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ARRIVAL OF PRINCE LEOPOLD AT QUEBEC.

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TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 29th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 83°	56°	69° 5'	Mon.. 70°	48°	59°
Tues. 87°	61°	74°	Tues. 70°	42°	56°
Wed.. 90°	69°	79° 5'	Wed.. 67°	35°	51°
Thur. 86°	69°	77° 5'	Thur.. 67°	43°	55°
Fri.. 83°	65°	74°	Fri.. 72°	46°	59°
Sat... 69°	58°	63° 5'	Sat... 76°	56°	66°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Arrival of Prince Leopold at Quebec—The Boat Race between Hanlan and Courtney—Field Day on the Plains of Abraham—Departure of the volunteers for Quebec—Champlain Street, Quebec—Monument over the spot where Wolfe fell—The International Fish Exhibition at Berlin—On the Glacis, Quebec.

LETTER PRESS.—The Queen's Birthday—Clara Chillington (concluded)—The Provincial Session—The Tide of Immigration—Varieties—The Gleaner—Selections—Scraps—Gourlay Brothers—Heath and Home—History of the Week—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 5th, 1880.

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION.

The tide of immigration which, in 1872, reached the extraordinary figure of 400,000 souls, for the United States, went on decreasing during the financial crisis extending from 1873 to 1878; but, in 1879, the crisis having passed, it resumed its course. This year the current is still stronger. In the three months from January to March, no less than 35,000 emigrants arrived, as against 11,000 in the corresponding months of 1879, and for the single month of April 35,000 more are recorded, making a total of 70,000 up to the first of May.

As the interval between May and September is always the most favourable for emigration, it is estimated that 400,000 Europeans will land on American shores this year. These travellers cross the ocean in steamers, some of which carry as many as 2,000 passengers.

Such facts give rise to curious calculations. From 1827 to 1870 fully ten millions of able-bodied persons from foreign lands became citizens of the United States. Valuing each man at \$1,000, which is the estimate of the Commissioner of Immigration at New York, we have the tremendous sum of \$10,000,000,000 brought into the country. Or, let us take only the sum of money which each immigrant brings with him. This has been set down at an average of \$60. For the 400,000 souls expected this year, this would give us the round sum of \$24,000,000.

The nationalities of these people are a further point of curious interest. The British head the list with a total, from 1st January to 1st March, of 12,700 souls, of whom 7,000 are Irish. Then come the Germans with 9,900; the Scandinavians (Swedes and Norwegians) with 3,700; the Hungarians with 2,000; the Italians with 1,700; the Swiss with 1,500; the Russians, mostly Mennonites, with 700; the Dutch with 600, and the balance in small proportions, as composed of Belgians, Spaniards and Frenchmen.

The chief cause of emigration is poverty, but with the Germans the desire of escaping from military service is a great incentive. From 1871 to 1879, according to official statistics, the total number of German emigrants was 567,000. Thanks to this tide, the United States rose from 4,000,000, in 1790, to 50,000,000, in 1880. There will be 65,000,000 in 1890, and, perhaps, fully 100,000,000 before the end of the century.

In studying these figures, the question very naturally arises—how much of this emigration comes to Canada? The papers are strangely reticent on the point, although we have been promised great things. If the Americans are to gain 400,000 this year, Canada, at the least calculation, ought to get 30,000.

THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Quebec Legislature met on Friday, the 28th ult. Scarcely are the sittings of the Parliament at Ottawa terminated than we are called upon to assist at the deliberations of another body, which is only less important because its sphere is more restricted. For the people of Quebec, however, the interest is fully equal, and we think it is only right that due attention should be given to it. The present session, more especially, is of unusual moment. The Speech from the Throne abounds with subjects, not only practical in their nature, but vital in their results. If we are not mistaken the members of the Legislature have met with the decided purpose of working, not talking. If they understand the temper of the people they will certainly adopt this course. Displays of declamation, outbursts of oratory, the game of recrimination have had their day. Business must now be attended to. We want no further waste of time in mere "showing off," and those who are wont to pose for the galleries will have to forego their ambition. We anticipate and hope that the work of the Government will be thoroughly overhauled. If there has been mismanagement let them suffer. But if it shall appear that they have done their best, let them not be unnecessarily worried. The Opposition is too feeble to form a Government, and if the Government are beaten there must ensue a dissolution. A dissolution may indeed have to be resorted to, but not until the extreme is reached, because it is a costly transaction.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT QUEBEC.

Perfect weather attended that celebration in Quebec, notwithstanding that storms were predicted, and that many an old woman knew for a certainty, by the aching of her special corn, that it was bound to rain. Indeed, Queen's weather, as it is called, was the order of the day for the 61st celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday in the loyal old city of Quebec; and while great was the rejoicing thereat, equally great was the advantage taken thereof by both small and great, for the people turned out in thousands and tens of thousands to witness the review.

St. Louis street that morning was like the road to Epsom on a Derby day. It was crowded with people and vehicles, but it lacked the itinerant shows that are to be seen on the way to Epsom in such numbers. One enterprising individual had rented a vacant lot, and therein established a lager beer garden, where many a thirsty soul slaked his appetite for fluids.

At the review grounds the scene was a lively one. People were scattered on all sides prepared to enjoy themselves, while the grand stand, with room for a thousand people, was becoming rapidly occupied. Shortly after ten o'clock the military arrived in one long, almost unbroken line, and took up their positions on three sides of a square, of which the grand stand, if continued on both sides, would have made a fourth. Beginning from the left, the various troops, batteries and regiments were as follows:—

On the left, A and B troops of cavalry; B Battery Royal School of Gunnery; Quebec Field Battery.

On the centre, B Battery of Garrison Artillery; Brigade Garrison Artillery; 5th Fusiliers (Royal Scots); 6th Fusiliers; 62nd St. John, (N.B.) Infantry (Scarlet Brigade); 1st Prince of Wales Rifles; 3rd Victoria Rifles.

On the right, the 8th Royal Rifles; the 9th Battalion Voltigeurs de Quebec; 65th Mount Royal Rifles.

Having taken up their positions Lieutenant-General Smyth and staff placed themselves in the centre of the field facing the flag staff and the royal pavillion and awaited.

Precisely at half-past eleven a royal carriage arrived, in which were seated H. R. H. Prince Leopold, Col. McNeil, equerry to Her Majesty the Queen, and Mr. R. H. Collins, C.B., equerry to H. R. H. Prince Leopold. The carriage was driven up to the royal pavillion amidst the cheers of the assembled thousands and attended by a detachment of cavalry. Shortly before noon a bugle call announced the arrival of His Excellency the Governor-General and an escort of cavalry rode out to the gate to meet him. Almost immediately afterwards His Excellency and H. R. H. the Princess Louise entered the

grounds on horseback surrounded by a brilliant staff and followed by the cheers of multitudes of spectators. They rode down to the royal pavillion where the Lieutenant-Governor had in the meantime arrived. His Excellency having graciously honoured the Lieutenant-Governor with an invitation to ride with him, the royal party accompanied by his Honour rode round the field and inspected the various bodies of men drawn up awaiting them. They afterwards returned to the flagstaff.

The march past then commenced, and was carried out with the carefulness and precision that distinguishes our Canadian volunteers. Twice did the infantry pass the saluting point, once at quickstep in column, and once at quarter column; while the cavalry and artillery passed a third time at the gallop, and well they did it too. This concluded the review and the troops marched off to take part in the sham battle consisting of an attack and repulse on the citadel. After the field-day, the troops formed in line of quarter columns at close intervals on the original ground, advanced in review order, gave a royal salute, and upon the departure of the vice-regal party fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Several of the visiting corps left for Montreal that afternoon, and the 62nd Battalion took their departure for St. John, N.B.

The dinner took place in the Music Hall, Quebec, and was attended by a large number of the officers who took part in the review. But as many—indeed a great many—of them had to leave by the boats early in the evening, in order that their men might reach home in time for work on Tuesday morning, many gaps were to be seen at the tables, and not until nearly the close of the dinner, were the chairs drawn together. The dinner was uncommonly good, and was done justice to by all. It was exceeded only by the delightful music furnished by the band of the 65th Battalion of Rifles, of Montreal.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

H. R. H. Prince Leopold arrived at Quebec by the steamship *Sardinian* on the 23rd ult., attended by Colonel McNeil, V.C., equerry to the Queen, Hon. A. Yorke, R. H. Collins, equerry, Dr. Royle, Lord Elphinstone, &c. His Royal Highness had an excellent passage, was perfectly well the whole way, and enjoyed himself much. When the steamship rounded the point Her Royal Highness Princess Louise and the Governor-General attended by Colonel De Winton, drove down from the citadel, escorted by a detachment of the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, to the Queen's Wharf, where B Battery was drawn up as a guard of honour. The staff present on the occasion were General Sir Edward Selby Smyth, Colonel Duchesnay, D.A.; Colonel Strange, Commandant; Captain Smith, Major Forrest, Colonel Colfer, &c.

The Governor-General and Her Royal Highness embarked on the steam yacht *Dolphin*, and steamed to the Levis side, when they boarded the steamship, being received at the gangway by Capt. Dutton. On meeting the Prince Her Royal Highness tendered him an affectionate greeting. The united party crossed in the steam yacht back to Quebec, when the Royal salute was fired. After this they drove direct to the Citadel.

The Lieutenant-Governor and some of his Ministers, also the Mayor and Councillors were present on the wharf, but no reception or presentation took place other than that the Princess Louise introduced the Lieutenant-Governor formally to Prince Leopold.

LORD BYRON'S DAUGHTER.

Few persons, probably, have ever read the commencing and concluding stanzas of the third canto of "Childe Harold" without a deep interest in the "Ada" he touchingly apostrophizes. The story of her life, intimately enough known in those repertoires of unwritten biographies of the aristocracy—the Pall Mall Club—has not often been told abroad.

It will be remembered that the first and only born of that unhappy marriage of Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke was just five weeks old when the mother and wife, for reasons never satisfactorily explained returned to her father's house. Here the infant grew into girlhood under the care of her mother, and here, after Lady Byron's accession to her property, were the foundations of Augusta Ada's education laid.

Inheriting uncommon genius, though, as we shall presently explain, wholly diverse from her father's, she was brought up with the most tender care, and educated by the most thorough training. Her personal beauty developed with her mind. She is described by a person who frequently saw her, when at the age of twenty years she was living with her mother at Clifton Springs, as of the most queenly presence and features of perfect contour, her eyes large and brilliant, her head set upon her shoulders like her father's, her hair chestnut, abundant and wavy, and her person slightly *enbonpoint*, but perfect in proportions. To these charms there were added a voice of great sweetness, and a vivacity in conversation that held in thrall all who approached her.

Her tastes, however, were for pure mathematics. Whether owing to heredity—for she read no poetry, and never saw a work of Lord Byron's till past her puberty—or to inheritance from her mother, her understanding of the exact sciences was excelled by no woman of her time, except Mrs. Somerville, and, indeed, by

few of the other sex. In proof of her extraordinary attainments in this respect, it is mentioned by the late Charles Babbage in his "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher," that she informed him she had translated for her amusement, "Menabrea's Memoir of the Analytical Engine," from the "Bibliothèque Universelle." He proposed that she should add notes of her own. This she did, extending them to three times the length of the original memoir. Babbage says that to all persons capable of understanding the reasoning, it furnishes "a demonstration that the operations of analysis are capable of being executed by machinery." This translation with the notes may be found in volume XXXI. of the "Transactions of the Royal Society."

Ada Byron was married to the Earl of Lovelace in March, 1835. The marriage was not an unhappy one. Her husband, respectable in talents and domestic habits, lord-lieutenant of his county and high in social position, suitable in age and possessed of large estates, regarded his wife with mingled feelings of affection and admiration. Unwilling that she should be known publicly as an authoress, he, nevertheless, oftener than once gave permission that certain of her articles on various branches of science, about which thinking men made inquiry, might be acknowledged as hers. Children were born to them; their tastes were no more dissimilar than was consistent with common if not promotive of unusual harmony; and their home was often spoken of by those old enough to remember the two, as furnishing a happy contrast to that which her mother had abandoned twenty years before.

But Lady Lovelace craved excitement. Neither town life nor country was sufficient to satisfy her inherited desire for constant stimulus. Neither her studies nor her pen; the care of her children or the pleasures of society; her rank among the aristocracy, or the admiration her beauty and gifts received wherever she appeared, were sufficient. She speculated in the funds, bet at horse-races, bought and sold in the stock market, and finally, during the railway mania, that, under the lead of Hudson, was second only in its universality among the rich and great to the South Sea Bubble of the early days of the last century partook largely in the ventures. All this could well enough be without the knowledge as it was, of her husband. Beside the ample "pin money" allowed her in the marriage-settlement, large returns came to her from trust funds held for her in her own right.

But she went too deep. Her risks were unfortunate; and though she might have recovered from all this, most inopportunistly her attorney became a bankrupt, and her operations were exposed, in his assets before the courts, to the world. Terribly mortified, she appealed to her husband, who, to save the scandal of any legal process, cancelled her liabilities by a very considerable pecuniary sacrifice. The shock, however, was too great for her excitable nature, and it has always been believed, by those who know best what followed, that the shame she felt at her exposure was the remote, if not the proximate, cause of her death.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR WOMEN.

In many parts of the country, women will be appointed as census enumerators, with the probable result something like this:

Neatly-dressed woman of an uncertain age, with book on her arm and pen in her hand, rings the door-bell. Young lady appears at the door.

Census enumerator—"Good morning. Lovely morning. I'm taking the census. You were born?"

"Young lady—Yes'm."

"Your name, please? What a pretty dust cap you have on. Can I get the pattern? It's just like the one the lady of the next house has. Let's see, your name?"

"I haven't the pattern. Don't you get awful tired walking around taking the census?"

"Oh, yes, it's wearisome, but I pick up a great deal of information. How nice your dinner smells cooking. Plum pudding!"

"In Dundas. No. Haven't plum pudding to-day. I'm looking for a new recipe—"

"I've got one that I took down from a lady's cook-book across the way. Are you married?"

"No. Want an invitation to the wedding, don't you? It will be a long time before you get it. You can keep your plum pudding recipe, thank you."

"I sh'd think 'twould be some time. Have you chil—? O, of course, I forgot. This hall carpet is just the pattern of Aunt Prudy's. She's had it more than twenty years. How many are in the family?"

"If this hall carpet don't suit you, you can get off from it and go about your censusing."

"Well, you're an impudent jade, anyhow. You haven't told me when you were born or what's your name, and when you expect to get married, and there's \$10 fine for not answering the census-taker's questions, and if I were you I wouldn't be seen at the door in such a slouchy morning dress—so there."

"Oh, you hateful thing. You can just go away. I'll pay \$10 just to get rid of you, and smile doing it. It's none of your business, nor the census-taker's either. No, it isn't. You can keep your pattern and your plum pudding and your saucy, impudent questions to yourself."

"Good morning. I must be getting on. I haven't done but three families all the forenoon," and an energetic bang of the door just missed catching a foot of her trailing skirts.

WORDS.

By the words of malice spoken,
Half in earnest, half in jest,
Loving hearts are daily broken,
Hearts the purest and the best.
Listen, brothers, be discreet,
Words of malice ne'er repeat;
Loving hearts are tender things,
Words of malice deadly stings.

By the words of love when spoken
To the lowly and oppress'd,
Loving hearts, tho' almost broken,
Feel as if forever bless'd.
Sisters, brothers, comfort, cheer,
Banish thus the silent tear,
Words of love you may be sure,
Wounded hearts can quickly cure.

Words of truth when boldly spoken,
Faithfully reproving sin,
Ever is the surest token
Of a spirit pure within.
Sisters, brothers, guard the tongue,
Utter not a word that's wrong,
Boldly speak the words of truth,
Thus become the guide of youth.

Chatham, Ont. A. MACFIE.

MUSICAL.

The concert season of the Philharmonic Society terminated on May 27th, at the Victoria Rink, under the distinguished patronage of H. R. H. the Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, His Excellency the Governor-General and suite, consisting of Lady Pelly, the Hon. Mrs. Langham and Mrs. Russell Stephenson, ladies-in-waiting; Lord Archibald Campbell, Lord Elphinstone, Colonel McNeill, V. C., C. B.; Lieut.-Col. DeWinton, the Hon. Captain Harbord, Capt. Chater, Capt Collins, Dr. Royle, and Mr. Russell Stephenson.

The distinguished guests arrived at ten minutes past eight, and were received by Mr. Gilbert Scott, President of the Society, Miss Scott and Mr. A. M. Perkins, Hon. Secretary, who conducted the party to a gayly-decorated reception room.

At twenty-two minutes past eight a herald announced the entrance of the party, led by Mr. Scott and Mr. Perkins; His Excellency the Governor-General, with Miss Scott, Prince Leopold, with Princess Louise and suite.

The audience remained standing until the Vice-Regal party had taken their seats, which were erected in the centre, between the ranks of M. and U., and the concert opened with the Canadian National Anthem, written by His Excellency the Governor-General, which was set to music by Arthur Sullivan, of sacred music and "Pinafore" fame. Though the rendition of this new anthem was superb, especially as the first verse was sung in chorus, the second by sopranos and contraltos in unison, the third by men's voices, which was followed by the chorus again—the air lacks all that is essential to becoming popular. Arthur Sullivan has succeeded in many compositions, still, if this Canadian Anthem is to supplant the sweet little tune which is sung throughout the British and German Empires, the United States, and, in fact, all over the great universe, then we pronounce it a failure.

Ch. Gounod's Second Mass, "Des Orpheonistes," arranged for mixed choir by Mr. Lucy-Barnes, followed the Canadian National Anthem. The singing of "Kyrie, Credo, O Salutaris," and "Agnus Dei," were particularly pleasing to the musical ear, while the parts of "Gloria" and "Domine Salvum Fac," added greatly to the effect of their precedents; but we cannot refrain from saying at once that the voices were not so evenly balanced as they ought to have been, as it was clearly noticeable that the sopranos frequently drowned the contraltos and all the men's voices. There existed a practice in Italy and Germany, which, in order to have harmony in the voices, necessitated a private performance in as large a hall as the concert had to take place in, at which professionals were the audience, who stopped the proceedings at once if such an unpleasantness as mentioned above came to their notice, for, practising in small halls and performing in large ones, before large audiences, are two different things.

"Hear, ye Israel," from Elijah, by Mendelssohn, was next sung by Mrs. Lucy-Barnes, who, at the beginning, betrayed a little nervousness, but soon became self-possessed again, and sang her parts admirably, which piece concluded with the fine chorus, "Be Not Afraid." The Messiah's "Hallelujah Chorus," by Handel, brought the whole audience to their feet, a practice invariably found throughout the United Kingdom, though no one seems to be able to account for it. This beautiful piece of music is generally listened to with the greatest attention, and the audience expressed their appreciation, with which the first part of the concert came to an end, followed by an interval of fifteen minutes.

The second part opened with the overture of Weber's "Freischutz," in which all instruments had their important parts, and the players acquitted themselves to the great satisfaction of every one. In fact, the leadership and the *tout ensemble* in general, would have been a credit even to the Dresden or Munich *Hoftheater*.

The Society deserves great praise for having brought—at an expense of three hundred and twenty-five dollars—two Bassoon and three French Horn players for this concert from New York, and though many hearers were somewhat disappointed at the entire absence of foreign vocalists, compared with the last concert of 1879, it is gratifying to know that the management had no selfish motives, but made great outlays in another direction to please its patrons.

"Mithers," by Mr. Lucy-Barnes, a purely

Scotch song, was splendidly given by Mrs. Barnes, and seemed to take so much with the audience that she had to re-appear with "Kitty Darling" as an *encore*. Mr. Alfred Deseve gave the violin solo, "Fantasie sur Martha," by Leonard, and has on this occasion more than confirmed the good opinion which we hold of his talent, for we have never before heard him play with as much pathos as in Martha. The incessant applause brought him again on the platform, and though he acknowledged the tribute not with an awkward, but graceful, bow, rarely met with among professionals, he had to bring in his instrument again and delight the hearers a little longer. But while we view his musical talent with a true regard to justice, we do not hesitate in saying that his chances to perfect himself in his art would be brighter if he had a few more years hard study in Europe. We should also like to see his attitudes easier and less constrained, and at times less theatrical.

