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SKETCHES IN THE SUGAR BUSH.

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NOTICE.

To prevent mistakes we may inform our readers that if they desire indexes of the two preceding volumes they will receive them on making application at this office.

TEMPERATURE.

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

THIS WEEK ENDING

Table with 3 columns: Date, Max. Temp., Min. Temp., Mean Temp. for the week ending April 17th, 1880. Rows include Mon., Tues., Wed., Thur., Fri., Sat., Sun.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 17, 1880.

WORK on the Chaudiere Railway bridge has been recently resumed, and at pier 5 a scow was anchored. On board of the scow was a portable steam-engine and a centrifugal pump, the weight of which is about ten tons. Recently a large cake of ice came dashing down the river, and coming into collision with the scow started her adrift. The scow, with its load of freight, rapidly drifted down the current and went over the falls. The engine was a portable one on wheels, and was found canted over, but not injured. The scow could not have upset in passing over the falls, or the engine would have been lost; as it is, little damage was done. It is something unusual to have a vessel go over the Chaudiere Falls, and many a one would have given something to have seen the scow take its deep dive into the boiling waters of the "Big Kettle."

WE publish to-day a sketch of the sad death of two little boys, who perished of cold and hunger, in an open boat which was drifting about Lake Ontario for over two days. The little fellows, it appears, got on board of a scow at Toronto, last Sunday, and the wind being somewhat high at the time, the miserable craft carried them far out in the unbroken solitude of the great lake. They had taken nothing to eat with them, and were but scantily clad. Their sufferings must have been terrible, for when they were found on the morning of Tuesday last their bodies were frozen stiff in the bottom of the boat. The smaller of the two was lying on his back, with his left hand in his trousers' pocket, apparently as if he were in a deep slumber. The larger boy was lying across the body of his younger playmate, face downwards. They had drifted ashore during the night of Monday, and were discovered in the grey of the morning, at about six o'clock, by Mr. GEORGE CAMERON, in the boat on the beach near his farm, about four or five miles west of Niagara. No paddle or oar was to be seen, but some water and gravel were in the bottom of the little craft. The eyes and mouths of the waifs were

closed, and their faces wore that placid look which sometimes comes to the dead, when death has visited them during sleep.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi. DISRAELI is defeated and GLADSTONE is triumphant. In the comparatively brief space of six years the wheel of fortune has described one great revolution and they who were then riding high on its ascending curve are now being crushed under its iron tire. It seems but yesterday that Mr. GLADSTONE was hooted and hissed while his great rival returned, like a Roman conqueror, from the brilliant tournament at Berlin. To-day the former can scarcely tear himself away from the ovation which his friends are preparing for him in London, and the representative of the latter, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, was well nigh mobbed in the streets of Torquay. Lord BEACONSFIELD himself looks on in calm and cynical wonder at this singular reverse, and, true to character, answers callers, through his porter, "that he is as well as can be expected under the circumstances."

The elections are full of lessons. They prove that the British people are fully as variable and excitable as their American or French brothers. They prove, too, which is more to the point, that the people are able to judge for themselves, in the day of crisis, and prepared to pronounce a final decision regardless of party lines. If the Liberals had triumphed by a bare majority, the significance would be dubious, but in view of a net majority of one hundred, the inevitable conclusion is that the whole policy of the present Government has been emphatically condemned. That was the Imperial as distinguished from the purely Domestic Policy. Hence, to be true to themselves, and obedient to the popular will, the incoming Administration will be obliged to reverse, gradually of course, the whole tenor of the acts of their predecessors. From this standpoint the result amounts to a revolution, and its ultimate effect cannot be over-estimated. That the situation is in consequence a serious one cannot admit of two opinions, and the course of the new Government will be looked to with the keenest curiosity. Personally, Mr. GLADSTONE may be proud of his triumph. It is the most glorious crowning of a glorious career. At one bound he has become the arbiter of his country's destiny and his influence is such to-day that it can be pronounced resistless. His matchless eloquence, his force of character, his singleness of purpose and his perspicacity have achieved a victory almost unparalleled in the history of Britain. But as a corollary his responsibilities are overwhelming. He has hurled anathemas and promulgated doctrines during the campaign which, however natural in the mouth of an Opposition leader, may be found hard to reconcile with the judicial character of a Prime Minister. His friendly attitude toward Russia and his fierce invectives against Austria cannot easily be forgotten and may lead to embarrassments. However, he is strong in the support of all classes of his countrymen and we may trust that his genius for statecraft will find him equal to any emergency.

And BEACONSFIELD? How are we to view his fall? He has nothing to regret, and we fancy that he himself will hold that he has nothing to be ashamed of. He did his best for his country and that is all we may expect from any public man. One thing is certain—he has left Britain higher and stronger than when he undertook to guide her destinies. Six years ago a Parliamentary election in England and a change of Government created no more than a movement of curiosity in Europe. To-day, on a similar occasion, the stocks fall in London; there are illuminations in St. Petersburg; the Republican press of Paris is jubilant; the Cabinets of Berlin, Vienna and Rome are experiencing a "profound sensation,"

while on the shores of the Bosphorus the dismay amounts to a positive panic. Why is this? Because during the past four years old England has suddenly stepped forward to her former place as a foremost power, and maintained it in a series of brilliant manoeuvres. She has left a broad and strong impression in Europe, Asia and Africa. Her fleet forced the sacred narrows of the Dardanelles; she annexed Cyprus; she proclaimed the Queen Empress of India; her dusky Hiundoos came up in array to Malta; the red-cross banner floated victoriously over the hills at Afghanistan; she made a grand bonfire of Zulu assegais at Ulundi; she annexed the Transvaal, and she showed the world the spectacle of an infirm septuagenarian entering the Radziwill palace at Berlin with the defiant words that he had come to make no concessions—and he kept his word. All this may have been theatrical, but it stirred the pulse; it may have been expensive, but it was glorious; and the man who has shown Europe, were it only for a few years, that the English people are something else but a nation of shopkeepers, has indeed no reason to be ashamed of himself.

And what will be the outcome of the change? We assume that Mr. GLADSTONE will take the Premiership, as any other arrangement would be awkward and likely to lead to complications. He and his colleagues will make no abrupt alterations in the policy of their predecessors, but will gradually withdraw from its more aggressive features. This will be seen almost at once by the appointment of a new Indian Viceroy. Domestic legislation and the finances will occupy more serious attention, and we are sure that the colonies will not be lost sight of. With regard to Lord BEACONSFIELD everything will depend on the state of his health. He is accustomed to defeat, and has never quailed before adversity, and if his strength permits, it will be just like him to sharpen his sword once more and prepare to combat his exultant adversaries. We trust that his health may be spared, because such a leader of the Opposition, as he has proved himself to be during so many years spent in the minority, can render almost as efficient service as the head of the Government. There is perhaps no country in the world with two such great statesmen to fall back upon as GLADSTONE and DISRAELI.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

MR. BLAKE AND THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.—THE LAND POLICY.—SIR L. TILLEY'S BUDGET SPEECH IN REPLY.—APPORTIONING THE FISHERY AWARD.—BUDGET DEBATE CONTINUED.—INSOLVENT BANKS AND INSURANCE COMPANIES, &c.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, April 16th, 1880.—It is not an exaggeration to say that the great Parliamentary event of the week—I say Parliamentary, because of its relations to questions before Parliament—was an article in the Toronto Globe on the Pacific Railway. It came like thunder from a clear sky, and it surprised and startled everybody quite as much. There was yet nothing in it very surprising, in so far as the leading journal of the Opposition is concerned, for the article is only strictly consistent with its own record for many years past. The blow was professedly aimed at Prof. Goldwin Smith and his "By-stander," but it really fell upon the head of Mr. Edward Blake, he having a notice of a resolution on the paper, in effect to stop where we are, as respects the works of the Pacific Railway, for the reasons that the burdens to be incurred are heavier than this country ought to be called upon to bear. The "melancholy Professor," as the Globe calls him, has taken similar ground. As against that position, the Globe brings up a very powerful and well-sustained argument, which very many pretensions, but, in reality, not well-informed persons, in Montreal, might also profitably ponder. It is shown in that article, by arguments which cannot be successfully met, that the construction of the Pacific Railway at the earliest possible moment is called for, not only by Dominion or national, but also by commercial and economical considerations; and not only through the fertile plains of the prairie region, but through the fastnesses at the head of Lake Superior, and through the mountains of British Columbia, to the seaboard. If I were to make any criticism

on the statements of the article to which I have referred, it would be to say that my study has led me to believe that the editor has under-rated the analogy of the United States land companies, with regard to revenues derived from inferior lands in the North-West, more particularly in Minnesota and Dakota, the estimate of the Globe writer, from the sale of lands, is very much under-stated, as is also the influx of population, when we look at the extent of territory to be opened up; and even as respects the British Columbia branch, from Yale to Kamloops, the Globe says this may cost us \$12,000,000, at the rate of \$2,400,000 a year, and calculates that, in the five years, 100,000 people will settle in that part of the country opened up, the ordinary revenue from whom will be sufficient—if not more than sufficient—to pay the interest on the outlay. That is, however, really but a small part of the calculation, because it is established that the whole of that Province is gold bearing in paying quantities, and this opening of it up will be most likely to lead to the development of very large mineral wealth, probably to an extent sufficient to build the whole railway. But, apart from this, and to follow the arguments of the Toronto newspaper, the proceeds from the sales of the lands will be more than sufficient to build all the other portions of the road, while the Dominion will be enriched and strengthened by the wealth created by the population which will settle on our fertile prairies, the present burdens being lightened by their contributions to the revenues.

On Monday, Mr. Charlton, apparently acting as a sort of lieutenant to Mr. Blake, moved a resolution to condemn the Government Land Policy, as tending to favour speculation and hinder settlement. Sir John Macdonald replied in a very careful and elaborate speech, contending that the policy of the Government was of a nature to promote settlement, and build the railway without adding to the burdens of the people. Mr. T. White moved an amendment, substituting a resolution in effect, approving of the Government policy, which was carried by the large vote of 120 to 40.

This vote was so large as to cause remark, as it was not known how far the fears of timid persons might be worked upon by the magnitude of the credit the Dominion was endorsing for the progress of this great national work. This debate was remarkable for one statement made by the would-be leader of the Opposition. Sir John made the assertion that 20,000 souls settled in our North-West last year. Mr. Blake interrupted him with the statement that "not one twentieth of that number went in." It may be that the record of the Minister of Agriculture that 12,000 souls went in, will describe the number of the new settlers, but these are those known, and more, as Sir John said, probably went in. The member, however, who was capable of stating that not 2,000 settled there, certainly exhibited very little respect for the value of his own words, and thereby showed a very poor title for leadership. Many will watch with curiosity Mr. Blake's further steps with his resolution, in the face of the angry thunders of the Globe which is, certainly, most disconcerting. If he should proceed, it will be very curious to see how he will avoid rapping his late, and in fact, present nominal leader, Mr. Mackenzie, who is substantially responsible for a Pacific Railway policy, identical with that of Sir John Macdonald.

On Tuesday, Sir Leonard Tilley moved his amendments to the Tariff, and took occasion to reply to the strictures upon the Budget, showing what were the actual increases made to the public debt, and the reasons therefor, the actual increases of expenditure, &c. I regret that the space at my disposal will not allow me to go into these figures, though the statements for the most part were scarcely new to the readers of these letters. I may, however, point out that Sir Leonard indicated that the amount to be expended for the construction of the Pacific Railway would not exceed \$10,000,000 annually for two years, and after that \$5,000,000 a year, the interest on which would be easily obtained by the sales of railway lands; and, in fact, the principal itself will be soon wiped out from the same source.

On Wednesday night, the debate on the question of apportioning the Fishery Award among the Maritime Provinces was continued at great length. I have already written you what is the contention of the members from the Maritime Provinces, and it must be said they argued their case with great ability and freedom from simple party bias. There was much plausibility in the arguments they used; but these were met by the amendment of Sir John Macdonald, in the sense of an argument in my previous letter, to the effect that the pretension of the Provinces was not well founded, as, whatever might have been the question before Confederation, it is quite different now, as they brought that special property into the community of the Confederation, and would require the whole power of the Confederation to defend it, if necessary. It is, therefore, a Dominion, not a Provincial question, and this, on the highest grounds of public interest, it should be. Sir John's amendment was carried at 4 o'clock on Thursday morning by a vote of 126 to 30, Mr. Mackenzie being the only one of the late Ministry who voted for it, the rest of them being "dissolving views."

On Thursday, Mr. Abbott introduced a bill for the winding up of insolvent banks and insurance companies, which was advanced two stages, and the tariff debate was afterwards resumed by Mr. Killam, who was followed by Mr.

Ryan, in a very able speech, in which he expressed surprise at the constant and useless attacks made upon the policy of the Government, especially in view of facts which were in the plain knowledge of every one, from every part of the Dominion, disproving the arguments on which those attacks were based. This debate occupied the whole evening without a division having been come to.

Among the railway measures killed was that of the Emerson & Turtle Mountain RR. I told you I did not think the House should consent to this as being a feeder of an American line, especially in view of the fact that South Manitoba can be served by an extension of the S. W. Colonization line from Rock Lake to Turtle Mountain, or the coal fields of the Souris River. This line would sweep along the southern frontier of Manitoba and pass through the Mennonite settlement, via Morris, to Winnipeg. I understand it is to be immediately undertaken, and will prove of great value. The Winnipeg & Hudson Bay Railroad has been approved by the Committee, and it is understood it is the intention to press it forward.

On Friday, the Budget debate was continued and brought to a close at an early hour on Saturday morning, the Government, of course, carrying everything. The debate was principally remarkable for an intimation from Sir Richard Cartwright to the effect that he would oppose to the bitter end the construction of the British Columbia section of the Pacific Railway. Mr. Mackenzie sat by him while this statement was uttered, without opening his lips, or even a muscle of his face stirring. The real struggle of the session will come when that question comes up.

COUNT PAHLEN; ONE OF THE RUSSIAN COMMISSIONERS.—Count Pahlen's appointment to the new Russian Commission is somewhat of a puzzle; for, if he did not possess the requisite firmness to see that justice was done in Russia, when only generals and prefects were shot at, he could not be the right person to entrust with the safety of the State when plots to blow up the Imperial family are of ordinary occurrence. But, as a matter of fact, the authorities were mistaken about Count Pahlen in 1878, and his appointment to the Commission is probably a tacit admission of the error then committed. Count Pahlen is quite the man to "burn his ships" on any emergency; and by all accounts he is not wanting in that promptitude in action which has been the characteristic of a line of ancestors who have been conspicuous for striking first and reflecting afterwards. It is just this readiness, so commonly attributed to the late Minister for Justice, which carries us back irresistibly to the first Count of the name, Count Peter the Ready, and makes the appointment of his grandson to take special charge of the grandson of murdered Paul just a little remarkable. There are many Russians living—notably Prince Gortschakoff—who must have a clear recollection of the old Count who played the part of First Murderer on the terrible night of the 23rd of March, 1861, and who died in 1826. They at one time must have had familiarly before them every scene and tableau of the tragedy. Probably they had from eye-witnesses the whole gossip of the butchery, and could have told how Pahlen sent the assassins through the private door from the garden, and by the secret staircase into the Emperor's apartments, staying below to make sure of his own safety if the business miscarried; how he whispered to them at the bottom of the stairs, just to steady their hands, "Either you will have killed the Emperor by five o'clock in the morning, or at half-past five you will be denounced to the Emperor as conspirators," and how Count Benningsten, his lieutenant in the bloody affair (who by the way, was promoted to high honour by Alexander and commanded an army in the war against Napoleon), found Paul, who had jumped out of bed when he heard his executioners on the stairs, crouching behind a screen in a corner of his bedroom, and had him promptly throttled with a sash when he obstinately refused to sign his abdication. We foreigners cannot read the last chapter of mad Paul's life without something like a shudder; Russians appear to be blessed with a greater complacency. It is a good-natured people generally. The assassin Count Pahlen was never hanged; he became governor-general of Livonia, but soon returned and died full of years and honours on his great estate of Hofzou Bergen, and his son held the crown over the head of Nicholas' daughter on the occasion of her marriage with the Duke of Leuchtenburg. This did not strike anybody then as a bad omen; and now the grandson of murderer Pahlen is appointed a Commissioner to take care of the person of Paul's grandson the circumstances excites no remark.

HEARTH AND HOME.

TINSEL.—Too many are governed by the bare appearance of things, the false glare and tinsel-show of life. As one looks upon a shining substance or metal, and without thought or examination takes it for gold, so many are deceived by a mere superficial knowledge of men and things. Let such be on their guard; for, though the outside of the cup be clean, the inside may be very filthy, and, though sepulchres be white and beautiful outwardly, they may be full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.—We shall not succeed in being pleasant abroad if we practise nothing but detestability at home. If a husband is rude to his wife, his politeness to others is a mere

surface sham. If a young man is rude to his mother, he is not truly courteous to any one else. If he does not act as rudely towards some others, it is because he is a coward as well as a ruffian, and is afraid to do it. He who is rude to a sister or a younger brother will be rude to all, except those whom he sees holding vengeance in their fists. And awkwardly enough will he play the agreeable to other people's sisters who has practised nothing but the arts of torment upon his own.

CHARACTER.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man as a good moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—no crouching sycophant—no treacherous honour-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the grovelling and base-born purposes of human nature.

"GOOD SPIRITS."—The victims of disease do not sufficiently appreciate the value of "good spirits." They too often settle down in despair when a professional judgment determines the existence of some latent or chronic malady. The fact that it is probable they will die of a particular disease casts so deep a gloom over their prospects that through fear of death they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. The multitude of healthy persons who wear out their strength by exhausting journeys and perpetual anxieties for health is very great, and the policy in which they indulge is exceedingly shortsighted. It is useless to expect that any one can be reasoned into a lighter frame of mind, but it is desirable that all should be taught to understand the sustaining, and often even curative, power of "good spirits."

PASSION.—It is not temper, as exhibited in the shape of violent passion, that has the most pernicious influence on human conduct and happiness; it is temper, under the shape of a cool, deliberate spite and secret rancour, that is most to be guarded against. "It is the taunting word whose meaning kills." The speech intended to mortify one's self-love, or wound our tenderest affections, it is temper under this garb that is most hateful and most pernicious; when inflicting a series of petty injuries with a mild and placid face, then is temper the most hideous and disgusting. The violence of passion, when over, often subsides into affectionate repentance, and is easily disarmed of its offensive power; but nothing ever disarms the other sort of temper. In domestic life, it is to one's mind what a horse-hair shirt is to the body; and, like the spikes of an iron girdle, whenever it moves it lacerates and tears one to pieces.

