkling in the shade of the fir-lined shores of Lake Huron, thence through Lake St. Clair, past Detroit into the bosom of the stormy Erie, onward with perpetual roar and amid clouds of mist at Niagara, where, under the triumphal arch of Iris, resplendent with prismatic lights, it tumbles 150 feet into the placid waters of Ontario, bathes the Thousand Isles at Kingston, sweeps past the modern city of Montreal and the ancient walled town of Quebec, till finally, ever widening, it reaches its gigantic break-water on the western shore of Anticosti. It changes name five or six times in its course, but is always the same great northern stream, nearly as broad as the Amazon, as impetuous as the Ganges, and far more picturesque than the "Father of Waters." Canadian forests, too, deserve consideration. As an article of wealth, they are perhaps the greatest resource of the country, for, in spite of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, American builders must have and are willing to pay high duties for Canadian lumber. The maple, birch, beech, oak, pine, hemlock and walnut abound in all varieties. These forests are still wild and teeming with game.

A novel and picturesque sight in connection with these woods is the Canadian raftsman and the Canadian hunter. The raftsman or *homme des bois* spends the winter in the interior, cutting timber and preparing it for the freshets of spring. When he has gathered a sufficient quantity, he constructs a raft therewith, upon which he builds a little cabin for himself, and sets out for the point where the lumber is to be delivered. He knows the river well, and advances boldly through its rapids and cascades. He is a famous fellow for stories and songs. He knows all the legends and ballads which his ancestors brought from France. It is pleasant to stand on the shore and hear him sing, in a clear, resonant voice, in time with the stroke of his long oar, such beautiful romances as:

"A la chaise feminine,
Mon ame est au premier
Et moi j'ai le bar mode."
Rome, Meville, ma belle romaine.

The huntsman, or *coureur des bois*, has his home in some country parish, but passes a great part of his time in the pursuit of game. The elk, the moose, the bear, the otter, the beaver, the opossum, the fox, the partridge, the wild duck, the pigeon and many more, fall an easy prey to the skill of the Canadian hunter. He is the descendant of a class who learned the art from the Indians themselves, and who replaced the red man in the traffic of furs. He is of the race of those who explored the Rocky Mountains before Lewis and Clark; who, with Franchère, colonized Columbia before J. J. Astor; who founded New Orleans with Iberville, Mobile with Bienville, Galveston with Michel Menard, Milwaukee with Salomon Jumeau, Detroit with Lamothé-Cadillac, and contributed to the early growth of the city of Laclede. A remarkable race, now greatly reduced in numbers, but still retaining all the elements of its vitality.

The river St. Lawrence; the primeval forests; the raftsman and the *coureur des bois*; the mountains of ice upheaving in the thaws of spring; the weird illuminations of the *aurore boréal*, or storm-lights; the *neveils*, or lighters of the snow, which the northern muse has imagined in addition to the *dequads* and *avalanchs* of tropical woods and summer seas (beautiful creations, indistinct and evanescent as the hazy winter atmosphere in which they float, cold and passionless as Indian, pure with the whiteness of the element which composes them),—all these, or some of these, artistically grouped on one canvas, form an ensemble sufficiently picturesque to captivate a lover of the beautiful. This is so far acknowledged, that a branch of the celebrated English Water Color Academy is established at Montreal, and makes many studies from Canadian nature. Here is one of these *tableaux de genre*: A Canadian hunter returns from a successful expedition at nightfall. Clad in heavy great coat, with hood tightly laced upon his forehead and under his chin—boots of moose skin reaching to his knees—red sash about his loins—he leans upon his rifle and looks out from the edge of the pine wood like a Fra Diavolo of the Grand Opera. A noble caribou lies dead at his feet, the trophy of his hunt. The forest and the plain are piled with snow; the piers of the bridge which spans the stream sparkle with ice-gems, and in the distance the moon flashes with ghastly whiteness on the tin roof of the village church, and red lights of invitation glow in the narrow squares of his cottage window. One effort more and he crosses that snowy field—that icy bridge, bending under his prey, and reaches home, where wife and children await him. I close with this picture and its beautiful moral. Hard day's work in the cold, cold world, and at night rest in a warm home!

BURLESQUE.

GEORGE FRANCIS.—Mr. G. F. Train, thus describes himself in his own paper:—"I receive no callers, talk with no adults, make no speeches; visit no theatres, concerts, lycéums, or churches, enter no hotel, restaurants, courts, or public places, see no interviewers, attend no dinners, balls, or private parties, make no calls, giving no Christmas presents, make no charitable donations, attend no weddings or festivals; shake no hands, belong to no club society, or party, court no sympathy, ask no favours, need no money, desire no friendship, seek no office, have no wish, possess no aspirations."

BETTER THAN BLUE GLASS.—Bobby Blinkers was a Nevada boy, and didn't want to go to school the other day. He did not put in his appearance at breakfast, and about nine o'clock his mother went up to see what was the matter. Bob was writhing about the bed from an improvised stomach-ache. "All right," said the old lady. "I'll apply a mustard plaster," and in a few minutes a hot mustard plaster containing two square feet of motive power was spread upon that boy's abdomen. "Mother, how long must this thing stay on?" "I guess I'll be able to take it off about four this afternoon, and then if I can get an emetic to work it'll be all right. Lie still, my boy, I'll bring you through." Then Bob rose up immediately and started for school, and the plaster was the cause of his being an hour late.

THE BABY SHOW.—But the crowd came, and looked and wondered. Nor is it easy to account for the 1,000 people that constituted the throng. Babies are not a new invention. They are male and female all the year round. There isn't any change in the style of trimming babies. There are no improvements in babies, though perhaps there might be. So the people could not come to see anything new in raw material or anything novel in the make-up, and yet they pulled and hauled around, and fell over the babies, and checked the babies under the chin, and pinched the babies' cheeks, and when the babies howled and yelled and croaked and choked and yawned and squealed, the crowd contended that they were not nice babies. Just as if any one would want a wooden baby that cried with a spring, or a cast-iron baby that wouldn't cry when you doubled it up to see if it was healthy.

A CASH TRANSACTION.—A gentleman living on D. . . . street yesterday hired a boy to walk home beside him and carry a bundle, having first agreed to pay the lad fifteen cents. Reaching the house the man found he had no smaller change than a quarter, and he said:

"If you will call at my office at two o'clock, I'll have the change."
"But it was to be cash down," protested the boy.
"So it was; but I haven't the change, you see. You'll have to call at my office."
"I'll call," growled the boy, as he turned away.
"But I know just how it will work. When I knock on the door a cross-eyed clerk will yank it open, ask me what I want, and when I tell him, he will yell out: 'That man went into bankruptcy last September, and now you git.' That's the way they do play it on me, sir, and I'd druther lose the fifteen cents than to call the clerk a dodo, and have to dodge coal-scuttles all the way down stairs."
The gentleman walked with him to the nearest grocery and made change.

BUNDEES OF THE TELEPHONE.—Perkins, a San Francisco broker, bought two of Professor Bell's telephones, and made connections between his office and the parlor. He thought it would be a pleasant thing to converse with his wife when business was slack, to inform her when he would go to dinner, and to learn how often his youngest son fell down the cellar stairs during the day. One morning he was conversing by wire with his wife about a new bonnet when a broker came in to ask about some stocks. He "telephoned" to his wife that he was busy, and without severing connection with the instrument turned to the broker and opened negotiations for the purchase of Julia, Lady Bryon, and other stocks. Mrs. Perkins, at the other end of the line, listened intently, and finally caught her husband's words: "I'll take Julia at 6:30." Her suspicions were aroused; there was a woman in the case; she burst into an animated soliloquy, which the faithful telephone carried to the ears of her husband and his customer. "I'll Julia him—wretch—villain—married fifteen years—where's my rubbers!—just wait till I get hold of him." These words, together with miscellaneous tokens of confusion and racket, denoted active preparations for a sortie upon his office. Perkins broke off his stock negotiations and went home to appease his wife. The instruments were subsequently removed.

BEATEN BY A LARGE MAJORITY.—A Detroit boy, aged twelve, whose uncle is a member of the Legislature, was permitted to make a trip to Lansing a few days ago in order to visit the State House. He came home yesterday noon chuck full of importance, and when his little brother ran to meet him at the gate William coldly waved him back and said—

"I refer you to the Committee on Fisheries, bub, and how's my dog?"
His mother was glad to see him, and when she asked if he had enjoyed himself, he replied—
"Oh, I suppose so, though I now move to strike out all after the enacting clause."
"What sort of talk is that, Willie, dear?" she asked in great surprise.
"Never mind the talk, mother, but move the previous question and bring on the pancakes."
The hired girl came in with the dinner and wanted to know how he liked Lansing. He looked at her with great dignity and replied—
"I now move to lay your petition on the table, Hannah, for future consideration."
She got mad about it, and William slyly informed his mother that it was his opinion that Hannah's title should be made to conform to the body of the bill. He went out to see the boys after dinner, and a house painter asked him where No. 657 was.
"We'll have a call of the House and see," replied the boy, as he looked around.
"Whose house?" asked the painter.

"Or you can rise to a question of privilege," continued the lad.
"I don't want no sass," said the painter, who thought the boy was making fun of his red nose.
"Of course not. Let's pass the bill to a third reading, or else go into committee of the whole and debate it."
"I think you need dressing down!" growled the painter, and he banged William into a snow bank and pushed a heap of snow down behind his collar.
"Have the minority, no' rights!" yelled the boy, as he kicked the painter on the shin.
He would have been walloped, had not his mother appeared. The painter moved away at sight of her, but called out—
"I'll see you again, boy."
"I refer the whole subject to father, with instructions to report a bill to walk you into the police court," replied the representative, and he went in to tell his mother the difference between suspending the rules and rushing a bill, or referring it to the Committee on Cornfields till some one came around with the cigars.

HEARTH AND HOME.

WOMAN'S TACT AND MANAGEMENT.—Man relies far more than he is aware for comfort and happiness on woman's tact and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so ceaselessly exercised, that he enjoys their effects as he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then—may complain of intrusion and interference. But the trown is swept away by a gentle hand, the murmuring lips stopped with a caress, and the management goes on.

LIFE DISCIPLINE.—It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men. It is not pleasant things; it is not the calm experience of life. It is life's rugged experience, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is how good and how evil, how trouble and there joy, how roughness and how smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other, which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears on his brow the marks of the struggles which he has had to undergo.

WOMAN'S TRAINING.—It is a sad fact that a woman is assumed to be able to keep her household with judgment and success without the smallest training for it. With the other sex, in their spheres, no such rule obtains. No man is given the command of a boat or a squad until he has proved himself master of at least the technicalities of his command. But a girl of eighteen passes from the school-room, where she has been in the position of a subordinate at all times under control, to the management of a household where she is supreme and the dispenser of favours or favours the arranger of tasks and times, and without previous training in the care of herself expects to come to a good result in the management of men.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BERT HARTE and Mark Twain are together engaged on writing a new play, in which Harte's "Hoo-then Chinese" will be the prominent character.

FANNY KEMBLE says that when Sheridan Knowles first read *The Hunchback* to the actors who were to play it, it was received with considerable mis-giving as to its chance of success.

The fact that but two actors can be found to enjoy the luxurious surroundings of the Fort of Home, is a grander monument to the dramatic profession in the United States than the generous tragedian dreamed of when he made his bequest.

A NEW sensation is promised at the Fort-Saint-Marie, where there is to be produced, about the middle of next month, a drama entitled *Les Enfants*, in which M. Faillade, the leading actor of the house, is to be pursued across the stage by real wolves.

The New York Herald, in an article upon Miss Nelson and the divorce which she has recently obtained in the American Courts, states that the popular actress was naturalized as an American citizen in 1873. She is not only a citizen of that country, but a resident in it, and that she intends to remain is evidenced by the fact that she owns a considerable amount of property in New York.

The old oak chair in which Shakespeare sat when he wrote most of his plays, was sold lately in London together with a good copy of the old folio edition of the Plays of 1623. It is a very plain piece of furniture, without any ornamental carving; an arm chair, the back being not as high as most old chairs, and being formed of one piece of wood, very rudely carved with a steeped church, and a house near it, which some have supposed to represent the church of Stratford-on-Avon. An inscription, preserved under glass let into the back, gives its pedigree for more than 100 years. It fetched £45.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has been describing his system of play-writing to a Viennese Journalist. "I take twenty MS. pages," says the dramatist, "for each of the first two or three acts, and write on, watching how many pages I have left, so that if I come to the end of my paper before I have finished the act, I say to myself: 'My dear fellow, you must make haste and finish it up.' I allow only seventeen pages for the last act, which ought to be much shorter than the others. Indeed, I consider that no act should be longer than seventeen or twenty pages, as the audience cannot digest more at a time. I inherit my father's dramatic instincts, but in a widely different manner. Born at a picturesque and poetical epoch, he was a pure Idealist, while my birth took place in Materialistic times, and accordingly I am a Realist. My father's themes were founded on fancy, mine are based on facts; he worked with his eyes closed, separated himself from the world, and took no model for his pictures. I mix in society, look about me, and where he sketched imaginary scenes I photograph actual events."