Beethoven's Choral Fantasia for pianoforte, orchestra, soloists and chorus, closed the entertainment brilliantly. Mrs. Lucy-Barnes, Mrs. Thrower, Miss Green-shields, Mr. C. C. McFall, Mr. C. Bourne, Mr. W. Millar, with Miss Abbott, who ably presided at the piano, were the soloists. Those who attended cannot but say that the whole programme was, with the exception of two little hitches, carried out to the entire satisfaction of every one, and the Choral Fantasia gave us a new proof of what the Society can do under the able leadership of Mr. Lucy-Barnes. How we shall account for the awkward suspense caused to the Vice-Regal party and the audience in general by the profound silence between the last chords of the Fantasia and the departure of the distinguished guests, we know not, but it would have been quite proper to have played the National Anthem, though the Canadian National Anthem is to supersede it.

Now, a word for those who are invariably late. Good judgment should prompt every one to be in time, especially when something takes place which we cannot have frequently. At this concert particularly, many came in late, and created such a bustle, perhaps in order to be noticed by every one, that many a part of the soft and melodious music was entirely lost to the ear. There are many people who hear music of some kind or another every day, but seldom classical pieces, and it is unfair that half of their enjoyment should be lost through disregard on the part of a Dulcinea, Preciosa or a Juliet. Many a gentleman, too, walks in as boisterously as possible, and takes pains to let the fair sex know that his portly figure is among the as-sembled *haute volée*. It is about time that noise, which is considered in European concerts unladylike and ungentlemanly, should also be banished from our halls.

THE POET KEATS.

Of all the poets who have died before their time, Keats is perhaps the greatest. Fervid imagination, delicious fancy, the faculty of pictorial representation, an ear for exquisite music, are among his gifts; but he possessed also, and this is surely a rare possession in one so young, the artistic sense of fitness and proportion. When as a youth Keats wrote his "Endymion," the faults of an undisciplined but luxuriant imagination are apparent. The reader is alternately charmed and repelled—delighted at one moment with the glow of colour, the wealth of fancy, and the suggestiveness of a bright intellect; and offended the next moment by a looseness of rhythm and crudity of thought which are the marks of immaturity. "Endymion" was published in 1818, when Keats was 22; two years later appeared "Hyperion," "Lamia," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and the immortal "Odes," one or two of which are of almost peerless beauty. The poetical growth of those two years is amazing; we know of nothing like it in literature, and it has sufficed to give Keats a place among the great poets of his country. * * * It may be true that Keats is not wholly a sensuous poet, but his poetry, of all that was written during the first half of this century, has the least in it of what one may call a spiritual element. Whatever is lovely in a world of loveliness forms the theme of his verse, and its pathos consists in the thought, uttered in words of surpassing beauty, that all which so stirs the pulses or lulls the senses with languorous delight is but a vision and a waking dream. All earthly beauty has melancholy for its shadow in the verse of Keats, and this beauty, which enriches his lines with their choicest imagery, is never used to symbolise what is heavenly and unseen.

Most readers familiar with Keats will be, therefore, surprised to read that the harmony of his poetry is due to its prophetic element. And the writer's chief effort throughout his work is devoted to the discovery of an inner and far-reaching meaning in the exterior art of the poet. Because "Endymion," "exquisite as it is, is not of sufficient strength to stand on its merits as a story alone," the author jumps to the conclusion that it must contain some inner meaning. Keats, we are, therefore, told has written an allegory which admits of two interpretations, the first and "most obvious" being that Endymion himself "has the Imagination in all time searching for the spirit of Beauty; that Cynthia, the enlightened side of the Moon, represents the beauty of a bygone age when the world was young; and the dark side, the Indian Princess, shows the newer phases on which Imagination has entered; Imagination at last discovering the eternal Unity of all Beauty, and becoming one with it forever."

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

As Canadians we may well be proud of the native talent and enterprise displayed, in the elaborate, exquisite sewing machine, the production of one of our leading local industries, the C. W. Williams' Manufacturing Company, and which has lately been graciously accepted as a present by the Princess Louise. It is questionable if anything at all approaching it in finish and taste has ever been made by any similar manufactory in America. It is now on exhibition at 347 Notre Dame street, and should be seen by everybody as a sample of what Canadians can do.

SKULLS, BRAINS AND SOULS.

The weight of the brain has often been held to be the criterion of the mind, though, apart from the want of confirmation obtained by investigation, there are serious theoretical difficulties. The brain, whatever other functions it may have, is undoubtedly a source of power supplied to the muscles, and we are ignorant to what extent the activity of the muscular system or the size of the body may influence that of the brain. We know that a muscle grows by judicious exercise; why, then, should not the brain, supplying it with the nerve force necessary for its increased duties, enlarge *pari passu*? It may be doubtful whether we can prove that this is so. Dr. LeBon has decided that the height of a person has an effect, though a very slight one, on the size of the brain. He found that the influence of the weight of the body is greater, but by no means sufficient to account for the variations of the brain. Another disturbing element is age. It has been estimated that after a rather uncertain date, say 45 years, the brain gradually dwindles. Again may not some wasting diseases preceding death cause a shrinking of the organ and may not other pathological changes increase its density? All these sources of error must make us sceptical as to individual results, though, at the same time, we cannot free ourselves from some share in the general belief that the weight of the brain is an index of the mind. The weight of the brains of numbers of known men, distinguished and otherwise, has been cited for and against this theory. Cuvier is usually found heading the list, with a brain weight of 64.33 ounces. (The average for the male is between 49 and 50.) One is struck with the apparent propriety that this vast intellect should have worked through a heavy brain. Within the last ten years, however, a labourer has died in England, whose brain weighed 67 ounces. Of his history and habits little is known. Though intelligent for his rank in life, he apparently gave no signs of fitness for a higher one. His most intellectual trait, if I remember rightly, was his fondness for reading newspapers, probably the only literature he could easily obtain. "Chill penury" may have "repressed his noble rage," if he had any. He may have been a "mute, inglorious Milton." But who knows whether the sublime imaginations of the poet betoken remarkable cerebral development? The late James Fiske, jun., had a brain weighing 58 ounces, surpassing Daniel Webster, Chauncey Wright, Dupuytren, and a mathematician of the first rank. Indeed, all these, except Fiske, come after a man who from his second year was reckoned an idiot. A celebrated philologist is below the average, and a distinguished mineralogist much below it. In spite of many exceptions, however, we find distinguished men most numerous near the top of the list. Anatomists give very discordant directions for determining the sex of skulls. In a great many cases it cannot be determined. The female skull, as a rule, is smaller than the male, and moreover, the jaws and prominences for muscles are less developed; consequently the brain case, though smaller than in man, is larger in proportion to the face. Dr. LeBon gives some very curious statistics concerning the capacities of female skulls. There is no question that the differences in skull and brain between the sexes increase with the degree of civilization; but it is astonishing that while the skulls of male Parisians are among the largest, those of the women of Polynesia are but little above those of the women of New Caledonia. This is a fact not easy to account for.

A GROUP OF SHYLOCKS.

Macready first essayed the part of Shylock on the occasion of his benefit at Covent Garden in 1823. He has noted that the audience were most liberal of their applause, but that he was dissatisfied with his own performance, which "the study of after years very greatly improved," however. He appeared as Shylock again at the Haymarket in 1839, when severely criticising himself, as was his wont, he described his impersonation an "utter failure." "I felt it," he wrote in his journal, "and suffered very much for it." He was better pleased with his subsequent exertions, and Shylock usually found a place in the round of characters he undertook during his engagement in England and America. It was as Shylock that the late Mr. Phelps made his first appearance in London, at the Haymarket in 1837.

Charles Kean's Shylock was naturally a close following with inferior means of Edmund Kean's conception and execution of the character. It was at the princess's in 1853 that "The Merchant of Venice" was revived with extraordinary splendour of scenery, costumes, and stage appliances. Until then Mr. Charles Kean had been content to appear in very unadorned editions of the play. Accurate views of Venice

in 1600 were presented to the audience with a state procession of the Doge, strings of gontolaf, busy throngs, nobles, citizens, inquisitors, foreigners, trade s, soldiers, servants, water-carriers, and flower-girls; and very ample musical embellishments. Bye-and-bye a Venetian carnival, with a masquerade—in the midst of which Jessica was abducted—occupied the stage. Belmont was a gorgeous picture of mediæval architecture and domestic luxury. The trial scene took place in a grand representation of the hall of the senators. The princes of Aragon and Morocco, long excluded from the acting editions of the play, was suffered to re-appear. Mrs. Charles Kean played Portia; the Bassanio being Mr. Ryder. As Launcelot Gobbo the veteran Harley appeared for the last time upon the scene, August 20th, 1853. Dismissed by Shylock, Launcelot lightly passed along the bridge which crossed the stage amidst the laughter and applause of the audience; but he was seized with paralysis as he reached the wing, and scarcely spoke coherently again; in a few hours he lost recollection, sank gradually, and expired on the afternoon of August 22nd. His last intelligible words were a quotation from his old part of Bottom in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

At the Princess's Theatre in 1869, the German basso, Herr Formes, appeared as Shylock; in 1878, at the departed Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, the character was assumed by the Hungarian tragedian, Herr Neville Moritz; these essays did not win the approval of the English public. In 1875 "The Merchant of Venice," presented with much scenic elegance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, introduced the Portia, Miss Ellen Terry, who obtained forthwith extraordinary applause. The revival failed, however, to satisfy the expectations of the management. The calm and colloquial Shylock of Mr. Coghlan met with general disapproval, and generally the representation was felt to be a defiance of Hamlet's advice to the players—"be not too tame neither."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, May 24.—Negotiations between the British mission and Abdul Rahman are proceeding satisfactorily.—The Russian Government announces the issue of a new 4 per cent. loan of 105,000,000 silver roubles, at 93.—M. Waddington is to take the post of French Ambassador to England, replacing M. Leon Say, who becomes President of the Senate.—Germany has withdrawn her objections to the proposed conference at Berlin, concerning the enforcement of the uncompleted portions of the Treaty of Berlin. It has also been decided that armed intervention in the Balkans, should it be necessary, shall be concerted action of all the Treaty Powers.

TUESDAY, May 25.—Bend Or won the Derby, Robert-the-Devil second, and Mack third.—A fresh insurrection has broken out in Burmah, near the British frontier.—The Powers have accepted Austria's proposition to isolate the Albanians.—The Italian Government will have a majority of about 24 in the new Chamber.—The Nihilist trials were concluded at St. Petersburg, and sentences pronounced, yesterday.

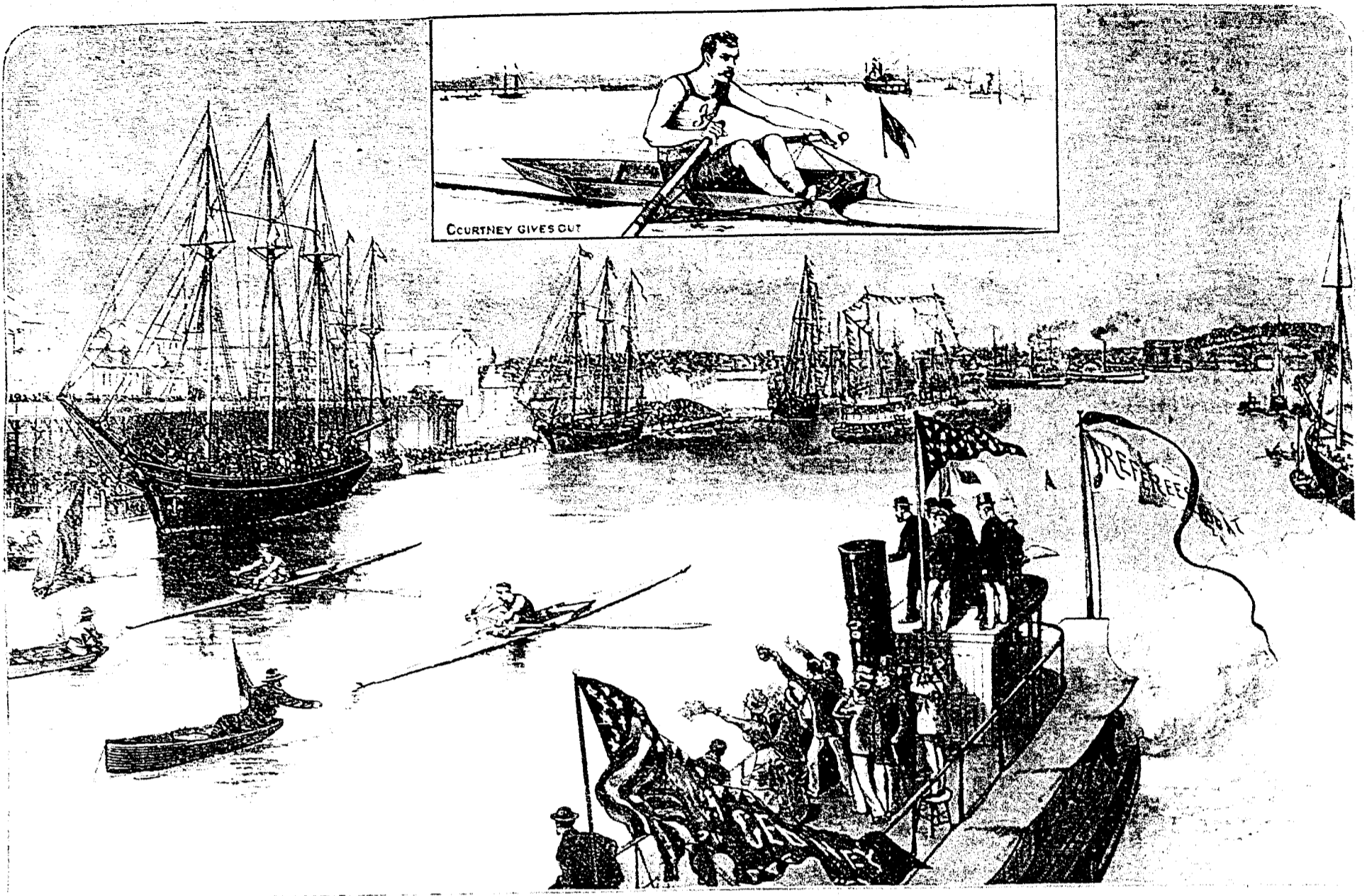
WEDNESDAY, May 26.—Calcutta despatches say the Amership of Afghanistan has been formally offered to Abdul Rahman.—Haulan won the race with Riley at Washington yesterday. Riley was a good slice of a mile behind when Haulan finished.—Mr. Guschen's proposals relative to the course to be pursued with the Porte are said to have been coldly received at Paris and Vienna.—The Suez Canal receipts for last year amounted to some 31 million francs, which, after paying a 5 per cent. dividend, left a balance of upwards of 3 million francs.

THURSDAY, May 27.—Sir John Macdonald is in Toronto. He goes to Orchard Beach for a brief holiday.—Another party of 50 persons, principally agriculturists, have left Ottawa for Manitoba.—Mr. Prittie has started from Toronto for Manitoba with 85 families, comprising several families recently from Scotland, the remainder being from East Ontario.—Sanford Fleming, C. M. G., has become Consulting Engineer of the Pacific Railway, instead of Chief Engineer, and Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, Chief Engineer, in Mr. Fleming's place.—Mr. Gooderham, of Toronto, has recently purchased the Toronto and Ottawa Railway Charter. He states that there is every probability of the road being commenced this summer.

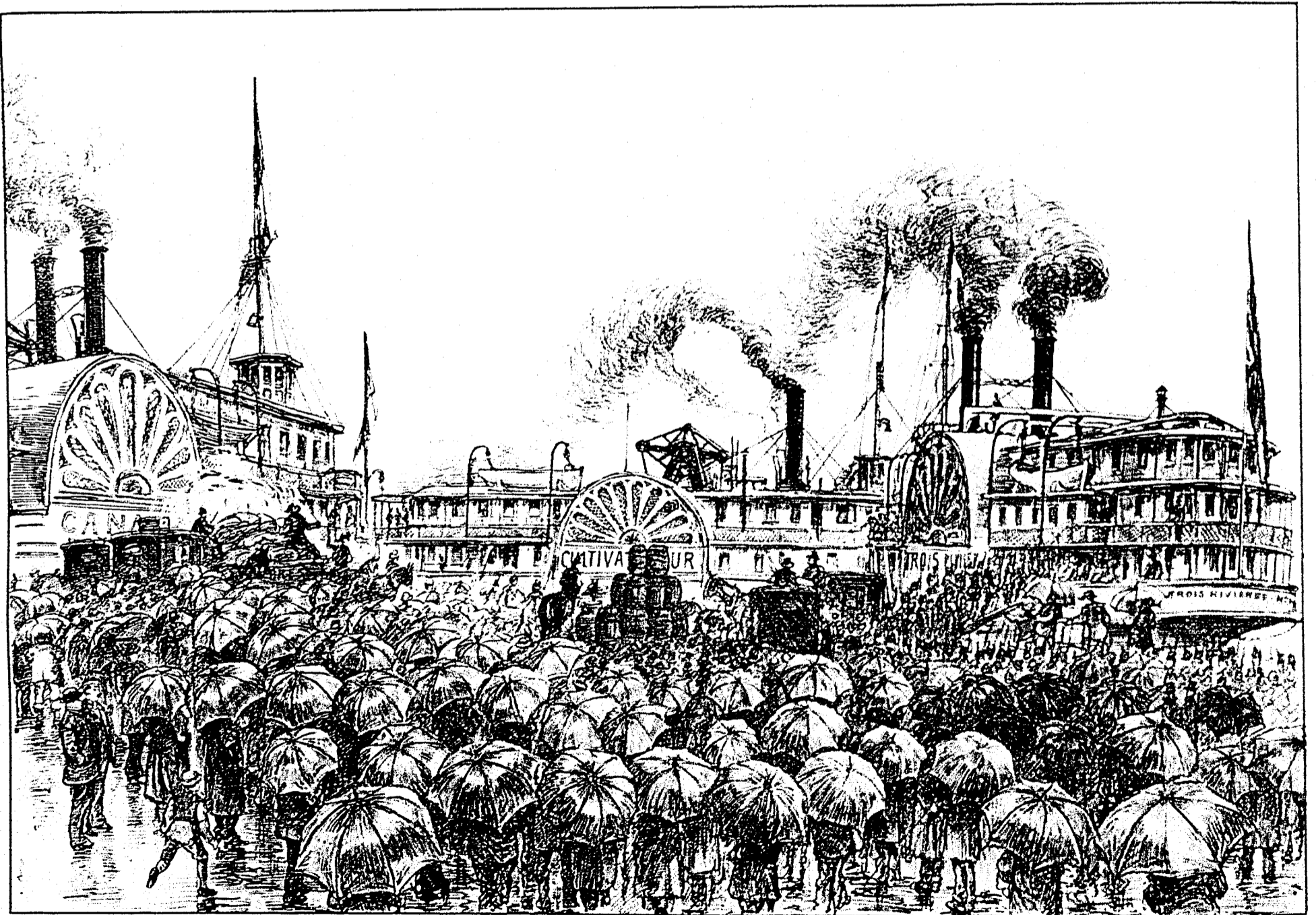
FRIDAY, May 28.—Dennis Kearney was released yesterday.—Abdul Rahman has imposed a forced loan on Turkistan.—Another boat of the steamer America has been picked up.—The re-establishment of a German legation at the Vatican is talked of.—The ravages of the corn beetle in Russia are estimated this season at \$5,000,000.—Jennie Hewlett won the Oaks yesterday. Rothschild's Fashion won the Epsom gold cup, leaving Lordillard's Parole second place.—A motion by M. Clemenceau, concerning the Government for interfering with the recent Communist demonstration in Paris, was lost by 309 to 31.

SATURDAY, May 29.—Crop prospects in Ireland are very encouraging.—The Berlin Congress is to be limited to the Greek question.—The Millers' Exposition opens in Cincinnati, O., to-day.—The Vulcan Iron Works of Chattanooga, Tenn., have suspended.—Abdul Rahman is to meet the Afghan chiefs in Cabul shortly.—A despatch from Rio de Janeiro says the Chilians have captured Tacna, and are marching on Arica.—Montenegro has issued a circular to the Powers, charging the Porte with connivance in the Albanian insurrection.—The arbitration in the Liverpool dock labourers' strike has awarded the men the demanded advance for six months.