EDUCATION.—Education is not so much a positive and unmixed good in itself as a power capable of producing good. This is often overlooked by those who make the most strenuous and laudable efforts to raise the coming generation intellectually and socially. They see so clearly the need of mental development and the benefits which it is capable of producing that they very naturally conclude that, when they have secured it for the young beings who are to manage the world in a few years, they have done all that is needful to fit them for their important and responsible duties. The truth is that education, in the popular meaning of the word, gives strength, energy, capacity, and influence, but not direction. It puts a valuable tool into the hands, but does not always give the wisdom to use it. It enables the future man and woman to accomplish great results, but does not always ensure that they shall be good as well as great. It makes its fortunate possessor a larger, more powerful, and more important factor in the community, but whether for good or for evil it cannot determine.

THE GLEANER.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is 74 years of age. He got his peerage in August, 1876.

ADMIRAL WESTPHAL, who was in the battle of Copenhagen, has died at the age of 99.

COLONEL McNEILL, V.C., is to accompany Prince Leopold in his forthcoming trip to America.

It is reported that the sailing of the new British Arctic expedition has been fixed for May, 1881.

The Princess Louise is engaged in sketching the Chaudiere Falls from the Suspension Bridge, Ottawa.

SIR EDWARD SELBY SMYTH's successor, Major-General Luard, is expected in Ottawa in the middle of April.

The Queen has given her assent to the site selected for the Byron Memorial in Hamilton Gardens, Hyde Park.

LIVE cattle are now being largely imported into London direct from America, instead of being landed at Liverpool.

ONE hundred and twenty men were killed and 400 wounded by accidents during the construction of the St. Gothard Tunnel.

THE right transept of St. Peter's, at Rome,

closed to view since the Oecumenical Council, was to be completely clear before Easter Sunday.

THE railroad across the ice at Montreal was removed on the 1st inst., after having been used through the winter without casualty of any kind.

TRICKETT, the Australian rower, has announced his desire to row Haulan for the championship of the world over the Thames course during the present season.

BOSTON will celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary on the 17th of September next, by a parade of its Militia and Fire Department, and a procession of the trades.

MR. PETER REDPATH has agreed to erect a new museum building for McGill College, Montreal, and Principal Dawson presents to the museum his valuable private collection.

IT is probable that the intended visit of the Scotch foot-ball team to Canada will now be postponed to the fall, owing to the unseasonableness of the weather for foot-ball in the summer.

IT is expected that a much larger shipping business will be transacted in Montreal next summer than for years past. Several new firms are going into the grain and dairy produce export trade.

MR. SANFORD FLEMING starts for British Columbia this week. It is said that he will devote a part of his time to the personal examination of the various points that have been spoken of on the terminus of Canada's high road to the Pacific coast.

THE Queen, having visited the vault where several of the Royal Family are buried, is reported to have given orders that one or two of the velvet coffins which were falling to pieces should be placed in oak covers, and that in future oak cases should be used instead of velvet at royal funerals.

IT has been remarked as strange that the two English ladies, Mrs. Ronald Campbell and Lady Wood, are the only two female companions of the Empress Eugenie to Zululand, and that none of the French ladies, who have been regarded as most closely attached personally to her fortunes, are following these in her South African expedition.

MR. FAER, the British painter, made some characteristic remarks at the recent one hundred and second anniversary festival of the Highland Society of London. To him as a painter, he said, it had been a delight to find around the table so much to appreciate in colour and costume. Not only the make of the men, but the red and green of the tartans, had supplied elements of the picturesque which were wholly wanting at such meetings of Englishmen.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S SELF-COMMAND.—Louis Napoleon's powers of self-command were really marvellous. I have known him after a conversation, in which he betrayed no anger, break his own furniture in his rage. The first sign of emotion in him was the swelling of his nostrils, like those of an excited horse. Then his eyes became bright and his lips quivered. His long moustache was intended to conceal his mouth, and he had disciplined his eyes. When I first saw him in 1848 I asked him what was the matter with his eyes. "Nothing," he said. A day or two afterwards I saw him again. They had still an odd appearance. At last I found out that he had been accustomed himself to keep his eyelids half-closed, and to throw into his eyes a vacant, dreamy expression. I cannot better describe the change that came over him after his brother's death than by saying that he tore his heart out of his bosom and surrendered himself to his head.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, April 5.—The Comtesse de Paris has given birth to a son.—Fresh hopes are expressed that the war in Afghanistan will soon be over.—Sirdar Sher Ali has been selected for the sovereignty of the Province of Candahar.—Prince Napoleon approves of the course taken by the Government against the Jesuits.—A vexatious tax is being attempted to be raised upon travellers visiting Italy, by compelling them to have their circular notes stamped ere they are paid. The Italian bankers intend resisting this innovation.

TUESDAY, April 6.—Parnell has been elected for Cork city.—Traffic on the Suez Canal is temporarily suspended.—The rumoured death of Mahomed Jan is contradicted.—Mr. Ernest Renan has commenced a series of lectures in England.—Spain is holding a commission of enquiry into the means of developing her mercantile marine.—Bismarck has tendered his resignation of the Chancellorship to the German Emperor, owing to an adverse vote of the Federal Council on the proposed increase of the stamp duties.

WEDNESDAY, April 7.—The death of the King of Burmah is announced.—The Queen of Greece has given birth to a daughter.—Prince Bismarck will retain the Chancellorship of the German Empire.—Paul de Cassagne has transferred his allegiance to Prince Napoleon's son.—Hungary is about to issue a lottery loan of 40,000,000 forins, principally for rebuilding Szeged.—The latest returns from England show a net Liberal gain of 84. The Liberals have elected 306 members, the Conservatives 177, and the Home Rulers 37.

THURSDAY, April 8.—The Paris Catholic University will conform to Ferry's bill.—The German Emperor will not accept Prince Bismarck's resignation.—The Czarina is somewhat improved in health, although not out of danger.—The King of Spain is about to grant the reforms asked for by the Republican party.—The Spanish Legislature has provided for the liquidation of the Cuban Treasury's debts.—Russia is making warlike preparations against China; the fleet is being commissioned to sail for Chinese waters, and the Russian troops in Southern Siberia have been ordered to the front.

FRIDAY, April 9.—A great Nihilist outbreak is expected to take place shortly in Moscow.—According to the St. Petersburg Gazette, Russia and China will come to terms without resorting to war.—The American Consul-General has refused to surrender the murderer of a Turk to the Turkish Government.—Cardinal Bonaparte and Prince Charles Bonaparte have protested against the decrees promulgated by the French Government against the Jesuits.—The United States Government has appointed a commission to negotiate and conclude with China, by treaty, a settlement of matters of interest pending between the two countries.—Several Senators and Deputies are asking for the expulsion from France of Prince Jérôme Napoleon, as certain phrases in his latest manifesto make him appear as a pretender to the throne of a dynasty which they say has been swept away never to be restored.

SATURDAY, April 10.—Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, has resigned.—The traction railway up the side of Mount Vesuvius will be opened shortly.—The Herald Irish Relief Fund has reached the large amount of £136,405.96.—Bismarck, on retaining office, will dictate his terms to the Federal Council.—Four hundred people are to be sacrificed in Burmah to remove evil influence. The King has since had 700 people buried alive to calm the irritated spirits.—Hart, the winner of the O'Leary belt at the Madison Square walk, is a Boston lawyer in full standing and scarce past twenty-one. His final score was 565 miles.—Poljakoff, the great Rus-o-Jewish contractor, has donated the sum of 400,000 to 500,000 roubles for the purpose of erecting a building for the accommodation of poor students.—The Liberals now boast of a net gain of 100 seats, excluding Home Rulers. The clear Liberal gain over Conservatives and Home Rulers combined, is about 40.

A FOREBODING.

I do not dread an altered heart,
Or that long line of land or sea
Should separate my love from me,
I dread that drifting slow apart—
All unresisted, unrestrained—
Which comes to some when they have gained
The dear endeavour of their soul

As two light skiffs that sailed together,
Through days and nights of tranquil weather,
Adown some inland stream, might be
Drifted asunder, each from each;
When, floating with the tide, they reach
The hoped-for end, the promised goal,
The sudden glory of the sea.

VIOLET FANE

LITERARY.

BRET HARTE has been confirmed in the consularship at Glasgow by the United States Senate.

OLGA, Queen of Greece, is a writer of some capacity. She has just published a spirited article advocating the maintenance of the Greek nunneries.

MR. THEODORE MARTIN, who has completed "The Life of the Prince Consort," has been knighted, and also made Knight Commander of the Bath.

MR. SWINBURNE'S Ode to Victor Hugo will be included in his new volume of poems, entitled "Songs of the Spring Tides." It will be published immediately after Easter.

SOME unpublished letters and documents relating to Cromwell's Irish campaigns will appear in the forthcoming volume of Mr. Gilbert's "History of Ireland."

SIR CHARLES PILKE is understood to be busily engaged on a "History of the Nineteenth Century," and the first instalment may be expected to appear in the beginning of 1881.

A MANUSCRIPT journal of the proceedings of the British House of Commons from 1642 and 1647, kept by a member, has recently been added to the manuscript department of the British Museum.

THE British Museum is one hundred and seventy-seven years old; the Louvre has been used as an art treasury for eighty-seven years, and the South Kensington Museum is twenty-two years old.

PROF. MONTAGU BURROWS is engaged in writing an important work upon the Foreign Policy of Great Britain during the reign of George III. The book will be published by Messrs. Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co., under the title of "Imperial England."

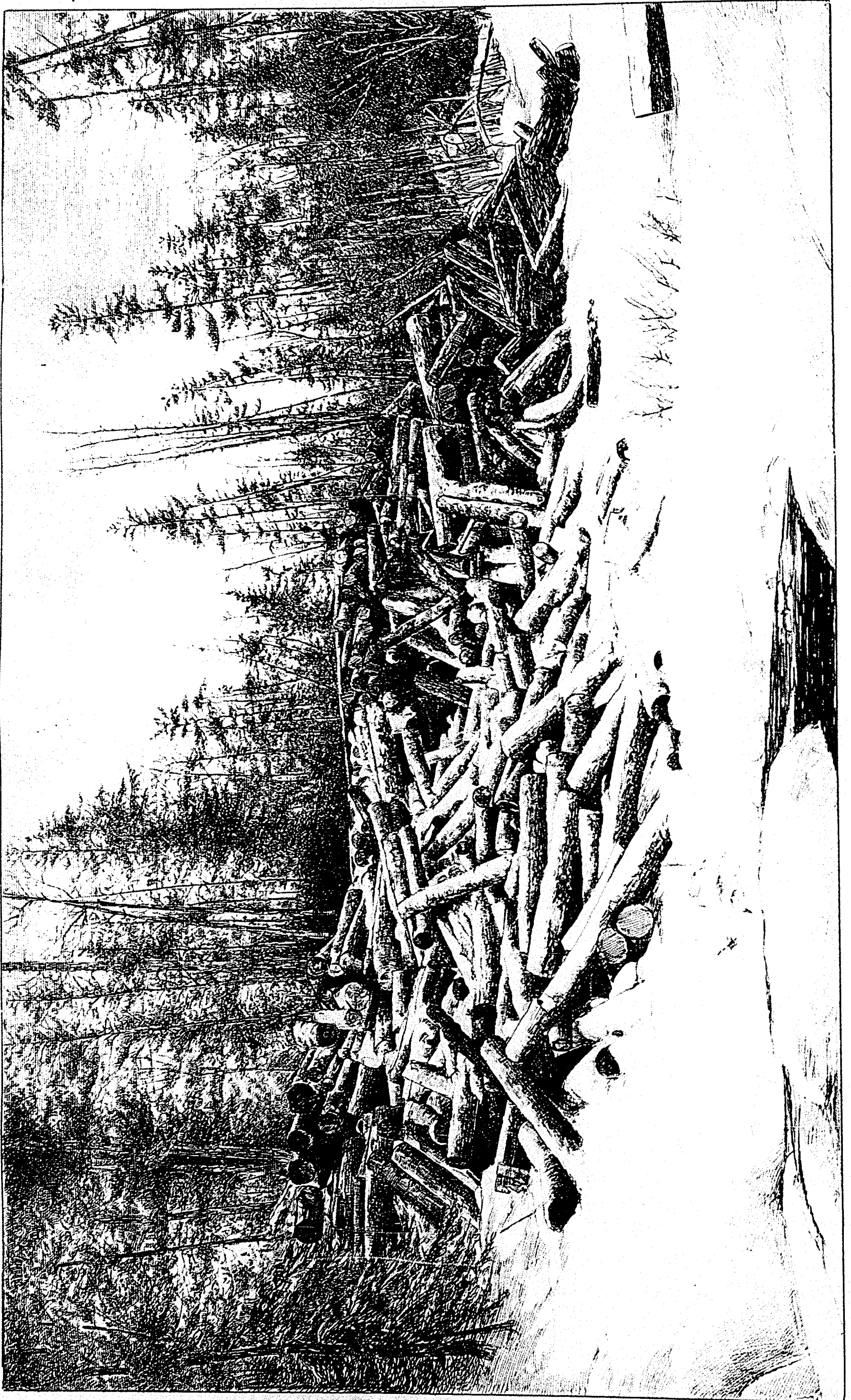
A NEW edition of Victor Hugo's works is about to appear, all but two of which, "Hans d'Islande" and "Amy Robsart," will be printed from the original manuscripts, fetched from Guernsey for that purpose. Many cancelled passages will be re-inserted in the text or given as notes, among these being a whole act in "Angelo."

UNDER the title of "The Village of Palaces; or, Chronicles of Chelsea," a new work will be shortly published from the pen of the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, the author of "The Life of the Rev. W. Hartson," &c. The book will comprise a number of historical and topographical details relating to this favourite suburb, and biographical notices of eminent persons who have resided in it.

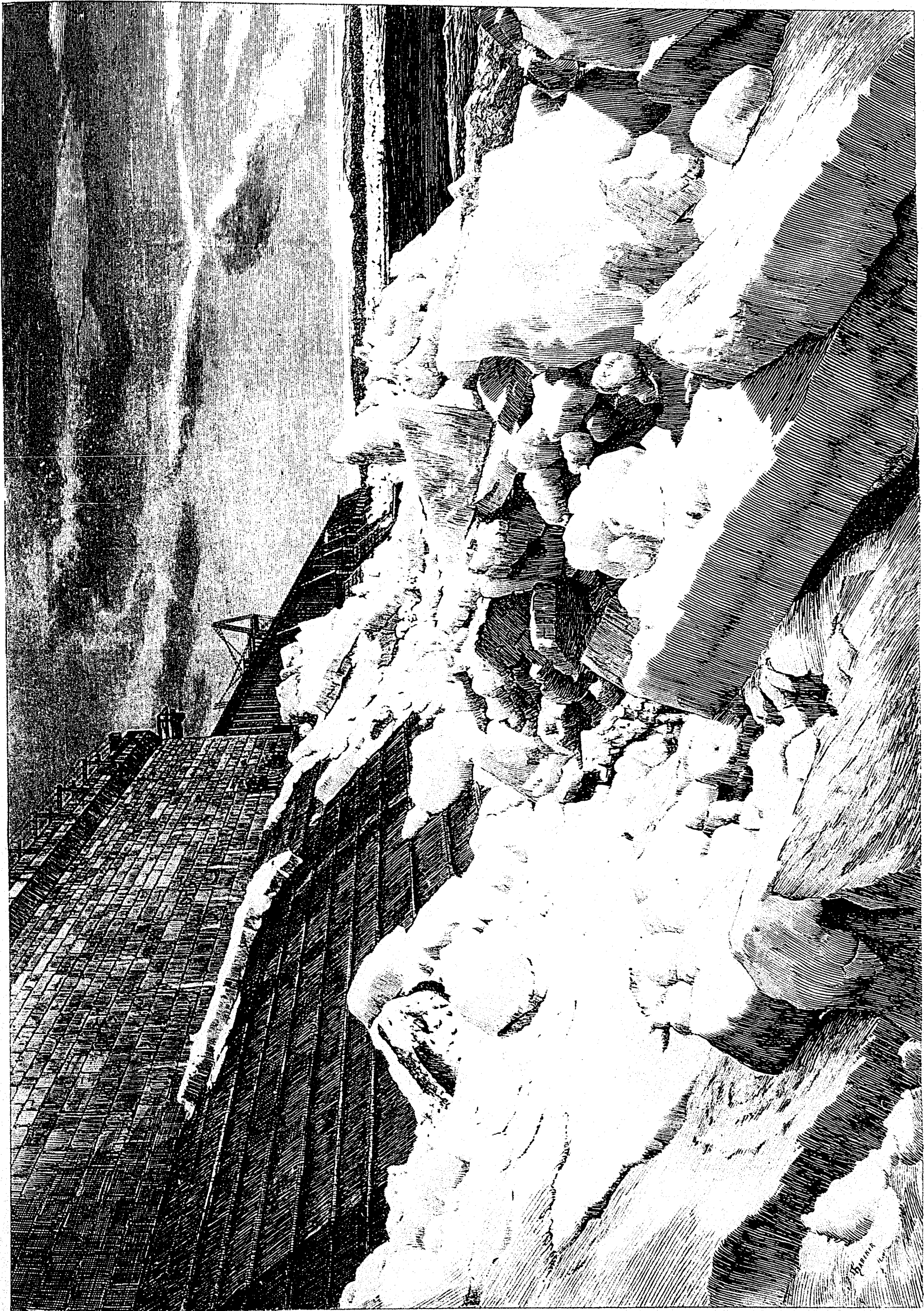
MR. FROUDE in his last work has upset three popular beliefs about Bunyan. Firstly, he does not believe that Bunyan was the utterly abandoned young man that he is generally supposed to have been; secondly, he claims that Bunyan fought in the Royalist and not the Parliamentary army; and thirdly, he denies that he was imprisoned in the jail on Bedford Bridge, with the illustration of which we are all so familiar.

VICTOR HUGO does not keep a carriage while residing in Paris, but rides instead in the ordinary omnibus, or rather on it. For though the octogenarian poet is a staunch Republican he invariably prefers the impériale. When the conductors see the old man approaching they stop their horses, get down, and carefully assist Hugo to mount the roof. He is not ungrateful of these attentions, for every Christmas he sends 1000fr. to the Company to be distributed among the conducteurs as étrennes.

MR. JAMES T. FIELDS' residence in Boston, which he has occupied for a quarter of a century, contains ten thousand volumes. He has many literary curiosities, including original manuscripts by Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne and Whitier; books once belonging to great authors and having their penicillings on the margins; a copy of Boccaccio's printed (1541) given by Leigh Hunt to his wife; Charles Lamb's copy of Pope's "Rape of the Lock;" Southey's copy of "Ben Jonson," marked by Coleridge, and other books equally valuable. When the poet Whittier visits Boston he always occupies the room in Mr. Field's house in which Hawthorne used to work and sleep.