AT TWILIGHT.

Every hand has its haunted spot,
Cold gloomy cavern, ancestral hall;
Or thick morass where the dead leaves rot
'Neath the naked tree as they shivering fall.

EASTER EGGS.

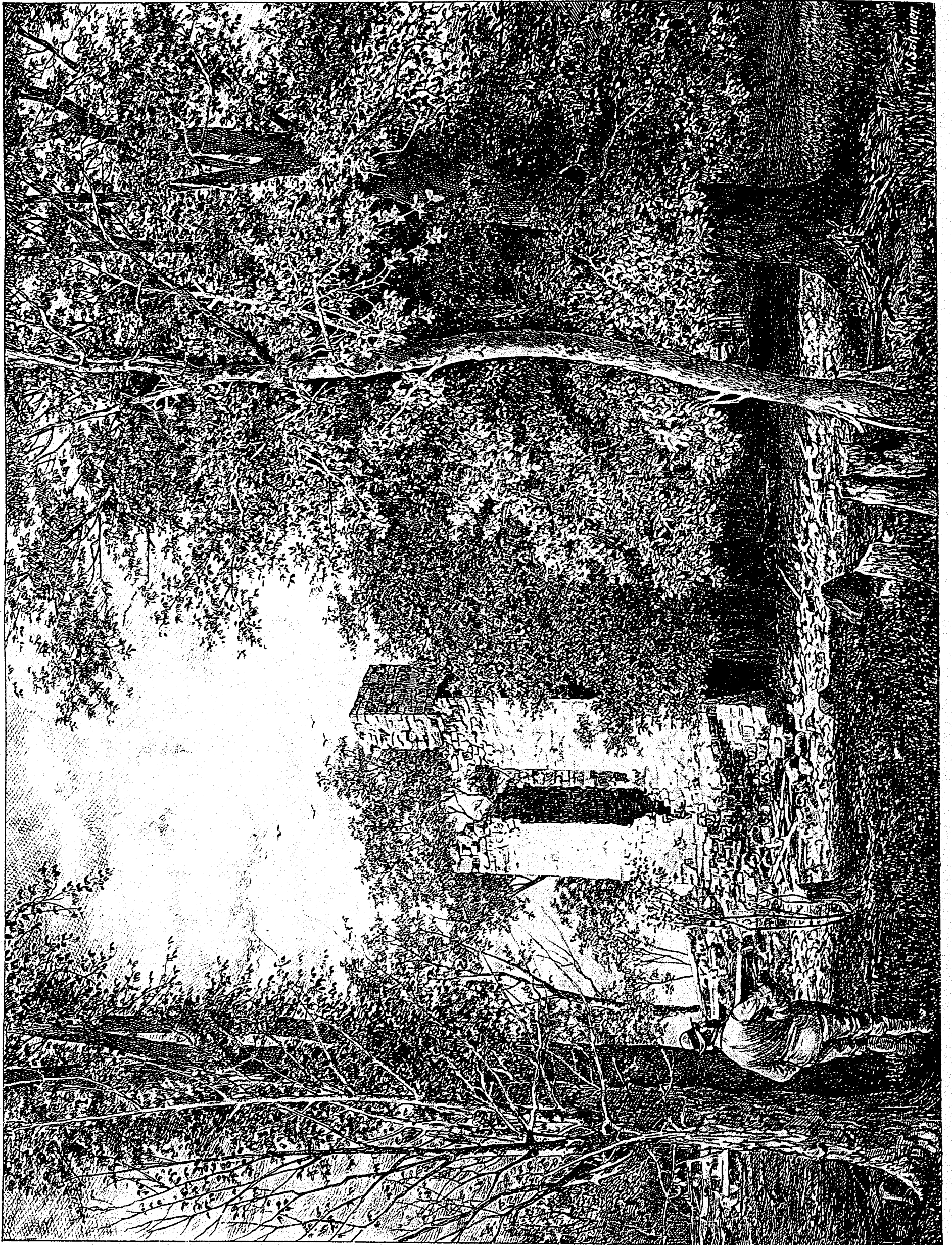
The origin of the custom of using eggs at Easter is ancient and obvious. Hutchinson, in his "History of Northumberland," in speaking of the pasche or pasche eggs, says: "Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the re-creation of mankind after the Deluge. The Jews adopted an egg to suit the circumstances of their history, as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt; and it was used in the feast of the Passover as a part of the furniture of the table, with the Paschal Lamb. The Christians have certainly used it on Easter Day, as containing the elements of future life, for an emblem of the Resurrection." Noting that the egg was in some wise dyed or ornamented, he goes on to say: "It seems as if the egg was thus decorated for a religious trophy, after the days of mortification and abstinence were over, and festivity had taken their place; and as an emblem of the resurrection of life, as certified to us by the Resurrection from the regions of the death and the grave."

to thee, on account of the Resurrection of the Lord."
In the "Beehive of the Church of Rome," in the list of observances, we find mention of Easter Eggs, included with "Fasting Days, Years of Grace, Differences and Diversities of Days, of Meats, of Clothing, of Candles, Holy Ashes, Holy Pace Eggs and Flames, Palm and Palm-boughs, Staves, Fool's Hooded, Shelles and Belles, Paxas, Ticking of Rotten Bones, etc."
In Italy, even up to the present time, on Easter-day and Easter-day, it is the custom for all the heads of families to send great chargers full of hard-boiled eggs to the church to have them blessed. This blessing the priests perform by set prayers, signs of the cross, and sprinkling the eggs with holy water—the ceremony finished, demanding how many dozen eggs there are in the charger. These blessed eggs they believe have the virtue of sanctifying the entrails of the body, and, therefore, are the first fat or fleshy nourishment prescribed to be taken after the abstinence of Lent. As soon as the eggs are blessed, every one carries his portion home, and, setting a large table, spread with the finest linen belonging to the family, in the best room in the house, this table, bestrewn with flowers, has placed on it about a dozen savory dishes of meat, and the great basin of eggs in the centre. "Tis a very pleasant sight," says a traveller in Italy, "to see these tables set forth in the houses of persons of old name and high position, when they expose on side tables, round about the refectory, all they possess, and whatever else they own that is rich and curious, in honor of their Easter-eggs which of themselves yield a fine show, in the coloring and gilding given the shells." Sometimes, it is said, the charger or bowl is of fine silver, and in it are piled not less than twenty dozen eggs, arranged in the form of a pyramid, with due regard to the effect of the colors in which dyed, the silvering, and the gilding. The table continues spread throughout the week succeeding Easter; all who visit the house in the meantime are invited to eat an egg with the family, and in no case must there be a refusal of the Easter hospitality.

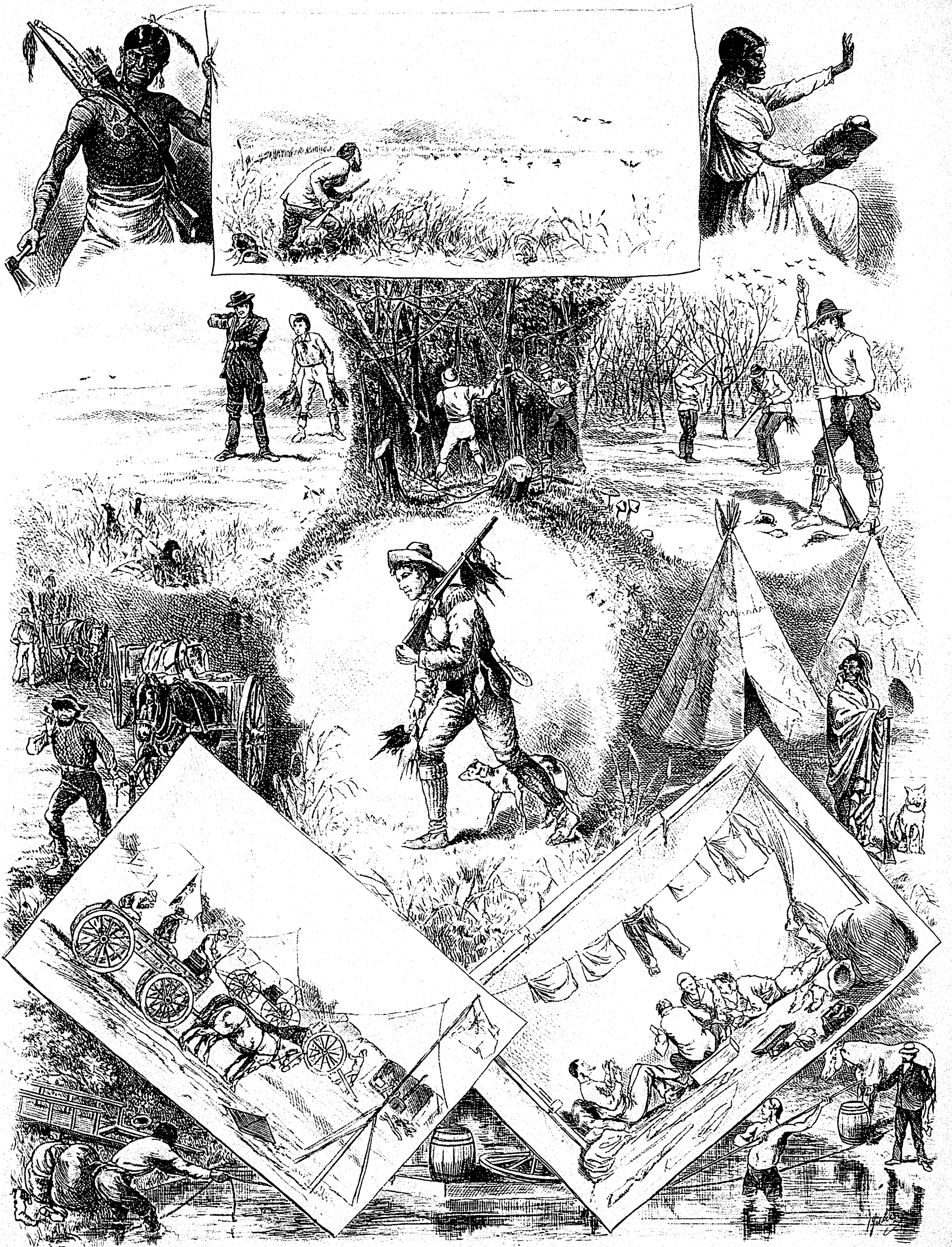
It is still the custom in the north of England to reciprocate presents of eggs at Easter, among the children of families between whom an intimacy exists. To render these eggs more attractive and acceptable, all the resources of coloring are brought into requisition; while not infrequently the blade of the pen-knife is resorted to for graving some complimentary inscription, some to be remembered circumstance or date; or the ornamentation runs into the significant or fanciful—the dye being scraped off with the knife, leaving the artist's design on the colored ground, as purely white as the sand on the onyx, in cameo-cutting.
Sometimes these pasche, pasque, or pasle eggs are made the medium of conveying a story suggested by Cupid; lovers employing them as auxiliaries to the missives of St. Valentine—the etching representing the Boy-god, with his bow and arrows, instead of the well-known church emblems.
"Nothing is more common," says a traveller in reference, "in some northern villages, than to see a number of these eggs preserved very carefully in a corner cupboard—each egg being the occupant of a deep, long-stemmed ale-glass, through which the inscription could be read without removing it. Probably many of these eggs now remain in Cumberland, which would afford as good evidence of dates in a court of justice as a tombstone or the family Bible."
In Cumberland and Westmoreland, in the north of England, boys, we are told, beg eggs on Easter Eve to play with, pitting them the one against the other, and carrying on the species of gambling noticed in connection with the youngsters of the old Dutch Church in Virginia; going with their eggs to the fields and bowling them, or using them in the place of the ordinary ball; and beggars ask for them to eat.
With these several drafts upon ancient customs, and the accepted significance of the egg as emblematic of the Resurrection, it is not difficult to understand its adoption for the Easter-tide, not only as an object to please the fancy, but as food. It is curious and wonderful, however, to note the persistence of customs; the handing down of practices which have in them no more than abstract significance; the fancies and habits that through centuries, and through nations remote the one from the other, and widely differing in thought, idea, and affection, have descended to, and are observed at the present time, just as they were when earliest instituted.
In our own country, with those of the Roman and English churches, the observance of Easter is considered of importance second only to the observance of Christmas. Yet the use of eggs is not insisted on, being generally given up, indeed, for food more substantial, after the termination of Lent; while the dyeing of eggs is a fashion only indifferently observed, save in certain rural communities in which the habits of the past obtain with fuller force than in the modernization and advance of American city life. It is true, in the windows of our candy-shops, dyed eggs are displayed for sale all the week preceding Easter; but they are mainly intended to catch the eye of children and are but feebly attractive beside the huge wonderful simulations in sugar, ornamented in the happiest style of the sugar-worker's art, or gleaming with delight in the form of countless kernels of some rich nut.
The devoting of eggs to the Easter festival, regarding the egg as the emblem of one of the most mysterious, glorious, and comforting tenets of the Christian faith, is in itself too beautiful and too significant to grow into disuse without some regret in the minds of those who would preserve the old customs of the church not founded upon what may have the savor of superstition. In these days of boasted education, intelligence, refinement, and progress, it would, doubtless, seem ridiculous to practice the Easter customs of Russia, Italy, modern Greece, Germany, the north of England, or of some of the more conservative communities of our own country; but it is well to respect the motive upon which they are practiced, while beholding in the red eggs which now and then appear, even in New York, on Easter-day, not only a remembrance of the death of the Saviour, but the type of an immortality which found its highest and truest exponent in the risen Son of God. "The ancient Egyptians," says a devout writer, "if the resurrection of the body had been a tenet of their faith, would, perhaps, have thought an egg no improper hieroglyphical representation of it. The exclusion of a living creature by incubation, after the vital principle has lain a long time dormant, or seemingly extinct, is a process so truly marvellous, that, if it could be disbelieved, would be thought by some a thing as incredible to the full, as that the Author of Life should be able to reanimate the dead."