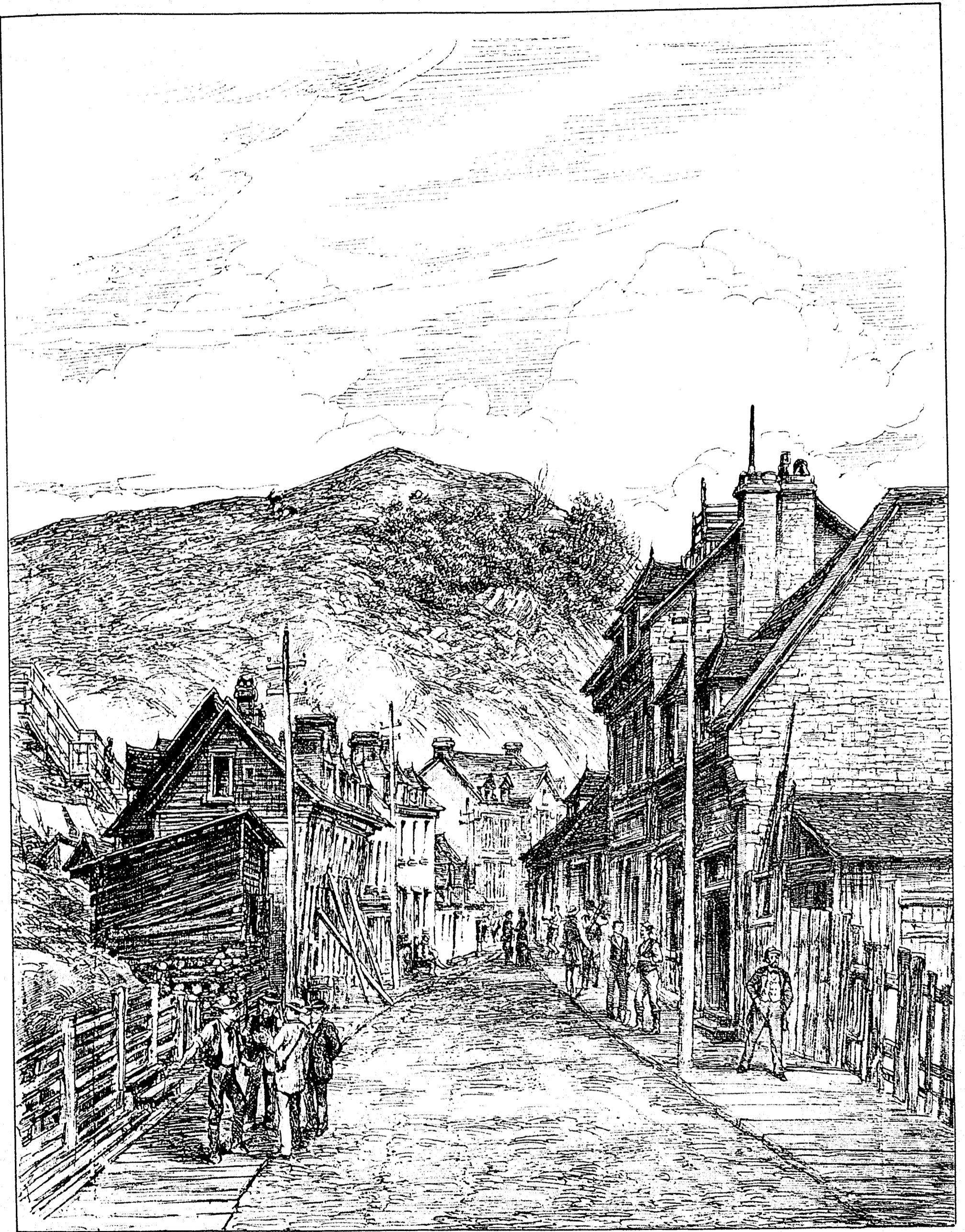
LEARN TO BE SHORT.—Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, long prayers, and long editorials, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasures grow insipid, and pain intolerable, if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lop off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive, and get through; if you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace; boil down two words into one, and three into two. Always learn to be short.



THE BOAT RACE BETWEEN HANLAN AND COURTNEY.



MONTREAL.—DEPARTURE OF THE VOLUNTEERS FOR QUEBEC TO CELEBRATE THE QUEEN'S BIRTH DAY.



QUEBEC.—CHAMPLAIN STREET NEAR CAP BLANC.

FAIRY CORRESPONDENCE.

"I must write to my love," a fairy said,
As she sat in her morning bower,
Hidden away from the scorching sun,
In the midst of a myrtle flower.
"I'll write to my love, who is over the sea,
Seeking the rarest of gems for me;
I'll do it now e'er the wild bee come
To disturb my thoughts with his busy hum.
First, I must gather some paper and ink
From the beds of flowers or the streamlet's brink."
And out of the myrtle flower she flew
To a shady spot where some violets grew.
"The violet's paper's too thick," said the fay,
I don't think I'll gather of that to-day."
And she winged away to a briar rose,
Whose face with perpetual blushing glows,
As if some lips had left a debt,
Which the simple flower could ne'er forget.
But the rose was not to the fairy's whim,
It was much too large and the tint too dim;
So she left it in scorn and flew away where
The jessamine sweet perfumed the air:
Where lilies, and harebells, and white hawthorn,
And flowers of all hues did the earth adorn;
But none of them pleased the particular sprite;
This was too sombre, and that too bright;
One was too coarse, and another too fine,
On that one she "couldn't have written a line."
"I know where to find some," at length she cried,
And down to the streamlet straight she hied.
There by the banks, in a mossy spot,
Grew the bright-eyed little forget-me-not.
The fairy seized on the flower in glee,
"The very one I need," said she;
"For when he sees my paper blue,
My love will know I'm ever true."
So she plucked one delicate petal, and then
Cried, "Now I must wander in search of a pen."
Just then a silver butterfly
In passing caught the fairy's eye,
With a cry of delight and an agile spring,
She softly alights on the insect's wing,
And scarcely waiting to ascertain whether
He liked it or not—she plucked thence a feather,
And, seated on the insect still,
She made for herself a tiny quill.
(The fairies think steel pens so slow,
They always write with quills, you know)
Then back to the myrtle flower she flew,
And gathered in passing a drop of dew,
For fairy dew is invisible ink,
And in fairy-land lovers never would think
To write with aught else. So the fairy wrote
On the pale blue petal a tiny note,
Breathing of tenderness, love and bliss,
And she sealed it up with a fairy kiss.

GOURLAY BROTHERS.

A STORY OF TWO LOYAL HEARTS.

In a quiet street off one of the quiet squares there is a tall, gloomy house, with narrow, dusty windows and a massive double door, that still bears a brass plate with the words "Gourlay Brothers" engraved thereon.

The lower part of the house was used as an office, but the blinds were rarely drawn up, the door seldom swung back to the energetic push of customers, the long passage echoed no hurried footsteps, and Eli Haggart, the clerk, was to all appearance the idlest man in London, till one came to know his masters.

The Gourlay Brothers were never any busier than their faithful old servant—never hurried, flurried or worried; never late and never early. Every morning at 10 o'clock they entered their office together, read their letters, glanced at the paper, left instructions for possible callers, and then went to the city. They always took the same route; at 11 they might be seen passing along the sunny side of Cannon street, at 1.30 they entered the same restaurant, and sat at the same table for luncheon. Wet or dry, shade or shine, summer or winter, every working day for thirty years they had gone through the same routine, always excepting the month of September, when they took their annual holiday.

They were elderly men—John, tall, thin, melancholy-looking, with light gray eyes, scanty gray hair and whiskers, and a general expression of drabness pervading his whole face and faultlessly neat attire. Roger was shorter, rounder, more cheerful and generally warmer in colour. His prevailing hue was brown; keen, reddish eyes that must have been merry once; crisp, auburn hair that time had not yet quite transmuted to silver; a clean-shaved ruddy face, and brown hands full of dents and dimples. John was the elder; still he looked up to Roger with grave respect, consulted him on every subject, and never either in or out of business took any step without his advice or approval. And Roger was no less deferential; without any profession of affection or display of feeling, the Gourlay Brothers dwelt together in the closest friendship and love; their life was a long harmony, and during all the years of their partnership no shadow had fallen between them, and their public life was as harmonious as their private intercourse.

In business they were successful; every speculation they made prospered, everything they touched turned to gold; and as their whole lives were spent in getting, not spending, they were believed, and with reason, to be immensely wealthy. "Cold, hard, stern, enterprising," men called them; with an acuteness of vision and a steadiness of purpose only to be acquired by a long and close application to business. Reserved in manner, simple in their tastes, economical in their habits, the Gourlay Brothers were the last men in the world to be suspected of sentiment, their lives the least likely to contain even the germ of a romance. And yet they had not always been mere business machines; the sole end and aim of their existence had not always been money. In early years they had brighter dreams, nobler ambitions.

At school John had distinguished himself, and his brief university career gave promise of a brilliant future. Roger had been a bright, ardent boy, with a taste for music that was almost

a passion, and a talent little short of genius. With his deep earnestness, intense steadiness of purpose, and clear, vigorous intellect, John could scarcely have failed to make a distinguished lawyer.

Roger was born an artist, with a restless, lofty ambition. Life seemed very bright for the brothers; there was nothing to prevent and everything to assist each in following his inclination. But in the very dawn of their career their father died, and they were suddenly reduced from affluence to actual poverty. Nothing remained from the wreck of a magnificent fortune but the bitter experience that always accompanies such reverses. Fine friends failed them; flatterers looked coldly on their distress; those who had most frequently partaken of their lavish hospitality passed by on the other side. Not a friend remained in their adversity but one, and she had indeed the will, but not the power to help them.

The boys left college and turned their thoughts to business. It was hopeless to attempt to follow up their professions with an invalid mother and idolized only sister depending on them for support. John secured a situation as clerk in a city warehouse. Roger accepted a desk in the office of Bernard Russell, an old friend of his father's. They moved to cheap lodgings, and for several years plodded on wearily, the only gleam of sunshine in their altered home being the occasional visits of Alice Russell to their sister.

Maude Gourlay and Alice had been school-mates and friends; they usually spent their vacations together, and Alice felt the misfortune that had fallen on the family as if it had overtaken her own. But she could do nothing but pay them flying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit and flowers, and write pretty sympathetic notes to Maude.

A few years of hardship and poverty told on Mrs. Gourlay's always feeble frame; still for her daughter's sake she clung to life with a strange tenacity; but when Maude's lover, who had gone to Australia to make his fortune, returned, not wealthy, but sufficiently so to claim his bride in her altered circumstances, Mrs. Gourlay seemed to have no other object to live for. Maude's marriage was hastened, and the very day after the ceremony, the poor, weary, broken-hearted mother died. George Leslie took his wife back with him to Sydney, and John and Roger Gourlay were literally alone in the world.

As if in bitter mockery of their loss and loneliness, immediately after their mother's death the brothers inherited a small fortune. But it was too late for John to go back to his studies; too late for Roger to return to his piano; they had fallen into the groove of business, and John at least was seized with a feverish eagerness to turn his small fortune into a large one and become wealthy. So they went into business on their own account as Gourlay Brothers, with the firm resolution of retrieving the position their father had lost, and a very few years saw them established in Whittier street, and fairly on the high road to fortune. Then one quiet summer evening as they sat over their dessert John opened his heart to his brother and told him of his hopes, dreams and ambitions for the future.

"You will be surprised, and I trust pleased, to hear, Roger, that I love Alice Russell," he said, laying his hand on his brother's arm; "I can hardly remember the time when she was not dearer to me than all the world beside. The bitterest part of our misfortune to me was that it separated me from her; nothing else can ever compensate me for the ruin of all my hopes and glorious ambitions. I once dreamed of being famous, Roger; for her sake I put that behind me, and have grubbed for gold like a miser. We, Gourlay Brothers, are on the high road to fortune; I may aspire to the hand of Alice now!"

"Surely, John," and the younger brother's voice was husky, and his hand shook as he took up his glass; "I drink to your success."

"Thanks, brother. I should have confided in you, but I feared troubling you on my account; you would have seen a thousand shadows across my path; you would have been more unhappy than I was myself. And now I want you to promise that it shall make no difference between us. We shall be Gourlay Brothers still."

Roger stretched his hand across the table, and John grasped it heartily.

"Gourlay Brothers to the end of the chapter, old fellow, and may you be as happy as you deserve. God bless you, John."

John's face became a shade or two paler with emotion, and he walked up and down the room a few times; then he stood behind his brother's chair.

"Roger, you will think me very weak, very nervous, but I dare not speak to Alice myself. I could not endure a refusal from her. I have never even given her the most distant hint of my feelings. I have not the slightest reason to suppose that she regards me as other than a mere acquaintance, almost as Maude's brother. Roger, we have always been friends as well as brothers—stand by me in this; you are less shy and more accustomed to women; see Alice for me, Roger, and ask her to be my wife."

"John, you're mad! You do not mean it!" "I do; it is my only chance. Plead for my happiness, brother, as I would plead for yours. I am a man of few words, but I feel deeply. A refusal from her lips would kill me; I could hear it from you!"

"As you will, John; I'll do my best," and Roger leaned his head on his hand and shaded his face from the light. "I'll call on Alice to-morrow."

The next day was the longest of John Gourlay's life—a bright, warm, happy day, that made people in the city look glad and cheerful. He went about his business as usual, ate his luncheon, and walked home leisurely. Roger was standing at the window watching for him, and he kept his back to him when he entered the room.

"Well," John said gently, "well, Roger, have you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her," said Roger, facing round suddenly. "John, old fellow, it's no use."

"Brother!" and he lifted his hand as if to ward off a blow.

"It's no use," Roger went on in a hard voice. "She does not love you; she loves some one else. Be a man, John, and bear it, for there's no hope."

One low, stifled groan, and then John Gourlay wrung his brother's hand and walked steadily out of the room. What he suffered in the hours that followed no one ever knew, and when he appeared at the dinner-table he was calm and self-possessed, but something had either come into his face or gone out of it that altered him. But of the two Roger looked the most unhappy. The blow had really fallen most heavily on him.

"Jack, old fellow, we're Gourlay Brothers now to the end of the chapter," he said, huskily. "I know you'll never marry, and neither will I," and somehow John felt that Roger meant what he said.

* * * * *

Twenty-five years passed by, a quarter of a century of changes and chances, and still the Gourlay Brothers held the even tenor of their way. They were rich beyond their wishes or desires, and not altogether unhappy in their solitary friendship.

Alice Russell seemed to have drifted completely out of their lives; her name was never mentioned, and whether she was married or dead they did not know.

One morning about the middle of September they were walking along the king's road at Brighton, whither they had gone for their annual holiday. Roger entered a shop to purchase something and John stood outside looking dreamily at the passers-by. Suddenly he stared and advanced a step as a lady in an invalid chair was wheeled by. Chancing to look up, she met his glance with a smile of recognition. "Mr. Gourlay, it must be you. I am so glad to see you."

"And I to meet you," John said with a courteous bow. "I have not the pleasure of knowing—"

"My name—I am Alice Russell still," she said, frankly. At that moment Roger appeared. For an instant the blood forsook his ruddy face, while a hot, crimson flush rose to Alice's pale cheek as she tried to stammer out some words of greeting. Roger was no less confused, and the expression of both faces was a revelation to John Gourlay. He felt as if the world had suddenly drifted away from him and he was left solitary in some unknown infinite shade. But there was nothing of that in his voice when he asked Alice for her address and permission to call upon her in the afternoon; then taking his brother by the arm he led him away, and they continued their walk without exchanging a single word about the strange encounter.

In the afternoon John called at Miss Russell's hotel, and in a few moments he found himself seated beside her in a pleasant sitting-room overlooking the sea.

"Alice," he said, plunging into the subject at once, "do you remember a conversation you had with my brother a long time ago?"

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gourlay," she replied, sadly.

"He made a request for me then which it was not in your power to grant; I am come to make a similar one for him now. Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved you all these long, weary years, though you will at least believe I did not know it then."

"Poor Roger!" Alice said softly.

"You care about him? you will make him happy even at this late hour? Tell me, Alice, that you love my brother!"

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, I do. Why should I deny it? I have loved him always, though I did not know that he cared about me, and if the little life that is left me can make him happier, I will devote it to him gladly, proudly—poor Roger! You see I am too old for pretences, Mr. Gourlay, and I fear I am dying; therefore, I tell you all."

"Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live many years yet, I hope, to make my dear brother happy—brave, loyal, great-hearted Roger. Let me send you to him now, and, Alice, for my old and long affection's sake, make him happy. He deserves it, and that is the only way I can ever help to repay the devotion of his life."

"I love him," Alice replied simply, "I cannot do any more."

In their lodgings John Gourlay found his brother pacing restlessly up and down.

"Roger, I've found out your secret and hers," he said, laying both his hands on his shoulders; "loyal, faithful friend, go to her; she loves you, she is waiting for you."

"Poor Alice! how she must have suffered!"

"How we all have suffered! but it's nearly over now, Roger—the grief, pain, regret. It's all clear and bright. Roger, dear friend, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, John? say rather can you forgive me?"

"True to the last," John murmured as he wrung his brother's hand. "Now, Roger, go to her; she is waiting for you. She loves you—loves you, Roger! Good-bye, and may you both be happy!"

Late that evening, when Roger Gourlay returned home full of a deep, quiet gladness, he found his brother sitting in an easy chair near the window, apparently asleep. The full moon shone down on his pale face and showed a smile on his lips; his hands were clasped on an open book that rested on his knee. The attitude was lifelike, but at the very first glance Roger felt that his brother was dead. The doctors said he had died of disease of the heart. Perhaps they were right. More people die of that malady than the world knows of.

HEARTH AND HOME.

GOODNESS.—A good mother, when her son was leaving the home of his childhood and going out into the great world, knowing that he was ambitious, gave him this parting injunction: "My son, remember that, though it is a good thing to be a great man, it is a great thing to be a good man." No sounder, no truer words were ever spoken. A great many may dazzle, but a good man is a beacon shining afar, by whose beneficent light a multitude are enabled to walk in safety. The best success is often achieved by the humblest; and an obscure life well spent is better than a wicked renown.

HOW GOOD RESULTS ARE TO BE ATTAINED.—The education that is to wear well can only be gained by self-denial, hard work, self-control, concentration. The friendship that is worth having demands unwearied kindness, self-sacrifice, thoughtfulness, loyalty. The work of hand or head that is to last must be performed with patience, industry, energy, and zeal. The wealth that is to be a permanent blessing must have been gained by honourable exertion, and expended with beneficent wisdom. The idea that we can extract value from anything, when nothing valuable has ever entered into it, is a delusion which the sooner we get rid of the better.

PRaise.—As a general thing we are too chary in praising and encouraging the efforts of the young, too free in criticising and depreciating them. Many a child's powers in various directions are thrust back into inactivity by the cold inappreciative reception they meet with. Children quickly adopt the sentiments of their elders, and soon learn to put the same value on their own powers that others do. The parent, the teacher, and the employer can easily teach lessons of self-depreciation which may cling through life, and forever prevent the development of powers that under more favourable auspices might have proved a blessing to the community; or, on the other hand, by cheerful encouragement and wholesome commendation, they may nourish many a tiny germ of ability and talent that may one day come to be a mighty influence, a perceptible power, in the world.

INTELLECTUAL TRUTHS AND MORAL TRUTHS.—The only difference between what are called intellectual truths and moral truths is that the latter bear a special and intimate relation to our conduct, and thus appeal to the sense of duty and awaken the moral susceptibilities within us, while the former are supposed to be held by the intellect alone. The laws of chemistry, for instance, or those of the heavenly bodies, are truths which may quicken thought or stir up investigation, but which are not supposed to have any bearing upon our moral life. On the other hand, the laws of society, the truths and principles which underlie human welfare, are not only food for thought, but for action. They not only enlighten the understanding, but excite the sympathies and create an obligation.

WORDS OF CHEER.—Few persons realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency, by words of encouragement in seasons of difficulty, by words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by effort and perseverance. Words fitly spoken often sink so deep into the mind and the heart of the person to whom they are addressed that they remain a fixed, precious, and often-recurring memory—a continuous sunshine lighting up years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death. A whole life has been changed, exalted, expanded, and illumined by a single expression of approval falling timely upon a sensitive and ambitious nature. Words of cheer cost nothing to the speaker. On the contrary, they are to him as well as to the hearer a source of great happiness to be had for the mere effort of uttering them. The habit of speaking such words at appropriate times is easily acquired, while at the same time it is of so much importance that it should be sedulously cultivated by all.

Doctors Gave Him Up.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! If that is so, I will go this minute and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."

GONE.

IN MEMORIAM E. L. D., AGED 18.

God's smile is streaming o'er the earth
Upon this golden day;
Life revels in delicious mirth—
It is the month of May.

Dear England's blossoms now are bright,
Sweet song-birds carol free,
And every sound and every sight
Breathes blissful ecstasy.

The air is filled with happy things
That haunt the busy calm,
And stir with rainbow-tinted wings
An atmosphere of balm.