CANADA'S ROLLING STOCK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.



THE ICE SHOVE.—SCENE AT VICTORIA BRIDGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.

BETTER THAN GOLD

Better than gold, a cheerful heart
That hope to others can impart,
And at reverse can decide
To travel on the sunny side.
To some this truth need not be told
A cheerful heart is better than gold.

Better than gold, a conscience cleared
From guilty stains—by sin unseared;
Where'er this treasure doth possess
Can earthly troubles soon repress.
And with boldness say, behold,
A conscience clear is better than gold!

Better than gold of the purest kind,
Is a healthful state of body and mind:
If gold were better, and health could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.
By sages of old—'twas often told
That health is better by far than gold.

A. MACRUE.

Chatham, Ont.

AN OLD MAID'S CONFESSION.

By "ISIDORE."

Author of "Voices from the Hearth," "An Emperor's Story," "An Old Miser's Story," etc., etc.

PROLOGUE.

I am not an old maid from choice; oh, dear no! Not that I think that an old maid's lot is so very hard. It may have its tribulations, but, on the other hand, it surely has its compensations. It may have lost that which makes up the full sweetness of life, but it still possesses, as in my own case, a measure of joys which has rounded existence with an enduring light.

I wish to tell my readers how I became an old maid. Had I followed inclination I would not have had any story to narrate. Without taking any merit to myself for being over-righteous, I still thank God that I had inward strength to follow duty. In this retrospection of the past, no dim regrets arise in my soul to cloud it. Hopefully and cheerfully, resigning myself to the inevitable, I follow the beacon star of what I considered was right in the days that are no more; hopefully and cheerfully I recount the experience of these days, brightened with the light of that star, in the narrative that I am about to unfold.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

At a very early age my sister Flora and I were left orphans, under the care of my grandmother, Mrs. Dagmar. My sister was four years younger than myself. Among the bright pictures evoked from the shadowy past my sister's image is the brightest of them all. Flora was an airy, winsome, captivating, small-featured little brunette, with laughing, sunny, grey eyes. I—but what need to describe myself?—I was her opposite in form, features, and disposition. I dare say I may seem unlovely now to most people, but there was a time when I had no occasion to be ashamed of my looks. Pardon an old maid's vanity; it has nearly gone. If the little that is left should accidentally disclose itself in these pages, temper, O reader! your smile with kindness, instead of derision. My sister, being my especial charge, was my pet. When my grandmother rebuked her for misconduct I would take her part, and then, nestling in my lap, she would shower on me a wealth of childish affection. Hers was an odd, changeable, capricious, whimsical nature, full of strange impulses, and unaccountable freaks. Of course, these often led her into mischief, and it was my privilege always to excuse and exculpate her. My devotion would not allow her to be spoken harshly to, or blamed, and so I bore the brunt of her misconduct, and coaxed and fondled her to a temporary repentance. How could I let a world of pain alight in the heart of my darling! The past has bequeathed no sweeter gift to me than the thought that in my abiding love for her I could shield her from even a cross word.

My grandmother was an magnificent type of a hardy, austere, unbending old age. Her image arises before me now, as I write, the picture of a tall, grandly-developed woman of sixty-five, rigidly severe in her rules of life, untriflingly industrious, unyielding in her high-minded notions of what she considered was right, rigorous as to discipline, staunch as to principles, and yet kind-hearted and thoughtful-minded to us orphans. If her nature lacked anything, it was a certain element of womanly tenderness—that tenderness which excuses when it chides, and yields when it wishes to exact, and which yet can make young hearts unfold their love. My sister, never quite understanding, only feared her. I, on the contrary, mingled a certain affection with my respect. The reader, therefore, can comprehend why I was my grandmother's favourite.

My earliest remembrance carries me back to our prim, simple, and yet bright home—a secluded house, situated in its own grounds—a pretty, rustic place, flanked by a little wood, which belonged to it—a house overgrown with woodbine, ivy, and clematis, and the porch of which was covered by roses, intermingled with passion-flowers. There was an old, gaunt oak tree and a few spreading chestnuts at its rear, and in the front an exquisite lawn, skirted in summer time with the gayest and loveliest of flowers. It was a dear, old, quiet place, which had been made ruggedly beautiful and quaintly picturesque with leafy beauty, by the kindly

hand of time; and yet when in after years, in a critical mood, I used to think of my old home, there seemed, so to speak, to be an indefinable air of studious exactness and of a too well ordered regularity about the garden and house, and especially about the inside surroundings of the latter. The eye seemed to long for freer spaces, and a more careless method in the garden walks and in the home adornments. All this seemed due to the precise and fastidious; genius of my grandmother, who ordered and planned everything. The world where she might have lived and moved in ought to have been a place where there were no angles, crooked paths, or irregular turnings—a world where nothing was wrong, and nought could go amiss or contrary to one's hopes. Alas! for us all, such a world does not exist, except in the fairy-land of a poet's dreams. Of course, there was the weird old oak tree, with its wavy, luxuriant leafage spreading before us. When resting on the seat around it, I used to teach Flora her lessons, and watch her playing with her doll; the glinting sun-rays flashing through the mass of foliage, would seem to circle my darling's forehead with a golden halo, or bring out in beautiful relief her joyous face, over which smiles would play as bright and evanescent as the sunbeams themselves. I remember on one occasion Flora, in her fun, compared the great, gnarled, rugged trunk of the tree to grandmother, till I had to check her for her odd fancy. And then my admonishment having brought tears to her eyes, I had to pacify her with a fairy story about a giant tree that never grew old, but always preserved its knotted strength as a boon for good children, imparting its hardihood to them, and afterwards shielding them from the storms of every-day life.

Our childhood and school-days passed tranquilly, with nothing that calls forth special mention to break their calm monotony. When we were very young our grandmother was our instructress; as we grew older we attended a very nice school in the village, kept by the curate's wife. Mrs. Dagmar did not keep much company, consequently we had no opportunity of making any close girlish friendships; and even the few acquaintances we had, did not impress me strongly enough at the time, so as to incline me to recall them now, excepting a certain person whom I shall mention presently. Nothing of any moment occurred to ruffle the tranquillity of our childhood and girlhood. We grew and thrived apace. My calm, self-reliant nature had its chief happiness in the self-satisfaction that my sister clung to me for protecting love, and that I could find often in her dreamy, fanciful thoughts a solace from my own more dignified and logical ones. And then I never tired of my grandmother's conversation, which entirely lacked the wearying garrulity of old age, and, instead, teemed with that rare wisdom emanating from a studious knowledge of books, and more especially of that more wonderful book of the world, wherein she had lived so long.

At last a change came upon the happy monotony of our existences, and which to a certain extent altered their tenor.

CHAPTER II.

A LETTER.

I had often heard my grandmother speak of Mrs. Dufresne, one of her old schoolmates, with whom I knew she had frequently corresponded.

One summer afternoon, as we were seated under the oak tree, the postman handed a letter to Mrs. Dagmar. I remember it bore the French post-mark, and as she scanned its contents I noticed an unusual expression of surprise and pleasure on her face. "Such news, girls," said the old lady, growing quite animated as she spoke.

"Something very good has happened, has it not? You do look so pleased," said Flora, whose joyous eagerness seemed also to infect my demure self.

"My old school-fellow at last is coming to England; and what is better still," said my grandmother, "she intends for a while to stop with us."

"That is pleasant news. Only fancy, Agnes, actually a visitor at Oak Tree House!"

"I can hardly believe it," again broke in Flora, jumping up from her low seat, and kissing me, as if she wished a confirmation of her welcome intelligence in my responsive kiss.

"But this is not all," continued the old lady, "Mrs. Dufresne is not coming alone. She intends to bring her son Frank with her, so that we shall have two visitors at Oak Tree House."

"Better still," said Flora, "the more the merrier."

"And now, girls," continued Mrs. Dagmar, "I mean to tell you all about this dear old friend of mine, so please pay attention."

Of course I was just as delighted as Flora at the news, and felt an interest already in the expected guests; but it was not my nature to betray either surprise or satisfaction, and yet, how well I remember that sunny afternoon, under our memorable tree, with its interlacing foliage just stirred by the faint, warm wind; with what pleasurable eagerness I listened to my grandmother's recital!

"Many years ago, long before you were born, my dears," commenced the old lady, "Mrs. Dufresne and myself were girls together at the same school. I need not tell you how we became fast and intimate friends. The growth of affection between school-girls is not always permanent, but in this case it was. I liked her chiefly because she was not a favourite with the

rest of the school. Whether there was anything in her manner to justify this dislike, I cannot say; anyhow, I never discovered it. To me she was the impersonation of all that was excellent in a companion and friend, and with me, and with no one else, she shared all her girlish confidences. Well, after leaving school, we separated, as her parents lived at a distance from mine, but we have still corresponded regularly. Being rather an attractive girl, she had many admirers. Her parents kept a good deal of company, amongst whom there were many well-to-do young men, and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that Fanny Wilmot had a good many eligible offers of marriage. But my friend, who I must say was inclined to be critical, refused them all. At last I heard that a French gentleman, of the name of Dufresne, had made her an offer, but that Fanny's parents had discountenanced the match, as it seemed he had no particular calling in life, and had not the means to maintain a wife comfortably. I always had given Fanny credit for more than a share of common-sense—need I tell you, girls, that her common-sense forsook her entirely when, despite her parents' warnings, and my counsel, she privately engaged herself to this Frenchman. I paid her a visit about this time, and happening to meet her suitor, I frankly told her I did not like him. Not that his lack of wealth prejudiced him in my eyes—not at all—but there was nothing about him calculated to make his way in life. He was a creature of desultory aims, of impossible plans, and erratic purposes. Granted that he had a pleasing exterior, light blue eyes, and curly, auburn hair—! for one, never liked his inane smile and simpering talk. But my influence with Fanny stood in this instance for nought, and, as usual, her parents' opposition only strengthened her determination. It was the old story over again—Fanny made the fatal mistake of marrying without any one's consent—she was of age, and accordingly did as she liked. One fine day she eloped with this simpering good-for-nothing, to whom she had pledged her faith. They went on the Continent, and for a time I did not hear from my friend; then her letters, written at irregular intervals, became scant, careless, and vague. After a while, a note with a black border startled me with the intelligence of her husband's death. I never knew, and I never shall know, the extent of her sufferings, privations, and trials. Not only poverty and its attendant woes haunted her married life, but her husband proved himself a gambler and drunkard as well. I do not think she would have ever informed me again of her whereabouts, had not a relation of her husband pitied her penniless position, and left her enough to live on, so that she could apprise me of this only gleam of sunshine upon her sorrowing widowhood. Too proud to receive help from me, or any one else, I was so glad she was placed beyond the reach of poverty. Since the time I speak of she has been abroad, chiefly for the sake of Frank's education; and so, at last, after many, many years, I have persuaded them to pay me a visit. I wonder how she is, and how she looks!"

After this recital, my grandmother wiped her spectacles, and we girls talked about the expected visitors the rest of the day, framing all sorts of mental pictures of them, wondering how they would look, whether the two old ladies would be demonstratively affectionate, and above all—as was only natural—what sort of young man Frank Dufresne would prove himself to be.

In our old-fashioned house there were two bedrooms at the rear, especially reserved for visitors. These opened out on a verandah, from which could be discerned the pleasant wood in the distance, and the weird old oak tree, whose wide-spreading, far-reaching branches seemed as if they would fain lovingly grasp the balcony railings. These apartments, of course, were to be apportioned to our guests. How well I can remember the trouble we took to renovate and make them bright! Old coverings were removed, the furniture was polished; ornaments, fetched from all sorts of imaginable nooks about the house, were placed on the mantelpieces, the daintiest toilet-covers and the whitest of snowy-white hangings and coverlets suddenly made their appearance; and we girls put the final touches to it all, by placing everywhere some of the choicest flowers that our garden could produce.

How well I remember the delight of expectancy that took possession of us at that time! We could not set about our allotted tasks with our usual ease; we did not move about the house as was our wont. A sense of coming change over our monotonous days set our hearts fluttering, until, in the vague eagerness of expectancy, we almost grew uneasy and impatient.

The long-expected day at last arrived. How well I remember what a stately picture my grandmother made as she walked into the room and seated herself by the window, attired in a black satin dress, brocaded with large flowers, with her deep lace collar fastened by an antique emerald and diamond brooch—an heirloom of the family, and only worn on state occasions—wearing her white lace cap, through which peeped the folds of her snowy hair! And how charming Flora looked, dressed in pure white, with her waving mass of jet curls, and wondering eyes that always seemed to sparkle with fun or mischief! How vividly I can remember that summer's afternoon, the air full of warmth, our hearts full of gladness!

I think Flora's quick ears first detected the faint rumble of the distant carriage, and Flora's

sharp eyes first hailed the approach of our visitors. They drove up to the door and alighted, and my grandmother welcomed them with a demonstrative eagerness quite delightful to behold. All her youthful ardour seemed suddenly to come back, as she embraced Mrs. Dufresne, calling her by all the pet names in the vocabulary. "Are you quite certain you have not left the rug in the carriage, and where are my shawls?" said Mrs. Dufresne, whose voice, addressed to Frank, had a plaintive harshness, as if her cares had sharpened it.

Frank having satisfied his mother that the articles in question were safe, Flora and I, who had as yet kept somewhat in the rear, now came forward and were formally introduced to the visitors.

The impression they made on me then, in the hurry of my first introduction, is the impression I have of them now, as I write, after the lapse of many years. In every way mother and son presented a marked contrast, being just as dissimilar as two people of opposite sexes and ages could by any possibility be. Mrs. Dufresne was short in stature, with attenuated features, cold, sharp eyes, and compressed, thin lips. Her glance seemed to have a critical light in it, as if she only surveyed you to find fault; her voice had a querulous dissonance, which gradually subsided into a drawl; while her manner was either unpleasantly fussy or decorously constrained. I felt a sense of antagonism when first I pressed her hand and met her cold stare; I felt that sense now stealing over me, deepened by the years that have sped. Even in the gentler thoughts that sweep over me as I trace these lines, I still cannot overcome the dislike I felt for Mrs. Dufresne.

Through the mists of years the figure of this woman's son arises before me, clad in all its sunny attractiveness, as a perfect contrast to his mother. I cannot describe wherein lay the essence of this attractiveness. To particularise or analyse his appearance is beyond the reach of my woman's pen. What if he had even, regular features, cast in the Grecian mould; the brightest of frank, blue eyes; the high, intellectual forehead; and the most winning smile that ever lit well-shaped lips; and, moreover, that his figure was faultless in its symmetrical proportions? What of this! These characteristics and attributes may belong to thousands of young men whom we pass or meet with in life, and ignore. I am certain that if he had been plain instead of a fine-featured, handsome man, that I still would have at once recognised and felt the charm of his winning presence. Striving to analyse this something now, in the silent calm of my old age, when my soul has freed itself from the wild hopes and uneasy desires that once possessed it, I find that Frank Dufresne's wonderful attractiveness must have consisted in the radiance of a happy, hopeful, kindly spirit, that saw the best and made the best of everybody and everything, and in the quick-witted intelligence of a mind brightened with the refining influence of good books and clever companionship. After our first introduction we separated, and met again over the tea-table. Of course, Frank was the presiding genius there; he amused us all with an account of his journeying, remembering everything of interest, and with the keenest possible sense of the ludicrous, narrating each droll adventure, with all the humorous vivacity that characterised him. We all abandoned ourselves to the joyful influence of that mirth-aching hour. My grandmother lost her impressive sedateness, and Flora's always sunny face was re-animated with a still brighter radiance. Mrs. Dufresne kept out of sight during the evening. Wrapped in a very highly-coloured Indian shawl, which did not at all match her complexion, she dived complacently in a corner of the room. I think I was more animated than Flora that evening. But without being merrily disposed like her, my nature was more evenly genial. My sister was subject to sudden transitions of moods; without being ever petulant, she was often sad.

On this eventful night, whilst I was doing my very best to play one of Mendelssohn's tenderest "songs without words" to our listening guests, my darling interrupted me, and her dear face, as she did so, wore a particularly grave expression. "Don't you think our friends are tired, and would like to retire?" said she.

"I am not at all fatigued," answered Frank; "but I see you are accustomed to retire early. Come, mother, let us bid our friends good-night."

Before I had time to reply, Mrs. Dufresne, suddenly trying to arouse herself, went towards where my grandmother was sitting, and while her son was heartily shaking us by the hand, and amid a profusion of "good-nights" and "pleasant dreams," uttered in a sort of chorus by everybody present, my grandmother slowly escorted our guests to their rooms. Soon afterwards, my sister and I ascended the stairs to our own; and so this eventful, long-looked-for day—a day which was to mark a change in our lives—like everything hoped for on earth—came to its irrevocable end.

(To be continued.)

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—Portland Ad.

THE LOST OCCASION — 1880.

Some die too late and some too soon, At early morning, heat of noon, Or the chill evening twilight. Thou, Whom the rich heaven did endow With eyes of power and Jove's own brow, With all the massive strength that fills Thy home horizon's granite hills, With sweet gifts of heart and head From mantle's stock inherited, New England's staidest type of man, In port and speech Olympian; When no one met, at first, but took A second awe and wondering look (As turned, perchance, the eyes of Greece On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece); Whose words, in simplest home-spun cloth, The Saxon strength of Cadmon's had, With power reserved at need to reach The Roman forum's loftiest speech, Sweet with persuasion, eloquent In passion, cool in argument, Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes As fell the Norse god's hammer blows, Crushing, as if with Talus' flail, Through error's logic-woven mail, And falling only when they tried The adamant of the righteous side— Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved Of old friends, by the new deceived, Too soon for us, too soon for thee, Beside thy lonely northern sea, Where long and low the marsh-lands spread, Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below Thy feet disunion's fierce upthrust, — The late sprung mine that underlaid Thy sad concessions vainly made, Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's wall The star-drag of the Union fall, And armed rebellion passing on The broken lines of Washington! No stronger voice than thine had then Called out the utmost might of men, To make the Union's charter free And strengthen law by liberty, How had that stern arbitrament To thy gray age youth's vigor lent, Shaming ambition's pally prize Before thy disillusioned eyes; Breaking the spell about thee wound Like the green withes that Samson bound, Redeeming, in one effort grand, Thyself and thy imperiled land! Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee, O sleeper by the northern sea, The gates of opportunity! God fills the gap of human need, Each crisis brings its word and deed, Wise men and strong we did not lack; But still with memory turning back In the dark hours we sought of thee And thy lone grave beside the sea.