A GERMAN savant has made an elaborate computation of the population of the globe, and has found that there at least two hundred and fifty millions of unmarried women in the world.
THERE is nothing dispels the dreams of youth and shatters the ambitious hopes of the noble boy like having a young lady remark, in his hearing, that he would make, with study, a good hat-rack.
ONE of the most trying positions for an elegantly dressed young man who parts his hair in the middle is to occupy a seat in a tram-car next to a woman who is endeavouring to calm a cacophonous infant with an insecurely corked bottle.
SHE wouldn't stand to have a tooth pulled for one million two hundred thousand dollars, she said, and yet she walked all day in tiny boots two sizes too small for her and thought nothing of it; but then nobody saw that tooth, and several saw the boots.
Is is unlucky in Scotland for a woman to marry a man whose surname begins with the same letter as her own? In the eastern counties of England this couplet is current:
'To change your maiden name, and not the letter,
Is a change for the worse, not for the better."
THE good old days are dead and gone; the rich colouring has faded out of the warp and woof of the past, and yet we rejoice that it is still true that a pretty woman cannot ride by her lover's side through a tunnel without emerging in a hat that looks as if it had been struck by lightning.
IN mentioning that Queen Victoria has sent a quantity of old linen to various hospitals, a medical paper remarks that it is a most valuable gift, and wishes some of her subjects would thus help to "largely reduce the expenditure of hospitals." This is a thing which few people think of. It might prove equally acceptable in this city.
THE GLEANER.
MR. CARLYLE says that young men should be shut up in barrels and kept somewhere out of sight until they have passed their twenty-fifth year, because it is about this time that they "attain to their maximum of detestability."
It seems that the Chinese guard against carrier pigeons being attacked, when fatigued, by birds of prey, by attaching to them resonant balls of feather lightness, which alarm the enemy. When several pigeons fly together, the balls make a noise like telegraph wires on a windy day.
LONDON gossips remark that "Dizzy" is a very old man for his years, as compared with his predecessors, Lords Palmerston and Russell. He stoops, and leans heavily on a stout stick in walking. During the debate in the Lords, on the first night of the session, he fell into a doze and needed constant nudging.
MANY years ago, the Government of Nova Scotia assumed the project of placing a number of sheep or swine on Sable Island to avert the danger of starvation to which seafarers escaping from wrecks had been exposed. But these animals could not subsist on the only shrub which thrives in the sands of the otherwise barren Isle of Sables. An old French doctor suggested a trial of the tough and shaggy little horses known as Canadian ponies, and forthwith a detachment of them was forwarded in the Government steamer to Sable Island. The unfastidious ponies took kindly to the solitary shrub, made the island their home, and became wild in time. Recent exports from the Isle of Sables, or Sable Island as it is variously called, show that the ponies are becoming almost extinct, owing to the frequent capture of large numbers of them for use on Anticosti Island, and for sale among settlers in the interior of Newfoundland and distant hamlets of Nova Scotia.
HUMOROUS.
A TURTLE dies hard, especially the upper part of him.
THE sweet little maple sugar fly roosts are being taken down and dusted.
A WILL recently opened, and made by a barrister who never had been rising, might serve as a printed form that would suit many cases. It ran thus: "I have nothing—I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."
FORTY-THREE different sewing-machines have already received "the highest award" at the Centennial, and the other twenty-eight would have received it but for the dilatory movements of their advertising agents. They will be along with it, however, in a day or two.
A RHODE ISLAND paper says that their respected Judge was recently challenged by a general in the State militia, when the following dialogue ensued:—General: Did you receive my note, sir? Judge: Yes, sir, General: Well, do you intend to fight me? Judge: No, sir, General: Then, sir, I consider you a pitiful coward. Judge: Right, sir, you know that very well, or you would never have challenged me.
A NEW DISCOVERY in Medicine which supplies to the system the waste caused by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Calcium and the OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS, and for building up the constitution is unequalled. It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success. Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on applying to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.
A CHICAGO man advertises for a wife with a knowledge of music, and remarks that no "Maiden's Prayer" or "Silver Threads" kind of a girl will answer.
A MAN is never so full of longing to be at rest in the grave, as when he has landed on the cellar bottom with the handle of his wife's best china pitcher in his hand.
WORRIED mothers may be interested in learning that the shingle cure is the best remedy for a boy whose tooth begins to ache about fifteen minutes before school time.



THE RUINS OF THE OLD FORT AT ST. ANNE'S.



SKETCHES OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Sioux Chief.—Sioux Squaw and Papoose.—Shooting Mallards.—Chicken Shooting.—Cutting through a bluff.—Pigeon Shooting on burnt prairie.—Moving Camp.—A day's work.—
Sioux Camp.—Catap at the corner of the 102° meridian and 8th base, Longitude 102° North, Latitude 51°28.—A wet day outside.—Crossing the Qu'Appelle River.

COR CONTRITUM.

What is this heart of ours
Throughout the dusk dependent years?

We rise and then we fall,
We stumble over veriest pebbles in the way.

We faint upon the road,
Or linger near cool fountains in the sensuous shades.

PECCAVI! when the veil
Of night is gathered o'er our couch of rest,

Aye! and his forgiveness:
Despond not, O my soul, nor be cast down—

Thick as the motes that dance
In the slant sun-beam—thick as the stars that shine

Yet He will pardon all,
Vain and will take thee to His breast again;

A heart contrite and lowly
The pitying Master will not wholly spurn.

Blest spirit of contrition!
Sentiment of remorseful sorrow that imparts

Good Friday. JOHN LESPERANCE.

LADDIE.

COMPLETE IN TWO NUMBERS.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

"I'll tell them to get some tea," he said, "you sit still and rest." And then he rang the bell decidedly and went out into the hall, closing the doors behind him. He had never felt so self-conscious and uncomfortable as when the man-servant came up the kitchen stairs and stood as deferentially as ever before him.

"Look here," he said, "I want tea at once in the dining-room, and tell cook to send up some cold meat. I suppose it's too late for cutlets or anything like that!"

"Is the lady going to stop the night, sir?" The words stung Dr. Carter so, that he would have liked to have kicked the man down the kitchen stairs, but he luckily restrained himself.

"Yes, she is. The best bed-room must be got ready, and a fire light, and everything made as comfortable as possible. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir." The man hesitated a second to see if there were any further orders, and Dr. Carter half turned, looking another way, as he added, "She is a very old friend and nurse of mine when I was a child, and I want her to be made comfortable. She will only be here this one night."

gust. "That's what I call nasty!" he said; "I'm disappointed in that man. I thought better of him than this comes to. Well, well! blood tells after all. What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh sooner or later. Nurse indeed! Get along! you don't humbug me, my gent!"

There were no signs, however, of these moralizings in the pantry, or the fuller discussion that followed in the kitchen when he announced that supper was ready.

"Do ye have your victuals in the kitchen now, Laddie?" the old woman said. "Well, there! it is the most comfortable to my thinking, though the gent-folks do live in their best parlours constant."

Hyder discreetly drew back, and Dr. Carter whispered with a crimson flush all over his face, "Hush, we'll have our talk when this fellow is out of the way. Don't say anything till then."

The old woman looked much surprised, but at last concluded that there was something mysterious against the character of "the very civil-spoken young man as opened the door," and so she kept silence while her son led her into the dining-room, where tea was spread with, what appeared to the old woman, royal magnificence of white damask and shining silver.

"You can go," the doctor said. "I will ring if we want anything."

"He don't look such a baddish sort of young man," she said, when the door closed behind the observant Hyder; "and he seems to mind what you says pretty sharp. I thought as he was a gent himself when he opened the door, as he hadn't got red breeches or gaiters or nothing, but I suppose you'll put him into livery by-and-by?"

"Now, mother, you must have some tea. And you are not to talk till you have eaten something. Here! I'll pour out the tea." For the glories of the silver tea-pot were drawing her attention from its reviving contents. "I hope they have made it good. Ah! I remember well what tea you used to make in that little brown tea-pot at home." It was very easy and pleasant to be kind to her, and make much of her now, when no one else was there. He enjoyed waiting on her and seeing her brighten up and revive under the combined influence of food, and warmth, and kindness. He liked to hear her admire and wonder at everything, and he laughed naturally and boyishly at her odd, little innocent remarks. If they two could have been always alone together, with no spying eyes and spiteful tongues, it would have been all right and pleasant, but as it was, it was quite impossible and out of the question.

"It ain't the tea-pot, Laddie, as does it. It's just to let it stand till it's drawn thorough and no longer. Put it on the hob for ten minutes, say I, but that's enough. I don't like stewed tea, and moreover it ain't wholesome neither. This is a fine room, Laddie, and no mistake. Why, the parson ain't got one to hold a candle to it. I'd just like some of the Sunnybrook folk to have a look at it. It would make them open their eyes wide, I warrant!—to see me a-setting here like a lady, with this here carpet as soft as anything, and them curtains, and pictures and all! I wonder whatever they would say if they could see? I suppose now, as there's a wash-house or a place out behind somewheres for them servants?"

Dr. Carter laughed at the idea of Mrs. Treasure the cook, and the two smart housemaids, let alone Mr. Hyder, being consigned to a wash-house at the back, and he explained the basement arrangements.

"Under-ground. Well! I never did! But I think I've heard tell of under-ground kitchens before, but I never would believe it. It must be terrible dark for the poor things, and damp moreover, and how poor silly gals is always worriting to get places in London, passes me!"

Presently, when they had done tea, and gone back into the consulting room, when the old woman was seated in the arm-chair, with her feet on the fender, and gown turned up over her knees, Dr. Carter drew his chair up near hers, and prepared for his difficult task.

"Mother," he said, laying one of his hands caressingly on her arm, he was proud of his hands—it was one of his weaknesses that they were gentleman's hands, white and well shaped, and there was a plain gold strap-ring on the little finger, which hit exactly the right medium between severity and display, as a gentleman's ring should, "Mother I wish you had written to tell me you were coming."

She took his hand between both her own, hard and horny, with the veins standing up like cord on the backs, rough and misshapen with years of hard work, but with a world of tender mother's love in every touch, that made his words stick in his throat and nearly choke him.

"I knew as you'd be pleased to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might."

"Of course I'm glad to see you, mother, very glad; and I was thinking just before you came in that I would run down to Sunnybrook to see you just before Christmas."

And then he went on to explain how different London life was to that at Sunnybrook, and how she would never get used to it or feel happy there, talking quickly and wrapping up his meaning in so many words and elaborations that at the end of half an hour the old woman had no more idea of what he meant than she had at the beginning, and was fairly mystified. She had a strange way, too, of upsetting all his skillful arguments with a simple word or two.