Alas! to her whose spirit mourns
A flower-like daughter's doom,
(Pluck'd though she be from earth's keen thorns
In Paradise to bloom),

Each scene, with joy and beauty rife,
Glare forth, a senseless show,
This profligacy of life
Seems but to mock at woe.

I marvel not—May's sunlight shone
Upon the natal day
Of guileless Emma, who hath gone
Where beams a purer ray;

And now it seemeth passing sad,
When earth with flowers is spread,
To keep, while Nature's face is glad,
The birthday of the dead.

We cannot choose but weep that she,
Who sleeps beneath the mould,
Bird, blossom, butterfly, and bee,
Shall never more behold;

That while a myriad lives are born
Each hour from every clod,
One life, which left fond hearts forlorn,
Lies mingled with the sod.

I, too, three thousand miles away,
Beneath Canadian skies,
Muse sadly in this laughing May,
And tears are in my eyes;

For she, whose memory we mourn,
To our imagining
Seemed, like the month when she was born,
The very Queen of Spring.

Fresh, joyous, innocent and fair,
She danced before the sight,
With sweet, unconscious, winning air
That shed abroad delight.

Kind deeds, the pledge of loving will,
Were native to her choice,
And gentle words seemed gentler still
When uttered by her voice.

With mournful joy I call to mind
How oft my simple lays
Acceptance in her eyes would find,
And win endearing praise.

That voice is hushed; but till the breath
That warms our clay shall cease,
Lone raunings on her life and death
Shall bring us dreams of peace.

Like some faint breeze in summer's heat
She faded to repose,
Or like the echo, dim and sweet,
Of music's dying echo;

So calmly, that ye scarce could know
Life's tide had ceased to creep,
The Angel, Death, resembled so
His Angel-brother, Sleep.

The silver cord was softly riven
That bound her down to Earth;
Immortals hailed with joy in Heaven
A mortal's second birth.

No longer, then, fond mother, weep,
Remember in thy pain,
"God giveth His beloved sleep,"
Thy loss hath been her gain.

Think only of that hour of bliss,
When, Life's poor drama play'd,
Thine arms shall clasp, thy lips shall kiss
A radiant Angel-maid!

May, 1880 Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

LOYALTY IN THE LIGHT OF INTEREST AND SENTIMENT.

Mr. Lowe thinks the union with the colonies is one-sided. In the case of war he says, "We are bound to defend Canada and Australia just as much as we are bound to defend Great Britain and Ireland. But there is no reciprocal obligation. The colonies do all that we require and more than we expect, if they defend themselves." Then supposing Mr. Lowe to be correct the advantage of British connection is on our side and Canadians will not complain of that. It, therefore, becomes a pertinent enquiry to ask who has the most to lose by separation—Canada or Great Britain? Certainly not Great Britain. It may be argued that the British Crown might become involved in a war in which we as Canadians have no interest, and that such a war would prove expensive and onerous. The same possibility might arise in the event of annexation with the United States, and were we even an independent nation the same thing may happen with far worse results. If Canada united with the Republic she would do so for better or worse, and it is doubtful whether she would not eventually be swamped by native American immigration and in time cease to exist as a Canadian population. Argument on such a basis is inadmissible because it applies all round.

Exception has been taken in the first place to the disadvantages Canada has experienced in the treaties made by England in which she has been interested, and notably the Washington Treaty. There doubtless has been cause for complaint, but was that a sufficient cause for

promoting annexationist views by persons who used it as capital to that end? (I refer to Mr. Goldwin Smith.) Has any member of the Canadian House of Commons felt himself brave enough to urge it as a reason for severance from the Motherland? If Canada admits England's right to make treaties she must not forget that the British Government, as a rule, selects diplomatists of experience and ability to conduct their negotiations, and who as Sir Francis Hincks has well put it, "are better informed as to what it is expedient to press than those who criticise their acts." She must not forget, too, that powers when discussing treaties find it absolutely necessary to make concessions and these are always vigorously opposed by the Opposition of the day in all Parliaments.

It is rather singular to note that the strongest objections to British connection have not emanated from Canadians but from Englishmen. Goldwin Smith urges it because British connection means England first and Canada nowhere. Hon. Robert Lowe, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, urges it because England has everything to lose by the present relationship, while the colonies have all the advantage and give nothing in return. Both cannot be right, surely.

In some respects Canadians are freer than Englishmen. Where is the country beside England which would exempt a portion of her subjects from war? as is the case with the Mennonites in the North-West.

The unequal laws of land tenure have no unjust bearing upon us. The unjust law of primogeniture does not exist here, for in Canada a man may distribute his property as he pleases. The French Canadian finds that his religious privileges are not subject to the interference of the State as in France. He votes as he pleases and is as strong a party man as his English-speaking fellow-citizen.

And what is far better the man who is not satisfied with the existing state of things in Canada is free to leave it, if he so desires, without the slightest fear that he will be prevented from taking his departure as he would be in Russia or Germany.

There are many other questions arising out of this subject which I cannot enter upon. Possibly there may be some who will take exception to those I have advanced, but I trust I have, at least, shown to the satisfaction of the most of you that in the light of interest Canada should remain loyal to British connection.

LOYALTY IN THE LIGHT OF SENTIMENT.

The most devoted Canadian can never forget that in his freedom he reflects the glory of the nation which made him a free people. The vastness of his country, the richness of its soil, the wealth of its minerals, the vigour of its climate all converge to one central thought that he owes his inheritance to the perfect security of constitutional freedom—a freedom which is liberty governed by order, without which it would degenerate into license.

The Irishman burning under his sense of Imperial injustice, finds here a new home, and a rich compensation for honest labour, arduous though it may be. If he gives the matter a thought he will recognize the wisdom of those British statesmen to whom he is indebted for the security he enjoys, and he loses sight of past wrongs and adapts himself as a loyal citizen to the laws of the land of his adoption.

The Scot in Canada is oftentimes more Scottish than the Scot in Edinburgh. And it is by no means necessary that he should have been born in Scotland to become so. Here he at once takes a place in the affairs of his adopted country and wins honourable distinction among his fellow-citizens.

The Englishman although he may occasionally drop his "h's" has his aspirations and casts in his lot with the rest, feeling persuaded that the Union Jack of old England will always

"Fill her foes with dismay,"

and never wearies of talking about it. Pluckily but quietly he finds his level according to the quality of the stuff that is in him.

Those who are not of British descent but seek Canada to escape the intolerance of some European monarchy, do so with the full knowledge that under the flag which protects them contentment may be had, and the sentiment of loyalty becomes inspired in their hearts by gratitude.

In brief, the freedom enjoyed by every British subject has been purchased and paid for over and over again by the Motherland. The first instalment became due in 1215 when Magna Charter first saw the light. The History of British Liberty is the text-book of all free governments and the same element of gratitude which beats in the heart of the illiterate Russ of the North-West is identical with the loyalty which does not shrink when the emergency arises of defending to the death the cause of British honour and the British Empire. The character of the Sovereign is a safe index of the condition of the people. In no case is this more true than in the person of the August Lady whom we delight to revere as our Queen. And it is to the great honour of the British Empire that under no circumstances has the personal conduct of our Empress Queen been assailed in the most indirect manner. Can the same be said of the Chief Magistrates of the neighbouring Republic, who have assumed office since her accession? No. Take almost any United States paper during a Presidential contest and you will find the most flippant, and at times the most indecent references to their

habits, their fitness—nay, even their honour. Surely this is not a healthy sign among a people who call themselves the greatest on earth! In these money-making days we often hear a great deal about the selfishness of Great Britain. But has she never made sacrifices? England's domestic history from 1215 until the passage of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1678, was for over 450 years an intermittent period of sacrifice in the effort to secure the most perfect constitution the wisdom of man has ever yet devised. And she has never yet grudged that liberty to others she has won for herself. From 1829 until now she has been steadily endeavouring to make amends to Ireland. If it were possible to shatter the British Constitution to-day, it would be tantamount to universal revolution. She is truly the mother of all free peoples. No Canadian, be he of French or English speaking origin, cannot but feel that the dear old land with her magnificent records of daring deeds, full of moral as well as physical valour, has contributed to "this Canada of ours" the safest and best elements of a true Canadian nationality, a good and wise form of government. And knowing this he would indeed be an ungrateful sluggard if he failed.

LEGEND OF ST. OLAF'S KIRK.

The story of this poem is taken from an old Danish tradition, "Axel and Valborg," which has found its way into English through Alexander Prior's translations of Vedel's and Grundtvig's ballads. So changed is it, however, from the original plot; so interwoven with fancies of his own, that but for traditional names it might almost be called a new creation. The scene is laid in Norway, about the time of the twelfth century, and the story, according to the poem, runs as follows: Axel Yorsend, "boon companion of the Prince," loves and is beloved by Valborg, daughter of a lady of the court. But so jealously does she guard her preference that even the queen, who desires her for her own son, Prince Hakon, and who, therefore, warily conjures her to "Choose then the likeliest, who can offer thee most honour," is in the dark upon which of the two she has placed her affections. The prince himself, however, discovers the secret, while listening one night to a song which she sings to her lover. From that time he secretly hates his rival. At last Axel wins the day over the prince in a tournament, and demands Valborg as the prize. The king consents and the wedding is set. Meantime Prince Hakon, with the help of Blackfriar Knud, has unearthed an old church law which forbids those of kin from marrying. Axel and Valborg are cousins in the fourth degree; and as the bridal party stand in St. Olaf's Kirk to celebrate the marriage rites they hear from the friar, the words: "In the name of God these bans I do forbid."

The ceremonies following are interesting as a relic of those times. A table-spread, or, as the ballad has it "a kerchief," is given to them, and, each holding a corner, it is cut in twain by a sword, thus symbolizing their eternal separation. Then they take from Valborg her ring and golden ornaments and give them to Axel, who in wrath and despair hurls them upon the altar stone.

At this point Axel is fired with a sudden purpose to journey to Rome and influence the Pope to unmake the cruel law. Tearing himself away from the disconsolate Valborg, he sets out on his seven year's pilgrimage. The recital of Valborg's utter loneliness after his departure is perhaps the most touching part of the story.

Prince Hakon, who has skulked in the background until Axel is safe out of the way, now sets himself to work to win the favour of the lonely Valborg. But the seven years it seems are all too short to accomplish his purpose; for when Axel re-appears at the end of that time she is still repelling him. In chagrin he retires before the victorious lover, and so universal and hearty is the rejoicing, that even the bells of St. Olaf seem to shout, "Axel's come! He's come—come! Oh, he's come—come!" It would seem that now all would go well, but on the eve of happiness an invasion of pirates calls all the kingdom to arms. In the struggle both Axel and Hakon are mortally wounded "by one another's spear heads." With his last breath, the prince confesses:

"Before Heaven's judgment seat, whose cherubim Will soon salute me, it was I who dealt My comrade's death-blow. Blinded by the dust, Neither knew what he did; and he is blameless. But not so I, for in my heart of hearts Have I in years gone by oft mused on this, Envious of him, and murdered him in thought."

Valborg, who arrives to close her lover's eyes, and, at his request, be united to him by the bishop, cannot survive the shock. For

"When the friars From Axel's body help to lighten her's, She, too, had taken flight—the virgin wife, The queen unscarlet—flown with her song And him, Saint Valborg, of the violet plumes."

The poem thus ends more dramatically than the ballad, which leaves Valborg to drag out an existence in a convent.

The introduction of the Spaagnin, the court prophetess, is original and dramatic; and among the many appreciatively written portions of the poem may be mentioned Axel's return to Vidaros after his seven years' absence. When the old familiar landmarks meet his eye, his impetuosity turns to tremulous fear,

"And but for pride he would have turned and fled, As from a foe too terrible to face."

And the agonized conviction that Valborg is gone is

"Like an ax-blow,
That descends and stops all power of thinking."

Mr. Houghton seems to have made a close study of Tennyson, whose tricks of style he has perhaps followed more closely than he is aware. His sensitiveness and tenderness are, however, all his own, though the latter is sometimes chilled by a too realistic touch in description. Thus, when Valborg

"Felt a great sob behind her lips,"

the reader feels it, too; but when he reads that

"Tears flood the sluices of her eyes,"

his attention is turned from his emotion to physiology. Minute detail often belittles an emotion, as a lavish use of words hides the greatness of a thought; and especially is a scientific term a dangerous element to introduce into the description of sentiment. Despite these small faults and a few common phrases, like "dumb with awe," and "Welcome, to pallid death!" which the poet tolerates, its artistic merit, tasteful style, and the interest of the story, make it complete in its way from beginning to end. Nearly forty years ago this legend was dramatized, and made a great sensation in the Scandinavian world. Possibly the interest excited by the present work may induce some one to translate that powerful tragedy.

EPIGRAMS.

A good epigram is this one by Lord Holland on Southey:

Our Laureate Bob defends the king,
He takes his cash and will not sing,
Yet on he goes, I know not why,
Singing for us who will not buy.

Here is another by Lord Erskine on Sir Walter Scott's long-forgotten poem, "The Field of Waterloo":

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain,
Lies tens of thousands of the slain:
But none by sabre or the shot
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

Here is a well-known one by Porson on some Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, but which is so good that it never grows old, the test of true wit:

Here lies a Doctor of Divinity,
Who was a Fellow, too, of Trinity;
He knows as much about Divinity,
As other Fellows do of Trinity.

Here is an excellent one by an unknown author. If it had not been written in such a see-saw, common-place rhythm, it would have been in its way nearly perfect:

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He turned up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.

All Hell was astonished a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far; but how vast their surprise
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due for his fault
Old Plato long puzzled his brain;
But Hell had not torments sufficient, he thought—
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquished his heart,
And pleased with his plaything so well,
He took her again in reward of his art—
Such merit had music in Hell.

On a man who, to hide his loss of hair, had wrapped his head in a woollen muffler, under pretence of having the ear-ache:

You wrap your bald head, and pretend
You've got the ear-ache. But my friend,
Your hair it is, if truth were known,
That aches to think how scant 'tis grown.

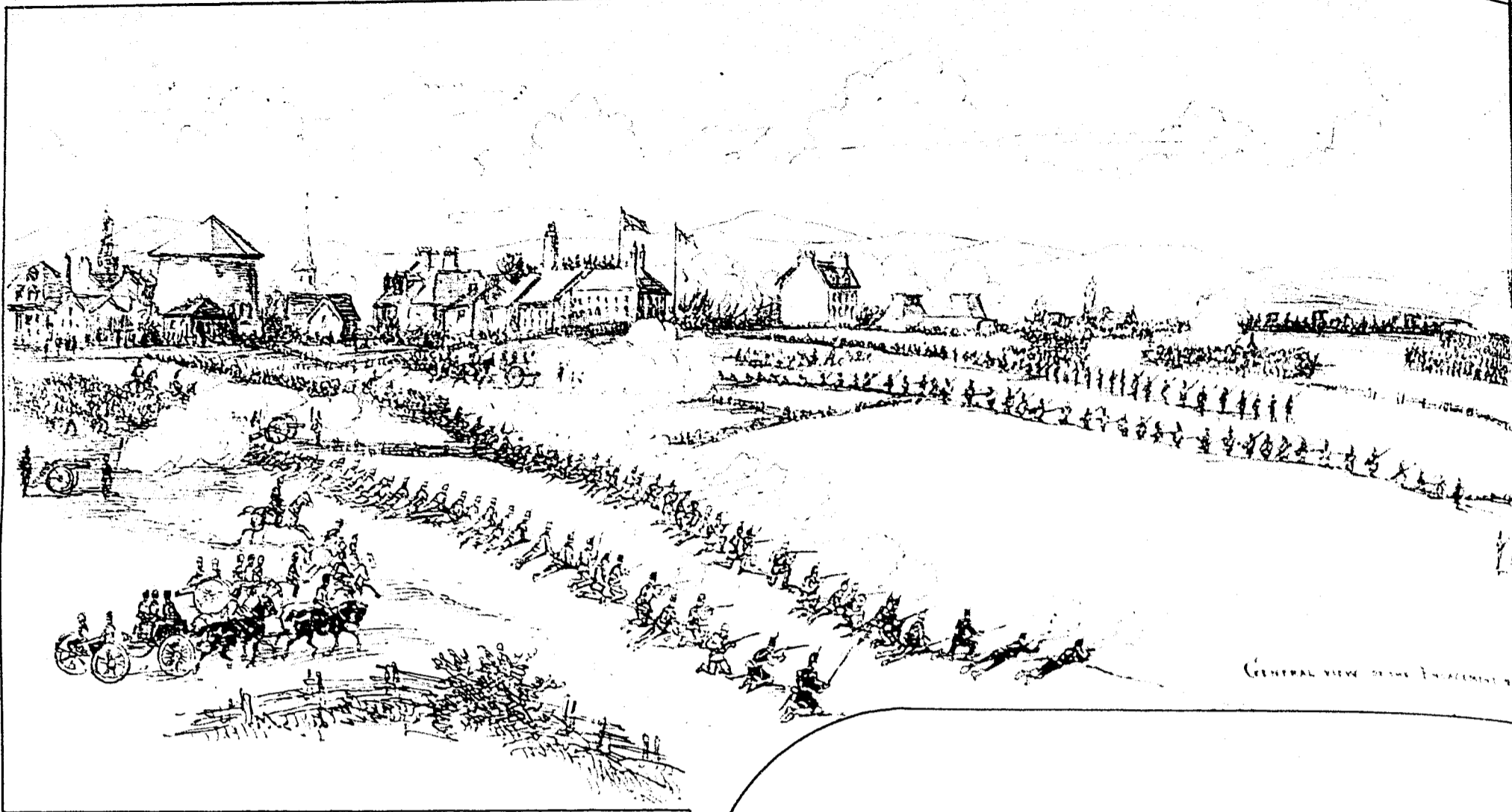
On a poet who, when reciting, wrapped his throat up in a woollen muffler:

Why, ere you verses you recite,
Thus muffle up your throat so tight?
'T would better suit this crowd that hears:
Give us that wool to stuff our ears.