Above that grave the east winds blow, And from the marsh-lands drifting slow The sea-fog comes, with evermore The wave-wash of a lonely shore, And sea-bird's melancholy cry, As nature fain would typify The sadness of a closing scene, The loss of that which once hath been, But, where thy native mountains bare Their forehead to diviner air, Fit emblem of enduring fame, One lofty summit keeps thy name, For thee the cosmic forces did The tearing of that pyramid, The present ages shaping with Fire, flood, and frost thy month, Sunrise and sunset lay their sun With hands of light their benison, The stars of midnight pause to set Their jewels in its coronet, And evermore the mountain mass Seems climbing from the shadowy pass To light, as if to manifest Thy nobler self, thy life at best!

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN FRANCE ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

BY HUGO VON RADOWITZ.

IV. GERMANY. II.

As everywhere, in the development of the social life of the German nation, the spirit of corporations and guilds was prominent, and as this spirit always came to the front, in spite of the legal abolition of the old regulations with regard to such corporations; so it happened also long ago in the student circles, which as representatives of the rising youth, show the national character most freely and clearly. The division according to nationalities (Landsmannschaften), derived from the Paris University and which then led to colleges and boarding academies, in Germany led to the freer unions of the students. The subjects of the different German countries drew closer together at the universities, and formed so-called Landsmannschaften, made their own laws and statutes, and drew up again among themselves fixed duelling regulations. These Landsmannschaften, in which nationality was not after all an absolute condition of membership, had only social ends in view, and not scientific or political ones. They regulated the intercourse of the students according to definite, sharply drawn laws, and resembled in some respects the guilds and trade unions. In them too, one was obliged to pass an apprenticeship, in order to become a real and bona-fide member of the union; they were controlled by chiefs freely chosen from among the members.

Already in the end of the last century there was formed alongside of these Landsmannschaften other unions, which, following the humanistic, philanthropic tendency of the time, set up as their aim the happiness of humanity, appointed various orders, dealt in secrecy, and were essentially offshoots of the Freemasons, from whom they borrowed many symbolical forms and usages. In 1746 the Moselbund was founded in Jena, in 1761 the order of the Amicisten. But this secrecy business appeared dangerous to the Government, and the Reichstag at Regensburg passed in 1783 strict prohibitions against secret orders of students, which accordingly ceased to exist.

As before mentioned, in the years 1818-14-15

and later, Burschenschaften were founded with a definite political tendency, making the goal of their endeavours the uniting of Germany and the establishment of a republican or at least decidedly constitutional government. They stood consequently in the most decided contrast to the Landsmannschaften, as well as in their tendency—for the latter eschewed all political activity and represented, whenever they did come in contact with public questions, the monarchical and particularist or separate nationality principle—as in the way and manner of student life.

These old Burschenschaften have to-day no longer any raison d'être, as the goal of their endeavours, the unity of Germany and a constitutional form of government, have been reached. However, their essential character still exists among the students of to-day, and consists in basing the university unions upon the likeness of political opinions, and using these unions as a preparation for political life. The Landsmannschaften, on the other hand, have developed their old principles still more sharply, and assume that the student unions should be of a purely friendly, social nature, and should serve merely for the moral education of its members. Besides, as the national bond (Landsmannschaftlicher Band) no longer exists, and has under the present political relations no more meaning, they have adopted the name of Corps, and stand in as sharp contrast as formerly to the Burschenschaften.

Let us now cast a glance at the German Corps of to-day, their inner organization, and the unions existing among them.

The principal criterion of the Corps is, after the keeping free from all political tendency, the endeavour, expressed in their laws and ordinances, to bind the intercourse of the students among each other by fast and inviolable rules, which shall exclude all arbitrariness and coarseness. As means to this end we find in all the corps the principle of unconditional subjection of the individual to the laws, and a self-appointed authority; as well as the compulsion of duelling (Duellzwang), that is, the absolute obligation, as an affair of honor, of giving satisfaction, sword in hand, for every insult, as well as of returning the same when insulted, meanwhile paying the strictest attention to the acknowledged rules. This Duellzwang has been the object of much discussion, and it cannot, of course, be denied that, regarded from a philosophical point of view or from the stand-point of strict morality, little can be said in its defence; for self-help when insulted contradicts the idea of a well-ordered state, it is an outcome of the old "Judgment of God" and in many cases does not accomplish its purpose, for it is, of course, possible and often happens that he who is insulted, is in addition wounded or killed by the weapon of the better practised insulter. But if we take society as it is we must look at the question in another light. Good society demands from every one who wishes to belong to it, that he should challenge every insult, but still more that he should be always ready to give satisfaction when he has insulted another. The officers corps, which pass as an arcepsagus in affairs of honor, expel those members who neglect this duty, and everywhere he who does not accept a challenge or give one when insulted, is excluded from all circles of good society—yes, the laws of the state, which punish so severely the murder or intentional injury of a citizen, have thus far acknowledged the necessity or inevitableness of duelling, in this respect that for killing or injuring in regular duels, all dishonourable punishments are excluded, and even the acknowledged penalties are often commuted or altogether annulled. In our opinion a weighty and incontestable truth lies at the root of this necessity of duels, a necessity acknowledged as well by the morals of society as the laws of the state. Even in the best classes, and in so-called good society, there is always an element, which, from natural coarseness and hastiness of temper, is inclined to violate the laws of good breeding, without which no society can exist, the only means of preserving under all circumstances, the good manners, which, before all, consist in reverential courtesy towards every other member of society, is now the duty imposed on each individual of answering for and giving account of, every word that he speaks, by his person and his life. The penalties allotted by the law for insults are so insignificant, and at the same time almost always to be arranged by money, that they include no satisfaction for the person insulted, so that if they alone were in force there would without doubt be people enough who, laying claim to good society, and, perhaps, in the consciousness of a full purse, would insult right and left according to their humour or their passions. It is plain that by this means the spirit and manners of the tavern (Kneipe) would be introduced into the salons of society, and scarcely any will deny that the code of honor giving personal satisfaction is the only means of keeping good society together. If this be the case, if the Duellzwang holds among all officers and among all gentlemen as an unconditional rule, it appears to us not only natural but also justifiable, that the academic youth also, among whom overbearing insolence and hasty temperaments are more prevalent than among any other circle, should adopt the same rules for its social intercourse, to which every one is subjected, any how, on his entrance into life, later on. The Burschenschaften, which excludes the Duellzwang, stand therefore, perhaps, upon a philosophically proper and reasonable foundation—the corps on the other hand upon a practical and neces-

sary one, which, moreover, corresponds better with the knightly spirit of a youth belonging to the best society.

Finis.

Translated by J. W. Bell for the Canadian Illustrated News. Leipzig, Germany.

CHILDREN.

The uses of children in this world are manifold, and a queer world, indeed, it would be without them. Far be it from me to attempt, within the compass of a brief article, to indicate all that they are, or all that they do; a few points of view are all that I can hope to occupy, and to these but scant justice can be done within the limits at my disposal. Let us think of children as helping to complete the education of their parents. We have all been children in our day, and, as such, we have tried to grapple with the minds of our elders. We have had teachers who, in their day, dealt with us according to their own good pleasure, choosing what knowledge they would impart, and how they would impart it. We have accommodated ourselves to their ideas as best we could, but in many cases but little real, mental illumination was received by us. Since then the world has been our schoolmaster, and we have learnt a good many things *tant bien que mal*. But in order that depth may be given to our knowledge, and that we may understand the nature of our own powers, we need to come, ourselves, into direct contact with the mind of childhood, to study its methods of apprehension, its processes of intellectual nutrition, so to speak, and the gradual development of its ideas. Some parents shirk the labour of instructing their children, but they do so to their own great loss. Not only do they fail to revive much useful knowledge that has slipped away from them, but they miss the best of all means for counteracting that rigidity of thought into which the mature mind so readily falls. The child-mind is fresh and free from prejudice. It may ask many profitless questions, but it asks, also, many that ought to be both asked and answered, and thus forces to reflection all but those who are most dead in conventional opinions. The mind of any parent who is faithfully teaching his own child—teaching it, that is to say, what he believes and knows, not merely what he has more or less indifferently received—is kept continually open to new ideas, and thus preserves its youth, while others, who do not give themselves this advantage, are visibly growing old. There is this further benefit in it that the parent is able to measure his own intellectual progress by the greater command he finds himself to have over the whole field of his early studies. It is often the case that a man opening after a lapse of years some Greek or Latin book that he studied as a boy will find that, although much of the grammar and many of the words have slipped from him, he yet has an easier and a fuller grasp of the meaning of what he reads than he ever had in his earlier days. The reason is that he has risen to the level of the thoughts that the book contains. Experience has taught him what no schoolmaster could ever have taught him, and he now deals with all the elements of thought and expression with superior power—the power of a matured intellect. But to get the full advantage of this new realization of power, some educational work should be taken in hand, and the man who has no children of his own upon whom to bestow his attention, is at a serious loss. The schoolmaster is very well in his way, but we make too much of him, and throw too heavy burdens on his shoulders. It is at home that the intellectual life of the child should be quickened, and the child prepared for the reception and assimilation of the instruction to be imparted at school. Children, again, help to complete the moral education of their parents by holding up to them an image, more or less faithful, not only of what they were as children, but of what they are as men and women. There is nothing in any child that somebody has not put into it. There is there a definite combination of pre-existing elements of character; and if the combination is not satisfactory, the last persons to find fault should be the parents. They should have known what manner of people they were before producing their like; but, the thing being done, their obvious duty is to do the very best in their power by the little beings they have launched on the world. The children have faults; whose faults? Look close, my friend, and you will see your own individual failings there—your proneness to anger, perhaps, or your want of candour, your insensibility, your selfishness, your envy, your want of self-control. Nature kindly holds up to you a glass, in which you can see yourself as you probably never saw yourself before, and thus gives you the opportunity of grappling with your besetting sins with a clearer perception than you ever before had of what they are. You see, now, how they look in another, and a somewhat painful sight it is. Nature, however, while giving you this sight, furnishes you with the strongest motive for self-discipline and self-improvement. You would not wish your child to grow up under the dominion of these faults. Then you must first check them in yourself. You cannot, indeed, altogether neutralize the effect of the inheritance you have transmitted, but you can, by taking the right means, prevent it producing its full effect. The first thing you should arm yourself with is patience, remembering the source of

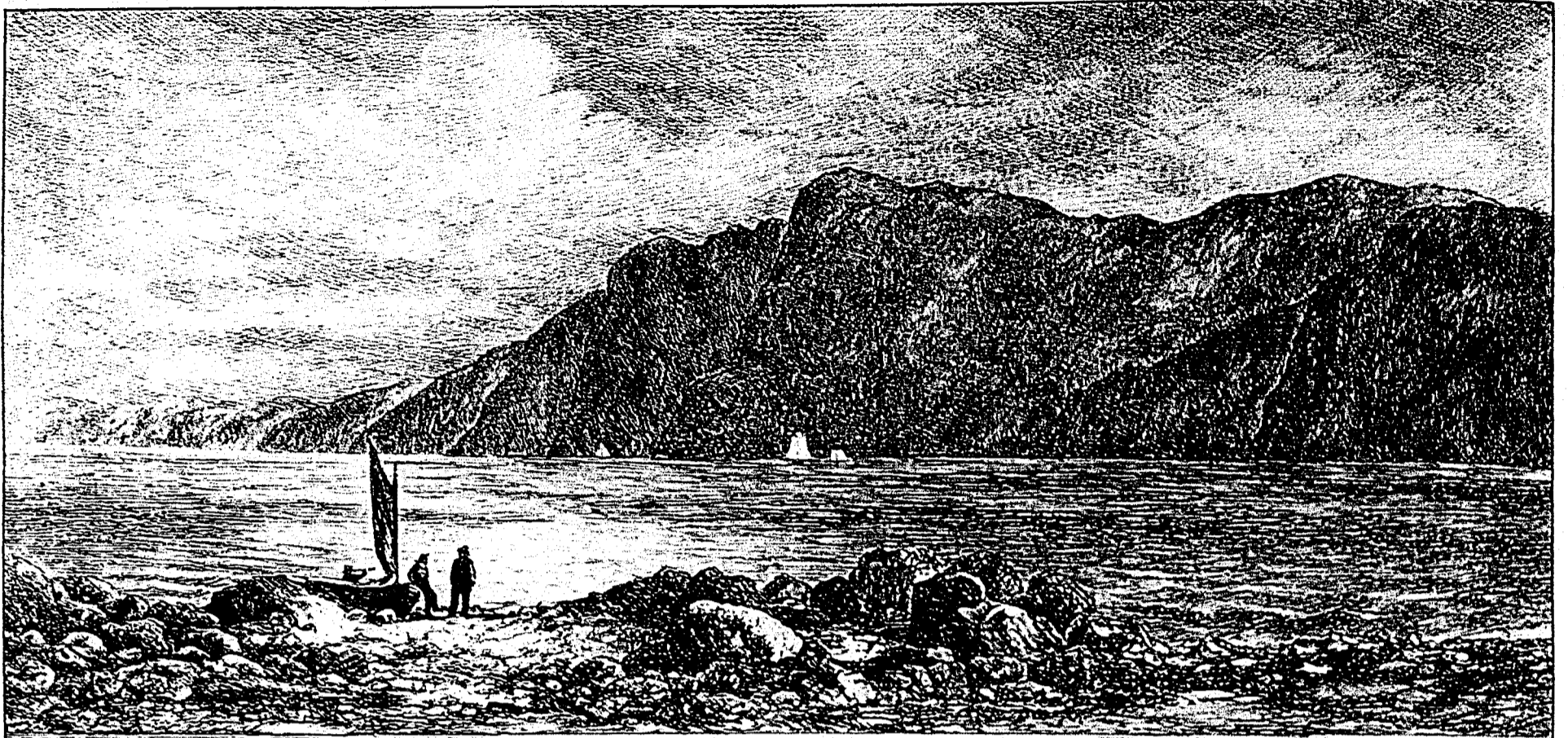
the infirmities with which you have to deal. Some parents unfortunately have what may be called the character-sense too feebly developed to perceive the elements that enter into their children's characters, or to institute any comparison between their children and themselves. Such can never be thoughtful instructors, and will never consciously aim at self-improvement. In general, however, we may say without hesitation, that it is, or ought to be, a great aid to a man or woman's own moral education to have the characters of their own children to study and to mould. The sense of responsibility alone which this creates in any well-constituted mind adds depth to the character at once.

Let our children resemble us as closely as they may, they will yet differ from us, too. They come into the world, say a quarter of a century later, and the influences that breathe upon their lives are not precisely the same as those which breathed upon ours. Time does not run on for nothing, and parents, whose ideas are very fixed, are apt to find themselves *arriérés* when they come to compare notes with the rising generation. Poor old Colonel Newcome was quite baffled by the ardor of the younger generation in his day, for a certain Mr. Tennyson, who was then coming into notice as a poet; and some of us who have grown up under the shadow of Tennyson's fame, will find ourselves similarly out of our reckoning in regard to other rising geniuses, if we do not take care. Let us, then, learn from our children, who are themselves the nurslings of the time, what things are being prepared for the coming age. We may not be able to adapt ourselves to the latest fashion in thought or in taste, but we should be able to survey all things with philosophic calm, and, as far as possible, with philosophic comprehension. *Nil admirari* is a poor motto; but it is well not to be too much amazed at anything. Sheer amazement is the natural accompaniment of sheer ignorance, for no one can be utterly amazed at anything he even partly understands. The angels, we are told, looked forward to the solving of the problem of the ages, and we, too, should keep a forward gaze in order that we may catch as distinct a glimpse as possible, and widen to the utmost limits our synthesis of the universe. With this object we should converse, both with the old and with the young—with the old, that we may understand the age that is past; with the young, that we may understand the age that is to come. Clearly, then, children ought to be a great blessing to their parents, morally and intellectually. Where they are not—where they are simply felt as a burden and an anxiety—where the ever-recurring question is what to do with them? how to keep them out of mischief? how to settle them in life? how to make them satisfactory members of society?—something must be terribly wrong; the responsibilities of parentage must have been assumed without any adequate preparation, or any intelligent sense of responsibility. This, indeed, is a crying evil under the sun, but its discussion does not lie within the limits of the present paper.