"Different from Sunnybrook? Yes sure; but she'd get used to it like other folks. Not happy? Why she'd be happy anywhere with her Laddie. There, don't you fret yourself about me; as long as you're comfortable I don't mind nothing."

How could he make her understand and see the gulf that lay between them—her life and his? It needed much plainer speaking, a spade must be called a spade, and, somehow, it looked a very much more ugly spade when so called. How soon did she catch his meaning? He hardly knew, for he could not bear to look into her face and see the smile fade from her lips and the brightness from her eyes. He only felt her hand suddenly clasp his more tightly, as if he had tried to draw it away from her, and she grew silent, while he talked on quickly and nervously, telling her they would go together to-morrow and find a little snug cottage, not far from London, with everything pretty and comfortable that heart could wish for, and a little maid to do the work, so that she need never lay her hand to anything; and how he would come to see her often, very often, perhaps once a week. Still never a word for or against, of pleasure or of pain till he said,

"You would like it, mother, wouldn't you?"

And then she answered slowly and faintly—"I'm awery, Laddie, too tired like for new plans; and maybe, dearie, too old."

"You must go to bed," he said, with a burst of overwhelming compunction. "I ought not to have let you stop up like this. I should have kept what I had to say till to-morrow when you were rested. Come, think no more of it to-night, everything will look brighter to-morrow. I'll show you your bedroom."

And so he took her upstairs, such a lot of stairs to the old country legs; but her curiosity overcame her fatigue sufficiently to make her peep into the double drawing-room where the gas lamp in the street threw weird lights and shadows on the ceiling and touched unexpectedly on parts of mirrors or gilded cornices, giving a mysterious effect to the groups of furniture and the chandelier hanging in its holland covering.

"Tis mighty fine!" she said, but an unkek place to my mind; like a churchyard somat!"

Her bedroom did not look "unkek," however, with a bright fire burning, and the inviting chintz-curtained bed and the crisp muslin-covered toilet-table; the figure of the little old woman was reflected among the elegant comfort of the room, looking all the more small and shabby, and old, and out of place in contrast with her surroundings.

"Now make haste to bed, there's a good old mother; my room is next to this if you want anything, and I shall soon come up to bed. I hope you'll be very comfortable. Good-night."

And then he left her with a kiss, and she stood for some minutes quite still, looking at the scene reflected in the glass before her, peering curiously and attentively at it.

"And so Laddie is ashamed of his old mother," she said softly, with a little sigh; "and it ain't no wonder!"

As Dr. Carter sat down again in his consulting-room by himself, he told himself that he had done wisely, though he had felt and inflicted pain, and still felt very sore and ruffled. But it was wisest, and practically kindest and best for her in the end, more surely for her happiness and comfort; so there was no need to regret it, or for that tiresome little feeling in one corner of his heart that seemed almost like remorse. This is no story-book world of chivalry, romance and poetry, and to get on in it you must just lay aside sentimental fancies and act by the light of reason and common sense. And then he settled down to arrange the details of to-morrow's plans, and jotted down on a piece of paper a few memoranda of suitable places, times of trains, &c., and resolved to spare no pains or expense in making her thoroughly comfortable. He even wrote a note or two to put off some appointments, and felt quite gratified with the idea that he sacrificing something on his mother's account. The clock struck two as he rose to go up to bed, and he went up feeling much more composed and satisfied with himself, having pretty successfully argued and reasoned down his troublesome, morbid misgivings. He listened at his mother's door; but all was quiet, and he made haste into bed himself, feeling he had gone through a good deal that day.

He was just turning over to sleep when his door opened softly and his mother came in—such a queer, funny, old figure, with a shawl wrapped round her and a very large nightcap on—one of the old-fashioned sort with very broad flapping frills. She had a candle in her hand, and set it down on the table by his bed. He jumped up as she came in.

"Why, mother, what's the matter? Not in bed? Are you ill?"

"There, there! lie down; there ain't nothing wrong. But I've been listening for ye this long time. 'Tis fifteen year and more since I tucked you up in bed, and you used to say as you never slept so sweet when I didn't do it."

She made him lie down, and smoothed his pillow and brushed his hair off his forehead, and tucked the clothes round him, and kissed him as she spoke—

"And I thought I'd like to do it for you once more. Good-night, Laddie, good-night."

And then she went away quickly, and did not hear him call "Mother, oh, mother!" after her, for the carefully tucked-in clothes were

flung off and Laddie was out of bed, with his hand on the handle of the door, and then—second thoughts being cooler, if not better—"she had better sleep," Dr. Carter said, and got back into bed.

But sleep did not come at his call; he tossed about feverishly and restlessly, with his mind tossing hither and thither as much as his body, the strong wind of his pride and will blowing against the running tide of his love and conscience, and making a rough sea between them, which would not allow of any repose. And which of them was the strongest? After long and fierce debate with himself he came to a conclusion which at all events brought peace along with it. "Come what may," he said, "I will keep my mother with me, let people say or think what they will; even if it costs me Violet herself, as most likely it will. I can't turn my mother out in her old age, so there's an end of it." And there and then he went to sleep.

It must have been soon after this that he woke with a start, with a sound in his ears like the shutting of the street-door. It was still quite dark, night to Londoners, morning to country people, who were already going to their work and labour, and Dr. Carter turned himself over and went to sleep again, saying, "It was my fancy or a dream," while his old mother stood shivering in the cold November morning outside his door, murmuring,

"I'll never be a shame to my boy, my Laddie; God bless him."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Dr. Carter opened his door next morning, he found his mother's room empty, and it seemed almost as if the events of the night before had been a bad dream; only the basket of apples, and the handbox, still tied up in the spotted handkerchief, confirmed his recollections, and when he went down, the pattern, still on his writing-table, added their testimony. But where was his mother? All the servants could tell him was that they had found her bedroom door open when they came down in the morning, and the front door unbarred and unbolted, and that was all.

"She has gone back to Sunnybrook," he said to himself, with a very sore heart; "she saw what a miserable, base-hearted cut of a son she had, who grudged a welcome and a shelter to her who would have given her right hand to keep my little finger from aching. God forgive me for wounding the brave old heart! I will go and bring her back; she will be ready to forgive me nearly before I speak."

He looked at the train paper, and found there was an early, slow train by which his mother must have gone, and an express that would start in about an hour, and reach Martel only a quarter of an hour after the slower one. This just gave him time to make arrangements for his engagements, and write a line to Violet, saying he was unexpectedly called away from London, but that he would come to her immediately on his return, for he had much to tell and explain. The cab was at the door to take him to the station, and everything was ready, and he was giving his best directions to Mr. Hyder.

"I shall be back to-morrow, Hyder, without fail, and I shall bring my mother with me." He brought out the word even now with an effort, and hated himself for the flush that came up into his face, but he went on firmly, "that was my mother who was here last night, and no man ever had a better."

I don't know how it happened, but everything seemed topsy-turvy that morning; for all at once Dr. Carter found himself shaking hands with Hyder before he knew what he was about, and the deferential, polite Hyder, whose respect had always been slightly tinged with contempt, was saying, with tears in his eyes, "Indeed, sir, I see that all along; and I don't think none the worse of you, but a deal the better for saying it out like a man; and me and cook and the gals will do our best to make the old lady comfortable, that we will!"

Dr. Carter felt a strange, dream-like feeling as he got into the cab. Everyone and everything seemed changed, and he could not make it out; even Hyder seemed something more than an excellent servant. It was quite a relief to his mind, on his return next day, to find Hyder the same imperturbable person as before, and the little episode of handshaking and expressed sympathy not become a confirmed habit. It was a thrilling relief even in the midst of his anxiety and disappointment, for he did not find his mother at Sunnybrook, nor did she arrive by either of the trains that followed the one he came by, though he waited the arrival of several at Martel. So he came back to London, feeling he had gone on the wrong track, but comforting himself with the thought that he would soon be able to trace her out wherever she had gone. But it was not so easy as he expected; the most artful and experienced criminal escaping from justice, could not have gone to work more skillfully than the old woman did quite unconsciously. All his inquiries were fruitless; she had not been seen or noticed at Paddington none of the houses or shops about had been open or astir at that early morning hour. Once he thought he had a clue, but it came to nothing, and, tired and dispirited, he was obliged, very unwillingly, to put the matter into the hands of the police, who undertook with great confidence to find the old woman before another day was past.

It was with a very haggard anxious face that he came into the pretty drawing-room in Harley Street, where Violet sprang up from her low chair by the fire, to meet him. How pretty she was! how sweet! how elegant and graceful every movement and look, every detail of her dress! His eyes took in every beauty lovingly, as one who looks his last on something dearer than life, and then lost all his consciousness of any other beauty, in the surpassing beauty of the love for him in her eyes. She stretched out both her soft hands to him, with the ring he had given her, the only ornament on them, and said, "Tell me about it!"

"I have come for that," he said, and he would not trust himself to take those hands in his, or look any longer into her face, but he went to the fire and looked into the glowing coals. "I have come to tell you about my mother. I have deceived you shamefully."

Do not you know some voices that have a caress in every word and comfort in every tone? Violet Meredith's was such a voice.

And then he told her of his mother, describing her as plainly and carefully as he could, trying to set aside everything fanciful or picturesque, and yet do justice to the kind, simple old heart, trying to make Violet see the great difference between the old countrywoman and herself. And then he told her of her having come to him, to end her days under her son's roof. "I could not ask you to live with her," he ended sadly.

She clasped her hands round his arm shyly, for it was only a few days since she had had to bid away her love, like a stolen treasure, out of sight.

"It is too late to think of that," she said with a little coaxing laugh. "Too late, for you asked me to be your wife a week ago. Yes, John—the name came still with a little hesitation, a whole week ago, and I will not let you go. And then, I have no mother of my own; she died before I can remember, and it will be so nice to have one, for she will like me for your sake, won't she? And what does it matter what she is like, you silly, old John? She is your mother, and that is quite enough for me. And don't you think I love you more ardently than ever because you are so good and noble and true to your old mother, and are not ashamed of her because she is not just exactly like other people? And she laid her soft cheek against his sleeve, by her clasped hands, as she spoke.

But he drew away with almost a shudder. "Love me less, then, Violet; hate me, for I was ashamed of her; I was base and cowardly and untrue, and I wanted to get her out of the way so that no one should know, not even you; and I hurt and wounded her—her who would have done anything for her 'Laddie,' as she calls me—and she went away disappointed and sad and sorry, and I cannot find her."

He had sunk down into Violet's low chair, and covered up his face with his hands, and though the fingers forced their way hot burning tears, while he told of his ineffectual efforts to find her, and his shame and regret.

She stood listening, too pitiful and sorry for words, longing to comfort him; and at last she knelt down and pulled his hands gently away from his face, and whispered very softly, as if he might not like to hear her use his mother's name for him, "We will find her, never fear; your mother and mine, Laddie." And so she comforted him.

What an awful place London is! I do not mean awful in the sense in which the word is used by fashionable young ladies, or schoolboys by whom it is applied indiscriminately to a "lark" or a "bore," into which two classes most events in life may, according to them, be divided, and considered equally descriptive of sudden death or a new bonnet. I use it in its real meaning, full of awe, inspiring fear and reverence, as Jacob said, "How dreadful is this place!" this great London, with its millions of souls, with its strange contrasts of richness and poverty, business and pleasure, learning and ignorance, and the sin everywhere. Awful indeed! and the thought would be overwhelming in its awfulness if we could not say also as Jacob did, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not," if we did not know that there is the ladder set up reaching to Heaven, and the angels of God ever ascending and descending, if we did not believe that the Lord stands above it. It seemed a very terrible place to the old countrywoman as she wandered about its streets and squares, its parks and alleys, that November day, too dazed and stupefied to form any plan for herself, only longing to get out of sight, that she might not shame her boy. She felt no bitterness against him, for was it not natural, when he was a gentleman and she a poor, homely old body?