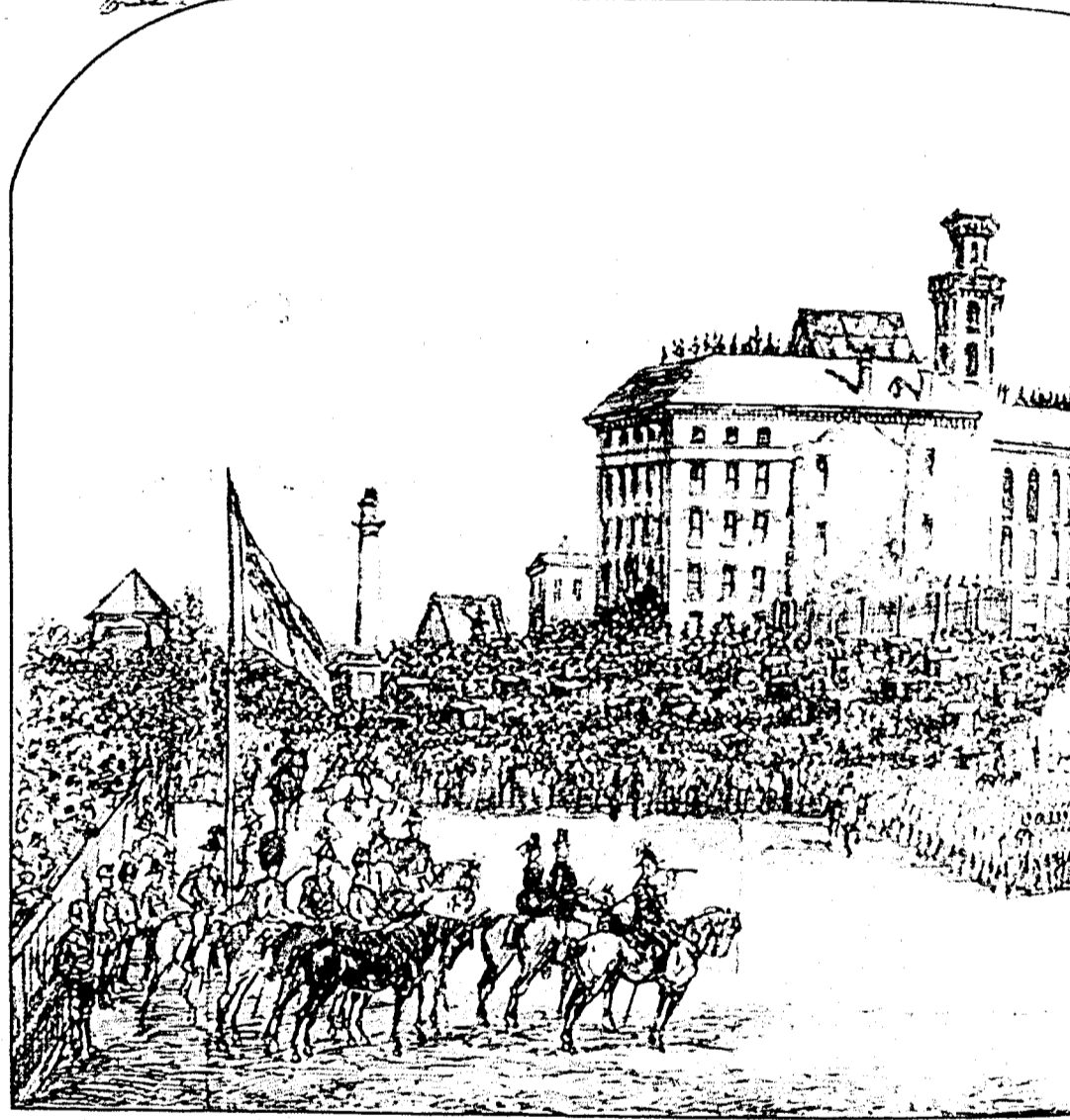
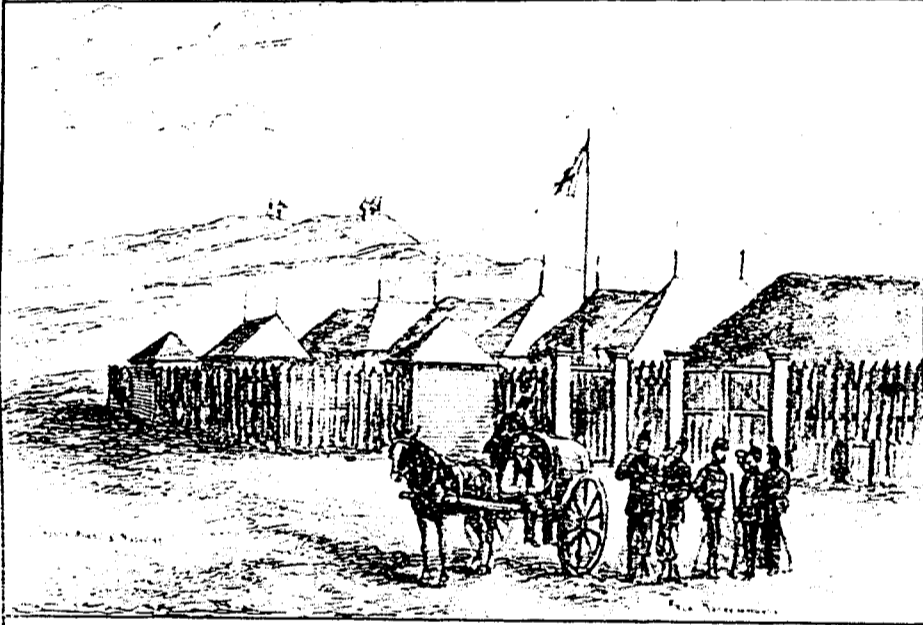
THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighbourhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love and a devotion to truth? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirit, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

The Greatest Blessing.

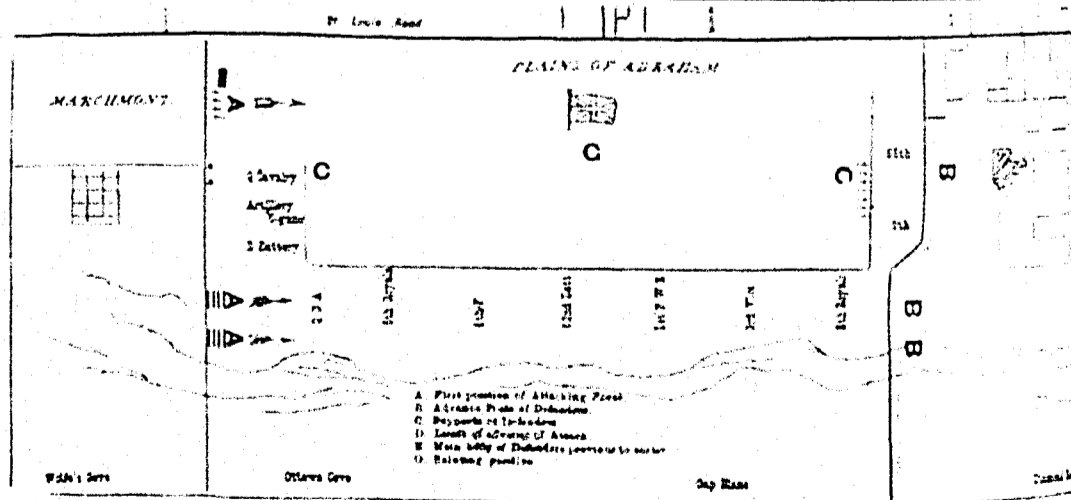
A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.



CENTRAL VIEW OF THE ENCAMPMENT

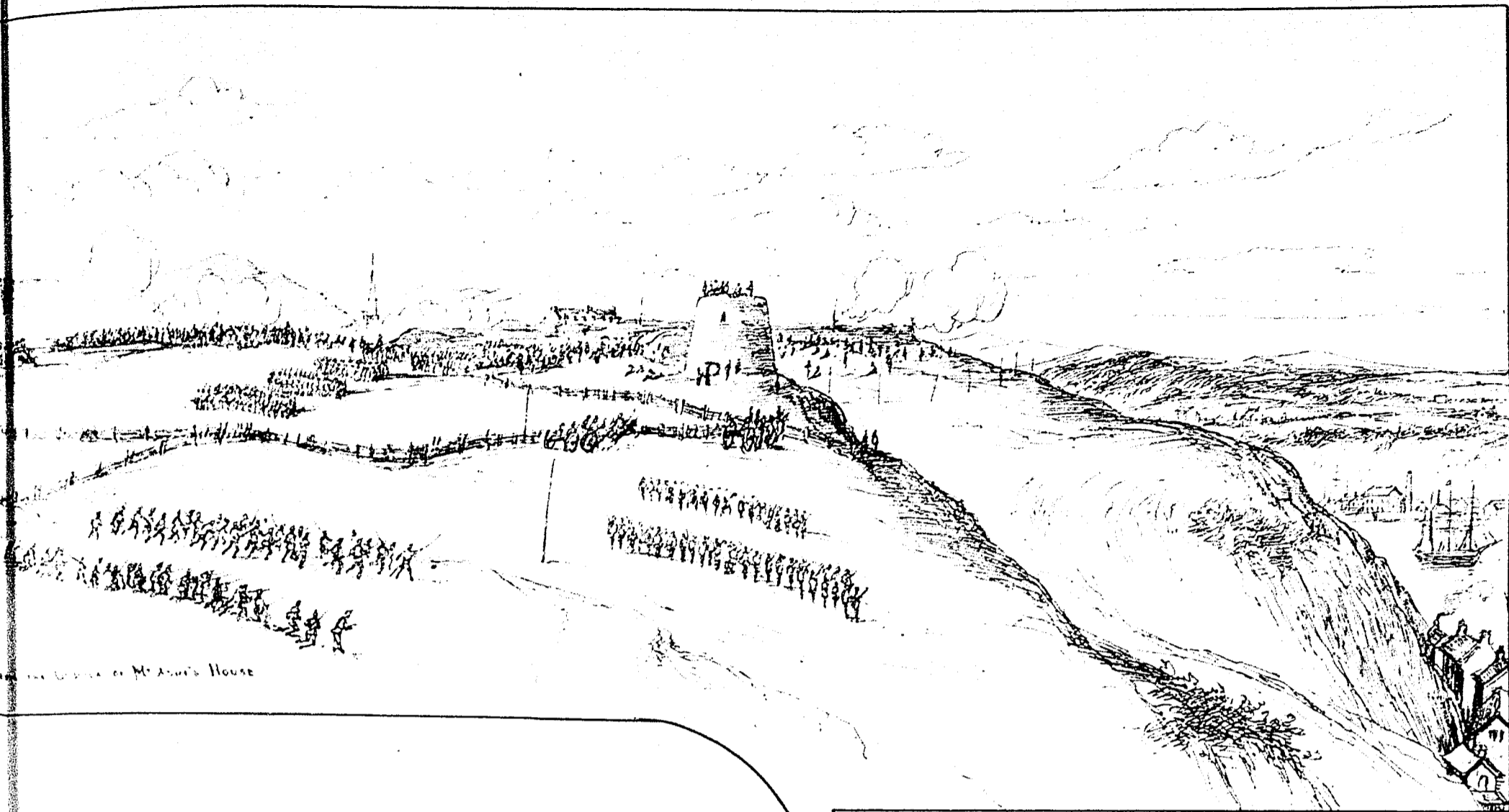


St. Louis Road

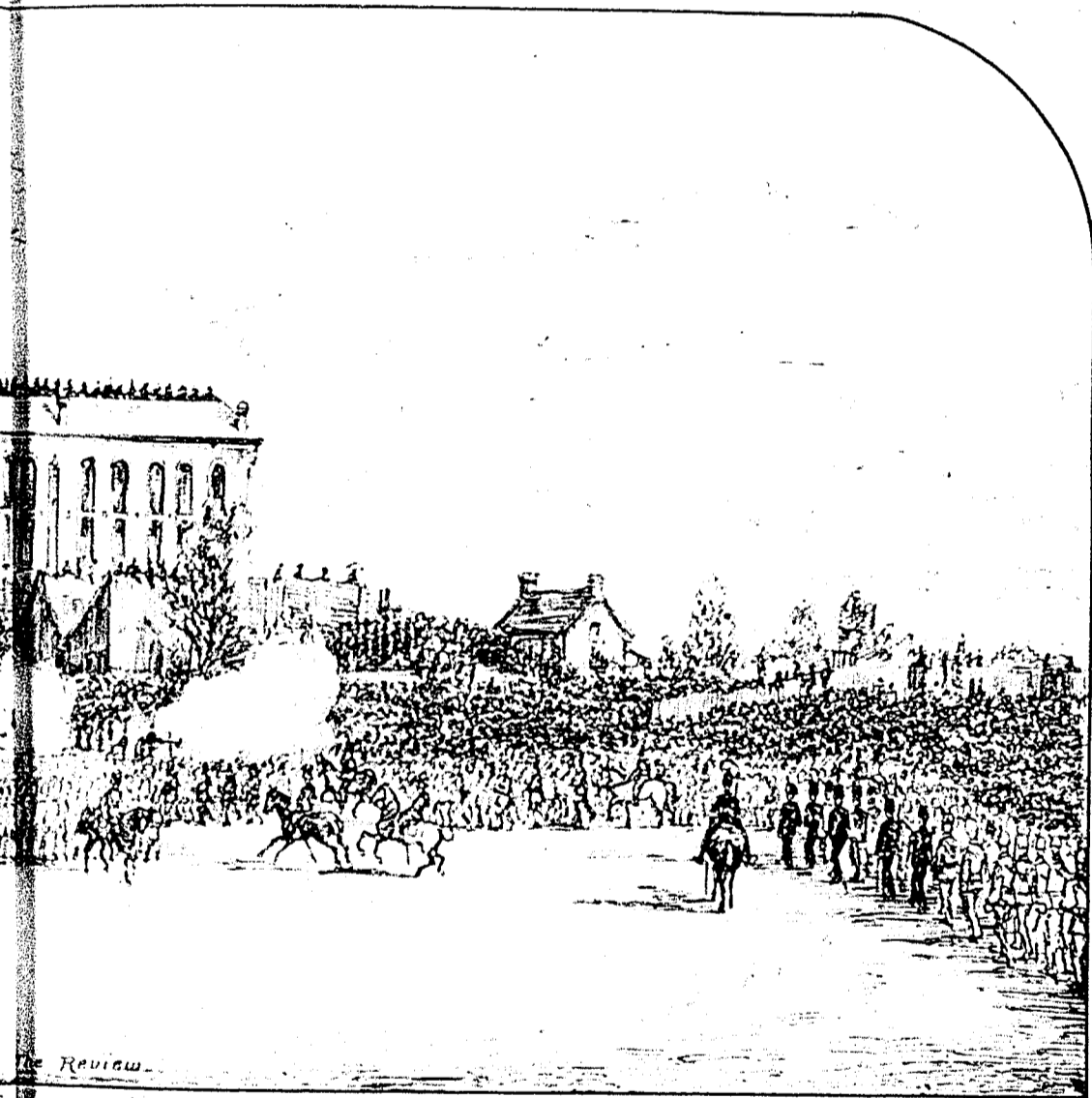


Scene of the Great
PLAN OF

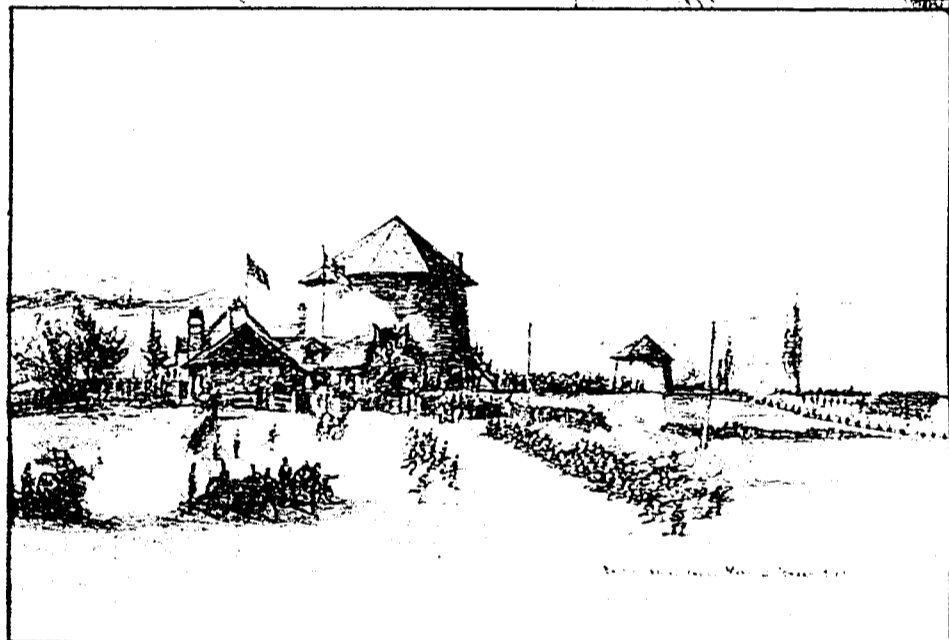
FIELD DAY ON THE PLAINS



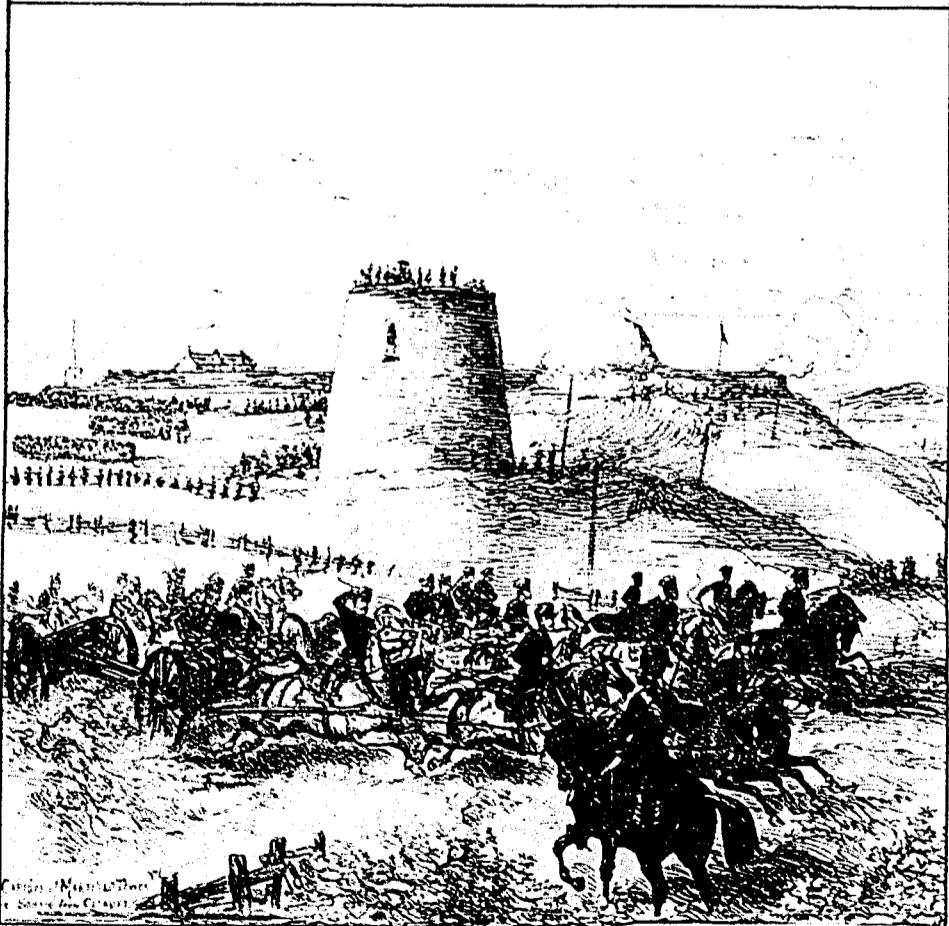
View of Mt. Airy's House



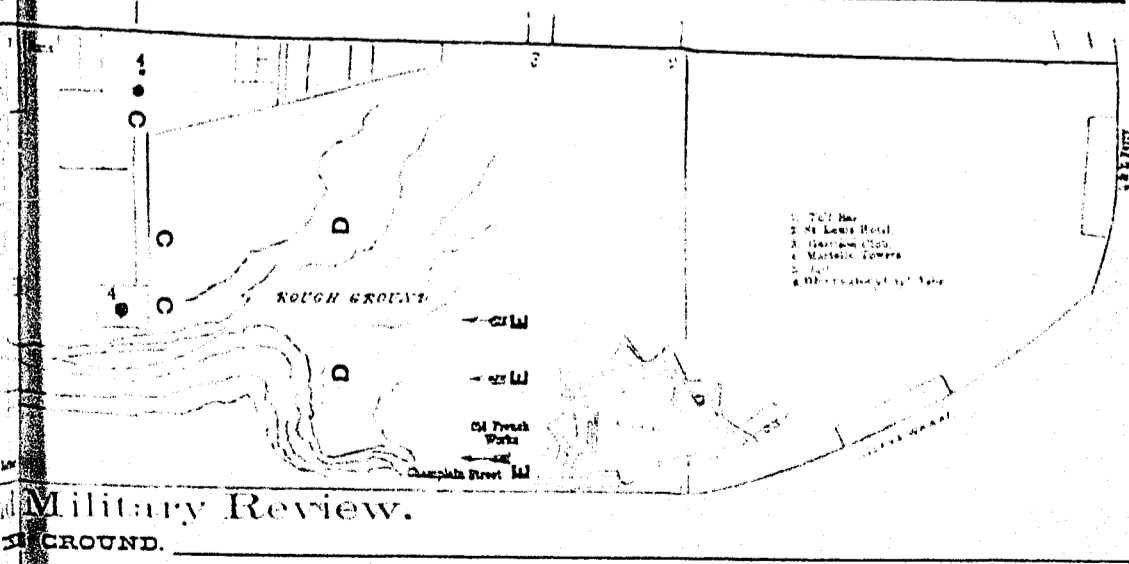
The Review



View of Mt. Airy's House



View of Mt. Airy's House



Military Review.

OF ABRAHAM, MAY 24, 1880.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

Rector of La Porte, Ind., U.S., and formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*,

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D. D., of Lindsay, Ont.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

Scarcely had the long-delayed daylight of a winter morning appeared, when Uncle Jacob called upon Charles Freeman, anxious to relate the discovery he had made. Having aroused him from his bed, he called him the most idle fellow in the world, and that to teach him the habit of early rising he should be under the necessity of paying the fire brigade to exercise the engine in his bed-room. Indulging himself in this assumed indignation, he then related to him all the story. He was surprised at what he heard, and taking the hand of his old friend he warmly congratulated him.

"But how shall we make it known to her?" enquired Jacob Winter.

"Leave that with me, sir."

"By no means, young man. On you may rest the duty of making the fact known; but I shall go with you."

"I will attend to it the first thing."

"Very good, Charles, "but when do you mean to commence, for at the rate you are going now your first thing will not commence until the day closes."

"When do you wish me to go?"

"I have ordered a coach to be here in an hour."

Charles Freeman hastened to prepare for going with his eccentric friend, while Jacob Winter paced to and fro, watch in hand, indulging in a thousand speculations on the possibility of the coach being a minute too late.