W. D. L. E. S.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

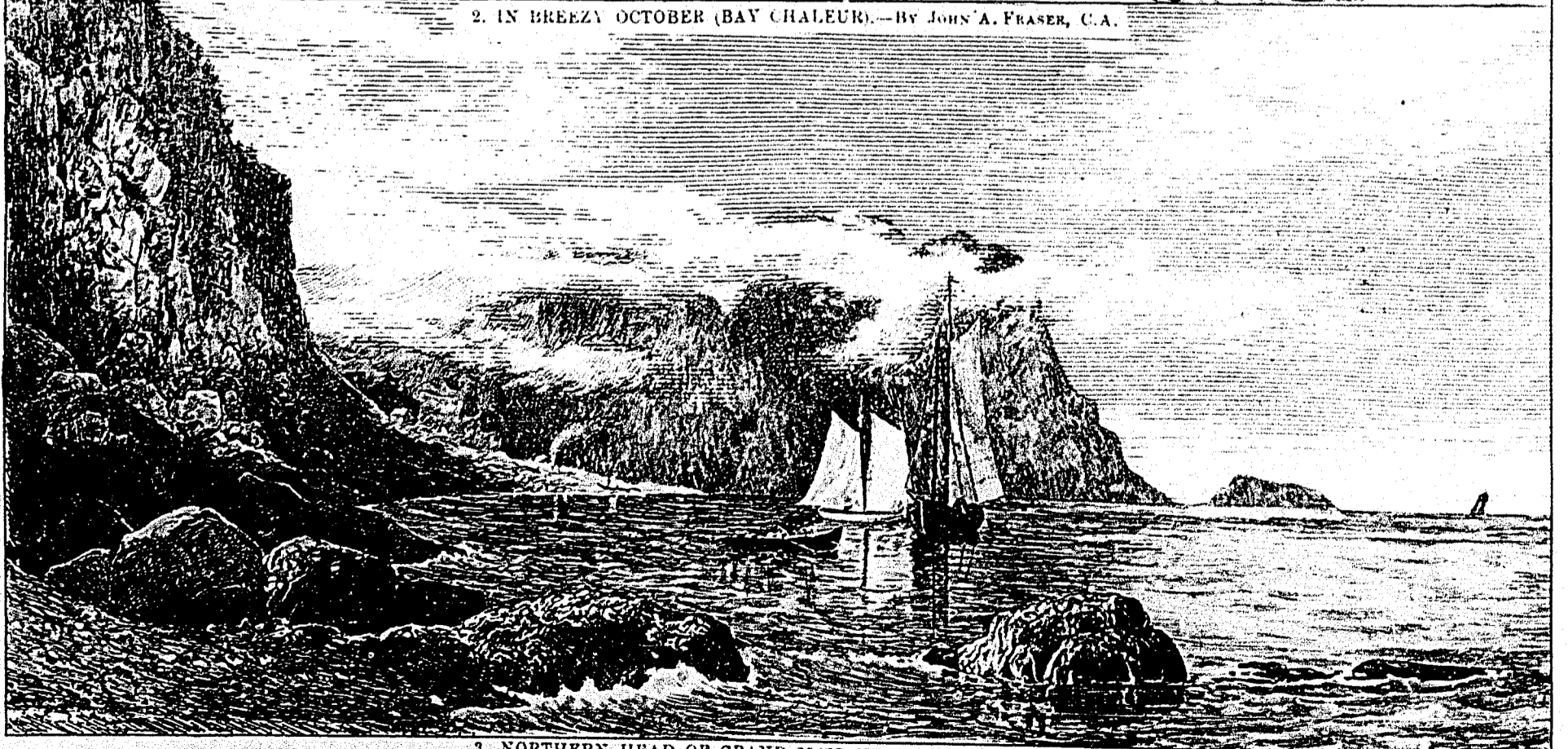
WOMEN resemble flowers. They saut up when they sleep. ANDAMAN island widows wear the skulls of their deceased husbands on their shoulders. It is said that Gail Hamilton can talk to twelve people at once. A Gatling gun in petticoats, as it were. A NEW spring bonnet is called the "Nihilist." A "blow up" at the breakfast table is anticipated when the husband sees the bill for it. EVERY time two women meet on the street and kiss, the thermometer sinks 17 degrees and people hustle around and bank up their cellar windows. THE waves of a woman's handkerchief have wrecked many a man, and the waves of a woman's hand without the kerchief have wrecked many a small boy. THE Parisian says that as the tendency now is, the ladies will soon wear dresses so tight-fitting that they will have to soak them in warm water in order to take them off. WHEN a boy falls and peels the skin off his nose the first thing he does is to get up and yell. When a girl tumbles and hurts herself badly the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress. "MAMMA," said little Henry, putting his arm around his mother's neck, and laying his cheek against hers, "will God wipe the tears away from my eyes if I can't find you when I get into the new Jerusalem?" A MILWAUKEE mother sent her boy to school in girl's clothes to shame him for playing truant. If that boy doesn't grow up to be a pirate, it is because the life of a Leadville highwayman offers more inducement to his soaring ambition. A YOUNG New Yorker was introduced to a Boston girl, and before they were acquainted 30 minutes she got so spooney that she called him an asterolepis, a Silurian placoid and a cartilaginous vertebrate. He returned to New York by the midnight train. EASTER evening chat: "Did you see Miss Fitzjoy's hat? Was it not charming?" "Yes, a pretty hat; but the same feather she has worn for three seasons, and the flowers that she wore season before last." "Ominous and dreadful silence." AN Indiana girl who sued for a breach of promise, found all her love letters confronting her in court, and rather than have the jury know that she spelled it "maicy" for marry, "harte" for heart, and "hapie" for happy, she withdrew the suit. Young man, see the point? Save your love letters. AFTER family prayers, a few evenings since, says an exchange, a little boy asked: "Mamma, how can God hear folks pray when He's so far away?" Before the lady could frame a suitable reply a sunny-faced little miss of five summers vehemently said: "I'll 'ex' but He's dot telephones a runnin' to every place."



1. CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY.—BY L. R. O'BRIEN, C.A.



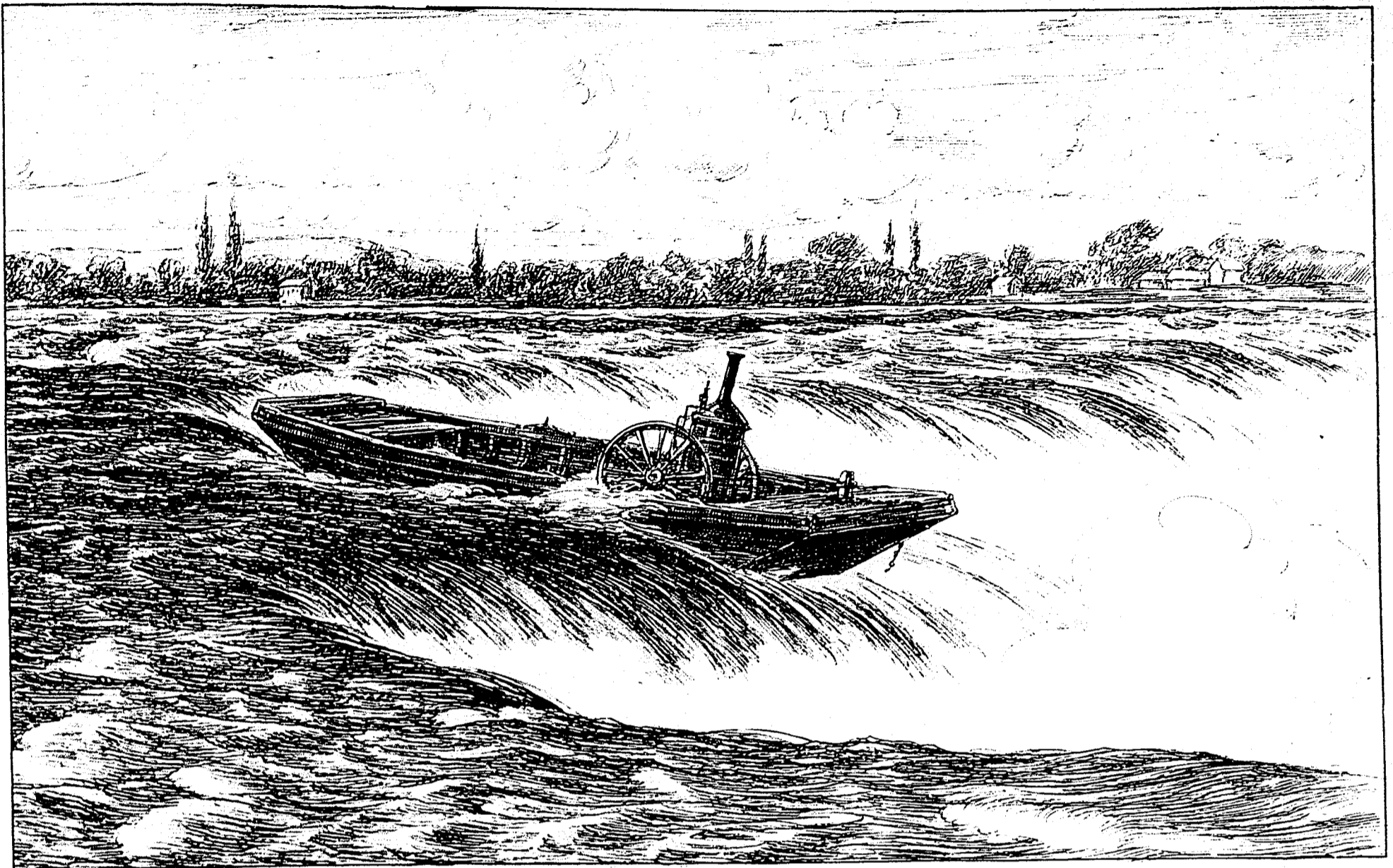
2. IN BREEZY OCTOBER (BAY CHALEUR).—BY JOHN A. FRASER, C.A.



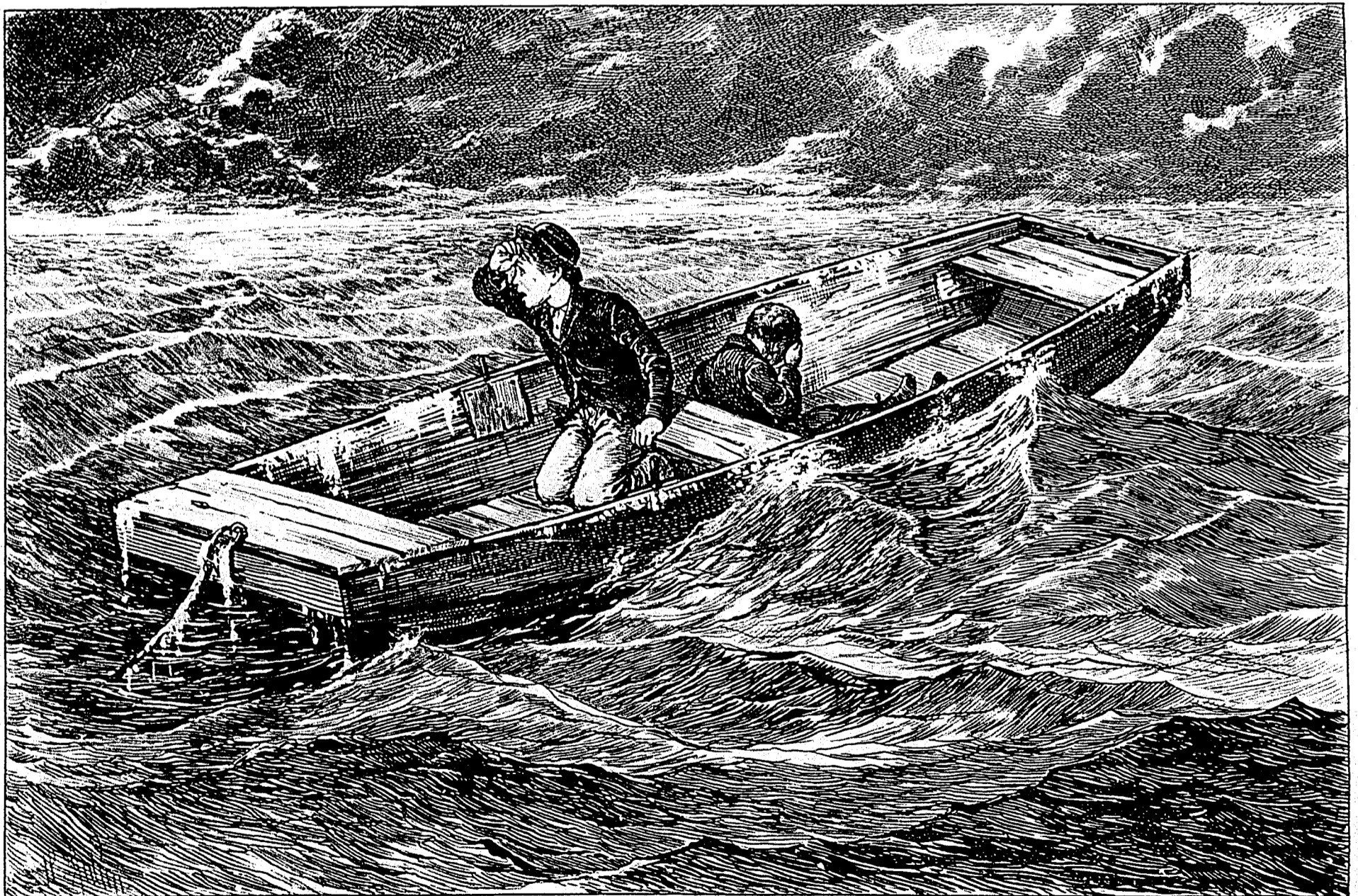
3. NORTHERN HEAD OF GRAND MANAN.—BY L. R. O'BRIEN, C.A.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN & SANDHAM.



OTTAWA.—SCOW SHOOTING THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.



LOST ON LAKE ONTARIO.

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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 XXXI.

THE COUNCIL OF THREE.

In reply to the question, "Did he know of one Fred Holman?" he regretted his ignorance on the subject; that as a consequence he could not furnish the intelligence desired; that nothing could afford him greater pleasure than to have done so; and were it necessary he would make it his business to ascertain where he resided. None knew better than he the dwelling of that man; but poverty had so sharpened his senses that it seemed as though he could smell the coming guinea a long way off.

On reaching the back of the house the first act was to run into the kitchen forming the stable of "Bones," and taking the wretched creature by the fore legs to make him walk erect around the room. Poverty had formed a powerful sympathy between the man and the brute. This act being common with the apothecary when a ray from the sunshine of hope flowed into his dark soul, the beast, either conscious of the joy of his master, or remembering that such conduct was always followed by a feed of corn, cheerfully submitted to the practice, and seemed himself to enjoy it.

Clara Chillington soon visited the home of her childhood's companion, and with the humility of a superior mind received the thousand thanks from the grateful hearts there. The noble mindedness of Fred Holman in the hour of his deepest adversity had not been forgotten by Clara. By means of that intuitive light with which women more frequently than men read the human character correctly, she had formed the opinion that such a person as he might be made a confidant. From her conversation with him she quickly found she had enlisted a faithful ally, ready to serve her in any manner for finding out the lost one.

Fred Holman was a man of the world, and knew the movements of Sir Harry far better than most persons. To him the baronet had always been a disgust; and his hatred of the doings of the man made him a willing agent to serve the daughter against the father. Moreover, Charles Freeman was an old school-fellow, and to serve him at the request of Clara he would dare a great deal. The interview, therefore, resulted in an appointment to meet at Sapphire Cottage.

Reaching Sapphire Cottage, Uncle Jacob stood ready to receive Clara. The old man had been impatiently watching for her arrival, and during the little delay had become so excited lest she should fail to be present, that in his indignation he threatened to pull the nose off old Betty with the tongs, did she dare to open the door again without being called. The cause of this threat against his servant was that she had entered the room for some trifling purpose just at the moment he thought he heard the rattling of carriage wheels in the distance, and had placed his ear against the window pane more readily to catch the sound. Being disturbed at such a time he became furious, and snatching the tongs from their resting-place pursued the old woman to the door. To say that Jacob Winter was afterward sorry for permitting this outburst of feeling, would only be to repeat what was characteristic of his everyday life. He was forever sinning and repenting; inflicting thoughtless injury on the feelings of persons, and making restitution. It was with great warmth of feeling he received his visitor, and scarcely had he done so when another rap was heard at the door. This time it was Fred Holman.

On seeing who entered the room, Uncle Jacob placed his spectacles on his nose and stood looking at the stranger with an odd mixture of curiosity and reverence. The old man's inquisitiveness was aroused to find out the character of Fred Holman, and his reverence toward him was excited as the fancies of a more satisfactory assurance that his *protege* was living. Standing with his back to the fire, his left foot stretched forward, and his arms crossed, the old man gazed through his glasses in silence. Such conduct under other circumstances he would quickly have resented, but being advised beforehand of the old man's eccentricities, he feigned not to regard it.

Having satisfied himself with the appearance of Fred Holman, Uncle Jacob offered him his hand in true cordiality; and lavishing on him an amount of praise as the finder of the paper written by Charles Freeman, requested him to be seated.

The council of three sat in solemn debate. The subject for discussion was the whereabouts of Charles Freeman. That slip of paper told that he was alive; but what had become of him? where was he concealed? what was he

suffering? A multitude of crude theories were started by Uncle Jacob, and as many half-formed plans for finding him out, until his brain became confused by the number of his own thoughts, and the earnestness with which he leaped from one to the other, dragged his companions into the same vortex. Eagerness marked the spirit of that plotting trio. Clara and Uncle Jacob were prepared to advance any amount of money, and Fred Holman stood ready to make any attempt, or to dare any risk, that he might serve his friends. But what could they do in the matter? The half-formed plans of the old man were numerous, but from them all not one could be constructed that was practical, and for the reason that from their multitude they had become so entangled that to find a beginning, or an end, in any of them, was an impossibility. The three sat in long debate; but it quickly appeared both to Clara and Fred Holman that if anything were to be done, a clearer head than that of Jacob Winter must produce the plan.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

John Williams had lived upon the salt junk and hard tack of the British navy from his boyhood. In childhood he had left his mother, and a sister, that he might enter on board a man-o'-war. There he had received his nautical education; there he had stretched his inches into full-grown manhood; and there he remained until his keen eye as captain of the maintop failed him, and until Time had sprinkled his locks with grey, and had made a bo'sun of him.

Many years had passed since that brave sailor had visited his native place. His mother had been long dead, and the sister of his childhood love,—and in this particular John Williams had never outgrown his childhood—had ceased to communicate with him. This silence was his only real sorrow, and frequently when standing on the maintop, and looking down on the deep blue waters as they rolled in ceaseless agitation far beneath him, would he enquire, "Has she forgotten me? Can it be true that years have swept me from her affection?" Had she ceased to love her brother, that she neglected to return an answer to his letters! Those letters should have been held sacred by her, for they were written amidst the bustle of ship life; frequently too in sight of the enemy, and when the "Good-bye, dear Polly," with which they always closed, might be the last he would ever record. Had she ceased to value those letters, not one of which had left his hand without being first moistened with the holy water which springs from the well of pure affection! In courage he was dauntless and brave; but as with all noble natures, he would never flinch nor blanch in the hour of danger, nor in facing the fiercest foe, thought it not unmanly to find the tear-drop floating in his eye at the remembrance of a much-loved sister. She had not forgotten him, and her neglect arose from the unhappy fact that she had ceased to regard herself. She was the mother of Mad Tom.

Being now discharged from active service, with his pay, his prize money, and his little pension, he sought the home of his childhood in the fond yet faint hope of finding traces of her he had not ceased to love.

What a change had come over everything! The old man seemed to be all gone, for he could find none; the youth of his boyhood had become old men, and even inanimate nature appeared to mock his efforts to recognize points of familiarity, having changed as though to keep pace with the advance of mankind. This disappointment produced disgust, and he felt that he would rather be in a place altogether strange to him, than live as a stranger in a place he had once called his home. While musing on the transitory nature of all things earthly, and on the fact that he had not yet met with a person he knew, there appeared approaching him an old man, rolling along with the gait of a sailor.

"Morning," curtly said the intruder on the reverie of John Williams, as he passed on.

"Good-morning, ship-mate," was the reply; and as he spoke a thought was struck from his brain that he remembered the face which had just passed him. Acting on this impression, he enquired, "Are ye out on a cruise this morning?"

This interrogation brought the old man to a stand, and he answered, "Well, ye see, I always takes a stretch off the first thing in the morning, as, in my opinion, it makes the rigging run better for the rest of the day."

"Just so; I daresay you've always cruised off this coast?"

"Not always; I've sailed more than once

around the world; but I'm out of commission now for long voyages."

"Was you launched from this port?"

"I was; I was run off the stocks into deep water when I was about ten years old."

"Did you happen to know old John Williams, the man-o'-war's man; him I mean as was laid up in ordinary after he had a fin shot away, and one of his skylights knocked out?"