In the early morning, when the streets were empty, except for policemen or late revellers hurrying home, or market-carts coming in from the country, with frosty moisture on the heaps of cabbages, she got on pretty well. She had a cup of coffee at an early coffee-stall, and no one took any notice of her; some of those that passed were country people too, and at that early hour people are used to see odd, out-of-the-way figures, that would be stared at in the height of noon. But as the day went on, and the streets filled with hurrying people, and the shops opened, and the omnibuses and cabs began to run, and she got into more bustling, noisy thoroughfares, and was hustled and pushed about and looked at, the terrors of the situation came heavily upon her. She tried to encourage her-

self with the thought that before long she should get out of London and reach the country little knowing, poor old soul, how many miles of streets, and houses, and pavements, lay between her and the merest pretence to real country. And then, too, in that maze of streets where one seemed exactly like another, her course was of a most devious character, often describing a circle and bringing her back through the same streets without the old woman knowing that she was retracing her steps; sometime a difficult crossing, with an apparently endless succession of omnibuses and carts, turned her from her way—sometime a quieter-looking street with the trees of a square showing at the end enticed her aside. Once she actually up North Crediton Street unconsciously and unnoticed. She reached one of the parks at last, and sat down very thankfully on a seat, though it was clammy and damp, and the fog was lurking under the gaunt, black trees, and hanging over the thin coarse grass, which was being nibbled by dirty, desolate sheep, who looked to the old woman's eyes like some new kind of London animal, not to be recognised as belonging to the same species as the soft, fleecy white flocks on the hill-sides and meadows of Sunnybrook. She sat here a long time resting, dozing and trying to think. "I don't want to trouble no one, or shame no one. I only want just to get out of the way." She was faint and tired, and she thought perhaps she might be going to die. "It's a bit unkind to die all alone, and I'd liefer die in my bed comfortable like; but there! it don't much matter, it'll soon be all over and an end to it all." But no! that would not do either; and the old woman roused herself and shook off the faintness. "Whatever would folks say if Laddie's mother were found dead like any tramp on the road? He'd die of shame, pretty near, to hear it in everyone's mouth." Poor old soul! she little knew how people can starve, and break their hearts, and die for want of food or love in London, and no one be the wiser or the sadder. It was just then that her pocket had been picked, or rather that her purse was gone; for she did not wonder where or how it went, and, indeed, she did not feel the loss very acutely, though, at home in the old days, she had turned the house upside down and hunted high and low and spared no pains to find a missing halfpenny. It did not contain all her money, for with good, old-fashioned caution, she had had some notes sealed up in her stays; but still it was a serious loss, and one she would have made great moan over in old times. She did not know the sight of her worn old netted purse, with the rusty steel rings, had touched a soft spot in a heart that for years had seemed too dry and hard for any feeling. It had lain in the hand of an expert London pickpocket, it was mere child's play taking it, it did not require any skill. There was a bit of lavender stuck into the rings, and he snelt and looked at it, and then the old woman turned and looked at him with her country eyes; and then all at once, almost in spite of himself, he held out the purse to her. "Don't you see as you've dropped your purse?" he said, in a surly, angry tone, and finished with an oath that made the old woman tremble and turn pale; and he flung away, setting his teeth and calling himself a fool. That man was not all bad, who is it and his poor act of restitution is surely put to his credit in the ledger of his life, and will stand there when the books shall be opened. The old woman got little good from it, however, for the purse was soon taken by a less scrupulous thief.

How cold it was! The old woman drew her damp shawl round her, and longed, oh! how bitterly, for the old fireside, and the settle, worn and polished by generations of shoulders, for the arm-chair with its patchwork cushion—longed, ah! how wearily, for the grave by the churchyard wall, where the master rests free of all his troubles, and where "there's plenty of room for I,"—and longed too, quite as simply and pathetically, for a cup of tea out of the cracked brown teapot. But why should I dwell on the feelings of a foolish, insignificant old woman? There are hundreds and thousands about us, whose lives are more interesting, whose thoughts are more worth recording. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" and yet, "Doth not God take thought for sparrows?" then, surely so may we. Does He indeed despise not the desires of such as he sorrowful? even though the sorrowful one be only an old country woman, and her desire a cup of tea? Then why should we call that common and uninteresting which he pitifully beholds? And we shall find no life that is not full of interest, tender feeling, noble poetry, deep tragedy, just as there is nobody without the elaborate system of nerves and muscles, and veins, with which we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

The early November dusk was coming on before she set out on her pilgrimage again, the darkness coming all the earlier for the fog and London smoke; and then hardly caring which way she went, she turned her face eastward, not knowing that she was making for the very heart of London. The streets were even more crowded and confusing than they had been in the morning, and the gas and the lighted shops, and the noise and her own weariness, combined to increase her bewilderment.

Once as she passed round the corner of a quieter street, some one ran up against her and nearly threw her down; a lady, the old woman would have described her, smartly, even hand-

somely dressed, with a bright spot on her cheeks, and glowing, restless, unhappy eyes, and dry, feverish lips. She spoke a hasty word of apology, and then, all at once, gave a sharp, sudden cry, and put her hands on the old woman's shoulders, and looked eagerly into her face. Then she pushed her away with a painful, little laugh. "I thought you were my mother," she said.

"No, I never had no gals."

"You're in luck then," the girl said; "thank heaven for it."

"Was your mother, maybe, from the country?"

"Yes, she lived in Somersetshire; but I don't even know that she's alive, and I think she must be dead—I hope she is—I hope it."

There was something in the girl's voice that told of more bitter despair than her words, and the old woman put out her hand and laid it on the girl's velvet sleeve.

"My dear," she said, "maybe I could help you."

"Help!" was the answer. "I'm past that. There! good night, don't trouble your kind head about me."

And then the old woman went on again, getting into narrower, darker streets, with fewer shops, and people of a rougher, poorer class. But it would overtax your patience and my powers to describe the old woman's wanderings in the maze of London. Enough to say, that when, an hour or two later, footsore and ready to drop, she stumbled along a little street near Soho Square, a woman, with a baby in her arms, uttered a loud cry of pleased recognition, and darted out to stop her.

"Why, it ain't never you! Whoever would have thought of seeing you so soon; and how ever did you find me out? This is the house. Why, there!—there! don'tee cry sure! don'tee now! You're tired out. Come in and have a cup of tea. I've got the kettle boiling all ready, for my Harry'll be in soon."

It was the young woman she travelled with the day before, though it seemed months to look back to; only her face was bright and happy now, in spite of the fog and dirt about her, for had not her Harry a home and a welcome for her, in spite of all her fears and people's evil prophecies, and was not this enough to make sunshine through the rainiest day.

Very improbable, you will say perhaps, that these two waifs, these floating straws, should have drifted together on the great ocean of London life. Yes, very improbable, well-nigh impossible, I agree, if it is mere chance that guides our way; but stranger, more improbable things happen every day; and if we mean anything by Providence, it is no longer difficult to understand, for we can see the Hand leading, guiding, arranging, weaving the tangled confused threads of human life into the grand, clear, noble pattern of Divine purpose.

CHAPTER V.

Eighteen months have passed away since my story began, and it is no longer dull, foggy November, but May, beautiful even in London, where the squares and parks are green and fresh, and the lilacs and laburnums in bloom, and the girls sell lilies of the valley and wallflowers in the streets, and trucks with double stocks and narcissus "all a-growing and a-blowing" pass along, leaving a sweet reviving scent behind them. The sky is blue, with great soft masses of cotton-wool cloud, and the air is balmy and pure in spite of smoke and dirt, and sweet Spring is making his power felt, even in the very midst of London. It is blossoming time in the heart as well as in the Kentish apple orchards, and the heart cannot help feeling gay and singing its happy little song even though its cares, like the poor larks in the Seven Dials' bird-shops rattling their soft breasts and knocking their poor brown heads against their cages in their ecstasy of song.

Dr. Carter had good cause for happiness that day, though, indeed, he was moving among sickness and suffering in a great London hospital. He had some lilies in his coat that Violet fastened there with her own hands, and as she did so he whispered, "Only another week, Violet," for their wedding-day was fixed in the next week,—and was not that a thought that suited well with the lovely May weather, to make him carry a glad heart under the lilies? The wedding had been long delayed from one cause and another, but principally because the search for the old mother had been altogether fruitless, in spite of the confidence of the police.

"We will find her first," Violet would say: "we must find her, Laddie." She adopted the old name naturally. "And then we will talk of the wedding."

But time rolled on, days, weeks, and months, till at last it was more than a year ago that she had gone, and though they never gave up the hope of finding her, or their efforts to do so, still it no longer seemed to stand between them and give a reason for putting off the marriage, but rather to draw them nearer together, and give a reason for marrying at once. But on Dr. Carter's writing-table always stood the pair of pattens, much to the surprise of patients; but he would not have them moved, and in his heart lay the pain and regret, side by side with his love and happiness.

The doctors were making their rounds in the hospital with a crowd of medical students about them. There was a very interesting case in the accident ward, over which much time was spent, and much attention paid. I am not doctor enough to describe what the nature of the case

was, and if I were, I daresay you would not care to hear; but it was a very interesting case to the doctors and nurses, and that means that life and death were fighting over that bed, and science bringing every reinforcement in its power in aid of the "poor battered fortress" that the grim king was attacking so severely. An easy victory on either one side or the other is very uninteresting to lookers-on, though of the deepest moment to the patient. And so the doctors passed on, with hardly a word, by the two next beds, in one of which life was the conqueror, hanging out his flags of triumph in a tinge of colour on the cheeks, brightness in the eyes, and vigour in the limbs; in the other, death was as plainly to be seen in the still form and white, drawn face.

After the doctors and students had passed by and finished their round, Dr. Carter came back alone to No. 20. He had taken deep interest in the case, and had something to say further about it to the nurse. He was a great favourite with the nurses, from his courteous, gentle manners, so they were not disposed to regard his second visit as a troublesome fidgety intrusion, as they might have done with some. He had not been quite pleased with the way in which a dresser had placed a bandage, and he altered it himself with those strong, tender fingers of his, and was just going off better satisfied, when he found the flowers had dropped from his coat. If they had not been Violet's gift it would not have mattered, but he did not like to lose what she had given, and he looked about for them. They had fallen by some quick movement of his on to the next bed, where death was having an easy victory. The old woman's arms were stretched outside the bed clothes, and one of her hands, hardworked hands, with the veins standing up on the backs like cord, had closed, perhaps involuntarily, on the flowers, the lilies and the dainty green leaf.

"Here they are, sir," said the nurse, "they must have dropped as you turned round." And she tried to draw them from the woman's hand, but it only closed the tighter. "She doesn't know a bit what she's about. Leave go of the flowers, there's a good woman," she said close to her ear; "the gentleman wants them."

But the hand still held them.

"Well, never mind!" Dr. Carter said, with just a shade of vexation; "let her keep them. It does not matter, and you will only break them if you try to get them away."

"She's not been conscious since they brought her in," the nurse said, "it's a street accident; knocked down by omnibus. We don't know her name, or nothing, and no one's been to ask about her."

The doctor still stopped, looking at the lilies in the old hand.

"She is badly hurt," he said. The nurse explained what the house surgeon had said: "Another day will see an end of it. I thought she would have died this morning when I first came on, she was restless then, and talked a little. I fancy she's Scotch, for I heard her say 'Laddie' several times."

The word seemed to catch the otherwise unconscious ear, for the old woman turned her head on the pillow, and feebly said, "Laddie." And then, all at once, the doctor gave a cry that startled all the patients in the ward, and made many a one lift her head to see the cause of such a cry.

"Mother!" he cried, "mother, is it you?" Dr. Carter was kneeling by the bed, looking eagerly, wildly, at the wan white face. Was he mad? The nurse thought he must be, and this a sudden frenzy. And then he called again—

"Mother, mother, speak to me!"

A childless mother near said afterwards she thought such a cry would have called her back from the dead, and it almost seemed to do so in this case, for the closed lids trembled and raised themselves a very little, and the drawn mouth moved into the ghost of a smile, and she said—

"Eh, Laddie, here I be."

And then the nurse came near to reason with the madman.