"True to the minute," said the old man, as the coach drove up to the door; "that rascal knows my habits and expects half a crown for being punctual. Well, I would rather give him a crown than he should be a minute behind time. Now then, Charles, jump in." But at that minute John Williams appeared, hat in hand, and requested the favour of speaking with the gentleman. The mission of the man-of-war's man was a sad one. He came from Dick Backstay to say that he was seriously ill. Charles Freeman felt annoyed that he should just then have to attend on Uncle Jacob.

"Tell him I will come to him immediately on my return; and go to my physician and request him as a personal favour shown to myself, that he will attend him directly."

"And I trust that you mean to attend on me directly; for unless you wish me to kick the sides of this coach out, you will not remain another minute," said Uncle Jacob, who while playing in nervous excitement with the window of the coach, in pulling it up and down, had caught this latter sentence.

"Be good enough to do as I wish you," said Charles Freeman to the sailor, who bowing his thanks withdrew.

"Now then, coachman, neck or nothing!" shouted Uncle Jacob, and responding to the demand the coach started in earnest. The two sat *vis-à-vis* as the carriage rolled away, and for a few minutes neither of them spoke, being absorbed by their own reflections. At length Charles Freeman addressed himself to the old man.

"How strangely mingled are the incidents of human life, joy and sorrow stand side by side, and seldom does one move, but the other quickly follows. To balance the human mind and keep us alike from presumption and despondency, the affairs of life appear so mixed."

"I'll take it neat, thank you," replied Uncle Jacob, who, as the word "mixed" fell upon his ear, abstracted with his own affairs, fancied himself at that moment in Samphire Cottage with his sister, who was requesting him to take a glass of grog, and wishing to have a little "neat," led to this egregious blunder. "I beg your pardon," said he, catching the mistake he had made as soon as the words fell from his lips; "I blush for my abstractedness."

As the coach moved on toward the Priory, the two again relapsed into silence. They were now drawing nigh to the place, and it was not yet eleven o'clock.

"We shall be early visitors," said Charles Freeman.

"And shall be hardly welcome," was the reply. "I might have waited two hours later, but an hour, when in a hurry, is an age with me."

"We must make the best of it."

The coach drew up at the door, and entering the house the visitors were received by old Alice, who bade them welcome, and requested them to wait a few minutes while she made "my lady" acquainted with their presence.

"Why didn't you tell her that she was my sister?" said Uncle Jacob, almost petulantly.

"My dear sir," said Charles, "You would not have me deal so abruptly in the matter."

"Abruptly! Didn't you come here for the purpose of telling her; and now you have let the opportunity pass away. I cannot understand you landsmen at all."

Charles would have replied, but at that moment Clara entered the room, and with a smile of welcome expressed her grateful sense of their kindly sympathy in visiting her thus early.

The sight of the beautiful heiress almost drove from Uncle Jacob the purpose of his visit.

"Clara," said Charles Freeman, "the old adage, that we know not what a day may bring forth, appears likely to maintain its character for being true."

"Pray explain yourself."

"We have seen many strange things of late; but what I am about to relate is not less strange than those which have preceded it."

"I am impatient to know."

"It is this then. Uncle Jacob has found a relative."

"Impossible!" replied Clara, in genuine surprise.

"It is true; a sister."

A sister?"

"Yes, Clara; a sister in the person of your good old friend, Alice."

"Are you jesting?"

"Upon my word it is true!" exclaimed Uncle Jacob.

Charles then related all that he knew of the matter; and on hearing, Clara withdrew to speak with Alice on the subject. The proof she laid before her was in part convincing, and as one in a dream she permitted herself to be conducted into the presence of Uncle Jacob. It was now the old man's turn to speak, and advancing to meet Alice, and holding out his left hand, he said,

"Alice, you had a brother; he sailed from England when a very little child on board the *Two Brothers*, on a voyage to the East Indies. That brother of yours had lost a portion of the little finger of his left hand. Do you know this hand?"

"Stay!" said Alice; "what you say is true, my memory brings it all to me now; but before I can be fully satisfied that you are not mistaken, I have another test I must apply."

"Name it!" exclaimed Uncle Jacob, now nearly distracted.

"I remember as though it were but yesterday, that in playing with my brother, I let fall a knife which cut him a deep wound on the wrist of the hand before injured. I recollect well my sorrow at that occurrence, for although accidentally done, I could never forgive myself. Show me the mark of that wound and I ask no further proof."

"It is here!" he exclaimed, baring his wrist, and in a moment brother and sister were locked in each other's embrace.

Nothing would satisfy Jacob Winter but his sister must accompany him to Samphire Cottage for the day. For although contented that she should remain at the Priory for a time, he was determined that she should spend that day with him. The desire of Alice to see again the benefactress of her childhood supported this resolve; and Clara, ever forgetful of her own comfort in the happiness of others, readily consented.

Having obtained the consent of Clara, Uncle Jacob conducted his sister to the coach in triumph. Only one thing marred his happiness, and it was that he could not re-enter the town with a flag flying from the roof of the carriage; but the desire for hoisting a flag was soon gratified, for scarcely had he alighted before a string of bunting was seen flying from the mast in his little garden. The old man would have set the church bells ringing had not Charles Freeman dissuaded him from doing so; but being determined to do something to demonstrate his joy at finding a sister, he dealt liberally of food to the poor, and gave five hundred pounds as a benefaction to the old town.

As soon as Charles Freeman could escape from Uncle Jacob he directed his steps toward the dwelling of Dick Backstay. On reaching the cottage, where his presence was anxiously looked for, he was both surprised and grieved at the condition of his old friend. He was ill, seriously ill, and but little hope could be entertained of his recovery. He lay on his rude little bed, not in pain, but in a benumbed condition, which while it deprived his physical energies of their power to act, left his intellect as lucid as ever. He appeared as one dropping gently from this mortal life without the least distraction. On seeing his friend enter the room his countenance became radiant with pleasure; he smiled feebly, and stretching out his hand bade him a hearty welcome.

"Mister Charles," said the old man, "I am being piped aloft; I can hear the bosun's whistle, and I cannot remain below."

"Not yet, I hope, Dick," replied Charles Freeman with deep emotion.

"Yes, I am under orders for sailing, and I have my papers signed by a good conscience."

"I am pleased that you are happy in the prospect of dying, but I am sorry that you must so soon leave us."

"Don't fret, Mister Charles; the cap'n, your father, has long since been into port, and I dare say has been looking for me, and when he sees me enter the harbour with flying colours, I do think that he will be there to bid me welcome. I don't know much, but I do believe the cap'n will be glad to see me enter the port, and that he will take notice of me for old acquaintance sake."

This simple faith of the old sailor moved the soul of Charles Freeman, and he remained silent. But Dick Backstay felt that time was short with him, and he continued,

"Mister Charles, you have been good to me ever since you could remember me, and never but once grieved me. I thought I should never get over that; it disappointed all my expectations for your future. Still, it is all for the best. I was for many years sorry that I was not drowned with your father in the *Fairy Queen*, but had that been I could not have served you in the little I have ever done. Everything is for the best, Charles. And now that I am about to leave you, will you accept a little token of the love of my old heart for you. It is not worth much, but it will remind you of me when I am placed under hatches. This is it," and taking a Spanish dollar which he had perforated and worn around his neck for many years, he passed it to Charles Freeman. "That dollar once belonged to your father; he gave it to me, and for his sake I have worn it. The reason why the captain gave it to me, was this: Being under orders to call at the island of Ceylon, on our voyage out, the captain went ashore, and as it was my duty I followed him. Passing along the streets we met a number of black fellows, drunk from drinking arrack. As we hove in sight they were quarrelling among themselves, and what was the reason for it I cannot say, but on seeing us cruising along one of the rascals dashed toward your father, having in his hand an open knife. I was just astern of the captain carrying his parcel, when I saw the fellow rushing toward him. In an instant I was to the front and with a blow of my fist sent the darkey reeling to the earth. That saved the captain's life; but in doing so the knife of the black fellow touched me on my chest. The captain was full of thanks for his deliverance, and lending me his handkerchief I held it to the wound until it left off bleeding. Your father didn't forget my conduct when we reached the ship, and among other things he gave me was that dollar for a keepsake. On receiving that treasure, in a jiffy I put a hole through it, and slinging it around my neck I have worn it ever since, letting it rest upon the scar. Having told you how I came by it, you will now keep it in remembrance of the captain and myself."

"How is it I never heard of this until now?"

"Your father never named it at home lest it should frighten your mother, and make her more nervous; and he gave me strict orders never to mention the event. I have obeyed the captain's orders, and but that I am going on a long cruise, I should not have named it now."

"And in all your privations have you never been tempted to part with it?"

"Never, Mister Charles; and had I been dying of starvation I shouldn't have let it go."

Promising to retain the relic as a remembrance of his old friend, Charles Freeman arose to depart; but the old sailor stopped him, saying,

"Mister Charles, there is one thing I should like before I die, but I'm afraid to ask, for it seems too great a favour. Yet, were it possible, I know that she would do it."

"I should like once more to see 'my lady.' I am afraid it is foolish of me, and perhaps wrong to wish such a thing, and especially so soon after the funeral of Sir Harry; but you don't know how good she has been to me."

Charles Freeman loved Dick Backstay, and was resolved, if possible, to gratify his desire. In this he was successful; and waiting until evening he came from the Priory in company with Clara. It was Christmas Eve, and as they rode along thoughts of the past crowded on her mind. Three years had rolled away since in her own little room she had listened to the "Waits" performing in front of the Priory, at a time when her spirit was overwhelmed with anxiety, and her heart saddened by the dread of Sir Harry, on account of her affection for him she loved. Now the scene was changed, and she was riding with him free from all apprehension.

On reaching the cottage, and ascending to the little bedroom, they beheld the old seaman lying pale and thin, on the borders of death. He saw them enter the room, and a tear, mute herald of the joyous feeling which had now entered his soul, rolled down his weather-beaten cheek. He beckoned them to approach him; and lying on the border line of that state of existence where all human distinction is dropped, he spoke with the freedom of familiarity.

"My lady, you are too good in gratifying the desire of an old man. Yet I longed to see you once more before I slipped my cable. I am going to my home, and to my rest. I have striven to do my duty, though I have often failed, yet I trust that the will to do right will not pass by disregarded by Him, who when on earth was the sailor's friend. I am going from earth; but you will remain behind in happiness. Your worst days are over. The spring-time of your life has been stormy, but it will end in a happy

future. My lady, I shall soon cease to be a poor man; I shall soon be free, and such being the case permit me to employ the freedom of that equality I shall soon possess." On uttering this latter sentence, the old sailor raised himself slightly, and taking the hands of Clara and Charles Freeman in his own, looking upward, he exclaimed, "Good-bye friends; may Heaven reward you!" "Amen!" both of them responded; and the strength of their emotions prevented any further expression.

This last effort had exhausted the remaining strength of the old seaman, and he fell back on his rude little bed as though in a stupor. A deep silence now pervaded that little room, and not a word was spoken. The fire burnt dimly, and a rush candle, fixed in an iron candlestick, shared the space of a small round table with the Bible, a prayer-book, a doctor's bottle, and a teacup, and cast forth its feeble light from one corner around the apartment. The little room was the abode of poverty, but now also of tranquility and joy. On one side of that poor bed on which was lying the dying sailor, stood Clara and Charles Freeman, and on the other John Williams and a hired nurse. While Uncle Jacob, who had crept into the house unobserved, stood gazing on the scene, with simply his face showing through the half-open doorway. Not a sound was heard in that room save the occasional falling of a cinder from the grate, and the monotonous ticking of an old Dutch clock. All was wrapped in silence—a silence it was becoming too painful to endure; but when that quiet had become insupportable, the sound of human voices without fell on the ears of the watchers. The "Waits" were in the street, and as there came again from their lips the words—

To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A saviour—

they floated into the room, and were recognized by the old sailor. On hearing them he raised his hand, and from the corner of his closed eyes the shining tear-drops stole forth and ran down his furrowed cheek. The charm of silence was now broken, and Clara and Charles withdrew. As they were leaving the room, she whispered,

"Oh, that such a death had been Sir Harry's!" "They who would die happy must live virtuously," replied Charles Freeman, and the two passed on.

The next morning the Union Jack hoisted at half-mast in the garden of Samphire Cottage, told that Dick Backstay had departed from earth. Jacob Winter loved the old sailor for his affection toward his favourite, and it was simply a feeling of jealousy which led them to annoy one another.

The remains of the dead are kept unburied a long time in England. A week had passed away since the death of Dick Backstay, and during that time Uncle Jacob had been busily employed in preparing for the interment of his rival. He insisted on taking personal charge of the funeral; and by means of bribes, persuasions, and the promise of a good dinner, had got up a procession for his humble friend. Charles Freeman strongly objected that one, although faithful and good, who had spent his life in obscurity, should have any display made on such an occasion; but he might as well have tried to bind the north wind. It is true Dick Backstay was respected by all who sailed from the port of Folkestone, and this to some extent relieved the extravagance of the scene.

On the day of the funeral, precisely at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the knell from the old gray tower raised its mournful voice. At the sound the procession was formed, and the *cortege* proceeded to the place of graves. First in the procession was the coffin covered with the Union Jack, and borne on the shoulders of seamen. Afterward followed Charles Freeman and Uncle Jacob as chief mourners, and after them a long line of sailors from all nations. Slowly the procession wound its way to the churchyard, and when the service was ended, Uncle Jacob exclaimed aloud, "So let the nobility of virtue be honoured of mankind!"

The darkness of night as it settled down on the surrounding scene, found the tomb of that humble, yet faithful man, a rugged mound of barren earth; but the morning beheld it covered with choice and beautiful flowers. During the silent hours of night, lighted only by the star lamps in the vast concave above her, Lisette, alone, had visited the poor man's grave, and while weeping tears of regret for the loss the little circle gathered by circumstances had sustained, scattered with her own hands these relievers of the gloom of death.

As the funeral of Dick Backstay was passing the Folkestone Arms, a post chaise left that inn, having for its only occupant a man of gentlemanly aspect, but with a countenance pale and sorrowful, as though the result of a serious illness. Instantly the quick eye of Fred Holman recognized him as being Lord Lushington, and there flashed on his mind the conviction that it was he whom he had shot on the night of the return of Clara from Samphire Cottage. Being wounded, he had been taken to the inn, and now somewhat restored to his former health, was leaving the town a sadder, if not a wiser man.

CHAPTER L.

THE LAST SCENE.

Christmas had passed with its festivities, and such a season Uncle Jacob had never before seen. His bounty to the poor was boundless,

and his home was thronged with strangers and visitors whom it was his delight to entertain. Among those who shared his benevolence was the apothecary, who had been placed by him in business in Folkestone, where, wanting neither skill nor energy, under the patronage of the Priory, and the influence of his friend, he flourished. After the death of the old sailor, John Williams went to reside with him, and one evening after business hours, in the course of conversation it was discovered that a relationship existed between them. This united their friendship closer, and ultimately left the apothecary heir to the little savings of the man-of-war's man.

After the death of Sir Harry, the Priory became the centre of attraction for the elite of the district. This change in her condition was grateful to Clara, and all that grace and wealth could command were employed to render such visitors happy. Society felt the loss it had been subject to through her long seclusion, and welcomed her appearance in the world with a sincere pleasure. With the young she was a heroine who had struggled and overcome in the cause of pure affection. While Clara was being the admired of another circle, the beautiful gypsy and her husband elect, had visited the encampment to bid farewell to the tribe. They had now broken with their clan forever; not in anger, but in a friendly separation. As a matter of course the tribe pitied their want of good judgment in not preferring the fugitive life of the wild rover to the monotony of the house-dweller; but they offered no opposition. Jethro loved his daughter too well to oppose her wishes on such a subject, and Rachel had always a predilection for a settled life.

Jethro, although a thorough gypsy, and one by whom that vagabond life was held in high esteem, was too keen and intelligent not to see the corruption and opposition to their leaders which dwelt with the tribe, and to be assured that the day was not far distant when their distinctiveness would be lost, and they would become mingled with the people of the land. Moreover, the tribe was about to remove their encampment, for Lisette had given her father a hint that he might be far happier in another locality. She told him of the oath she exacted from Charles Freeman, and gave him to understand that because of his doings his presence was distasteful to many. Jethro took kindly this intimation of his daughter, and this led to a removal.

Rachel parted with her beautiful daughter with tears and blessings, and even the stern chief relaxed a little as the princess embraced him in the fervour of her warm heart. But it was not for the leader of the tribe to show a weakness in the presence of his people; and subduing his emotion, he turned, and in the sternness of authority said,

"Dick, I am proud to give you the hand of my daughter in marriage. You are a good man, worthy and true. I had hoped you would have maintained the course of life in which you were born, and after my death have become the leader of your people; but I rebuke you not. Go, and take with you my child; you are worthy of her, and the blessing of a gypsy chief shall attend you. By such as live beyond our circle this would be considered valueless; but its worth is known to you. Go, then, my daughter's happiness is in your keeping, and the tribe will never lose sight of you." Uttering these words Jethro turned on his heel and walked away in the pride of conscious authority.

On the morning Lisette left her people, Clara was riding in company with Charles Freeman. As they approached Clara enquired,

"Are not those persons our friends?"

"It is Lisette and her gypsy prince."

"What can we do for that brave girl?"

"She is anxious to enter into a settled life, and has persuaded her future husband to adopt the same course."

"Well, Lisette, I am glad to see you," said Clara, as the gypsies drew near to where their horses were standing.

"Thank you, 'my lady'; but you honour me too much."

"We can never do that; nor Brother Anthony neither," replied Charles Freeman. The gypsy smiled, and said,

"What I have done for either of you, I fear was more from self-interest than from any particular regard for yourselves."

"May I enquire your meaning?" said Clara.

"Lisette can best tell you, 'my lady'."

Lisette blushed on being appealed to in this manner; this was seen by Clara, who smilingly said,

"I will not trouble you, Lisette, I can guess it all; the labour of the journey will make the rest the sweeter."

"May it be the happiness of us both," returned Lisette.

"Shall I be stopping beyond the limits of propriety if I enquire what brings you in this direction this morning?"

"We have been to the camp, 'my lady.'"

"To the camp?"

"Yes, our tribe remove from the locality with to-morrow's dawn."

"You will not go with them?"

"Not any more; this morning I bade them farewell. I have long despised the life of a gypsy, and this day I have left it. I have forsaken the fugitive habits of my people, and will now learn to live by means of honest industry."

"I praise your resolve; and is Brother Anthony prepared to leave the tribe?"

"I have linked my life with that of Lisette, 'my lady.' I have confidence in her wisdom;

nor do I think it any sacrifice of my manhood to be guided by such a clever woman."

"Peace, peace!" replied Lisette.

"I praise your judgment, Brother Anthony," said Charles Freeman; "there are times when manhood loses none of its dignity in submitting to follow in the path perceived by the keener perception of woman."

"I believe you, sir."

"But what will you now do, Lisette?" enquired Clara.

"At present I can scarcely tell you."

"Come with us then to the Priory, and let us discuss the matter."

On reaching the Priory, Lisette told how Uncle Jacob had promised to devise some plan for them; and such being the case it was thought best to leave the matter with him.

Sapphire Cottage being at length prepared for the entertainment of guests, the day was fixed when Uncle Jacob should welcome to the festive board those whom the strangeness of circumstances had brought together. No expense had been spared to make the entertainment a success, and the strangeness of the assembly was characteristic of the strange old man.

Clara was present; to please the caprice of Uncle Jacob she had consented to be there. Lisette was also present, and Madame and old Alice, and all who had taken a friendly part in the drama they had played. The banquet was of the most elegant.

By an extraordinary whim of that extraordinary old man a cover was laid, and a seat left vacant, in what, had he been living, would have formed the place of Dick Backstay. The cloth being removed, according to the fashion of the times Uncle Jacob was to attempt a speech, and rising to his feet, he began:

"My friends, I am a sailor, and I know not how to employ ceremonies. My heart is honest and full of feeling, but I take my own way to express it. Persons may despise my rudeness of manner, but I prefer maintaining a genuineness of feeling at the expense of formality. Formality would but have encased me in armour I could not have worn, and would have sacrificed Jacob Winter at the shrine of appearances. This I could never submit to, as, whatever may be the hearts of others, I wish to appear natural. I need not remind you how pleased I am to meet with you on this occasion, as it would be impossible for me to conceal my feelings did I attempt it."