"I should think I did. I remember as though it were but yesterday that his son Jack and I were playing with a daughter of the old man's, a good deal younger than either of us, and that to please the child we stood her on the top of a tar tub. Well, you see, while she was dancing and capering about there, what should happen but that the lid gives way and she fell inside. Of course, we fished her out as soon as we could, but such a curious sight as she was I never before saw, and I daresay shall never see again; but although it was an accident, when we got the girl once more on dry land we had to run for it to get away from the old man, who set every stitch of canvas he could lay on that he might overhaul us. He soon run alongside of Jack, and giving him a cut or two with a rope's end set sail again after me. It was a stern chase. I'd got my skysails set, and with the wind aloft was bowling along at the top of my speed. I should soon have run the old chap below the horizon, but on turning a corner I came stem on an old woman, and she and I fell sprawling together in the street. In this collision our rigging got foul, and before I could cut myself adrift the enemy was alongside. Lashing me fast amidstships, he took me at once into port. I cry yew, the old fellow made both Jack and me cry *pecorari* for that job."

This incident of former years produced strong emotions in the heart of John Williams, and he immediately enquired,

"Are you Dick Backstay?"

"The same, my hearty; and what ship may you be?"

"I am the John Williams who was with you."

On hearing this assertion, the former hitched his trousers, turned his quid, cocked his hat a little on one side, and then drawing himself up to his full height, exclaimed:

"Never! Are you Jack Williams? I could only think of you as being a boy now. Give us your flipper, old fellow."

"But what about the girl, Dick; what has become of her?"

At this question Dick Backstay became serious; his tall form again contracted; his lips quivered and turned pale; and looking into the face of the companion of his boyhood, his heart became filled with deep emotion and he was silent. The manner and silence of his friend conveyed to the mind of John Williams the impression that all was not right with her he fondly sought for. Having recovered his self-command, he drew his companion toward a rock, and seating themselves he told out the mournful story of the mother of Mad Tom.

In the first gush of feeling flowing from a mind in agony, John Williams exclaimed:

"Sir Harry Chillington is a villain!"

"He is," replied the old man, glad enough to hear his voice uttering some kind of sound.

"He is a villain, and I'll be revenged."

"So would I," replied the other; and with an expression that seemed to tell he thought it to be only right to say so, did his companion hoping also that it would prove a successful palliative to the sorrow he had unintentionally inflicted on him.

"Oh, my poor, poor sister!" exclaimed John Williams, and as his soul returned from that state of torpidity into which the benumbing intelligence had cast it, the brave-hearted sailor buried his face in his hands to hide the tokens of his grief. For a moment his frame shook in deep convulsion, then raising his head, he continued, "Dick, the world has now become a blank to me; I have lost, shamefully lost, all that I had to live for. The star of my hope, faintly as it shone in the dim distance of imagination, is now set forever. I feel that my heart will burst from the fullness of feeling oppressing it. Ruined,—discarded,—dead. Oh! why did the shot of the enemy spare me to listen to such a story?"

"Don't say so, Jack, don't, there's a good fellow. You have struck on a sunken rock that wasn't marked in your chart, and it has shook you from stem to stern; but back your topsails, my hearty, heave out your kedge anchor, and pull with a will, and you'll come off again. When they told me the *Fairy Queen* was lost, I was shattered from bulwarks to keelson. I felt that it was no good for me to have been born if I couldn't be drowned in her along with the captain; but I got over it in time, and so will you."

The sentiment of this attempt at encouragement, rather than the manner of it, touched a chord of reflection in the stronger and better trained mind of John Williams, and nerved him to look more calmly at the intelligence he had so suddenly and unexpectedly received. Thought succeeded thought in the brain of the brave sailor, and at length a resolution was formed which once more raised his feelings, but the details of it he kept to himself. This only did he require of his friend, that he should keep his name a secret, and never let it appear that he was other than a stranger in the town.

To this proposal Dick Backstay readily agreed, and the two men became inseparable. Having now no one to live for but himself, the little John Williams possessed was gladly shared with the play-fellow of his boyhood; but receiving aid from a shipmate the latter was decidedly

opposed to, yet the other knew well how to share his means with him without inflicting on his independent spirit the feeling of obligation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OBTAINING A CLUE.

They who occupied the Chateau were Monsieur Du Boulay, Madame—the old woman—Monsieur Henri—a nephew—and Lisette. Monsieur himself was a Frenchman of the old school, tall, cadaverous, stiff, great in ruffles and cuffs, dressed chiefly in black, and he never appeared in the presence of strangers without wearing a dress sword. He was a social man to a certain extent; that is to say, although he seldom left the grounds of the Chateau, he was not so exclusive in his habits as to refuse to entertain visitors. The Frenchman had three sets of guests; the military men of the district, the local politicians, and the local philosophers. Possessing a superficial knowledge of the arts of war, of politics and of science, it was his delight to be thought military, a politician, and a *savant*.

How does Monsieur de Boulay manage to live? was a problem not to be readily solved, and afforded the scandal-mongers a rich opportunity for speculation. That Monsieur did live was certain; and as each one forming the different coteries procured an item in his expenditure from the business men with whom he dealt, it was found, when they were all collected and footed up, that his income far exceeded the needy condition he was generally, although privately, thought to occupy. Moreover, it was found that his quarterly accounts were always paid with great promptness, and that his creditors never had to send in a bill twice. This latter fact was more surprising than all, and notwithstanding to many whose curiosity was excited about his affairs, as it stood as a reproach to those foremost in debating his circumstances.

It had been noticed by the coteries in Calais, that the circumstances of Monsieur had greatly improved since the old woman had lived at the Chateau. Who she was, and where she came from nobody among them could tell. They who visited the house, and such as did not visit, but had seen her elsewhere, were alike baffled in their conjectures; and in the wit which is sometimes born of anger, declared that from her appearance it was possible for her to be an antediluvian, who had either come out of the ark, or had escaped drowning during the flood by hiding in a hole. The doctor was a great man at the coteries, and on the subject of Madame at the Chateau, was thought to be an oracle. He had studied at the Ecole de Medicine at Paris, and from this fact was supposed to know everything. His opinion was, so he said, that she was immortal; that all the vital fluids had long since been absorbed by length of years, and that it was only by rubbing her person with a magical elixir, science had not yet been able to find out the nature of, that she retained the power of speech and of locomotion. Whether the doctor really believed his own statement, or whether he simply employed it as being a demand of the times, and to favor an idea of some of his best paying patients, whose morbid minds would not be satisfied unless something of the supernatural was mixed up in the matter, cannot be determined; but it is certain that this opinion went to confirm many of them in the belief that the "Black Art" was practised at the Chateau, and that the old woman was in some way associated with it.

The nephew of Monsieur, Henri, although he called the Chateau his home, did not always choose to make it his residence. He preferred living in Calais, and returning only when he had business with his uncle, or when his exchequer, seldom abundant, was depleted. Monsieur Henri was a young man of cunning and will, but also of such an amount of conceit, as when practised by a skillful hand, to neutralize them both, and to render him an easy dupe. The young Frenchman was exceedingly vain of his appearance, which so far as the bare outline of face and form was concerned was what might be termed passable; but there was a sinister cast in his aspect, which, in the esteem of the careful observer, would have at once condemned him.

The appearance of Henri was all he possessed. He was a poverty-stricken scion of a once wealthy and proud family; the wealth had long ago forsaken them, but unfortunately the pride remained. This misfortune, for such to him it was, created in his mind an abhorrence of honest labor, and forced him to try for a subsistence by exercising wit, or in his case, cunning. Never being initiated into the laws of honor, his sense of right and wrong remained very elastic. To him, that was right which gratified his passions, or that filled his purse the readiest way. With a mind thus loosely formed, it is not surprising that his conduct should become marked with other characters than such as reflected credit on himself, or on the memory of his ancestors.

When Lisette became engaged at the Chateau, the beauty of her person, and the grace which marked all her doings, increased yet further the mystery of the affairs of Monsieur in the esteem of the coteries. Who could she be, and why had she engaged herself there, when from her personal appearance and manner she might, did circumstances compel her to accept a menial situation, have obtained one far superior and far more lucrative? This secret admiration and astonishment at his servant became known to the Frenchman and afforded him abundant satisfac-

tion. It was one of the eccentricities of Monsieur to love to astonish and perplex his neighbors.

While the appearance of Lisette at the Chateau was a signal for the strictest espionage to be exercised on her by the different coteries, it was also not without its effect on Monsieur Henri. Without so much as even an idea on the subject of honor, and afflicted with an overweening conceit, being struck with her personal beauty, he hesitated not for a moment to exercise all his little cunning, in the opinion that he would achieve an immediate conquest, and bring her to his feet as his slave. The opinion of Lisette on this matter was entirely different. To her, by whom character was quickly read, and who had seen far more of the working of humanity in its multifarious phases, he appeared a fit subject for being played upon. On every occasion he could command he placed himself in her path, and showed her a thousand little attentions. These were received by her with an astonishment in perfect accordance with the part it was her intention to play, and she hung her head and blushed, as though she felt her modesty to be outraged by the strains of flattery he sought to insinuate in her ear.

Although Monsieur Henri had been baffled, and was consequently disappointed in his first attempt to gain an influence over Lisette, it was by no means his intention to abandon his effort. His pride and his conceit, both opposed him giving up. Neither was it the intention of the domestic that he should do so. Lisette wished simply to impress on him the self-respect she possessed, and while leading him on, to oppose his cunning and to employ him as the willing agent to aid in effecting the purpose of her heart. The fact of his nephew remaining at the Chateau so much longer than was his habit, excited the curiosity as well as the surprise of Monsieur du Boulay.

Monsieur du Boulay resolved to take into his confidence the old woman, who in some things was practically the mistress of the Chateau. Sitting one evening with her in the dimly lighted salon, he began to tell her the cause of his distress; but hardly had he begun his story when the door opened and Lisette herself appeared. In obedience to the wish of Madame, that she might help her finish some work which had been too long on hand, and not knowing of anything special taking place, she had entered the apartment. Although lippish in the style of his dress, and frequently haughty in his manner, his mode of living, except on extraordinary occasions, was exceedingly plain and homely. Ordinarily the three occupants of that dreary dwelling, as much for company as from economical considerations, spent the evenings of winter in the same room. Their employment differed. Madame and the servant would generally be engaged in knitting or sewing, while Monsieur would play on the violin, or sing to the guitar, or read the latest news from the seat of war, or the last thing in politics, commenting on the latter subject for the entertainment of his listeners, a virtue not always appreciated by them.

On seeing Lisette enter the apartment at a moment so inopportune, and take her seat by the side of Madame, Monsieur became seriously vexed. He was positively annoyed at the circumstance, but was far too polite in his manner to permit his emotion to appear. Seeing no reason for dismissing her, and not wishing to excite suspicion, lest the feeling being once created should increase in strength and stretch itself to embrace what he might desire to hide, he permitted her to remain, and concealed his feelings as best he could. Sitting perplexed with the thoughts which assailed his brain, and until his mind had become thoroughly perturbed, a fortunate idea arose which furnished him relief. He often conversed with the old woman in English, and why not now?

From the idiomatic style in which Lisette usually spoke, he had not doubted her story, that she was a peasant girl from a rural district. Having his mind fixed on this idea, he felt himself safe in employing in her presence a foreign language, although the subject spoken of should be one of the deepest importance. Still, with the usual caution which characterized all his proceedings, after playfully apologizing in French, he commenced a trifling conversation in English, and watched the effect of it on his domestic. On hearing this effort Lisette gave a slight start, but not sufficient to attract the attention of her master, who kept his gaze steadily settled on her. Feeling herself to be watched, and guessing the cause of it, she felt that more than ever she had a difficult part to play. Indeed, did she wish to maintain her disguise, she plainly saw that she must sit with the utmost inattention to all that was passing, and should she raise her head at all, it could only be to smile with vacant astonishment.

Being satisfied that a foreign language was only an amusing sound to Lisette, Monsieur entered fully into the subject perplexing him. It was quite a lengthy speech on the folly and danger to them all, for his nephew to make overtures to Lisette because of her personal charms, as under the excitement of fascination he might let drop a word which would explode the scheme whence they drew their resources, and should such ever be, he must either beg his bread, or shoot himself, for he never would submit to worse. How then was it best to act under the circumstances?

During this speech, delivered in tolerable English, he had worked himself to a pitch of intense excitement, and when, under the power of feeling he was vehemently denouncing the folly and

madness of his relative, Lisette looked up into his face with such a vacant smile of being amused, without appearing to be interested, that Monsieur felt however he had spoken in her hearing, he was safe from having betrayed himself or his doings.

Before returning anything like a formal answer to his enquiry, Madame requested if he knew how the overtures of Henri were regarded by Lisette, and whether it would not be better before becoming so serious and earnest on the subject to ascertain if such were the case? For her part she thought the girl knew far too well the market value of her good looks to accept any one for a husband with no better prospect than he had; and did he imagine he could captivate the stranger, it was only another abortive effort of his conceit, an affliction so frequently placing him at a discount, in leading him to indulge the vain expectation of succeeding where there was no chance.

The accent of Madame surprised Lisette more than anything she said. There was nothing foreign in the tone of her English, and as she looked into her face, for the instant astonishment almost robbed the expression of her countenance of that want of interest she had maintained. The manner in which she spoke convinced her that France was not her birth-place, and she felt ready to challenge her with being an Englishwoman.

The suggestion offered by Madame had never entered the brain of Monsieur. He had rushed to the conclusion that she would at once become flattered by the attentions of his nephew and leap with eagerness to accept them, whatever consequences might ensue. This new idea led him, therefore, to reflect, and immediately to request the old woman to interrogate Lisette on the subject.

Having listened to the conversation of that evening, Lisette learnt that something secret was being practised at the Chateau. The knowledge of this fact led her to hope that some clue had been obtained toward effecting her purpose, and made the prohibition to approach a certain building situated at the extremity of the slender grounds to appear of importance to her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
THE DINNER PARTY.

It was not long after the conversation between Monsieur and Madame that the latter undertook to interrogate Lisette on the subject proposed. Making an arrangement for themselves to spend an evening together in quiet work, when it came, and they were busily employed in cheerful labour, suddenly, and as though without any forethought, Madame enquired:

"Is it true, Lisette, that Henri has been making overtures to you?"

"Why should Madame ask me such a question?"

"It is a candid one; and as I have the fullest confidence in your integrity, I will assign my reason for enquiring."

"Thanks, Madame."

"It has not remained unnoticed both by Monsieur and myself, that Henri has of late tarried longer at the chateau than is his habit, and that Calais has less attractions for him than formerly. Moreover, it has not escaped us how attentive he has been toward yourself, and how frequently he has detained you on the most trifling matters."

"Madame is very watchful; but what you say is true."

"From observing these things, Lisette, we have reached the conclusion that your personal charms, of which you cannot be ignorant, and it would be folly to affect to think lightly of them, have captivated his youthful mind."

"Madame flatters her humble servant."

"I do not; neither can you seriously think that I do; therefore, as a good and faithful girl, I request you to inform me if Henri has made any overtures to you?"

"I blush to acknowledge that he has."

"And you—?"

"Feel myself overwhelmed with the condescension."

"And have encouraged his addresses?"

"By no means. I should tremble so far to forget my station as for a moment to give countenance to the exercise of any youthful emotion on his part toward myself."

"You are good, Lisette; Monsieur Henri could never become your husband. Circumstances you are unacquainted with preclude such a possibility; and it is, therefore, well that you have not listened to his flatteries."

"Thank you, Madame; but when Lisette marries she will seek among her own class for a husband."

"You are wise."

This little dialogue ending, Madame quickly made an excuse for leaving the room. She was overjoyed at the discovery she had made, the truth of which she did not for a moment suspect. Having sought the salon where Monsieur was sitting in a state of feverish excitement, varying his employment between twirling his thumbs and reading scraps of intelligence from an old newspaper, she at once reported to him the result of her conversation with Lisette. On hearing it, he looked at her for a moment with an incredulous stare. He was not prepared for any such conclusion to his fears, and during the time he had been waiting, he had in fancy sketched more than one plan to oppose their designs. Being assured of her honesty, he became extravagant in his praises, and with that exuberant excitement of his nation attending a

pleasurable feeling, expressed a moveless determination to invite a number of friends to dine with him.

Never did Lisette appear more beautiful than at that dinner-party. Plain and neat in her attire, she attended to the duties of the table with modesty and grace enough in themselves to command the attention of the guests, but, when added to her personal charms, excited the admiration of the most stoical. Amidst the warmest discussion as to whether politics, philosophy, or fighting, was to be considered the greatest blessing to the human race, expressions of admiration at her personal appearance passed in quiet remarks around that little circle.

The vanity of Monsieur was not a little flattered by thus praising his domestic, and, in her absence, that he might excite the envy of his guests, told of her virtues in a manner most elaborate. What a fund of speculation for the coterie was that night being gleaned from the personal appearance and character of Lisette!

Among the most ardent admirers of Lisette that evening was Monsieur Henri. To him she had never appeared so beautiful, and a chord of far deeper feeling was struck in his little soul than had ever been moved. A holier—if holier be a proper term to employ in connection with such a person—passion was being excited toward her, and an earnestness to be regarded favourably was filling his mind with an unusual reflectiveness.

The thoughts of Lisette rolled back to her native land, to the friends she had left behind, and then returned and rested on the purpose which had brought her there, and had placed her in the position she occupied. As she thought the tear-drop arose in her eye, and for the moment a shade of regret overspread her features. But this feeling was only transient, and, recovering herself, she exclaimed:

"Coward! to enter on a task and then to falter. Who solicited my interference? who requested my aid? Is not the work a self-imposed one? and shall I, as many do, practice virtue only when it is pleasant so to do, and forsake it when it leads in rugged paths, or calls for self-denial? Away! intrusive thoughts, and leave me to the enjoyment of a reverie, which shall conduct me into a region of pleasant imaginings far away from the ruder scenes of every day existence."

Scarcely had she uttered these words in a half-audible whisper, when she heard the sound of footsteps and saw approaching Monsieur Henri. On seeing him, Lisette started, and sought to escape by immediately retiring within the chateau. But, anticipating this movement, he had measured his distance, and readily placed himself as easily to cut off all retreat.

"Stay, Lisette!" he exclaimed.

"What does Monsieur Henri now desire?"

"Lisette, your appearance, and your manner to-night have aroused within me emotions to which, up to this hour, I have been a stranger. Tell me that you will regard me with esteem, that you will love me!"

On hearing these words, and beholding his rueful countenance, Lisette burst into a short laugh, and replied:

"The heated room and the good company have slightly excited your brain; the evening air will quickly remove such enthusiasm."

"Lisette, will you never hear reason?"

"I am all attention when Monsieur turns homilist."

"Why this trifling? why this scorn! On my honour, I love you!"

"If Monsieur swears so frequently by his honour, he will wear that virtue threadbare."

"Lisette, will you forever scorn me?"