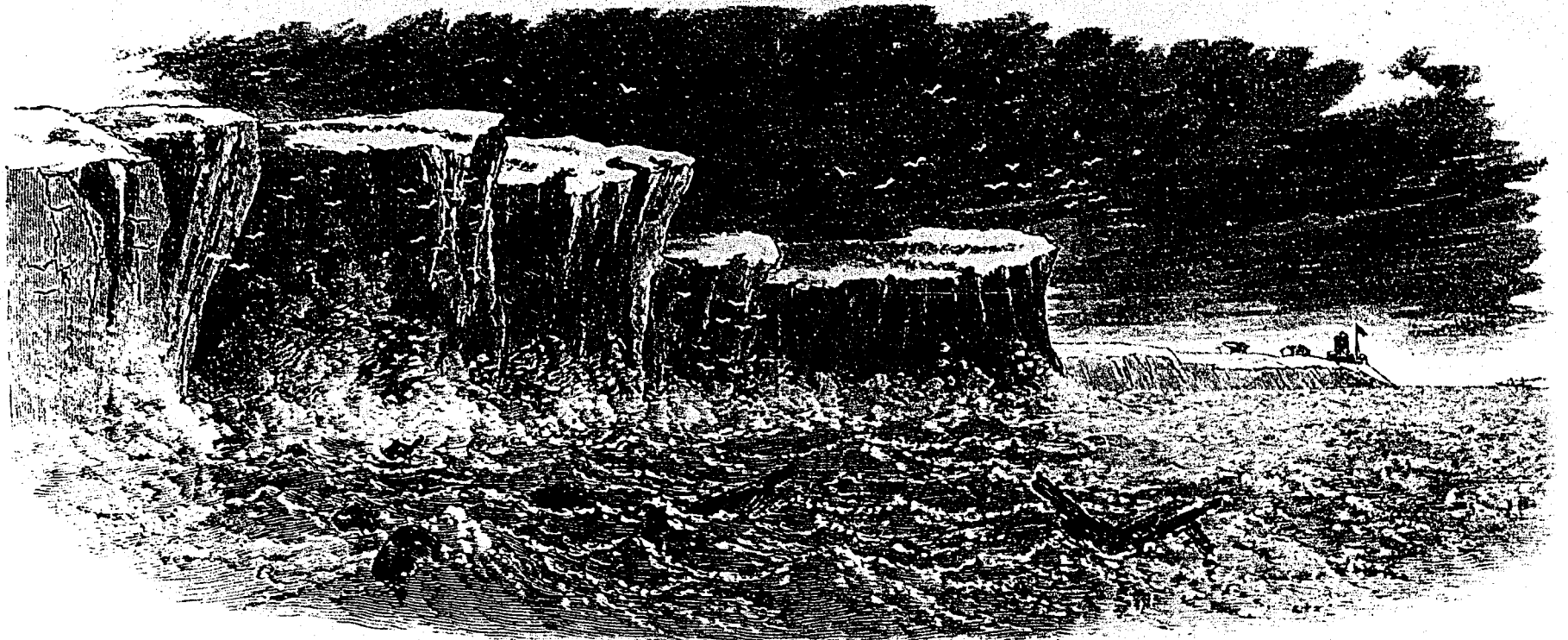
"There is some mistake," she said; "this is quite a poor old woman."

And then he got up and looked at her, she said afterwards, "like my lord duke, as proud as anything."

"Yes," he said, "and she is my mother. I will make arrangements at once for her removal to my house if she can bear it."

Ah! that was the question, and it wanted little examination or experience to tell that the old woman was past moving. The nurse, bewildered and still incredulous, persuaded him not to attempt it, and instead, her bed was moved into a small ward off the large one, where she could be alone.

Love is stronger than death, many waters cannot drown it. Yes, but it cannot turn back those cold waters of death, when the soul has once entered them, and so Dr. Carter found that with all his love and with all his skill, he could only smooth, and that but a very little, the steep, stony road down into Jordan.



VIEW OF FRENCH MISTAKEN POINT, NEWFOUNDLAND, THE SCENE OF THE SHIPWRECK.

WRECK OF THE CROMWELL STEAMER "GEORGE WASHINGTON"

OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

All doubts have been removed as to the fate of the steamers *George Washington* and *George Cromwell*, and it is now certain that at least one of these vessels was lost, about the 20th of January last, near French Mistaken Point, on the east of Newfoundland. On the 18th of January the *George Washington* left Halifax for St. Johns, with a general cargo. On the 23rd and 24th of January some of the inhabitants of Gulch Cove, near French Mistaken Point, discovered on the beach some articles of bedding marked "S. S. *George Washington*," and about the same time thirteen dead bodies were drawn out of a gulch, into which they had been washed by the sea. Later on, several fragments of human bodies were picked up—legs, arms and heads—bearing unmistakable evidence of having been torn violently from the trunks. The flesh on these portions appeared to be in some cases parboiled, and over the faces of some of the recovered bodies at this point hung large pieces of scalp.

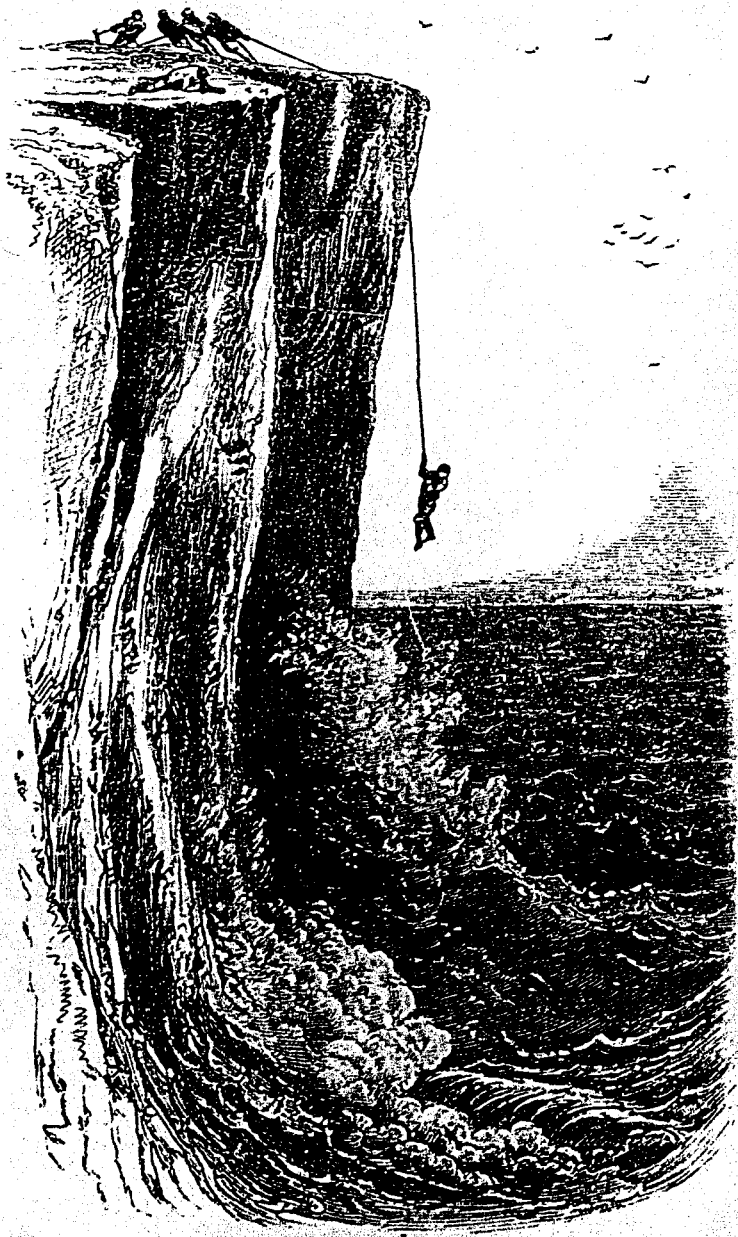
The coast-line presents an impregnable bulwark to the terrific assaults of the storm-waves. The cliffs are perpendicular, and when their tops are covered with snow, their appearance is most

majestic. Away to the east the coast-line trends with equal ruggedness until it meets the promontory on which the light-house at Cape Race keeps watch and ward over the scene, like a

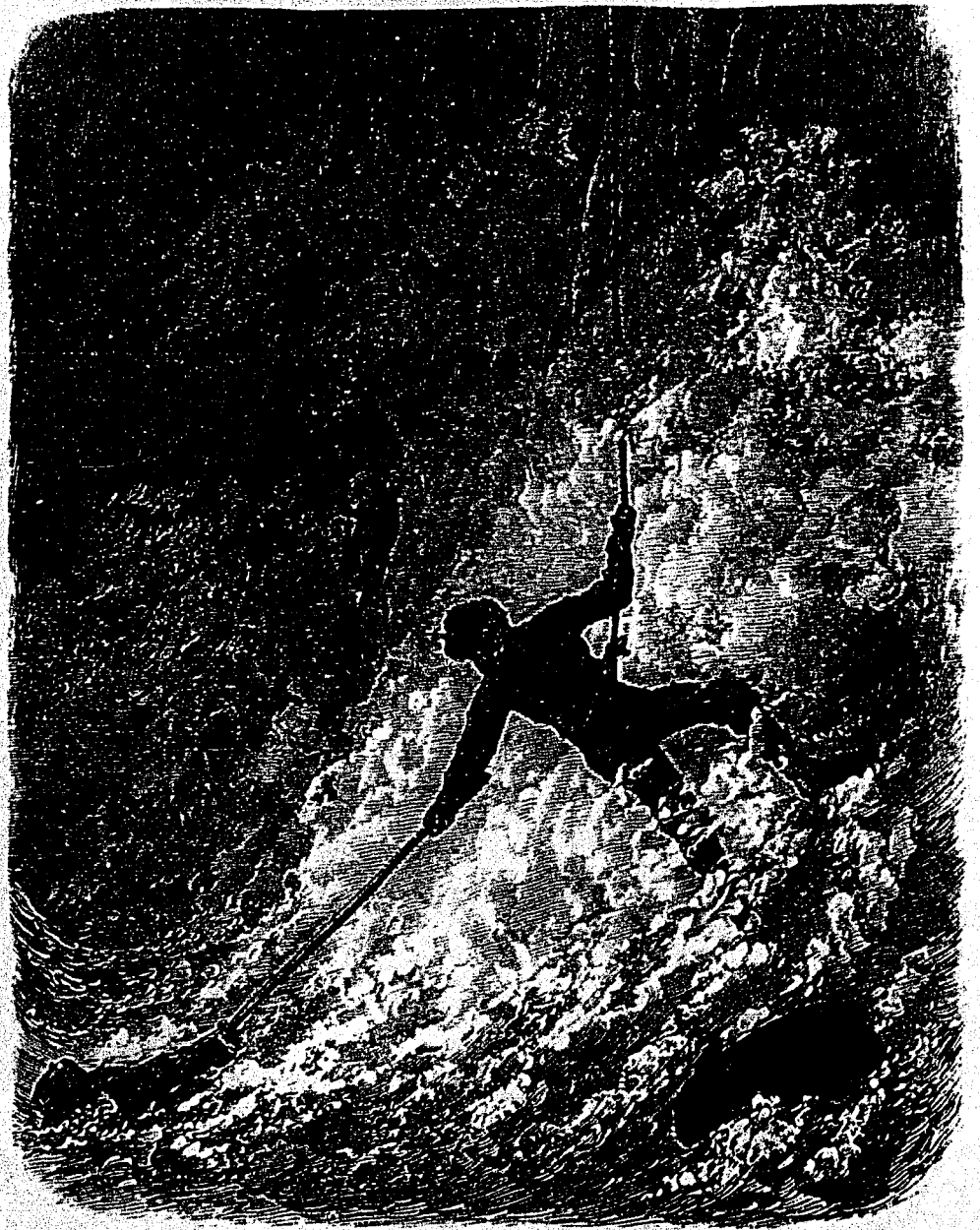
sentinel posted on a battle-field, surrounded with all the wreck and ruin of deadly warfare. The gulch is about 250 feet in depth from the general coast-line. The cliffs, which are 200 feet high, overhang the water, so that there is no possibility of reaching the top except by rope. Into this gulch the wreckage and the dead of the *George Washington* were swept by the winds and the sea, and there dashed carelessly to and fro until discovered. It would be impossible to save the lives of a shipwrecked crew in such a hole, for the sea furiously thunders at the base of the rocks when the wind is from any southerly point. It was through the efforts of Patrick Coombs, of Portugal Cove, that the thirteen bodies were recovered. He noticed some bodies floating in the gulch on the 24th of January, and, giving the alarm, he got William Kennedy, John Neal, Thomas Malloy and Edward Malloy to let him down with a rope to the water's edge, so that he could take the bodies up. They lowered him down 200 feet. Those on the cliffs could see the bodies washing in and out of the gulch. Thirteen bodies were "gaffed" and taken out.



FISHERMEN DISCOVERING THE BODIES IN THE GULCH, JANUARY 23D AND 24TH.



LOWERING THE SAILOR, PATRICK COOMBS, OVER THE CLIFF.