"Clara, pardon an old man, I had no thought of making your acquaintance. Your birth, your position in society, would have prevented such an act, had I ever indulged such an idea; but my wildest dreams would never have taken such a course. I was advancing in life when I came to this town; my birth was wrapped in mystery, my education had been neglected, and my manners were rude. I might have purchased the friendship of those in position by my wealth; but I chose rather to remain in my own sphere than in public to be courted and applauded as a rich man, only to be laughed at in private as being a rude and ignorant clown. Yet circumstances have done for me what I never expected, and I have the honour of your acquaintance. I rejoice in such a favour, and especially in the relationship you sustain to Charles Freeman. For his father's sake, as well as for his own personal excellencies, he is the object of my strongest affection. Pardon the familiarity of an old man, but I think you happy, Clara, in your choice. The birth of Charles Freeman is lowly; but your good sense taught you to see virtue in humble origin, and excellency in what others might have despised. The heart and head, and good taste of my boy, will not disgrace the heiress of the Priory. He is an honest man, nor would he have presumed to the honour he now enjoys, had not your affectionate heart beckoned him thither; and now, lest through his humble patrimony the tongue of scandal should cast a shadow on your path;—Here, Charles, take this—this document conveys to you on the day of your marriage the sum of two hundred thousand pounds. Be not surprised, friends, it was all honestly earned, although at a time, and in a place where colossal fortunes were to be made in a few years. Nor is this all he shall possess on condition that he proves himself by his benevolent disposition to be worthy of being entrusted with money. On these terms he is my heir, and may prove to be a better man than myself. My children, permit me now to call you such, your happiness will ever be my delight."

Turning to Lisette he said: "But for you, my girl, this day's pleasure would not have been ours. I will hear nothing of the past but such as is favourable to yourself, and in your resolve as to the future you are acting wisely. I requested you to leave your affairs with me; you did so, and I have made a selection which I hope will please you. A very excellent farm adjoining the Priory estate was for sale, with all that is necessary for working it. I have purchased it, and if you accept it, it is yours."

"Fred Holman, you have not been forgotten. I know your past and your present, and through the little interest I possess, I have procured a situation worthy of your acceptance. Prosper in it, Fred, and do well."

"The rest of you are with me, and I am happy in your society. Madame, whose tender solicitude for my long lost sister and myself during the period of our childhood, shall remain with us until she takes her flight to a higher world, and those she nursed in infancy shall close her eyes in death. My pleasure is now complete. I have made the little circle of my acquaintance

happy; and did mankind each in his separate sphere practice this, the world would be in a far better condition. Friends, in conclusion let me say that the motto of my life has been, 'The virtuous of mankind are the world's truest nobles.'"

Several generations have passed away since such happiness characterized a wedding at the Priory. The entire district shared in the joy of that happy occasion; and Clara ever remembered the vow she made when standing by the corpse of her father, and lived long to maintain the name by which she was familiarly known on the Coast of Kent, "The Pride of the Cliff."

THE END.

ARGYLL AND AIRLY.

A Glasgow contemporary, which is giving a series of articles on the "Ballads and Songs of Scotland," thus notices the ballad of "The Bonnie House o' Airlie," which records a feud between the Earls of Argyll and Airlie:

"The ballad is popular to the present day, and deservedly so, for its tenderness and beauty. The Earl of Airlie did not share in the general enthusiasm for the Covenant in the middle of the seventeenth century, and he left Scotland, leaving his son, Lord Ogilvie, at home with his mother. The Scottish Committee of Estates, having learned of his defection, asked the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to occupy his castles, but their attempt was unsuccessful, and then the Earl of Argyll, a personal enemy of the Airlies, was commissioned to subjugate the place. Argyll raised 5,000 men, and against such a force it was, of course, impossible to hold the place, strong as it was. The castle was abandoned by Lord Ogilvie and his mother, and was plundered and destroyed by Argyll. The ballad was first printed by Finlay, but there are a great many other versions. The one the first stanzas of which we give has at least the merit of antiquity:

It fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyll and Airlie.

The Duke of Montrose has written to Argyll
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men by the back o' Dunkeld
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"In Kirkpatrick Sharpe's ballads, Argyll approaches the lady in this wise:

"Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie;
Come down an' kiss me fairly."
"O I winna kiss the fause Argyll
If ye shouldna' leave a stauding stane in Airlie."

"But Argyll is anxious about the lady's dowry, and extracts from her some vague directions as to where it is hidden, and after a long search his men

They found it in the fair plum tree
That shines on the bowling green of Airlie.

He has taken her by the middle sae small,
And O but she grat sairly;
And laid her down by the bonnie burn side
Till they plundered the Castle of Airlie.

Argyll ought to have been moved by the appeal of the lady, and probably he was, for she tells him that she has ten sons, all of whom she is willing to devote to the cause of King Charlie, and the ballad ends in this wise:

"Ten bonnie sons I have bore to him,
The eleventh ne'er saw his daddy;
But though I had a hundred and mair
I'd gie them a' to King Charlie."

In point of fact the lady had never more than one son."

THE HOMER CLUBS.

During the past winter what may be called a literary fashion has been introduced in the shape of "Homer clubs," the membership of which is mainly confined to the fairer portion of the community, though gentlemen are by no means debarred. As the name indicates, these clubs are devoted to the study and elucidation of the great poet who has been the wonder and admiration of all ages, and whose fame seems to broaden and brighten with the flight of time. Nothing, perhaps, could more gracefully illustrate and demonstrate the vigour and immortality of true genius than the fact that twenty-five hundred years after this man is said to have lived—for it is not altogether certain he lived at all—cultured people in the heart of a hemisphere then unknown and undiscovered should be striving to increase their culture by careful and critical examination of his work—the work he embodied in fleeting song, without even dreaming that its echoes were destined to go on forever and forever. Verily there are some things "on this bank and shoal of time" over which death has no power and which challenge the mysterious ordeal of eternity. We can fancy that a smile of satisfaction, mingled, perchance, with a little amusement, would have touched the face of the blind old bard had some kind prophet told him that in 1880 of a new era, in a land of which he had never heard, far beyond the western seas, ladies guiltless of Greek would wrestle with his lines, and draw from them music and morals whose existence he never suspected. Nor is the labour of love in vain, for there is profit as well as pleasure in it. The human nature which reveals itself in the bravery and brutality of Achilles, the valour and patriotism of Hector, the fond folly of Paris, the wild and wicked fas-

ination of Helen, the pure and noble affection of Andromache, and jealousies and quarrels of heroic men and contemptible gods who fought for and against a city which never would have been heard of had not Homer hymned its history—is very much the same human nature we see and feel to-day, and which we cannot investigate too often or too thoroughly.

Still we think the same quantity and quality of labour would bring richer and more substantial rewards if bestowed elsewhere; assuming, as we venture to do, that the acquisition of valuable knowledge is the object. For instance, what could be more entertaining and instructive than the systematic study, under competent direction, of the rise and progress of civil liberty, beginning with the foundations of the Dutch republic as laid by William the Silent, going through the tremendous struggle between Holland and Spain, thence passing to the seventeenth century revolution in England, and its legitimate fruit in America in the eighteenth, and closing with the French revolution in 1789. What a field for reading and for thought is here! It is hardly too much to say that whoever knows this period of historical development well holds the key to all that preceded and all that has followed and will follow it. Whoever watches with intelligent and impartial eye the shifting scenes of that wonderful drama in which were enlisted the souls and bodies of heroes greater and grander than any in the pages of the Iliad, will obtain clear and comprehensive views both backward and forward; will understand why and how liberty grew from soil fertilized by tears and blood, and has sent its roots down to the very bed-rock of humanity; will appreciate at something like their real worth the blessings purchased at such terrible price, and guard them accordingly. Compared with that long and desperate contest which lifted the people out of the mire of mediæval serfdom to the solid ground of freedom, the siege of Troy is emptiness itself. Achilles and Hector, Ajax and Agamemnon, and their comrades with them, have less courage, less endurance, less of that rare stuff we call heroism, than the phlegmatic Dutchman who confronted the world-embracing power of Philip II; or the stern Puritan who rode to battle with a prayer upon his lips, and in the name of God, "hewed the throne to a block;" or the calm and patient Virginia farmer who led ragged rebels from colonial oppression into independent nationality; or the fair Frenchwoman who fell a victim to the liberty she had helped to create, and died as gallantly as she had lived. The fighting of Greeks and Trojans—supposing it to be a fact and not fiction—was "mere sound and fury, signifying nothing." The fighting which began behind the dikes of Holland, and is not yet ended, signifies the emancipation of the race.

BOOKS IN GLASGOW IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—In the catalogue, still extant, of the books of the Priory of Lochleven, only seventeen volumes are named, and among them there is not a complete copy of the Bible. The Cathedral of Glasgow could boast a much better collection in the Middle Ages. In a list which has been handed down to our own time 165 volumes are particularised, many of them characterised in terms which show that they were rare and expensive books. Among them were some fine Bibles. There were also concordances and psalters, several lives of the saints, including a life of St. Kentigern and one of Servanus, several costly missals, and a number of works on theology and philosophy, but very few of the classics. Other books are mentioned as chained both in the choir and in the library. This collection is all now lost or scattered. In a minute of the Town Council of 20th September, 1660, Bailie Pollock reports that "he had gotten in from James Porter the three great Bybillis belongs to the Kirks, and that they are now lying in the Clarke's Chamber." But these were in all likelihood English versions belonging to a much later period—probably the first large folio of 1611, or other folio editions of the versions now in use.

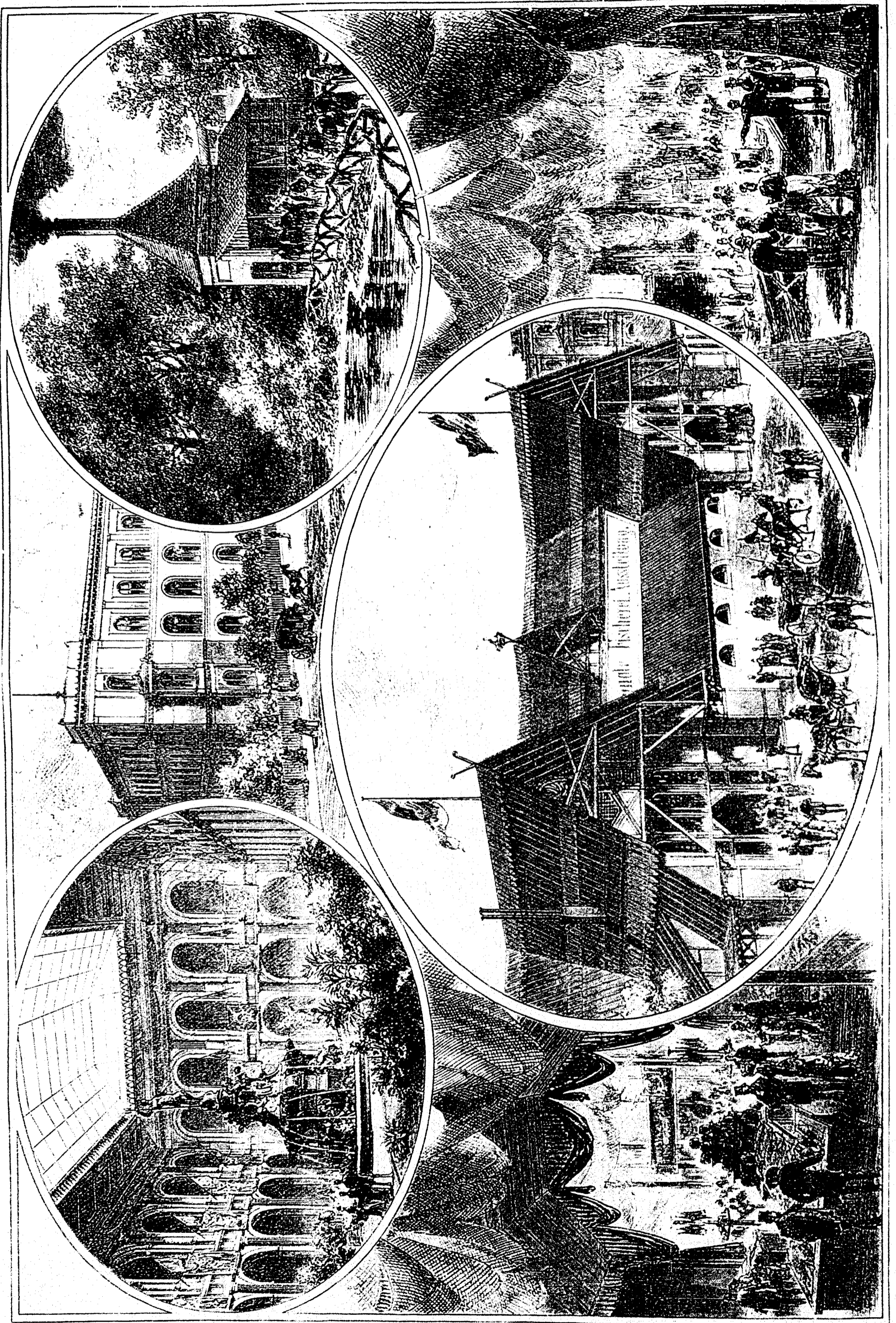
DOMESTIC.

DRINK IN CASES OF FEVER.—There is no more refreshing drink in cases of fever than weak green tea, with lemon-juice added instead of milk. It may be taken either cold or hot, but the latter is preferable.

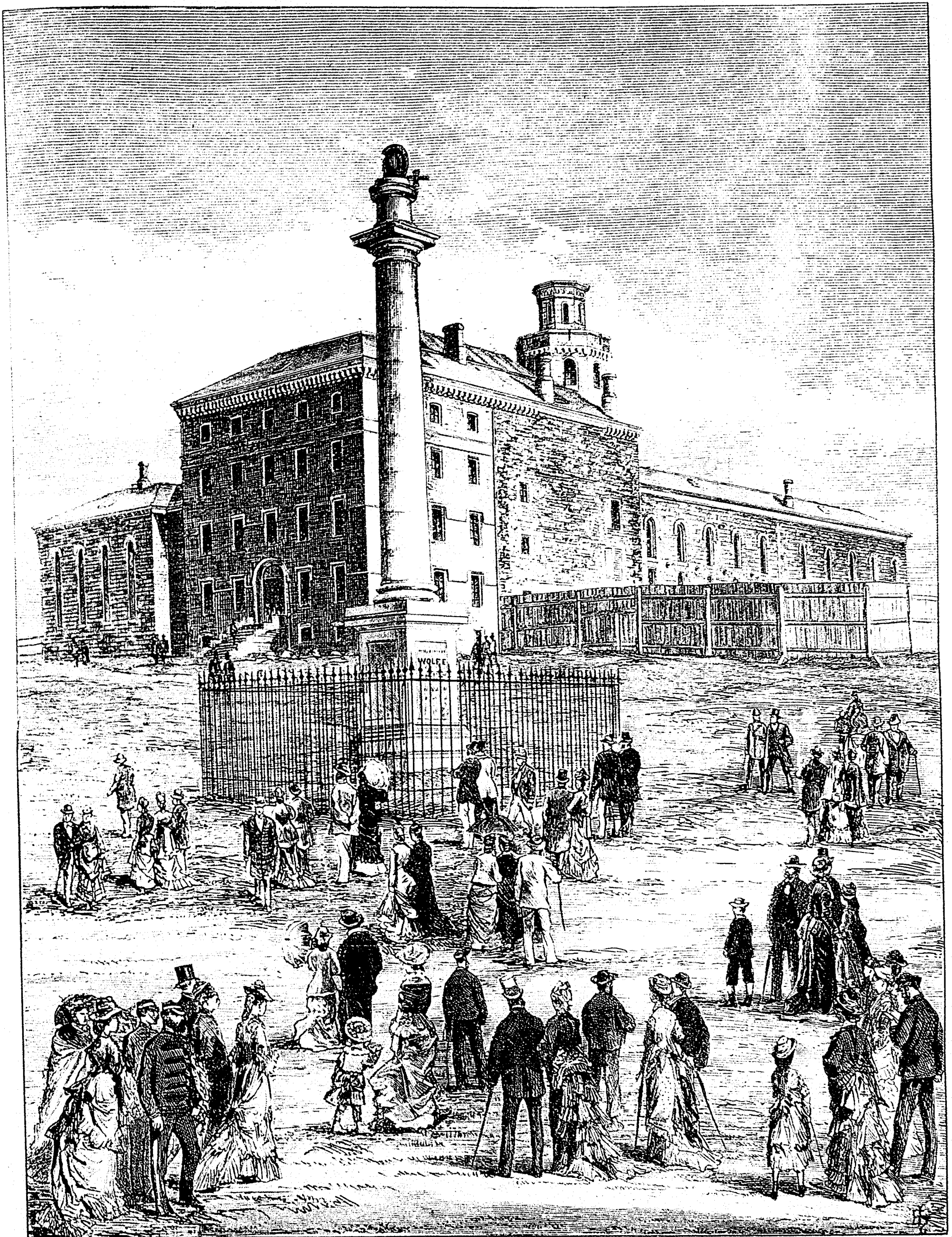
BEEFSTEAK A LA FRANCAISE.—Let the meat be cut from the sirloin or other prime part. Pour over it two large spoonfuls of the best salad oil and let it remain all night; then put it and the oil into a frying-pan with some finely-chopped parsley, pepper, and salt; fry it until the gravy dries up and it becomes rather brown. Pour the contents of the pan over the steak as sauce and garnish with slices of fried potatoes.

DRIPPING.—Mutton dripping is not in any way so valuable as that of beef or pork, it being fit only for frying purposes; but bacon fat should never be discarded, it being equal to lard for cakes or pastry. A great objection to it, however, is that it looks so dark; but this can be remedied. Bacon should be cooked in a perfectly clean frying-pan, and the fat, when the pan is emptied, be run through a tin strainer previously dipped in hot water; then a little boiling water should be poured with the fat itself into the basin. This will take all remaining impurities to the bottom, leaving the upper crust white and pure. Not only bacon fat, but all dripping should be treated in this way while it is hot.

BROWN PUDDING.—Take a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of flour, three ounces of suet, a small tencupful of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, one and a half pint of milk poured upon a table-spoonful of jam; mix well together; steam for two hours. Sauce for the pudding: Beat the yolk of one egg with a table-spoonful of sugar, add a teaspoonful of corn-flour, one ounce of fresh butter, and a teaspoonful of water; put it into a small saucepan and stir till it boils; add a glass of sherry, and serve in a sauce tureen.



THE INTERNATIONAL FISH EXHIBITION AT BERLIN.



QUEBEC.—MONUMENT OVER THE SPOT WHERE WOLFE FELL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VALÉE.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Hail to thee! holiest daughter of God, Gift of the Infinite, blessed to mankind; Peacemaker after the strong-scourging rod Of adversity, unlovely and blind. I come and I worship thee, sad as a slave. Ask thee if haply thy presence may save: Lilt up my spirit, redeem from the grave, Loose the fetters that fasten my mind.

In the days of old, when the ancient men Of the slow-thinking ages dwelt Darkly and joylessly, hardened by pain; The weary no freedom felt, As the Sainted One who was crucified On the rugged Cross, cried in agony "My Father, why hast thou forsaken me?" So we, also, all driven and mortified By the dim, dull, soulless and iron reign Of slavery never were sanctified. Rise up, shining goddess, mercy crowned, Bean o'er a world still in evil drowned, Seek out the wand'ring, proclaim them as found Change all our losses, restoring our gain.

I am weak with the weight of my tears. Like a child sick through weeping all day, Let me clasp thee in light flying years, Let me know thee revealed, if I may From the errors, the vileness of sin, From the fierce burning passions within, From the strife and the tumult and din Remove me away and away.

Yea, my confidence, love for the Son Of the Holy One, spotless, sincere, Led me onward, with victory won, My faint courage, my rescue begun And Love laughed at the dull-dreaming year. Mighty cheerer, sweet giver of Hope, O regard my long doubt and neglect, Raise the fallen and grant him respect, Bless all mourners' death heaven's wide cope Sound the triumph from sea unto sea, Tune the anthem "now let us be free," Upon each as thou hast upon me, Bestow fortune, bid all weaklings look up.

Shall I plead? there are some in their chains, Wilt Thou heed the loud murmurs of time; Yet the labour of glory remains, Lives of heroes forever sublime, But the paltry disdain that abides Where the throne awaiteth the king, And the diffidence never that hides, And the winter that hateth the spring, These unloose by the breath of Thy name; Call me not till my mission is sure, Cleanse me not till I learn to be pure.— Fill with power and in greatness endure, Send me forth and enrich me with fame.