"Pardon me, Monsieur, but the farce is so well sustained that I cannot forbear laughing."

"I swear by Saint Peter that I love you!"

The fisherman will, doubtless, feel flattered by the compliment you are paying him."

I will swear by the whole calendar of saints that I love you."

"I am afraid they are a little too far off to regard your oath."

"Lisette, will you love me?"

"No."

"You will not!"

"Why should Monsieur Henri wish to impose on me, a poor domestic, the fiction that he loves me! I know but little of the world, but I know sufficient to prove the impossibility that such can be the case. Were we placed beyond the limits of society, such a thing might be possible; but, while the world loses sight of the person in the condition, it would simply be to impose on oneself to imagine such a thing."

"What can I do to assure you that I love you?"

"Wait until your brain cools before you again mention to me such a subject."

While engaged in this colloquy they had been strolling in the direction of the laboratory. Before they were aware of it, they found themselves approaching near to the dreaded building. Feigning an alarm, Lisette uttered a subdued shriek, and when her companion discovered their position, he turned quickly and began to retrace his steps. At this moment a noise, as of the low wailing of a human voice, fell upon the ear of Lisette.

"What noise is that?" she enquired.

"Noise!"

"Did not Monsieur hear it? It was as the voice of a human being."

"Ha! ha!" he replied, with a forced laugh; "Lisette has lived in the country all her life without knowing the voice of an owl."

"Is it an owl?"

"Certainly; my uncle keeps all sorts of

strange things in that building, and owls among the number."

As Henri uttered these words, Lisette fixed on him her piercing glance, and by the light of the moon read through his countenance the depth of his soul.

(To be continued.)

PROOF OF DEATH.—Those timid beings who are haunted by apprehensions of being buried alive, and who make testamentary provisions against such a contingency, may now take courage, for science has supplied an infallible means of determining whether or not the vital spark has quitted the mortal frame. Electricity enables us to distinguish with absolute certainty between life and death. For two or three hours after the stoppage of the heart, the whole of the muscles of the body have completely lost their electric excitability. When stimulated with electricity they no longer contract. If then, when Faradayism is applied to the muscles of the limbs and trunk, say five or six hours after supposed death, there be no contractile response, it may be certified with certainty that death has taken place, for no faint, nor trance, nor coma, however deep, can prevent the manifestation of electric muscular contractility. Here there is no possibility of mistake, as there certainly was when the old tests were employed. Muscular contractility under the Faradayic stimulus disappears gradually after death. It is instantly diminished, but only finally extinguished in about three hours; and hence Dr. Hughes Bennett has suggested that electricity may sometimes be of use in medico-legal investigations, by affording evidence as to the time of death.

HUMOROUS.

THE elevator boy has much to do toward the elevation of the masses.

FISH-WORMS are beginning to chin the surface of the earth and look around for boys with spades and an old oyster-can.

AMONG the first vegetables of the season is the man who comes into town from a distance of ten miles to take his girl to a circus.

A FAMILIAR instance of colour-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

THE only thing American about a brass band is the way small boys paddle through mud and dust to catch enough of the tune to whistle.

THE mule puzzle.—Draw a circle fifteen feet in diameter, place a mule in the centre, and walk around him without getting out of the circle.

AN exchange speaks of the "reboomization" of Grant. The Enc for shooting the English language full of holes has got to be increased.

HERE is a subject for debate for next winter's college associations: "Has a man with a bass voice who tries to sing tenor got any principle?"

"DON'T be afraid," said a snob to a German labourer: "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I would half to blow my brains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

"WHAT am I offered for this lot of calamity?" inquired an auctioneer at a sale of household effects recently. The lot consisted of a wash-tub and wash-board.

JOURNALISM is to be a branch of study at Cornell University. A broken-down editor is wanted for the chair of morning papers. First-class in mental scissors and practical paste will please step forward.

"Do you use many flowers on your table?" asked Mrs. Murray Hill of a Southern visitor. "Well, yes," was the reply. "we have wheat and rye bread for breakfast, but the old man will stick to corn dodgers."

THEY must have a humourist among the painters in Newport. One of them painted "Pond's Extract" in big letters on the door of an ice-house. He added: "Good for burns," but the ice-house burned down all the same.

"GEORGIE," said a fond mamma to her little son, as they were walking on the beach, "see what a lot of nice little stones!" "Yes," grumbled Georgie, as he cast a searching glance around, "and not a living thing to throw 'em at!"

A MAN from Central New York, having more money than anything else, endured a tour through Europe because he thought he must. In speaking of his trip upon his return, he exclaimed: "The happiest day of it all was when I stepped on my own native vice versa."

"WHY, Jimmy," said one professional beggar to another, "are you going to knock off already? It's only 2 o'clock." "No, you mutton head," responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his crutch, "I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you?"

A REWARD having been offered for a rhyme to Arkansas, the Arkansas Traveller set his machine to work and ground out the following:

There is a young man here in Arkansas,
Who can saw as much as his ma can saw;
But give him an ax,
And with one or two whacks,
He'll chop up more logs than his pa can saw.

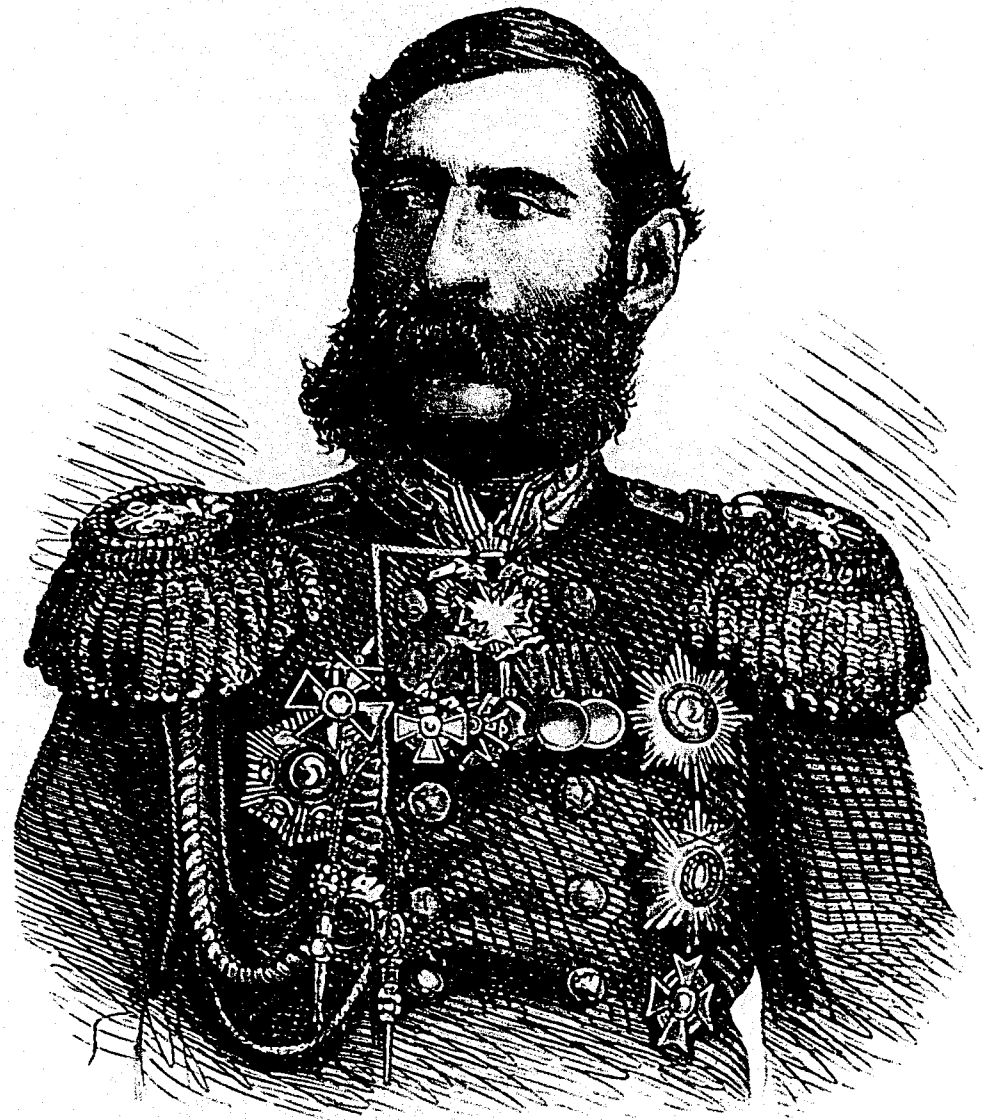
"KRUPP has invented a needle-gun warranted to kill two hundred men a minute," but we shall not purchase one of them until he has experimented with his gun a couple of hours and proves to our satisfaction the truth of his claim. If a man were to buy his needle-gun and discover that it would kill only one hundred and ninety-nine men a minute, would Krupp take the fraud back and refund the money? There are so many things warranted nowadays that turn out to be failures, that a man can't be too careful when he makes a purchase.

Shrewdness and Ability.

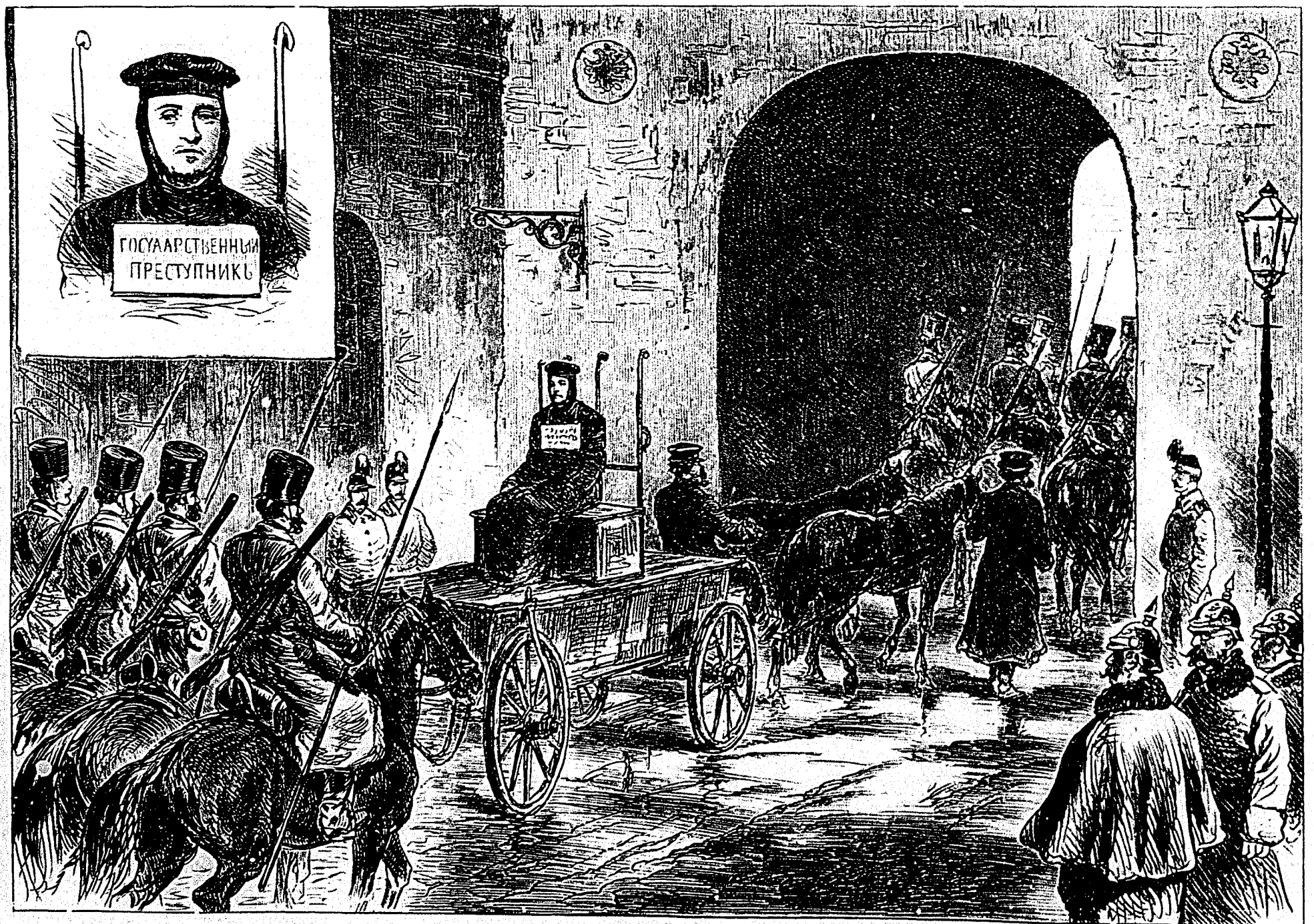
Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plaut, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—Exchange.



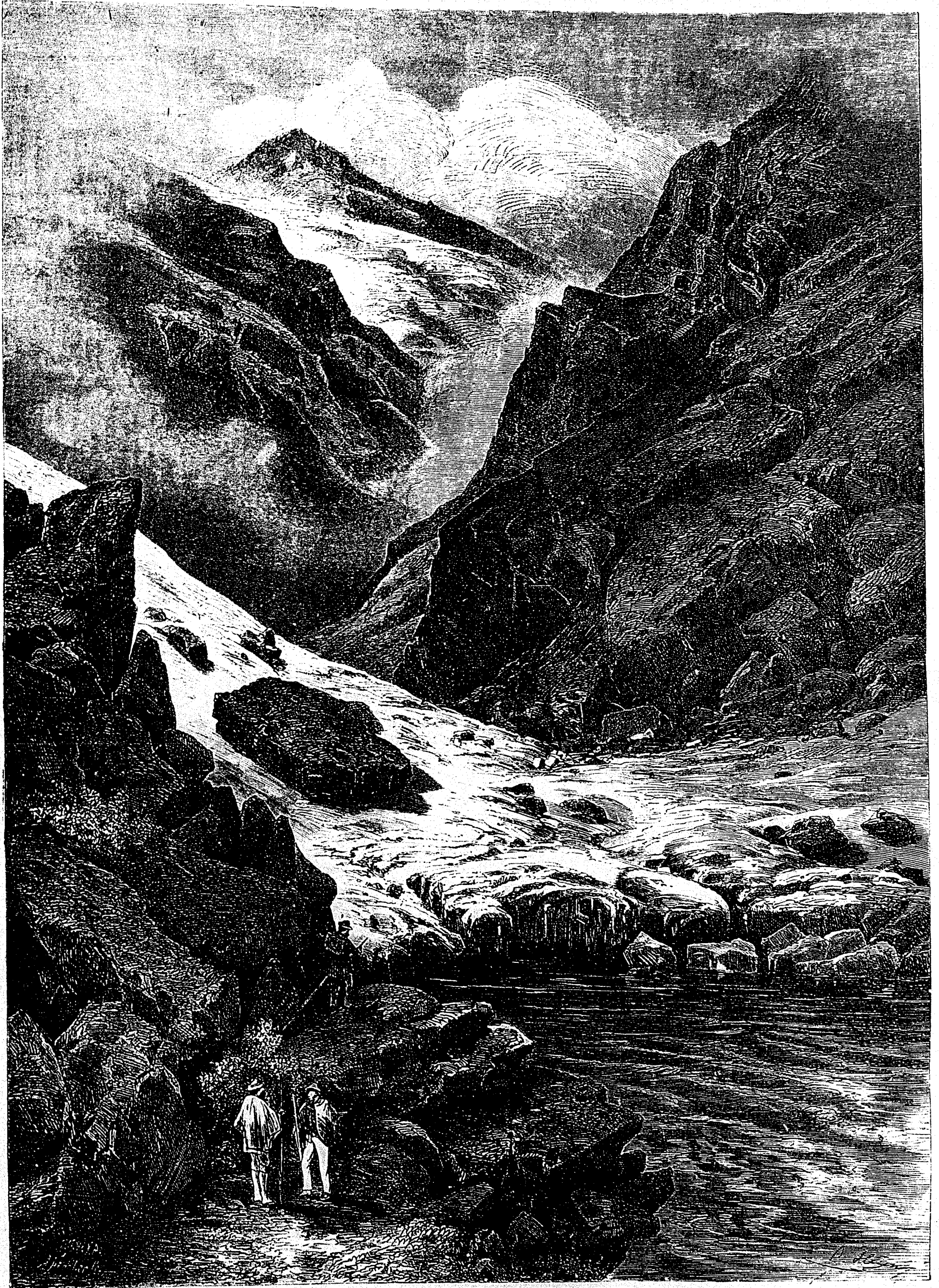
MARGHARITA, QUEEN OF ITALY.



GENERAL LORIS MELIKOFF, THE RUSSIAN DICTATOR.



EXECUTION OF MOMETZKY, THE NIHILIST WHO ATTEMPTED THE LIFE OF GENERAL MELIKOFF.



THE FIRST BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE.

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

When the eve is growing gray and the tide is rolling in, sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;

The folks are chatting gay and I hear their merry din, But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me And I hear his jovial song and his merry face I see;

O my love, your cheek is cold and your hands are stark and this! O hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn!

O my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast, mine own! For I fear this rising sea and these winds and waves that moan!

But never a word he said! He is dead, my love is dead!

Ab me! ah me! I did but dream; and I am all alone, Alone as old and gray, and the tide is rolling in!

F. E. W. WEATHERLY.

STONEWALL JACKSON, THE PROFESSOR.

My first recollection of Stonewall Jackson is when I was a schoolboy at Lexington, Va., in the fall of 1860. I am not able to say whether it was the peculiar carriage of the stiff, military-looking institute professor who daily passed the college-grounds that was of chief interest to the students of Washington college, or whether the stories told of daring and reckless courage in his early military life invested him with a halo of romance and made him an object of hero-worship in their youthful minds.

"Old Jack," as he was familiarly called by cadets and students, was so plain in manner and attire, there was so little effort at show, his feet were so large and his arms and hands fastened to his body in such an awkward shape, that the cadets didn't take much pride in him as a professor. They feared him in the lecture-room, they paid the strictest deference to him on parade, but in showing a stranger the sights about the institute a cadet was never known to point out "Old Jack" as one of the ornaments of the institution.

My first meeting with Gen. Jackson in the social circle was one evening when he called to see a friend at our boarding-house. I shall never forget the impression his manner and appearance made upon me. Boy as I was, I looked upon him with a reverential awe. I had heard the stories of his struggles in early life; of how he had walked from his house in Lewis county to Washington to receive his appointment as a cadet to West Point; of his being ill prepared, and the difficulty he had in keeping up with his classes; and then I had heard of his brilliant career in Mexico, of his mounting the walls of Cherubusco with the American flag in his hand; and here now was the hero of my youthful enthusiasm before me.