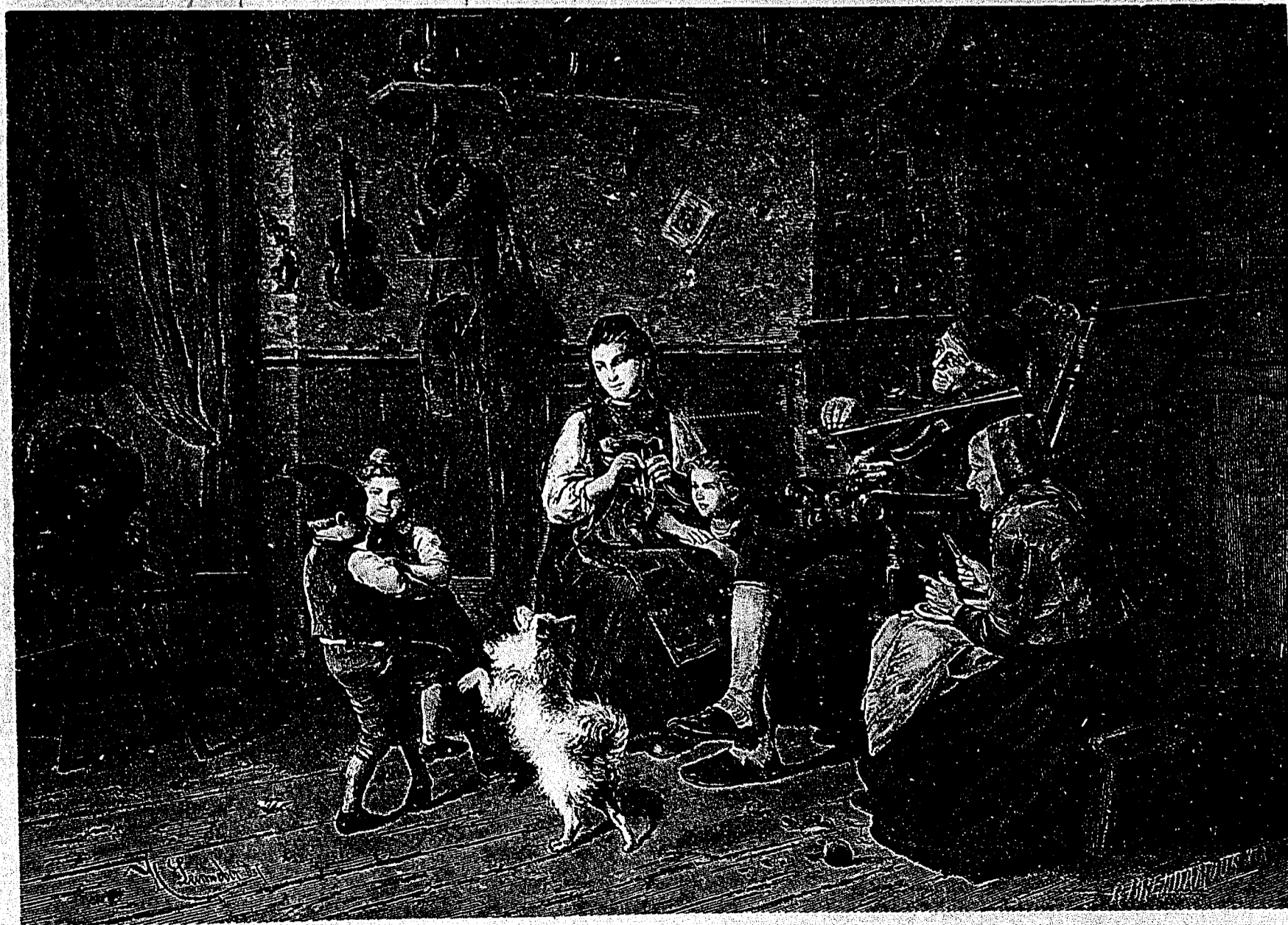


RECOVERING THE BODIES FROM THE GULCH.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER *GEORGE WASHINGTON*.



NO MOTHER AT HOME.



THE FIRST WALTZ.

"Did you come from there?" "Yes, sure, I've never been such a long way before, and I'm tired out." "Why didn't you write?" he asked presently, when she opened her eyes again.

"I wanted to give you a surprise," she said, "and I knew as you'd be glad to see me any time as I liked to come."

And then it dawned on him that the past eighteen months had been blotted clean out of her memory, and that she thought she had just arrived. Then she dozed, and then again spoke, "And so this is your house, Laddie? and mighty fine it be!"

"I have found her," Laddie said; "Come." And she came without asking a question, only knowing from Laddie's face that there was sorrow as well as joy in the finding.

"She is dying," he said, as they went up the hospital stairs together. "Can you bear it?" She only answered by a pressure of her hand on his arm, and they went into the quiet room.

"Who is it?" she asked. And then Violet knelt down with her face close to the old woman's, and said very softly, "Mother, I am Laddie's sweetheart."

And then her trembling hand was feeling for something, and Laddie guessed her wish, and put his own hand and Violet's into it; two young hands, full of life and health and pulsation, under the old, worn, hardworked hand, growing cold and weak with death.

For a moment they sat spell-bound, and then it was Laddie, he who had so often seen death face to face, who gave way, throwing himself on the bed with an exceeding bitter cry.

They laid her by the old master in Sunnybrook churchyard, and the village folks talked afterwards of the funeral, and how Dr. Carter, "he as used to be called Laddie," followed her to the grave.

FASHION NOTES.

WITH many women, going to church is little better than looking into a bonnet shop. A SPRING hat has three roses arranged across the back of the hat in a straight line like a comb.

THE FISHER'S ESCAPE.

She stood on the beach, the fisherman's wife, With her babe upon her arm, And eagerly scanned the darkening sky. Her heart fraught with deep alarm.

THE RICHELIEU.

IV. ST. JOHNS.

Immediately after the capture of Fort St. Johns, Montgomery pushed on to Montreal, which he triumphantly entered, a little after it was evacuated by Carleton and his garrison.

After that event, the Americans chose Ticonderoga as their northern base of operations, and after properly fortifying it, they turned their attention to the construction of a fleet, by means of which they could more easily reconnoitre Lake Champlain and the head-waters of the Richelieu.

All through the summer of 1776, from June to October, the banks of the quiet river at Iberville and St. Johns resounded with the hammer and anvil. Seven hundred seamen from the war vessels at anchor under the cliffs of Quebec had been chosen to man the fleet that was building there.

Early in October, one ship, 18 twelve-pounders; two schooners, 26 six-pounders, (both together;) a raft, six twenty-four pounders, and twelve six-pounders; a galley, seven nine-pounders, and 24 gun-boats, each with a piece of field ordnance, sailed from under the guns of Fort St. Johns.

When Arnold, who commanded the American fleet, heard of this movement, he fell back from his position near Rouse's Point to the narrow channel between Valcour's Island and the west shore of the lake, a little above Plattsburg. Here, with a force of three schooners, two sloops, eleven galleys, and twenty-one gun-boats, he awaited the arrival of the British.

About noon on the 11th, the engagement commenced between the foremost vessels and soon becoming general, raged till nightfall. Notwithstanding their numerical inferiority, the Americans fought well, but conscious of their weakness, they resolved to escape southward in the darkness.

In the summer of 1777, St. Johns was again the scene of warlike preparation. But this time it was a land force that concentrated there. Burgoyne had superseded Carleton, and was preparing a mighty expedition destined to crush out the American revolution.

On the 1st of June, this imposing army left St. Johns for Lake Champlain, driving everything before it. We need not follow it any farther, as its fate is well known.

GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, 1775.

(Sketched by himself.)

From the little volume just printed, containing unpublished letters of the General to his wife, we extract the following:—

"Holland House, Near Quebec, December 5th, 1875.

"My Dear Janet: "This day I had the pleasure of yours of the 13th of October. I think your letters are a long time on the road. I believe I have now the right to complain, as I am sure you do not write so often as I do.

"I suppose long ere this we have furnished the folks of the United Colonies with subject matter of conversation. I should like to see the long faces of my Tory friends.

"The weather continues so gentle that we have been able at this late season, to get down by water with our artillery, &c. They are a good deal alarmed in town, and with some reason. The garrison is little to be depended upon and very weak in proportion to the extent of the works.

"I shan't forget your beaver blanket if I get safe out of this affair, nor your mother's marten-skins. Present my affectionate duty to her, and make her easy respecting Harry.

"Till then, adieu! Believe me most affectionately yours,

RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

The volume before contains also the following:—

An inventory taken of the property and effects of the late General Montgomery, on the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1776, at Holland House, in the presence of Col. Donald Campbell, Major F. Weissenfels, Major Mathias Ogden, Rev. John I. Tetard, and Mr. Aaron Burr, aide-de-camp.

"One hundred and eleven dollars in Continental Bills. "Fifty shillings lawful money of Connecticut.

"Sixteen shillings lawful money of the Province of Massachusetts.

"A bag containing forty-five receipts amounting to five thousand seven hundred and forty pounds nine shillings and three pence half penny, currency of New York.

"In the same bag a string of white Wampum. "Forty-eight half Johannes. "One-quarter of a Johannes. "Two light pistols. "Fifty half-Joes. "One hundred and ninety-three English shillings.

"Six English half-crowns. "Twenty new Spanish dollars. "Small money four shillings and ten cents." Total amount £347.4.7.

(From Biographical Notes concerning General Richard Montgomery, together with hitherto unpublished letters, 1876.)

At opening a black trunk, 3rd January, (1776), were present Col. Donald Campbell, Major John Brown, Major Fred. Weissenfels, and Aaron Burr, aide-de-camp.

Amongst a lot of wearing apparel comprising 3 pair white breeches, 2 pair nankeen breeches, 1 pair of elegant Indian leggings, 1 pair of moccassins (sold to Gen. Arnold), 1 pair of spurs, 1 pair of gloves, 6 silver teaspoons, and a pair of tea tongs, hired at Montreal—the whole of the value of £19.8.6.

We notice the following books:

- "Saxe's Reviews. "Polybrus, vol. 1 and 2. "Clarrac, L'Ingenieur de Campagne. "La Science Militaire, Tomes 3, 7, 8 & 10. "Johnson's English Dictionary.

"(Signed), DONALD CAMPBELL, Deputy Quarter-Master General. "FRED. WEISSENFELTS, M. B."

"MATT. OGDEN, "J. I. TETARD, "At Col. Donald Campbell's request Governor Carleton sent out of town the late Gen. Montgomery's gold watch and seal, which Col. Campbell forwarded to General Wooster, at Montreal, by the hands of Messrs. Jefferies and Minott. General Wooster sent the watch by Lt. Col. Putzma to New York, to Mrs. Montgomery."

Together with this inventory an account was sent to Mrs. Montgomery of the manner in which his effects had been disposed of, and a list of the articles marked on the inventory as sold to Gen. Arnold. Quebec. J. M. L.

LITERARY.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS left a diary, parts of which will probably be sent to the press.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has offered a gift of £300 to the widow of Walter Thornbury, with expressions of regret that he is unable to confer a pension out of the Civil List, in accordance with the request made to him.

It is seldom that poetry of the pencil and the pen meet so perfectly together as in the marriage which is arranged between Major W. F. Butler, C. B., author of the "Great Lone Land," and Miss Thompson, the charming painter of "Balaclava" and the "Roll-Call."

VICTOR HUGO published on the 25th ult. (his 75th birthday) two more volumes of his great work, "The Legend of the Ages." In the preface to the first of these volumes he says:—"The rest of the legend will be printed at an early date, unless the end of the author arrives before that of the book."

The appeal in the case of Smiles vs. Belford has been dismissed. This settles the copyright question for Canada. British authors can register and publish their works in Canada if they choose, but if they prefer to have the Canadian works supplied from the United States they cannot be interfered with by publishers in Canada. The practical result is to drive a part of the Canadian business across the border.

MISS BRADDON has by practice reduced writing—the mere production of copy—to a science. From the outer edge of the pen she has turned to the inner, as affording more rest for the hand, and has systematically reduced the size of her letters, because she has discovered a truth which deserves to be published—that the massive character now in fashion takes more time than a smaller style, because the writer must cover more ground.

THE National Library at Florence has recently received some important acquisitions. The Marchese Gino Capponi bequeathed a rich treasure of 385 historical MSS. Count Piero Guicciardini bequeathed a unique collection of 6000 volumes relative to the history of the Reformation. Moreover, the library has purchased a fine collection of rare books and rare editions, nearly 15,000 volumes, which belonged to Signor G. Nencini.

HYGIENIC.

It is said that the working people in Ireland, who live chiefly on a vegetable—the potato—never suffer from gout.

VACCINE lymph direct from the calf is supplied by the Belgian Government to the medical practitioners of Belgium. This lymph is much more powerful in protecting from small-pox than the enfeebled infantine lymph now in use. Doctor Wyld says it has this further great advantage, that in its use there exists no possibility of those constitutional risks so well understood by medical men, and so much dreaded by a large proportion of our population.