These Thy praises I cannot well sing In humility left by the way; I am troubled, yonder cometh a king, And Night yielded her sceptre to Day, Though in sadness whatever reward Men of wisdom may calmly afford Let me wait for the Voice of the Lord Kneeling meekly, O, teach me to pray!

CHARLES W. RITCHIE.

Montreal.

IN A STUDIO.

"I am mad to speak of love to you," he said, with a sad, womanish smile on his handsome mouth; "no one knows that better than I do, and yet sometimes I have fancied that I saw a look in your eyes that has made me forget everything. Oh, Francia, it is true that I am a pen- sioner painter, a man with nothing but aspira- tions; but—"

"But people cannot live on aspirations," answered the young girl in a clear, composed voice, singularly cold and calm.

She stood in the soft spring sunshine, the embodiment of the day, as it were, lovely, full of promise and budding beauty, a little chilly out of the sunshine of her favor, with a warmth that was not to be trusted, as it was liable to cloud over and die away into a stormy coldness at any time. She was young, slender, yet softly rounded as to form, with a proud head, crowned by soft masses of blonde hair, very low on the brow, very light and fluffy and curling in sun- shiny tendrils about her face. The eyes were bluish-gray, like a cold morning sky, but the face was full enough of warmth and rose-tints. She wore a dress of some soft clinging material, a dark blue in color, that pleased Herbert Wayne's artistic fancy well. She had, indeed, a natural artistic taste in dress that had at first touched him, and he had painted eagerly and by stealth a picture of her in that very costume, over which he was wont to gloat in the hours, the long hours, when he could not see her.

"I know it," he said, simply, but with a sort of heartbreak in his voice. "You said," the young girl went on, "that you had sometimes fancied you saw a look in my eyes that made you forget everything. What did you mean?"

The young man hesitated. "As if—mind, I say I fancied—as if you cared for me—"

"It was fancy," Francia said, looking down. "I do care for you, but not in the way you want—I care for other things more."

"You are frank," said the other, in a pained voice.

"It is best. I would not mislead you."

The man's face—a handsome face, tender but not strong—with dark, passionate eyes, changed and quivered with intense emotion. He would not charge this girl with leading him on; he had too much nobility to recall her wiles, "her sweet eyes, her low replies," or the hundred subtle nothings that had forged his chains. It was not in his nature to say a harsh word to her now, when he stood there madly longing to touch one of the slender, girlish hands, feeling that he could give his life for one moment's happiness—if she loved him. Yet he had never really hoped. He knew what things Francia cared for more than any man's love—pretty toi- lets, flashing jewels, praise and flattery, and a whirl of excitement—and yet it was true that the vain little heart had been more fluttered by his love than ever before. It was an uncom-

fortable sensation, and Francia hastened to get rid of it, as she always did with unpleasant things; and the knowledge that he might have read the heart tumult in her eyes made her more cold and decisive.

"Well, my dream is over," he said, with a sudden effort. "Spring, you know, is a time when, as Tennyson says:

'A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.'

So, let the season excuse me. Everything looks so promising, I thought the year might have something for me, but it's all over now. I will get used to it, I suppose, and learn content. Good-bye, Miss Francia."

"Are you going?" she said, looking into his changed face with an uncomfortable twinge.

"Yes; I must go and work," he said, in an absent way, his glowing eyes fixed upon the young girl's face with a devouring glance, as if taking farewell of it.

She held out her hand with an impulse of kindness. He seized it, half raised it to his lips, then dropped it. He could not trust him- self, but turned swiftly and went away along the road, under the fresh green branches that made a verdant arch over it. Francia stood watching him with absent eyes.

"If he were rich," she said, with a little sigh; and then she began to dream of a lover who could give her all she longed for—a man who had lately singled her out for marked at- tention. Her fancy rioted in a succession of Worth's toilets, billows of gleaming satin with foam of lace, ropes of pearls and the glitter of diamonds and the red span of rubies turned be- fore her vision like the confused figures of a kaleidoscope; and yet, after all, she found her- self walking somewhat slowly and sadly home, seeing only a quivering face, pale as ashes, a pair of dark, eloquent eyes full of passionate pain, and her heart seemed to be stirred with a dull pain that would not be stilled.

"I believe I love the man," she said, with a petulant laugh.

The sunshine struck athwart the trees and kindled the vivid greens of some, the dark red buds of others into new brightness, the next afternoon, as two people strayed in a lingering and lover-like way beneath them. Francia paused suddenly, with the prick of memory at her heart, and said:

"Let us go home; I am tired."

The gentleman laughed.

"You are frank, at least. Suppose we go into Wayne's studio. He has wanted me to look at his pictures. I think it would encourage him to buy one, poor fellow! I am afraid he has a hard time of it. Will you go with me? I should like to have your taste in selecting."

Francia hesitated a moment. If she could be of any use materially to this man whose hopes she had slain, why not do it? She had some kindly feeling, and she knew the sale might depend on a word from her. Perhaps the artist might kindle to new enthusiasm over his work, if success smiled on him, and so lose that other maddening dream that had blighted his life.

"Yes, let us go," she answered.

So they mounted up the stairs without fur- ther words till they stood, somewhat breathless, at the top—the rooms were nearest the sky.

"Artists like to get above the small affairs of our lower life," said Mr. Thorne, somewhat pompously—"near the stars and comets, I sup- pose."

There was no answer to their knock, but Chester Thorne pushed open the door and went in. Palette and brushes were thrown about in that disorder that seems somehow fitting to a man of dreams. The place seemed filled and permeated with the immediate presence of the owner, so that Francia looked about for him, and rather expected to see him emerge from a dim alcove before which hung a faded bit of rare Gobelin tapestry. There seemed some sort of figure there; but, then, the room was full of phantoms. A woman's form here, with classic Greek drapery; a wooden model there, with an ancient toga about it; plaster hands, a foot, a face, old armour, a Malay creese, a carven chair, a faded shawl.

Francia looked about curiously enough, and then started back with a cry. She was looking at—herself!

The artist had not expected such a visitor, or he would have turned that picture to the wall. It was Francia in the dim-blue dress, but he had painted her as Juliet in the balcony. About her round, young neck were three strings of pearls. The blue silk was cut square in the neck, and some sort of white under-robe came up to the throat, and was puffed with blue bands across the rounded, plump young arms, which were covered to the wrist with tightly- fitting blue sleeves. Through the masses of blonde hair a blue ribbon was carelessly drawn. She leaned her elbows on the gray stone of the balcony, and rested her cheek against her two slender clasped hands. Her face was pale, and there was an inexpressible sadness about the small mouth, and unshed tears in the eyes, over which the lids drooped heavily. You could see she thought of her absent lover. Life at that moment looked hard and drear to her. A word would make those lips trem- ble and the tears fall.

"How like you, and yet how different!" ex- claimed Thorne, in a matter-of-fact way.

"How did he ever see that expression in your face? How could he paint such a heartbreak there?"

"I don't know. I do not see how he painted me at all, as I never sat to him," Francia said,

staring at the picture in an uncomfortable way. It was so like that it seemed to her as if some time that look must come to her, as if she would verify it by having some heartbreak to complete the likeness. Francia shivered a little with ap- prehension and turned away.

"I will buy that picture." Thorne was say- ing in the assured way in which millionaires are wont to speak. "Here is something he spoke to me about the other day," continued Thorne, "and I said I would come and look at it. Do you know I have found a change in him lately. There was something curious, vague, and drear in his eyes. I wonder if he was not in want? I know there came a very eager look into his eyes when I spoke as if I might possibly buy his picture. Poor fellow! I don't know much about these things, but it strikes me there are elements of greatness in it."

The picture was a large one of Prometheus. Bare, cold rocks uplifted high and above a heav- en full of thunderous glooms. A desolate sky above a desolate sea, as if both were in league with fate, and in this atmosphere of doom lay that awful figure chained to the barren rocks—that face of untold agony, yet contemptuous, scornful, bold—those awful eyes turned to the unrelenting heaven, those wordless lips eloquent with despair.

"I will take it," said Mr. Thorne, after a pause. "It is not to say cheerful, but I feel that it is great. Yes; I will take this struggling young fellow by the hand. I will foster his genius; he shall go to Rome for a couple of years, if he likes. He can repay me with his painting. When I get a home of my own I shall need a good many."

"It would be a noble work to help him," said Francia, with a pretty blush, which made her companion look at her instead of at any other picture.

"He does not come," he said; "he does not know what good fortune awaits him. Let us sit down; you are looking tired. Why may I not say here some words that I have been longing to say for a week or two?"

Francia flushed still more, but did not object. "These shadowy people will not interrupt us," said Thorne, with a comprehensive ges- ture towards the pictures. "When I think of a future home, I think of you, Francia. You would grace any home, however stately. Will you share mine?"

It was an odd sort of love making, the girl thought, and yet she had dwelt so much on material things, why should they not be offered instead of hearts and undying love and sighs and vows?

Chester Thorne came nearer, and took her hand.

"You would make me very happy if you could care for me in that way," he went on, some eagerness coming into his tone. "I have money, as you know, but that is not everything. I want you. I cannot be happy without you."

Well, that was something, Francia thought, with a stir of gratified vanity at her heart. She wished Mr. Thorne had chosen some other place, for it still seemed as if the artist's presence was there. The room must be full of his aspirations, as he had called them, his dreams, his soul.

Perhaps that prevented the answer that rose to her ready lips; or was it the sudden gleam of the afternoon sun that seemed to push through the dim curtains and irradiate the room. It fell on the old china, the armor and the lace on the stiff wooden model; on the faded Gobelin tapestry of the alcove; on the strange effigy with- in hanging from a beam. Ah! the light sought that out with terrible power. The smile froze on Francia's lip! A horror sprang into her eyes! Her face paled as she pointed with a trembling hand to the strange spectre!

"He has hung himself!" she moaned, with stiffening lips.

Thorne sprang forward, gave one glance of horror, and then took her hand.

"Come," he said, "it is no place for you."

She shivered. She did not look back.

"He is dead," she muttered; "and I loved him!"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Many Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution received of Problem No. 278. Correct.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution re- ceived of Problem No. 274.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 275. Correct.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 276. In the solution of Problem No. 274, if Black should move P to Q 4, the white pawn would be obliged to take it en passant in order to force mate in two moves.

We have just been informed by Mr. Shaw that the last game in his Canadian Correspondence Tourney has been brought to a conclusion, and that he will shortly be enabled to publish the final results of a contest which we feel sure has given much pleasure and profit to all engaged in it.

We shall be glad to insert in our Column his state- ment showing the relative standing of the competitors, the list of prize winners, and any other particulars which will be interesting to lovers of chess here, and, perhaps, elsewhere.

We congratulate Mr. Shaw on the termination of his enterprise, and we have no hesitation in saying that its success has, from its beginning, depended greatly upon his tact, assiduity, and determination not to spare him- self with reference to a very large amount of almost daily labour.

In order to finish the recent Chess Telegraphic Tourna- ment between Montreal and Quebec two games had to be brought to a conclusion, one between Mr. Barke, of Quebec, and Mr. Ascher, of Montreal, and the other be- tween D. Bramley, of Quebec, and Dr. Howe, of Mon- treal. The games have at length been terminated, and each in favour of Montreal, so that the result of the en- counter, as it now finally stands, is Quebec 6½ games, and Montreal 5½ games.

As far as our experience goes, problems of more than three moves find little favour with the great majority of ordinary solvers, and even these, in order to be certain of much notice, must not be of the smothered kind which give the royal personage, whose fate is impending, little chance to escape his pursuers. What will be said then, of eight three movers on one board, which we see is the latest novelty in chess problem composition. A few problems of this nature and half a doz- n of those which we have seen lately whose solutions require more than a hundred moves would, one would imagine, be enough to satisfy any ordinary chessplayer for his lifetime.

The following particulars respecting the contest be- tween Messrs. Zukertort and Rosenthal will be accept- able to all our chess friends.

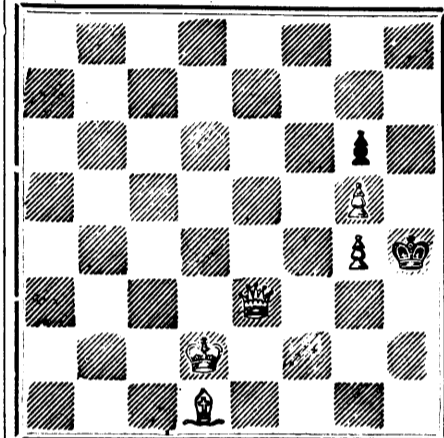
The first two games were draws, and the third was won by Zukertort. In this game it appears that Mr. Rosenthal at one time had the advantage which, how- ever, he failed to maintain. The fourth game resulted in a draw, and the fifth brought about the same unsat- isfactory conclusion. The score therefore is—Zukertort 1; drawn 4. We insert the second game in this contest in our Column to day. It is taken from the London Field, but the valuable notes appended to it in that journal, we are obliged to omit, for want of space.

PROBLEM No. 279.

By J. Pierce.

(From Mechanics' Magazine.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 409TH.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Second game in the match between Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Rosenthal.

(Poncinian Opening.)

- White.—(Mr. Rosenthal.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to B 3, 4. Q to R 4, 5. B to Kt 5, 6. P to Q 3, 7. P takes P, 8. Q to K 4, 9. P to Q 4, 10. B to K 2, 11. Q to B 2, 12. Kt to Kt 5, 13. Kt to KR 3, 14. P to R 4, 15. P to R 5, 16. Kt to B 4, 17. B takes Kt, 18. B to Q 2, 19. P to Q Kt 4, 20. P to Kt 5, 21. B takes Kt P, 22. P to R 6, 23. B takes P (ch), 24. R takes Kt, 25. R to K 8 (ch), 26. R takes R (ch), 27. P to B 4, 28. Castles, 29. P takes B, 30. Kt takes P, 31. Kt to B 4, 32. P to Kt 6, 33. R to Q sq, 34. R takes R, 35. Kt takes P, 36. Q takes B, 37. Q to B sq. Black.—(Herr Zukertort.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. P to B 3, 5. Kt to K 2, 6. B to Q 2, 7. Kt takes P, 8. Kt to Kt 3, 9. P to KR 3, 10. P to B 4, 11. P to K 5, 12. Q to B 3, 13. P to R 3, 14. Castles, 15. Kt to Q 4, 16. Kt takes Kt, 17. P to K Kt 4, 18. B to Q 3, 19. P to B 5, 20. P takes P, 21. Kt to Kt sq, 22. P takes P, 23. Kt takes B, 24. B to Kt 4, 25. K to Q 2, 26. K takes R, 27. P to K 6, 28. P takes B, 29. Q takes P, 30. R to K sq, 31. B to Kt 5, 32. P takes P, 33. R to K 8 (ch), 34. B takes R, 35. B takes P (ch), 36. Q to Q 8 (ch), 37. Q to Q 5 (ch).

Drawn game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 277.

- White. 1. R to K sq, 2. R to K 3, 3. Mates accordingly. Black. 3. K to K 4, 2. Anything

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 275.

- WHITE. 1. R to K 6, 2. Mates acc. BLACK. 1. Anything.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 276.

- White. K at Q B 5, R at QR sq, Kt at K Kt 5, Pawn at Q 6, K Kt 3, and Q B 2. Black. K at K 4, Kt at K B 3, Pawns at K 3 and 5, and Q 2.

White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTICE.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the News, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO MACHINIST-CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of June, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures of each member of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

Notice to Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of Gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

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By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:— 20 Locomotive Engines.

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The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for high-ways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st DAY OF MAY, next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3rd of JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

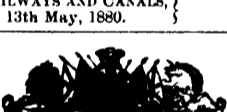
Tenders will be received until Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3rd of JUNE, next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

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NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after

Tuesday, the first day of June, next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st MAY next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank,

On Monday, the Seventh day of June, next.

The Chair to be taken at ONE o'clock.

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Montreal, 20th April, 1880.

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INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal-orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.

This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matter connected with our Manufactories, Foundries, and Machine Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

MR. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW (Times Building), NEW YORK, is authorised to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

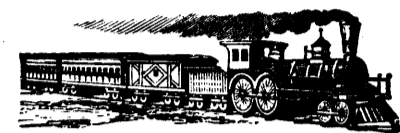
in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pastry, Cakes, Grittle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

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



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, May 3rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns MAIL, EXPRESS, and times for routes like Hochelaga to Hull, Hull to Hochelaga, etc.

Table with columns Night, Passenger, and times for routes like Hochelaga to Quebec, Quebec to Hochelaga, etc.

Table with columns Mixed, Mixed, and times for routes like Hochelaga to St. Jerome, St. Jerome to Hochelaga, etc.

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

GENERAL OFFICE, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

TICKET OFFICE, 202 St. James Street.

L. A. SENECAU, Gen'l Sup't.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.

Advertising Agents, 186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case. Name on all 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

20 new Gold and Silver Chromo Card 10c. with name, Silver or stamps taken. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISING IN THE Canadian Illustrated News

MAY BE MADE AT OUR LOWEST RATES WITH MR. E. DUNCAN SNIFFIN, ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES,

NEW YORK.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY,

MONTREAL.

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

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange,

DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, WEAKNESS, AND NO REMEDY CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.
Ask for it, and take no other. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
Trade Mark. | Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is being adopted in the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 3c., 60c., and \$1.00.

LIVE AND LEARN;
or One Thousand Mistakes of Daily Occurrence in Speaking, Writing and Pronunciation. Corrected and Explained. 213 pages; fancy paper cover; 35 cents free by mail. Clougher Bros., Booksellers, Toronto.

Gray's SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS FOR COLDS AND COUGHS



ON THE GLACIS, QUEBEC.

RUSSELL'S
St. Louis Hotel
ST. LOUIS STREET
QUEBEC
The Russell Hotel Company
WILLIAM RUSSELL, President

This Hotel, which is unrivalled for size, style and locality in Quebec, is open throughout the year for pleasure and business travel, having accommodations for 500 Guests.

TRUTHS.
HOP BITTERS,
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints and Drunkenness.
\$1000 IN COLD
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and free books, and try the Bitters before you sleep. Take no other.
HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Rochester, New York and Toronto, Ont.
FOR SALE AT
LYMAN, BONS & CO., Montreal.
H. B. EVANS & CO.,
H. HASWELL & CO.,

THE GEM.
31 inch, 32 inch.

BOOK BINDERS', PRINTERS' and PAPER BOX MAKERS'
MACHINERY
NEW YORK, 28 Beekman St.
CHICAGO, 77 Monroe St.
GEO. H. SANBORN, Standard Machinery Co.

THE STAR
31 inch, 32 inch, 34 inch, 36 inch, 41 inch, 46 inch.

WILLIAM DOW & CO. BREWERS and MALTSTERS, MONTREAL.

Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-6-52-252

THE DUCHESS CORSET.
Awarded Extra Prize, Grand Dominion Exhibition.
Is specially designed for Stout Ladies, to meet the requirements of fashion. Is not only elegant in form, but very comfortable to wear. Once worn, will wear no other.
Sateen Jean, \$2.50; Cotton, \$1.50 and upwards.
Sent by post to any part of the Dominion on receipt of price and address.
Send measure Round the Waist and Bust, tight—not too tight—also length of Waist under arm and length of front.
Ottawa Corset Factory, 70 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

YOUR NAME on 25 Pretty Chromo and Floral Cards, 10 cents; or, 25 Beautiful Fancy Mixed, 10 cents. Send 3 cent stamp for 10 samples and price list, or 10 cents for full outfit. Queen City Card House, Toronto.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto with name 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,
Lea & Perrins
which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.
Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.
To be obtained of
52-13-12 MEMBERS J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MEMBERS URQUIHART & CO., MONTREAL.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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

THE BELL ORGAN COMPANY.
LARGEST AND OLDEST ORGAN FACTORY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.
Established 1835.—12,000 now in use.

Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial, 1871.
Silver Medal and Diploma, Centennial, 1876.
International Medal and Diploma, Sydney, Australia, 1877.
Only Silver Medal for Parlor Organs, Provincial, Toronto, 1878.
Only Medal at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879.

Mr. Hagen, of the Merchants Bank, says: "The Organ sent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effect produced by combination of the stops is charming." For Catalogues, address:
W. BELL & CO.,
41-47 East Market Square, Guelph, Ont.
Or J. HECKER, 10 Phillips Square, Montreal.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON,
OIL, LEAD, PAINT,
COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS
IMPORTERS OF
English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored Glass and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.
PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYK STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.
310, 312, 314 & 318 ST. PAUL ST.,
AND
255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.
MONTREAL.
26-17-52-369

40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto and glass. Names in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

ROBERT MILLER,
BOOKBINDER
AND
WHOLESALE STATIONER,
15 Victoria Square, Montreal.