But when the conversation commenced I lost sight of the awkward looking figure. I even lost the reverential awe which had so deeply impressed me at first. I only saw the mild eyes emitting gentle beams, and only heard a soft, melodious voice—speaking, it is true, in short, crisp sentences—but withal as mild and winning as a woman's. I then understood how it was that Maj. Jackson could be a hero. Underlying that rough, uncomely exterior was a vein of the most exquisite sentiment. In the soul of the man was that magnetism, which attracted and that power which controlled and made him the master of his fellow-men.

The Benedictines are about to start a magazine in German and Latin as the organ of the order in Austria, Italy, and Spain.

THE YOUNG COLOUR BEARER.

In the spring of 1863, while the army of Northern Virginia was encamped on the Rapidan river, preparing for that memorable campaign, which included the battle of Gettysburg, there came to it from Hampshire county, Va., a beardless boy scarcely eighteen years of age, the eldest son of a widowed mother. His home was within the enemy's lines, and he had walked more than one hundred miles to offer his services to assist in repelling a foe which was then preying upon one of the fairest portions of his native state. He made application to join Company "D," Eleventh Virginia cavalry, which was made up principally from his county, and therefore contained many of his acquaintances, and seemed much surprised when told that the confederate government did not furnish its cavalry with horses and equipments.

On the evening of the 4th Gen. Lee, in preparation for his retreat, began to send his wagons to the rear in the direction of Williamsport, when it was found that the enemy's cavalry had gone around our left and taken possession of a pass in South mountain, through which lay our line of march. To dislodge them required a stubborn fight, lasting late into the night, in which Gen. Jones' brigade was engaged, and he himself becoming separated from his men in the darkness, was supposed to have been captured or killed.

Finally the federals were repulsed, and the wagon train proceeded on its way to Williamsport. In the morning Watkins' command was ordered to march on the left flank of the train to prevent a renewal of the attack upon it, and on approaching Hagerstown those in the rear of the column heard loud and repeated cheering from the men in front. After having been in the enemy's country fighting night and day, in rain and mud, those cheers came to us who heard them in the distance as the first ray of sunshine after a storm. Many were the conjectures as to their cause; some said it was fresh troops from the other side of the Potomac; others that it was the ammunition wagons, for the supply was known to be short; while others surmised that it was Gen. Jones, re-appearing after his supposed death or capture.

Another of the chess veterans has departed. The news of the death of Mr. Lowe, of London, England, will be received with regret by chessplayers generally. For upwards of fifty years he was known as a player of much skill, and we have no doubt his love of the noble game was a source of enjoyment to a life which it appears was extended to more than the ordinary length. His age was supposed to be nearly ninety. Chess does not seem to shorten the life of its votaries, as Mr. DeLannoy, the chess writer, endeavours to maintain. Mr. Lowe, from all accounts, was much esteemed as a kind and agreeable man, and had many friends.

It must have been a great consolation to Cambridge University men, after their defeat on the Thames in the late rowing match, to find their chessplayers so signally successful in the annual contest between the two great schools over the chequered board. There were seven players on each side, and the best men were selected for the struggle. The result was a very extraordinary one, as the Oxonians did not win a game. The Cantabs had it nearly all their own way. They scored eleven games won and two draws.

The match was played in London, at the St. George's Chess Club, and the renowned chessplayer, Mr. Steinitz, was the Umpire.

Dr. Rosenthal announces in his Chess Department in La Revue des Jeux that Dr. Zukertort's conditions for the proposed match are satisfactory to him, and are accepted with these modifications: That there shall be a recess of two hours after four hours' play in each game, and that the match begins about Sept. 1 instead of in April, as suggested. Mr. R. states that the condition of his health forbids his playing in hot weather, and he fears, if play begins in April, the match may be protracted into the summer, because, as draws do not count, it is impossible to say how many games will have to be played.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The Chess Monthly says that Mr. Rosenthal's challenge has been accepted by Herr Zukertort, and that the winner of the first seven games is to be declared the victor. The time limit is thirty moves for the first two hours, and fifteen moves each subsequent hour. The match will be played in London, at the St. George's Club. This match is creating much sensation in the chess world, as the combats have been for a long time making arrangements for their encounter.

Boonsboro', until darkness covered their retreat. In those desperate struggles, many went down on both sides, and it was not until after it was over that men thought of their comrades and inquiries were made for the missing. The Captain of Company D, looking over the battlefield for the killed and wounded of his command, found young Watkins lying on the ground his head supported by the surgeon. In reply to his question: "Was he badly hurt?" he answered: "Not much, captain, but I've got the flag!" and putting his hand in his bosom he drew out the little apron and gave it to the officer. When asked how it came there he said that when he was wounded and fell from his horse the federals were all around him, and to prevent their capturing it he had torn it from the staff and hid it in his bosom. The surgeon told the captain aside that his leg was shattered by a large piece of shell, which was imbedded in the bone; that amputation would be necessary, and he feared the wound was mortal. "But," he added, "he has been so intent upon the safe delivery of that apron into your hand as to seem utterly unconscious of his wound." After parting with his flag, the brave boy sank rapidly. He was tenderly carried by his comrades back to Hagerstown, where a hospital had been established, and his leg amputated. The next morning his captain found him pale and haggard from suffering. By his side was a bouquet of flowers, placed by some kind hand, which seemed to cheer him much. The third day afterward he died, and was buried in a strange land by strangers' hands, without a stone to mark the spot where he sleeps. Thus ended the mortal career of this gallant youth, who had seen scarce sixty days' service; but though he lies in an unknown grave, he has left behind a name which should outlast the most costly obelisk that wealth or fame can erect. Gentle as a woman, yet perfectly fearless in the discharge of his duty, so sacred did he deem the trust confided to him that he forgot even his own terrible sufferings while defending it. Such names as these it is our duty to rescue from oblivion, and to write on the page of history, where the children of our common country may learn from their lessons of virtue and self-sacrifice. In his character and death he was not isolated from many of his comrades; he was but a type of many men, young and old, whose devotion to what is now known as the "lost cause" made them heroes in the fullest acceptation of the term, flinching from neither suffering nor death itself if coming to them in the line of duty.

A PRINCELY SALAD.—"La Salade du Prince de Galles"—to which the Prince of Wales is said to be extremely partial—is stated to be composed of sardines boned and cut in small pieces, lettuce, watercress, and chervil with minced capers; the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs pounded into flour are added, with salt, pepper, cayenne, and mustard, and three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. The salad is garnished with slices of lemon and pickled capers.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks.
T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problems Nos. 267 and 270 received.
E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—262 was printed for 269 in our answer to you on the 3rd inst. Correct solutions received of Problems Nos. 263 and 270.
E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 267. Correct.

MR. LOWE.

Another of the chess veterans has departed. The news of the death of Mr. Lowe, of London, England, will be received with regret by chessplayers generally. For upwards of fifty years he was known as a player of much skill, and we have no doubt his love of the noble game was a source of enjoyment to a life which it appears was extended to more than the ordinary length. His age was supposed to be nearly ninety. Chess does not seem to shorten the life of its votaries, as Mr. DeLannoy, the chess writer, endeavours to maintain. Mr. Lowe, from all accounts, was much esteemed as a kind and agreeable man, and had many friends.

It must have been a great consolation to Cambridge University men, after their defeat on the Thames in the late rowing match, to find their chessplayers so signally successful in the annual contest between the two great schools over the chequered board. There were seven players on each side, and the best men were selected for the struggle. The result was a very extraordinary one, as the Oxonians did not win a game. The Cantabs had it nearly all their own way. They scored eleven games won and two draws.

The match was played in London, at the St. George's Chess Club, and the renowned chessplayer, Mr. Steinitz, was the Umpire.

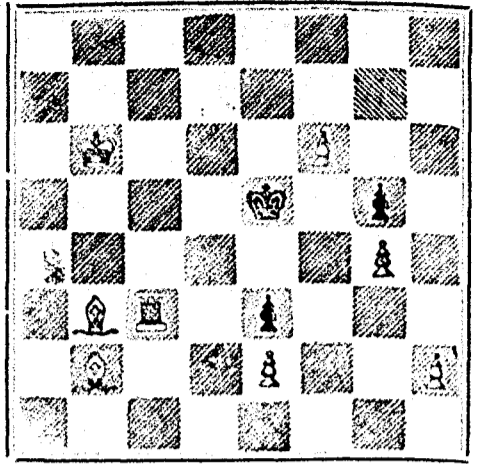
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PROBLEM No. 272.

By H. J. C. Andrews.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 402ND.

Played in Manchester, Eng., recently between Mr. Blackburne and one of the strongest amateurs of that city.

(From Land and Water.)

(Hamppe-Algaler.)

White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Mr. Baddeley.)

- 1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. Kt to Q B3 2. Kt to Q B3
3. P to B4 3. P takes P
4. Kt to B4 4. P to K K4
5. P to K R4 5. P to K R4
6. Kt to Kt5 6. P to K R4
7. Kt takes P 7. K takes Kt
8. B to B (ch) 8. P to Q4
9. Kt takes P 9. Kt to K2 (ch)
10. P to Q4 10. Kt to B3 (ch)
11. B takes P 11. Kt takes K P (ch)
12. B takes B P 12. B to K5 (ch)
13. P to B3 13. Kt takes P
14. P takes Kt 14. B takes P (ch)
15. Kt takes B 15. K takes B (ch)
16. Castles 16. Kt to K4 (ch)
17. P takes Kt 17. K takes B
18. Q to Q6 18. Q to K3
19. Q to B7 (ch) 19. Q to Q2
20. Kt to Q5 20. R to B sq (ch)
21. P to K6 21. Q takes Q
22. Kt takes Q 22. R to Q Kt sq
23. P to K7 23. R takes R (ch)
24. B takes R 24. B to Q2
25. R to Q sq Resigns.

NOTES—(Condensed.)

- (a) There is something to be said for Kt to R4, and K to K sq is probably preferable to the text move.
(b) A different position.
(c) Intending to continue as in the text.
(d) Black's ingenious conception has proved adequate to the object he had in view, which was to clear off complications and come out with even forces, but any hope he may have formed of obtaining an equal if not superior position, has scarcely been realized, though at first sight White's game looks as if gone all to pieces.
(e) If B Kt to Q sq the reply is 17 Q to Kt3.
(f) If Q takes Q, Kt takes Q, R to Q Kt sq, B to K6, and Black is not much better off, save that he may struggle to exchange a Rook for the Knight and Pawn.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 270.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. Kt to K5 1. K takes Kt (ch)
2. Kt to K7 2. P takes P
3. P mates. (a) 1. K or P takes P
2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 268.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. K to K B sq 1. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 268.

White. Black.

- K at Q3 K at Q Kt5
Q at K B sq
R at K7
R at Q R3
Kt at Q B3

White to play and mate in two moves.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to 11 Noon of TUESDAY, the 29th APRIL, instant, for the immediate supply of FOUR LOCOMOTIVES.

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained, on application at the Mechanical Superintendent's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 6th April, 1880.

APPLICATION

will be made to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for an act to incorporate "The Montreal Steam Heating Company."

Montreal, 7th April, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Tanks and Pumping Machinery.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15th MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, Frost-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Iron Bridge Superstructure.

TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon of SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, next, for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.

JOHN McARTHUR & SON,

OIL, LEAD, PAINT,

COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS

IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass,

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,

AND 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.

MONTREAL.

26-17-52-369

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THE undersigned undertakes every description of BOOK AND JOB PRINTING, BOOKBINDING, BLANK ACCOUNT BOOKS, LETTER BOOKS, &c.

Special attention given to work for BANKS, INSURANCE and RAILWAY COMPANIES.

APPEAL CASES, LAW BLANKS, NOTARIAL DEEDS, BONDS, &c., executed at very short notice.

Having large facilities, work will be executed promptly and at moderate charges.

Orders respectfully solicited.

LOVELL'S MONTREAL DIRECTORY for 1880-81, will be issued about the middle of June next. Orders for Advertisements and for copies of the book received up to 1st June.

JOHN LOVELL & SON,

23 and 25 St. Nicholas street.

TO THE TRADE:

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SCHOOL BOOKS constantly on hand.

Recently published: LOVELL'S INTERMEDIATE GEOGRAPHY, with maps and illustrations. Bound in Cloth. Price 65c.

In Press: To be published in July next:

LOVELL'S ADVANCED GEOGRAPHY, with maps and illustrations. Bound in Cloth. Price \$1.50.

In Press: To be published in October next:

LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, containing the latest and most authentic descriptions of over seven thousand and five hundred cities, towns and villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories, and other general information, drawn from official sources, as to the Names, Locality, Extent, etc., of over eighteen hundred Lakes and Rivers; a TABLE OF ROUTES, showing the proximity of the railroad Stations, and sea, Lake and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, etc., in the several Provinces (this table, will be found invaluable); and a neat colored map of the Dominion of Canada. Edited by P. A. CROSBY, assisted by a Corps of Writers.

JOHN LOVELL & SON,

23 and 25 St. Nicholas Street.

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

THE Canadian Spectator,

A high-class Weekly Journal, EDITED BY THE

Reverend A. J. BRAY.

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THE MILTON LEAGUE.

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

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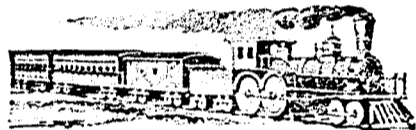
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Prices Reduced for 1880.

Prompt Delivery and Pure Ice.

50 Chromo, floral glass, &c. Cards in case, name on all, 10c. Outfit 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Perfume, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, names in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY,

EASTERN DIVISION.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Trains will run on this Division as follows:

Table with columns for MAIL and MIXED, listing departure times for Montreal, Three Rivers, Arzac, Quebec, and Arzac Montreal.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square. STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents, Offices, 222 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street.

J. T. PRINCE, General Passenger Agent.

Montreal, March 16th, 1880.

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

60 CHROMO, MOTTO, GIG-EDGE & Lily cards, with name, 10c. Globe Print. Co., Northford, Ct.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

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, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



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, 55 College Street.

17-10-52-369



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.

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.



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.

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

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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.
16 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers).
20 Second-class Cars, do.
3 Express and Baggage Cars.
3 Postal and Smoking Cars.
240 Box Freight Cars.
100 Flat Cars.
2 Wing Ploughs.
2 Snow Ploughs.
2 Flangers.
40 Hand Cars.

The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Port 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.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an act incorporating an investment company under the name of "The Montreal Investment Trust."

Montreal, 20th February, 1880.

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



Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon of MONDAY, the 23rd FEBRUARY inst., for the immediate supply of the following Rolling Stock:—

- 4 First-class Cars.
2 Postal and Baggage Cars.
60 Box Cars.
60 Platform Cars.

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Pacific Railway, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B.

The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Pembina Branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of MAY next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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

The time for receiving the above Tenders is extended one week, viz.: to MONDAY, 1st March, and the time for delivery of a portion of Rolling Stock is extended to the 1st JUNE.

By Order, F. BRAUN.

19th Feb., 1880.



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.

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By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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

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.

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.

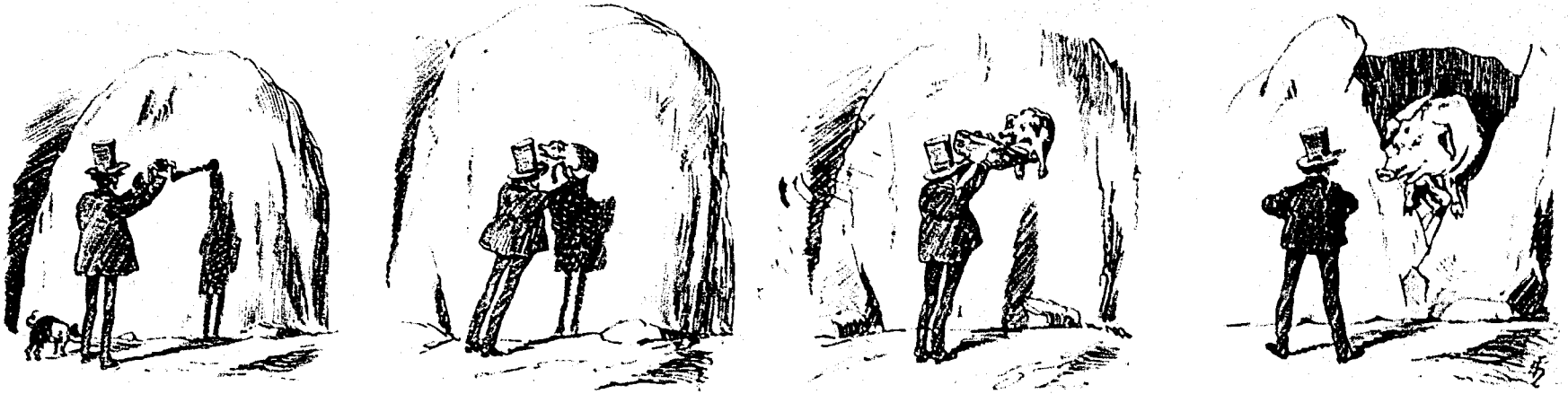
40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto and glass name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

\$10 to \$1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address: BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N.Y.

60 Perfumed Cards—Motto Lily, Floral, Rosebud—with name and case, 10 cts. ETNA CARD CO., Clintonville, Ct.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name in gold in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Chromo, Snowflake, Oriental, Lily, etc. Cards with name, 10c; 25 Plistatrow Cards, 10c; 1 Fan and Scroll Autograph Album, 15c; Agents complete outfit, 10c. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford Ct.



SLOW BUT SURE.

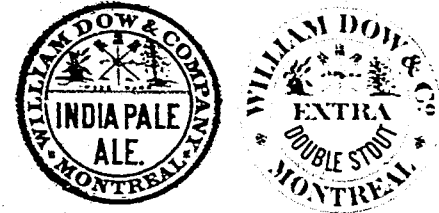
Latest Patent to blast rocks of any dimension - without danger of life.

- I. Drill a hole in the rock 12" deep, 6" broad and 6" high. II. Lodge in it a 3 months old sucking-pig. III. Fatten it with beans, and in a short time it will so increase in size. IV. That it will blast the rock - slow but sure.

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 to 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.

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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.

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Mr. Hague, 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."

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WHISKERS or a luxuriant Moustache can be sure. Send address and 50c. to J. SEARS & CO., Wyoming, Ohio, U.S. Stamps taken.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

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which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

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To be obtained of

30-33-32 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO. MONTREAL. MESSRS. URQUHART & 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 Strengtheners of the Human Stomach."

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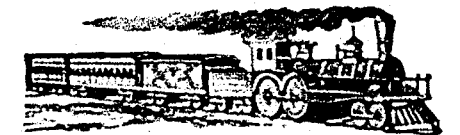
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