IN almost every family circle there is a perpetual domestic discord on the subject of closeness of rooms or draughts; one is chilled, another stifled. According to Dr. Richardson, the best degree of temperature is 62° Fahrenheit. Those engaged in literary or artistic pursuits should have a thermometer at hand, and should feel that time itself is not more important to observe. Below this temperature languor and dyspepsia set in from the secretions becoming languid. Much above this temperature relaxation will arise from over-action; but if the labour is very prolonged and severe, the temperature may be allowed to run up to 65° or even 70° for short periods. The temperature should be obtained before beginning work. To begin in a cold room, afterwards warmed to 75° or 80°, and then cold again, is very bad. Under varying degrees of heat the rate and tension of the circulation of the blood change to a surprising extent. Uneven conditions are also hurtful. In some rooms the feet are cold and the head is warm; one side is heated, the other chilled. A room that is hot and cold is more dangerous than a friend of the same temperament. The rules apply to all engaged in sedentary pursuits, and particularly to children at their books.

THE PRODIGAL.

Inheritors of vast wealth are proverbially spend-thrifts. The golden ore is dug from the mine, refined, and coined, by the labor of other hands and the sweat of other brows. Like children playing with an expensive toy, they can form no just estimate of its value. When the donor weighed it, he cast into the balance so many days of unremitting and fatiguing toil, so many anxious and sleepless nights, so much self-denial, and so much care. But the inheritor into his balance throws only—pleasure. The one, values it by what it cost him; the other, for what it will purchase. Like the prodigal in the Scripture parable, he thoughtlessly expends it to gratify the caprice and cravings of his nature. Then comes the last scene—the misery, the remorse, and the long and wearisome journey back to the home of frugal industry. But there are other prodigals. On her favorites our bounteous parent, Nature, has lavished her richest treasure—health. But the prodigal values it lightly, for it cost him naught and recklessly squanders it in riotous living. Present pleasure obscures future want. Soon the curtain rises on the last scene. We see him helpless, impoverished,—the rich treasures of body and mind all lost,—in misery and despair. Remorseful Conscience holds up to him the mirror of memory. In his own reckless folly he perceives the cause of his present pain. He resolves to return. The journey is long and tedious, but if he perseveringly follows the right road, he will at length see the haven of his hopes in the distance, and Nature, seeing her invalid child afar off, will come out to meet him, and receive him back with love and blessing. To find the right road homeward, the suffering prodigal should read "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." Therein it is completely mapped out, its landmarks all indicated and its milestones all numbered. Read it. Price \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Address the author and publisher, R. V. Pierce, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. A. J. C., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 114 received.
J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. Also, correct solution of Problem No. 113.
W. J. R. B.—You shall receive a letter in reply, in a day or two. Want of time has prevented our writing to you before.
Avicula, Cowansville, P. Q.—Solution of Problem No. 113 received. Correct. The next Tournament in connection with the Dominion Chess Association takes place in the City of Quebec, during the Autumn of the present year.
H.A.C.F., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 112 and 113 received. Correct.
S. R. H., Brighton, Ont.—Correct solution of Problem No. 114 received.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 114 received.

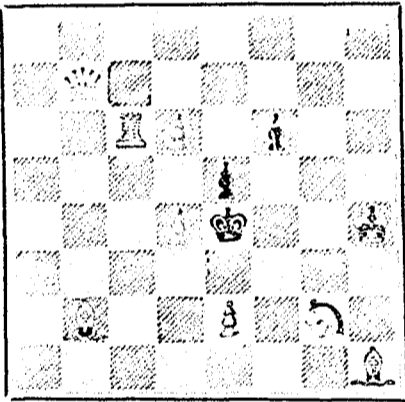
THE QUEEN OF CHESS.

Such is the title given by our American neighbours to the lady who has deservedly acquired a high position in the game of Chess.
In the March number of the Westminster Papers, which contains a portrait of the fair player, we learn that Mrs. Gilbert, who has earned this proud distinction in the Chess world, is an inhabitant of Hartford, Conn., in which city there is a circle of players of both sexes, who meet every week at each other's houses for the purpose of practising their favourite game.
Mrs. Gilbert has won her honors by hard contests with some of the best players in the United States, and from her repeated successes, we may anticipate that there will be no difficulty in her easily maintaining the proud position which she has obtained by her skill in the Royal Game.
Were Chess to become a greater favourite with the ladies, we have every reason to believe that very soon, in every community where it is pursued as an amusement, we should have many fair competitors for laurels which are now looked upon as belonging exclusively to the sterner sex. Caroline Herschel and Mrs. Somerville pursued the study of science with results that place their names in the list of the most successful writers of the age, and why should not the scientific game of Chess induce a few our countrywomen to devote a portion of their time to its cultivation?

PROBLEM No. 115.

By Mr. T. M. BROWN, (St. Louis).

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

During Mr. Bird's sojourn in Canada, it was arranged that he should play against the members of the Montreal Chess Club four games simultaneously, each game to be controlled by three members in consultation. The subsequent game was the one played by Messrs. Henderson, Watkins and Hicks against Mr. Bird on that occasion.

GAME 16TH.

- WHITE.—(H. W. and H.)
1. P to K 4
2. K to K B 3
3. P to Q 4
4. Kt takes P
5. B to Q 3
6. B to K 3
7. Kt takes Kt
8. P to K 5
9. P to K B 4
10. Castles
11. P takes Kt
12. P to Q 4
13. Q to Q B 2
14. P to Q Kt 3
15. B to K B 3
16. Kt to B 3
17. R to Q B sq
18. Kt to R 4
19. Kt to B 5
20. Q takes B
21. R takes Q
22. B to Q 2
23. P to Q Kt 4
24. KR to Q B 3
25. P to K Kt 4
26. K to Kt 2
27. R to Q B 5
28. KR takes P
29. R takes R
30. P to Q R 4
31. R to R 8
32. R takes R
33. K to Kt 3
34. P to B 5
35. P takes Kt P
36. P takes P
37. K to B 4
38. K to Kt 5
39. P to Q R 5
40. K to B 6
41. K to K 7
42. P to R 6
43. K to Q 8
44. K takes Q B P
45. P to Q Kt 5 (ch) (b)
46. K to Q 6
47. K takes K P, and ultimately White wins.

NOTES.

(a) The young player will perceive the effect of taking this Pawn with Rook. The advance of this Pawn was a bad move for Black.
(b) The object of this move is very evident.

GAME 16TH.

Played some time ago between Herr Kolisch and Mr. de Riviere.

(Buy Lopez Opening.)

- WHITE.—(M. de Riviere.) BLACK.—(Herr Kolisch.)
1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5
4. Castles
5. Kt takes Kt
6. P to Q B 3
7. P to Q 4
8. B to R 4
9. B to B 2
10. B to Kt 5
11. B to KR 4
12. B to K Kt 3
13. Q P takes K P
14. Kt to Q 2
15. Kt to Q B 4
16. Kt to K 3
17. P to KR 4 (a)
18. Kt takes Kt
19. P takes P
20. R to K sq (c)
21. B to Q Kt 3
22. Q to Q B sq
23. R to Q sq
And White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) A bad move.
(b) Well played.
(c) Very necessary under the circumstances.
(d) An excellent move, which deprives White of every chance of escape.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 113

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q takes Kt K to Q 4
2. Q to Kt 4 K takes R, or P moves
3. Q takes P. Mate
There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 111.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q 4 Any move.
2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 112.

- WHITE BLACK.
K at K B 8 K at Q B sq
R at Q B 2 R at KR 2
B at K 6 B at K Kt 6
Kt at Q 7 Pawns at KR 7
Pawn Q B 6 Q 3 and Q B 2
White to play and mate in three moves.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.

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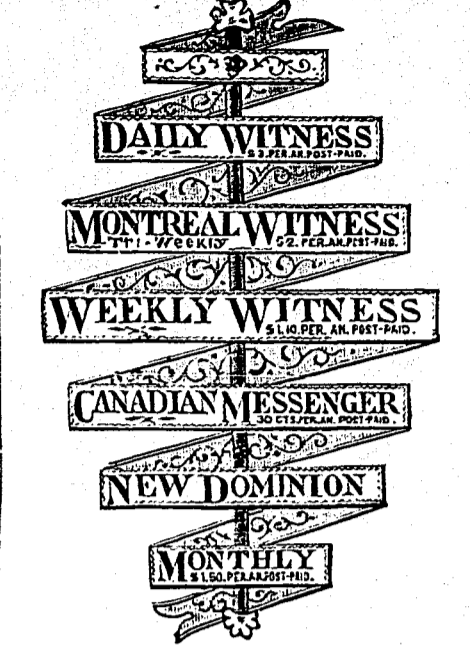
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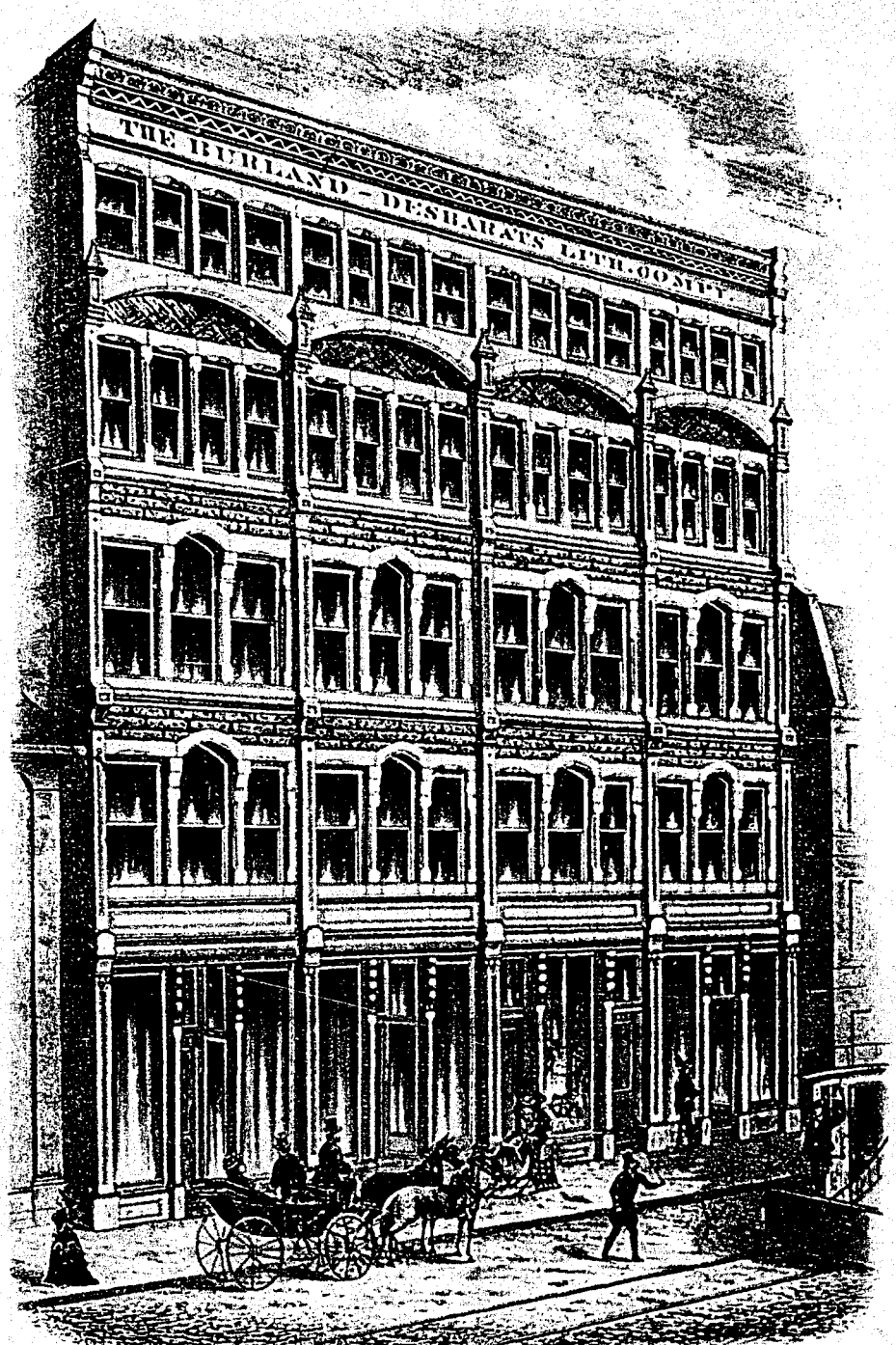
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